THE TABU OF BLACK HERCULES

In the realm of imaginative fancy a black man in America appears as a Gnome or Devil. He may be a voodoo priest or a pigsy, but in no case must he be fine or noble. No hero can be pictured as black even to meet the demands of an artist's color scheme. Or if, perchance, a black man becomes the leading character in a fairy tale, the tale must have no significance for him as a Negro, but only for the white folk. They are painted as the only true folk in the picture for whom the picture exists.

41-6-378

Moreover, morals and moralities in America are not for black folk. What have they to do with philosophies of wealth and joy, of work, love, truth, and beauty? They may be faithful, humble drudges, wild and wanton cabaret habitues, or sly and sneaking devils--but never frank, youthful, soft-eyed dreamers of eternal good.

This Tabu is broken by the play of "Black Hercules at the Fork of the Road". Taking the beautiful old Greek legend, and transporting it to another age, I have tried to make Hercules--Simple, Honest, Strength and Will--Black, and as it seems to me, quite properly and naturally Black, with that naive, sweet-tempered will of sacrifice and endurance which is the heritage of Africa. To this heresy I have added Leadership. Black Hercules occuplies the center of the stage, he guides the show with his shrewd questions and his contempt for other folk, and he digs joyfully at the Hill of Prejudice after the maiden Hope has exposed the temptations of the False Forest and placed the Dilemma of Life squarely before him.

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Imagine the disappointment of an audience which expects Negroes to monopolize superstition and ignorance and to end the third act with a double shuffle and tap dance?

VI-G-E379

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BLACK HERCULES AT THE FORKS OF THE ROAD

A Morality Play

In 5 Scenes

J1-6-266

Persons in the Drama

Hercules
Boxer
Drudge
Thief
Policeman
Gambler
Ignorance
Debauchery
Idleness
Gossip
Preacher
Two Attendants
Hope

Money
Joy
Two Fairies
Love
Farmer
Seamstress
Laborer
Merchant
Artist
Writer
Truth
Beauty
John Smith
Sung Li

Scene I.

(Black Hercules dressed in skins and with his club is seeking Life. He comes to some stunted underbrush which he mistakes for the Forks of the Road in the Forest. Enter a Boxer, a Drudge and a Thief.)

Boxer: "Come and box."

Hercules: "Come and what?"

Boxer: "Box—fight!"

Hercules: "What for?"

Boxer: "Fun."

Hercules: "I don't fight for fun."

Boxer: "It's a game, like baseball and bridge."

Hercules: "I never learned any games."

Boxer: "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

41-6-263

Hercules: "Her face shines but she's almost naked. She's smiling; but not at me; sort of at the world. I guess she finds it funny and it sure is."

Truth: "I am Truth. I am poor and naked. But I am free and happy. I can see the stars. I know the hearts of men. I am not the End and All. I am the Beginning and the Part; a small Part of the greater, better Life. I need Joy and Money and Love. I need Beauty. Widen the world for me, Hercules, you look strong; widen the world, it's too narrow."

Hercules: (She sees me! She sees right through the dark!) "I'd like to—but how? Where?"

(All disappear. Colored lights fly over the stage.)

Hercules: "Yes—I see!"

(The Music is heard.)

Hercules: "Yes—I hear!"

(Drums and bugle are heard.)

Hercules: "Yes—I understand."

Woman. "Beauty comes."

(The head of an African mask glows.)

Hercules. "Truth! Truth! Don't go yet—there's lots—Beauty? Is that Black Thing, Beauty? It looks ugly. And yet—it is complete. It says something. It satisfied. It somehow fills you with content."

The Mask. "I dwell aloft on cold and rockbound crags, above the precipice where howl Hate and Grief and their union which is War. Over me stretches the endless sky and around me endless Thought and in me endless Dream and endless Life. I yearn toward Love."

Hercules. "Love is beyond the Hill."

The Mask. "Beyond the Hill!"

Hercules. "Down with the Hill."

The Mask. "Herculean task."

Hercules. "I am Hercules."

E81-9-14

Scene IV.

(Same as Scene II.)

Hercules. "Life is terribly mixed up—just full of contradictions. I can see it's going to take some hard work to make a way out of this mess. Well, I don't want the easiest and the softest. I want the hardest. What can I do?"

Woman. "There is one way of making the choice of Life easier—not easy but easier; and not necessarily easier for you but easier for fellows who live after you die."

Hercules. "That sounds a bit mixed but out with it."

Woman. "Look again between the paths. What do you see?"

Hercules. "A ridge."

Woman. "Look again."

Hercules. "It looks like a wall, overgrown with weeds."

Woman. "Some day it is a man-made barrier; others think God made it and that it goes down to the roots of the world. At any rate, it is the ridge of Prejudice. If it could be moved—"

Hercules. "Hooray! Just what I've been thinking. Then you could pass from Work to Money and have a good time getting an Education and—"

Woman. "Not too fast. The distances would still be vast and the climb hard. But at least there would be no artificial barriers between Work and its just reward and between Knowledge and Happiness."

Hercules. "And perhaps Love and Beauty would be one."

Woman. "The legend is that these two Paths of Life once ran down around the base of the mountain below the precipice and next to the swamps, leaving the whole mass of the mountain between. All the world was Prejudice then, and the Wealthy and the Workers were always separated and there was no Joy in Education and no Love in Beauty.

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Then it seems there came some men called Reformers or Builders and they re-made the Paths of Life further up the mountainside, and nearer each other; so much so that some say their enemies built this wall of prejudice to make the mountain between higher and steeper. Others say this wall was always there concealed by the mountain mass."

Hercules. "What do you know about that! And if Life wasn't hard enough, anyway!"

Woman. "It took a lot of hard work; much more work for each reformer than he himself could possibly profit by. Many of them died in drudgery and ignorance and had neither money nor pleasure, love nor beauty."

41-6-185

Hercules. "But it was a darn good thing for us fellows today, and we're sort of in debt to them, don't you think?"

Woman. "Yes, you're in debt because now Work and Money join more nearly than ever before, so that wages are higher and work time is shorter."

Hercules. "How did they do this?"

Woman. "They dug at the hill. They found a shovel--Sacrifice."

Hercules. "Well, they did well but they didn't do near enough. They ought to have kept on until Joy and Truth and Love and Beauty were close beside each other."

Woman. "What was their dream."

Hercules. "Why didn't they carry it out?"

Woman. "They died. Dreams always die. Only dreams live forever."

Hercules. "Well--couldn't I--dream?"

Woman. "Yes. Everybody can dream. But dreamers die."

Hercules. "What of that? Life ain't so much, anyhow, unless you dream it better. And if once that Hill was away--think what it would mean to the fellows who came after? They might really live."

Woman. "That's a fine thought, but most people would be too selfish and too afraid to try."

Hercules. "Selfishness is silly. I will twin a good gamble.

BLACK HERCULES AT THE FORKS OF THE ROAD

A Morality Play in 5 scenes

Persons in the Drama

Hercules	Money
Boxer	Joy
Drudge	Two Fairies
Thief	Love
Policeman	Farmer
~~Merchant~~ Gambler	Seamstress
Ignorance	Laborer
Debauchery	Artist < merchant
Idleness	Writer
Gossip	Truth
Preacher	Beauty
Two Attendants	John Smith
Hope	Sung Li

Scene I.

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Hercules: "Her face shines but she's almost naked. She's smiling; but not at me; sort of at the world. I guess she finds it funny and it sure is."

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(The music is heard.)

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(The head of an African mask glows.)

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The Mask: "Beyond the Hill!"

Hercules: "Down with the Hill."

The Mask: "Herculean task."

Hercules: "I am Hercules."

Scene IV.

(Same as Scene II.)

Hercules: "Life is terribly mixed up ~~contradictory~~ just full of ~~confusedness. I can see it's going to take some hard work & make a way out of this mess mystery.~~ ~~It ain't right to try to beg the best of it for yourself — that is lying to yourself and stealing from little children. I'm going to do Right.~~ ~~I won't lie and steal~~ well I don't want the easiest and the softest. I want the hardest. What can I do?"

Woman: "There is one way of making the choice of Life easier — not easy but easier; and not necessarily easier for you but easier for fellows who live after you die."

Hercules: "That sounds a bit mixed but out with it."

Woman: "Look again between the paths: What do you see?"

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Woman: "Not too fast. The distances would still be vast and the climb hard. But at least there would be no artificial barriers between Work and its just reward and between Knowledge and Happiness."

Hercules: "And perhaps Love and Beauty would be one."

Woman: "The legend is that these two Paths of Life once ran down around the base of the mountain below the precipice and next to the swamps, leaving the whole mass of the mountain between. All the world was Prejudice then, and the Wealthy and the Workers were always separated and there was no Joy in Education and no Love

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in Beauty. Then it seems there came some men called Reformers or Builders and they re-made the Paths of Life further up the mountainside, and nearer each other; so much so that their enemies built a wall of prejudice to make the mountain between higher and steeper."

Hercules: "What do you know about that! As if Life wasn't hard enough, anyway!"

Woman: "It took a lot of hard work; much more work for each reformer than he himself could possibly profit by. Many of them died in drudgery and ignorance and had neither money nor pleasure, love nor beauty."

41-6-47

Hercules: "But it was a darn good thing for us fellows today, and we're sort of in debt to them, don't you think?"

Woman: "Yes, you're in debt because now Work and Money join more nearly than ever before, so that wages are higher and work is shorter."

Hercules: "How did they do this?"

Woman: "~~They used the shovel, Sacrifice.~~ They dug."

Hercules: "Well, they did well but they didn't do near enough. They ought to have kept on until Joy and Truth and Love and Beauty were close beside each other."

Woman: "That was their dream."

Hercules: "Why didn't they carry it out?"

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Woman: "That's a fine thought, but most people would be too selfish and too afraid to try."

Hercules: "Selfishness is silly. I call this a good gamble.

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A Morality Play

~~In 5 Scenes~~

Persons in the Drama

Hercules
Boxer
Drudge
Thief
Policeman
Gambler
Ignorance
Debauchery
Idleness
Gossip
Preacher
Two ~~Attendants~~ Followers
Hope

Money
Joy
Two Fairies
Love
Farmer
Seamstress
Laborer ← A Child
Merchant
Artist
Writer
Truth
Beauty ← A Mask
John Smith
Sung Li

A Television, Radio, Shovel, Pick and Barrow.

Scene I.

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Boxer: "Come and box."

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Boxer: "Fun."

Hercules: "I don't fight for fun."

Boxer: "It's a game, like baseball and bridge."

Hercules: "I never learned any games."

Boxer: "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The Drudge: "I never learned no games either. Come with me."

Hercules: "My God! I hate dirt and poverty. I want joy and life and ease."

The Drudge: "So do I. But look at me."

The Thief: "Yes, look at him. Fool! Why don't he steal? A short life and a merry one. That's me. What is, is mine. The world owes me a living. See!" (He seizes Hercules' club and purse.)

(Enter Policeman and Merchant.)

Policeman: "Halt!" (Thief drops the club and purse and runs out.)

Hercules: (Picks up his club): "Well!"

~~Merchant~~: "That's a silly trick. Risking jail for that!" (Throws Hercules his wallet.) "That's no way to do. I never steal. I take things legally. Why last week on the Stock Exchange I made a million dollars out of nothing."

Policeman: "A million dollars out of nothing!"

Hercules (perplexed): "I don't see—"

~~Business Man~~ Merchant: "Of course you don't—neither did anybody else. That's the reason I made it."

Hercules: "But, I don't understand—"

(Enter Ignorance, Debauchery, Idleness and Gossip.)

Ignorance: "I don't understand; I never understand. What's Life all about, anyway? Who are we and what and where and when?"

Gossip: "Life is rest and drink, meanness and hate. There is nothing worth doing and nothing well done. Hurry, hurry! Have a good time; trust nobody, not even yourself. Raise Hell and go to it!"

(Enter a Preacher with two followers.)

Preacher: "Blasphemers, begone!"

(All go out save Hercules.)

Hercules: "Hello."

Preacher: "Who are you?"

Hercules: "I am Hercules. I—"

Preacher: "Do you love God?"

Hercules: "I never saw him."

Followers: "Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell!"

Preacher: "Is you borned again?"

Hercules: "Once is enough."

Followers: "Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell!"

Preacher: "Do you believe in the Bible?"

Hercules: "Wh~~ich~~ at Bible?"

~~Followers: "Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell!"~~

~~Preacher: "Do you believe in the Bible?"~~

~~Hercules: "Which Bible?"~~

Followers: "Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell!"

Preacher: "I want fifteen dollars! I want fifteen dollars! I want fifteen dollars!"

Hercules: "I haven't got ~~fifteen cents~~ at!"

Preacher, and followers: "Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell!"

~~Hercules sits down in despair. His former companions lurking in the Ignorance, Debauchery, Idleness, Gossip and the Thief dance in.~~ underbrush wherefore)

~~Ignorance and the others:~~ "There ain't nothing; and never was nothing. All is dirt and lies and theft. Believe nothing. Hope for nothing. Trust nobody. Work for yourself if you're worth it, and you ain't."

Preacher and followers: "Believe everything. Receive everything. Never doubt. Never ask questions. Follow ~~everybody~~ me; be blind; obey; submit; be good; and go to heaven and sing and pray, pray, pray!"

~~They dance~~ disperse slowly as the Preacher "lines out" the hymn and the others join: "Shall I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease?"

The Ignorance and others ~~interrupting~~: "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! We will shoo the blues away!

Hercules ~~interrupting~~: "Oh, Oh, Oh. And Father said the Forest was beautiful. He said preachers were good people, ~~were~~ kind. He said ~~the~~ Earth was just beneath Heaven. He told me Life was a great adventure."

~~Voice (continuing)~~ "It is."

Hercules, ~~without~~ looking around ~~to~~ "Who are you?"

~~Hope~~: "I am Hope."

~~He~~: "Well, listen, Sister: you're lost!—You're lost! You're good and lost. You don't know how lost you are!"

~~Hope~~: "Perhaps we are both lost."

Hercules (turns around and looks at the woman): "You think we are both lost?"

Woman: "I think so. Where were you going? What were you seeking?"

~~Hercules: "Life. I look~~ for the Forest and the Forks of the Road. My Father sent me when he died."

Woman: "This is not the Forest."

Hercules: "What?"

Woman: "Oh, no! This is the False Forest. The real Forest and the Forks of the Road lie beyond. The False Forest sprang from the blood of World War A. These things you met are the Vermin trickling down from the swamps and deserts at the foot of the Eternal Mountain. The swamps are overflowing with Blood and cumbering the path of Youth. Come let me show you."

Scene II.

(Two roads leading up a tall mountain, with a ridge between them and precipices at either side. The roads ascend until they disappear in the mists of the sky. Along the roads are tall pillars with signs):

BEAUTY	~~LOVE~~	Power
TRUTH	JOY	~~Pleasure~~
WORK	MONEY	~~Power~~

Woman: "These are the Ways of Life."

Hercules: "Good, and here's my Path right here: lots of money for food, clothes, home and an auto; a good time; and then ~~a lovely old age.~~ I'll settle down and do things"

Woman: "I see you don't care much about work."

Hercules: "Love it; but I don't want to have to work. I don't want to work too hard. I want to be rich and loll and play."

Woman: "And you don't need an education?"

Hercules: "Of course. Crazy about it; but I want a good time first."

Woman: "And Beauty?".

Hercules: "I don't know ~~much about~~ what you mean by Beauty. I suppose I want ~~it~~ things that look right; but I know I want ~~love~~ to see people about. Why, yes, of course, I want Work and Truth and Beauty; and ~~Money~~ wealth and ~~Joy~~ Pleasure and ~~Love~~ Power.—Come to think of it, I want all these things!"

Woman: "Yes, most people do. But you will notice that many of them lie far apart."

Hercules: "That's what puzzles me. But after all, what is distance? I'll tell you what I think I'm going to do. First, I'll get some money and play around a bit while I'm still young. Then I'll go to work and get an education. Then—well then, ~~love~~ Power and Beauty and all that will come as I get older and before I die."

Woman: "I'm afraid you'd be getting your Paths of Life mixed up. First of all, it takes money to "play around"; and education means long, hard work. If you work and learn first and then make money, you'll be old long before you're rich; and if you get rich first, you may be too old to learn; moreover, Beauty ~~and Love~~ are not mere ornaments and afterthoughts; they are Life itself. In other words, all this plan of yours involves long cris-cross journeys from path to path and over that high middle ridge and back again many times."

Hercules: "Well, I'm willing to live a long time."

Woman: "So are most people. But they don't. Life is short. It is short by the shortest path; but with the Hill between, Life cannot be near long enough to give you time for everything, everywhere. Many have tried this and failed."

Hercules: "So you mean I can't have all the things that I want."

Woman: "That is the first great lesson of Youth. Life is a choice of things. You cannot have everything."

Hercules: "But I don't like that at all. I think that's a bum way to make a world. If I, [redacted] been God I'd a done different."

Woman: Perhaps He had his troubles,—His Forks of the Road, too."

Hercules: "That's right! But still it makes it awfully hard to choose just one of these roads. Who wants to work for an education and have no money and no good time; and what's Beauty without [redacted]"

Woman: "And who wants money and a good time and yet be too ignorant to enjoy them? And what's [redacted] without Beauty?"

Hercules: "That's just it. Pshaw! I feel like chucking it all."

Woman: "You can't. You must choose. To live is to choose. To die is to choose. But see here. Before you choose, why not study these paths more carefully? Here is a televisor and a radio that lets us hear and see afar. Suppose we peer into the future."

Hercules: "Fine. I'd like that!" (They arrange the machines.)

(Scene III.)

(All is dark. One hears the voices of the Woman and Hercules, back stage.)

Hercules: "Let's look at this path to the left first. Ah! Here comes the boy. (Enter ~~Money~~ dressed like an Indian Maharajah.) Gosh! See the gold and jewels sparkle! He must be worth a million million. Oh boy! It's sure old Money himself! Lord, but he looks scared. And he's too fat. Eats too much, I bet. What's he so frightened about?"

Woman: "Ask him."

Hercules: "What are you scared at, Money?"

Money: "Who's that? I don't know who's talking. Perhaps it's my insides. But I'll tell you what I'm scared of: Poverty! You see, if the Workers over there get me they'll ruin me and make me be poor. And Joy up yonder! The way she makes me fly is a caution. She'll bring me to poverty yet."

Hercules: "But good Lord! There's enough of you; there's too much. You're too fat and ugly. You ought to reduce."

Money: "Reduce? My God! There ain't half enough of me as it is; and you'd be ugly too if you had to sit locked up all the time to keep somebody from stealing you. It's damned uninteresting, I'll say."

(Clash of jazz and bright lights. Joy and the fairies dance in to jazz music, with Ignorance, Idleness, Debauchery, Gossip, the Gambler and the Thief.)

Hercules (stamping): "Oh baby! Ha! Ha! Ha!—Gee, they're having a big time; ain't they pretty! But they look tired; and see the face of Joy! How pale it is and—bitter. That's funny. I thought Joy was laughter."

Joy: "Play is hard work. My feet hurt. I didn't get much sleep last night; I danced until three and then went to a cabaret where the air was bad, the music noisy, the women dirty, and the liquor poison."

Hercules: "But think of it!—Color! Music! Wine!—"

Joy: "I do think of it and I feel rotten."

Hercules: "But why?"

Joy: "Well, you see where I live the hill is steep and the swamp below us deep and muddy. If one is not careful one slips down in the slime. Instead of having a good time you find yourself wallowing in disgusting filth. You see some of us have already slipped down,—often."

Hercules: "But you don't have to slip down there."

Joy: "No, but you're mighty apt to, unless you have Knowledge to guide you and Work to steady you and Beauty—well,—Beauty to—lift you up. And say, who's talking to me, anyhow—or am I talking to myself?"

(A lone veiled figure enters with long skirts.)

Love: "I am Love."

(Joy and her attendants bow low and the music stops.)

Hercules: "So this is Love—Look at them skirts! Seems to be ashamed of her feet; and knees!—she 'ain't never had no knees! Come on baby, turn around and look at sweet—Oh! Love is old and silent. Love looks—like my Mother. Her face is sorrowful. There are tears in her eyes. There would be! Yes, I understand. Love is like that. She has so much to bear. She is so patient. Funny, but I always pictured her as young, and gay. But, no, of course not."

Woman: "You cannot see all that Love sees.—Hark, she speaks."

Love: "I, Love, dwell with Grief.
I am the Daughter of Death
And the Mother of Beauty
And I have lost my child."

Hercules: "Where is your child?"

Love: "Over the Hill."

Hercules: "Why not climb the Hill?"

Love: "It is slippery and below the precipice writhe the alligators of Hate and Grief."

~~(Song off stage: "Couldn't hear nobody pray")~~

Hercules: "Gee! If we could just pile the Hill down into the swamp!"

(The figures file out and the stage is dark.)

Hercules: "Say, life—isn't easy, is it? Something has got to be done. I must think this out."

Woman: "Wait, you have not seen the other Path."

(Enter a farmer with a bag of potatoes and a hoe; a woman with a sewing machine on a platform, dragged along by a laborer, while a child piles up the finished garments; a painter with an easel, a writer, the merchant on stilts and the drudge with a broom.)

All: "We are the workers of the world."

Hercules: "Now here's something interesting. Gee! I like that. I'd just love to run that machine; and paint pictures and write; and I'd like to plant things, and don't it make your muscles tingle to pull a good load? and sweeping, working about ain't so bad; dirty, of course, and makes you crawl, but think of polishing up things and having the world all clean and in order!"

All: "We are the workers of the world."

Hercules: "Well, what of it? You ought to be happy, instead of doing the Gloomy Gus act. Say, what are they staring at? Why don't they watch their work?"

Woman: "They peer into the valley beyond."

Hercules: "And what's that guy on stilts with the spy-glass? He seems to be worrying and staring worst of all?"

Woman: "He's watching the valley beyond."

Hercules: "What's there? Oh, I know—Money. No wonder Money is afraid—all them eyes and all this worry. It makes these guys afraid too, don't it? Sort of reflected fear. Why don't they just walk into the valley beyond and take Money if they want him so much?"

Woman: "There's the Hill."

Hercules: "Yes—that damned Hill again. Always the Hill! But what do they want with Money? They've got plenty to do and interesting jobs too—sowing and making, and painting and writing and carrying and cleaning—what do they want money for?"

Woman: They want food and clothes."

Hercules: "Why, there's food,—good old potatoes and bread—apples—"

Woman: "It doesn't belong to them; it belongs to the man on stilts."

Hercules: "And there's cloth, and a machine to sew it."

Woman: "They belong to the merchant, too."

Hercules: "But, how did he get them and why? he don't need them. He ain't hungry and he's got a fur coat and a silk hat. Don't he sell?"

Woman: "Oh yes, that's what he's on stilts looking for—buyers."

Hercules: "But—but—am I getting woozy? Here's things to be sold and people to buy them. Why don't they go ahead and trade?"

Woman: "They have no money."

Hercules: "What do they want it for and besides there's a valley full just over the Hill. Say! There's something funny about all this. Why can't this Hill between the valleys be dug away? He ain't high. I'd like to get at the truth."

Woman: The Hill is high and thick—but here is Truth. She may tell us."

Hercules: "Her face shines but she's almost naked. She's smiling; but not at me; sort of at the world. I guess she finds it funny and it sure is."

Truth: "I am Truth. I am poor and naked. But I am free and happy. I can see the stars. I know the hearts of men. I am not the End and All. I am the Beginning and the Part; a small Part of the greater, better Life. I need Joy and Money and Love. I need Beauty. Widen the world for me, Hercules, you look strong; widen the world, it's too narrow."

Hercules: (She sees me! She sees right through the dark!) "I'd like to—but how? Where?"

(All disappear. Colored lights fly over the stage.)

Hercules: "Yes—I see!"

(The Music is heard.)

Hercules: "Yes—I hear!"

(Drums and bugle are heard.)

Hercules: "Yes—I understand."

Woman. "Beauty comes."

(The head of an African mask glows.)

Hercules. "Truth! Truth! Don't go yet—there's lots—Beauty? Is that Black Thing, Beauty? It looks ugly. And yet—it is complete. It says something. It satisfies. It somehow fills you with content."

The Mask. "I dwell aloft on cold and rockbound crags, above the precipice where howl Hate and Grief and their union which is War. Over me stretches the endless sky and around me endless Thought and in me endless Dream and endless Life. I yearn toward Love."

Hercules. "Love is beyond the Hill."

The Mask. "Beyond the Hill!"

Hercules. "Down with the Hill."

The Mask. "Herculean task."

Hercules. " I am Hercules."

Scene IV.

(Same as Scene II.)

Hercules. "Life is terribly mixed up—just full of contradictions. I can see it's going to take some hard work to make a way out of this mess. Well, I don't want the easiest and the softest. I want the hardest. What can I do?"

Woman. "There is one way of making the choice of Life easier—not easy but easier; and not necessarily easier for you but easier for fellows who live after you die."

Hercules. "That sounds a bit mixed but out with it."

Woman. "Look again between the paths. What do you see?"

Hercules. "A ridge."

Woman. "Look again."

Hercules. "It looks like a wall, overgrown with weeds."

Woman. "Some say it is a man-made barrier; others think God made it and that it goes down to the roots of the world. At any rate, it is the ridge of Prejudice. If it could be moved—"

Hercules. "Hooray! Just what I've been thinking. Then you could pass from Work to Money and have a good time getting an Education and—"

Woman. "Not too fast. The distances would still be vast and the climb hard. But at least there would be no artificial barriers between Work and its just reward and between Knowledge and Happiness."

Hercules. "And perhaps Love and Beauty would be one."

Woman. "The legend is that these two Paths of Life once ran down around the base of the mountain below the precipice and next to the swamps, leaving the whole mass of the mountain between. All the world was Prejudice then, and the Wealthy and the Workers were always separated and there was no Joy in Education and no Love in Beauty.

Then it seems there came some men called Reformers or Builders and they re-made the Paths of Life further up the mountainside, and nearer each other; so much so that some say their enemies built this wall of prejudice to make the mountain between higher and steeper. Others say this wall was always there concealed by the mountain mass."

Hercules. "What do you know about that! And if Life wasn't hard enough, anyway!"

Woman. "It took a lot of hard work; much more work for each reformer than he himself could possibly profit by. Many of them died in drudgery and ignorance and had neither money nor pleasure, love nor beauty."

Hercules. "But it was a darn good thing for us fellows today, and we're sort of in debt to them, don't you think?"

Woman. "Yes, you're in debt because now Work and Money join more nearly than ever before, so that wages are higher and work time is shorter."

Hercules. "How did they do this?"

Woman. "They dug at the hill. They found a shovel--Sacrifice."

Hercules. "Well, they did well but they didn't do near enough. They ought to have kept on until Joy and Truth and Love and Beauty were close beside each other."

Woman. "What was their dream."

Hercules. "Why didn't they carry it out?"

Woman. "They died. Dreams always die. Only dreams live forever."

Hercules. "Well—couldn't I—dream?"

Woman. "Yes. Everybody can dream. But dreamers die."

Hercules. "What of that? Life ain't so much, anyhow, unless you dream it better. And if once that Hill was away—think what it would mean to the fellows who came after? They might really live."

Woman. "That's a fine thought, but most people would be too selfish and too afraid to try."

Hercules. "Selfishness is silly. I call this a good gamble.

Why, think of it! If these two old paths, instead of wandering all around creation, were but one and the same Path, why then once and for all Work and Wage would be one; Truth would Play and Play would be Joyful; while Love and Beauty would make Life perfect."

Woman: "Not perhaps perfect; for Life would still have its problems of knowledge and creation, human hearts and Death. But surely the choices of Life would be easier. That's what I brought you here for. Life is a sort of cross-roads and choice, but its troubles are only increased if people merely choose present difficulties. If, in addition to that, they are willing to Sacrifice — to dig — they help to make Life, in the long run, a straight and narrow and beautiful Path."

Hercules: "To work! Level the Hill!"

Scene V.

(At the base of the Hill. Hercules is eating a loaf of bread. [redacted] He is covered with dirt and sweat. He has the Shovel, Sacrifice; the Pick, Courage, and the Barrow, Faith.)

Hercules: "Gee! I'm hungry! Some job! Them's the hardest rocks! Wish I had some water. [redacted]."

(John Smith enters in sport clothes with cigarette and cane.)

Hercules: "Hello, got any water?"

(Smith regards him silently)

Hercules: "Have [redacted] a bite?"

Smith: "I am not in need of food."

Hercules: "Want a job?"

Smith: "No, I am a gentleman."

Hercules: "I don't understand."

Smith: "~~Do I gather that you do not~~ naturally you would hardly understand what a gentleman is?"

Hercules: "~~Oh yes~~, Sure I do but I don't understand why that is a reason for not working."

Smith: "It is because I have no need to work."

Hercules: "Neither do I."

Smith: "Ha! Ha! Ha! You ~~tickle my risibles.~~ are funny"

Hercules: "Well, of course, everybody has to work but I mean I don't have to do all this."

Smith: "Then why pray ~~do you~~ do it?"

Hercules: "To level the Hill and fill the swamps."

Smith: "Well, if you ask me, I would say that your hill is a damned good institution; but really I'm not a bit interested in dirt—I have quite sufficient money."

Hercules: "Great! Where did you get it?"

Smith: "God entrusted it to me."

Hercules: "Now ain't that fine! What are you going to do with it?"

Smith: "Spend it, of course."

Hercules: "How?"

Smith: "As I choose. Isn't it mine? Didn't my father earn it?"

Hercules: "Is God your father?"

Smith: "No."

Hercules: "Say, ain't you getting God and your father mixed up?"

Smith: "Don't you try to wisecrack me, you black nigger, or I'll jolly well have you whipped."

(Enter a Chinaman, Sung Li.)

Li: "Ha! Ha! Ha! "

Hercules: "Nigger? Nigger! That's not my name. I am Hercules. But Nigger! It, somehow, sounds kind of familiar. I seem to have heard it before. But I can't just remember where. Nigger! Now, he meant something by that!."

Li: "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Hercules: "Hello! Who are you?"

Li: "Sung Li."

Hercules: "Welcome to our city. You look a bit amazed."

Li: "I have been fighting this gentleman's dogs."

Hercules: "Whew! Did they bite you?"

Li: "We bit each other."

Smith: "If you keep on annoying my hunting dogs, I'll have you clapped in jail."

Li: "I have been in jail since 1616. I just got out."

Hercules: "Oh, stop fussing. Come on you two. Let's level this hill."

Li: "Ha! Ha! Ha."

Hercules: "What's the joke."

Li: "I am amused. Why, Sir, should you level this hill? Will you furnish new golf links for His Majesty? Or a fine polo field? Or another happy hunting ground?"

Smith: "I believe you're trying to be insolent."

Hercules: "Oh come on—there'll be room for all and for everything when this hill of Segregation is gone."

Smith: "Quite so! Go on and level it."

Li: "If I may express myself in slang—don't you see his game?"

Hercules: "I said Come on and level it."

Smith: "I? Certainly not. I will not work."

Li: "I suggest that we force him to."

Smith: "Do you fellows want to start something?"

(They grab Smith. Then Hercules desists.)

Hercules: "Wait! I forgot. Queer how I ever could forget. You see it was ages ago—my father—they tried to make him work when he didn't want to."

Smith: (Arranging his clothes) And jolly well succeeded."

Hercules: "Yes. They succeeded. But they never got over it themselves. I guess that explains you. Now see here, there's no Make or Must about this. I'm going to level this hill. Help or get out, either or both of you."

(He starts to dig and throw dirt, singing) ~~"There ain't no Hammer in this Mountain".~~

Smith: "Hi, there! Wait! What's the matter with you? Suppose we consider this thing. You seem dreadfully in earnest. Now what's wrong with this hill? It has always been here, hasn't it? Why level it then? Do you need the exercise? If so, may I suggest golf or tennis, or even hockey, if you're that energetic."

Hercules: "I want to level the barriers between Money and Work, and between Truth and Joy, and between Love and Beauty."

Smith: "I see! You're one of those dreadful Bolsheviks!"

Hercules: "Perhaps so, I don't know what you mean—but I'm going to finish this job."

Li: "May I offer my humble service? I perceive that this scheme will greatly benefit Asia."

Smith: "I wouldn't help if I could; I see no advantage to America. Besides, I know nothing whatsoever about digging."

Li: "Plenty of your folks do."

Smith: "They're fools—but white fools, mind you!"

Hercules: "All fools look alike to me."

Li: "Confucius tells us of two sorts of fools—those who won't work and those who won't gamble."

Smith: "I'll gamble all right—I love it. What shall the game be? Have you cards or dice? I suspect that you colored boys had dice! What is the stake?"

Li: "The sky shall be the limit. The stake, two to one; our lives against yours."

Smith: "How astonishing! Do you really mean it? This is quite the biggest game I ever heard of. I've played poker and baccarat and rouge et noir; I've gambled at Monte Carlo, Aix-les-bains and Wall Street; but this game of Life—"

Hercules: "We're betting we can move a mountain with your help; see? If we can't, we'll die."

Smith: "And if we can?"

Hercules: "We'll all live and walk through it."

Smith: "That's a queer bet—I don't just understand it; but I'm game, come on."

Li: "You can't lose."

Smith: "Why that's right. I really can't lose, can I?"

(They work, singing) ~~"The Rocks and the Mountains Shall Fall Into~~ Smith gives out.)

Smith: "Got any—nourishment?"

Hercules: "Here!" (giving him bread and water.)

Li: "Here!" (giving him rice.)

Smith (hesitates): "You don't happen to have any terrapin or champagne?"

Hercules: "What's them?"

Li: "Sure—taste it."

Smith: "Gee! This is good! What may I ask is the sauce?"

Li: "Hunger."

Hercules: "Come on!"

(They work, singing) ~~"Walk Together Children".)~~

Smith: (pauses): "See here!"

Hercules: "What?"

Smith: "We're pikers! What we need is a steam shovel."

Hercules: "Do they grow here?"

Li: "Without doubt: if one should plant a polo pony or a pleasure yacht."

Smith: "He's spoofing. I know it will take capital, but what of it? I've got plenty. And say, I rather like you fellows."

Hercules ~~Li~~: "The world is full of us."

Li ~~Hercules~~: "And this is a sort of Hill of Discovery, ~~a isn't it~~ is it not? Fools and brothers a-top and fossils down inside."

Smith: "You know this being rich and superior and exclusive is an awful bore."

Li: "Hurrah for Powerty and Democracy."
(The Steam-shovel [redacted] rolls in)
All: "Hooray—down with the Hill. Away with Segregation. Shovel out Prejudice. Open up the world to the world."

[redacted]

THE ALL-MOTHER

Draft manuscript, fragments and "The Tabu of All-Mother," an introduction to the play

The Tabu of Old Mother

No American believes that out of one blood God made all nations that on earth do dwell! Yes sir. He repeats the wearisome old formula of a Sunday morning just as he runs to love his neighbor as himself and spend another billion on a modern Navy 9/10 all on the days three. Eleventh the word called American deep down in his heart of hearts believes Negroes inferior to whites, Africa an hot Antiphon & Europe and Negroes quite naturally disfranchised in Massachusetts. As Charles Pearl puts it quite delicacy — "Negroes ... from the fevers of Africa. Whether transplanted or not by unjustifiable ... invited desirable for life in America as perpetually argued" — the Select Negro to assimilate word from Anthropology

What now in imagination & philosophy is the idea of a belief in human equality & day? And so gaily and unreasonably amazing the Tabu of black & yellow natural inferiority & white & build a flimsy armor brothers of different gifts pouring them forth in the world destitute fraternities and selfishness — & getting with a certain genius — in the one brother who is unscrupulous in his appeal to democracy. There come Eleven Theft & World Calculyon & the emergence of an artful American who carries all bloods in her wombs

This belies back all Tabus automatically — back of being "broken" & a black or brown:

"He may be a brother to William H. Taft
"But he could not be brother of mine!"

Think of America as molding Chinese & niggers as well as Puritans & Protestants. Good God what a way to tell the Truth even in Beauty. To beauty worth are "terrible truths" which is hence one with the play & soul simultaneous words but all ends in "But!—"

41-6-380

~~Chapter XV~~

The All - Mother

This is a play, with prelude, four scenes, vision and postlude. The players are five, each with a double part: Mrs. Hatfield Smith is the All-Mother; her husband, the broker, is Europe; Henry Johnson the Butler is Africa. Asia is played by His Excellency the Chinese Ambassador, while the painting of a child is America.

PRELUDE

The time is midnight of the day when, as many remember, Mrs. Hatfield-Smith gave her formal dinner to the witty and learned Chinese Ambassador. The last of her rich and distinguished guests are leaving, and she is standing by that famous Egyptian fire-place in the reception-hall. The fire-place, with its sphinx motifs, is at the right of the audience, as the curtain rolls slowly up, and a low fire flames within it. Behind, in the center, rises a wide, carven staircase, stopping at a landing, where a Tiffany window gives on a balcony and then winds right and left to the apartments above. The hall door on the left stands massive between giant, carven pillars. There is little furniture: a polished floor and a few rugs, a white alabaster vase on the right newel post of the staircase, a single, large, framed painting over the fire-place. It is a dim figure of a child with cavernous old-looking eyes.

By the ffreplace, her hand on a great Egyptian chair, is Mrs. Smith - a noble figure, with gleaming flesh, black velvet, and priceless jewels. Her black piled hair is shot with silver, but her beautiful high-bred face and luminous eyes are young. By the door is a Negro butler, lithe and darkly brown, close-curled of hair, and in a rich crimson livery. The voice of the hostess is heard in her final farewells:

Mrs. Smith -- Yes, yes, good-night. Oh, thank you -- so good of you -- yes, good-night.

(Turns wearily back to the fire-place. The butler closes the door.)

Yes, yes, good-night, good-bye, Delighted! Delightful! Good-bye. God speed you all! Ah!

(Sinks into a chair by the fire-place.)

A bit of wine, Henry, please. Where is His Excellency?

Butler -- He has stepped out on the balcony, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Thank you, It was a great success, Henry, was it not?

Butler -- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Your cook is excellent! That entree was pronounced "delicious" by no less a person than Delia Van Tromp.

Butler -- Thank you, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Yes, a great success. Ha! Ha! The rope of pearls that seemed about to break the Higgins' neck will joyously hasten the banker's bankruptcy. The diamonds of the duchess-elect brought blue flashes from many an envious eye. The lust in the lieutenant's eye looked very like love. Dowling knows his Bradstreet peerage well. He'll propose tonight, I'm sure. And the gowns, Oh! the gowns were wonderful, were they not, Henry?

Butler -- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Smothering withered old women and sleek, young icebergs - Yes, what odes to Worth and lyrics to Paquin! -- A bit more, Henry, Thank you. (Yawning) Yes, Has the master retired?

Butler -- Mr. Hatfield-Smith has stepped out, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Indeed! How interesting! He easily steps to other worlds while I -- I'll lay that in bare cash, Henry, in gold, jewels, and silk, we had a half-million here tonight!

Butler -- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- And in credit and hopes, shame to thee, Ormus and Ind!

Butler -- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- (Straightens and dashes the wine glass into the fire.) Oh "Yes, Madam", me no more! Success! It was success, as my successes go. But what is it but flagrant mockery? My lips still curl in mirthless grins, - our jokes wept, our laughter knelled - our world is but grey shadows of the shades of things;

it rings unreal; we talk and say naught; we laugh and mean naught! We lack - we lack - know you what we lack, Henry?

Butler -- Yes, Madam, --

Mrs. Smith -- Why, in all this long and lonesome night there stalked among us all not one, good, honest, naked feeling. One came nearest when Delia veiled her wrath at Tommy's blunder. Her glance was exquisite! She'd do a murder daintily. Oh, it was empty, - flat; no truth; no lies; no love; no hate; no tears; no joy; - smooth-groomed and even grayness everywhere, with yawns delicately suppressed and impulses lynched. And yet tomorrow's papers - Lo! the gorgeousness of it all! Hey Ho! What should I care? (To herself thoughtfully) And yet -- and yet I should not like always to play at life. Sometimes I have a great fear that I am missing life, that I have lost the way, and am wandering. I wish I knew all that life might be. I wish I knew the way! Whence? Whither? O pshaw! I must to bed -- to bed? Why? To Sleep? Impossible! I'm as wakeful as eternity! Oh, Henry -- Henry! Don't go yet. I knew there was something I wanted to ask you. The summer's extra help. They are all hired, I suppose? You know the cottage will be large.

Butler -- No, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- But It's time. Is it not?

Butler -- But, Madam. -

Mrs. Smith -- But, what, Sir?

Butler -- You know my plans, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Your plans? You mean my plans, do you not?

Butler -- I mean my plans. I spoke to you a month since.

Mrs. Smith -- I have no memory of it.

Butler -- I feared you did not listen as I spoke. I plan to study.

Mrs. Smith -- Study? Study what? I ask no better butler.

Butler -- I plan to study for the stage.

Mrs. Smith -- For what?

Butler -- For the stage, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Ha! Ha! Ha! Why -- Ha! Ha! Ha! Boy, are you stark mad? For the Stage!

Butler -- I am all too sane, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Pardon my laughter, Henry, but -- what put such foolishness into your head? And, then, think! Here comes the time when I'm depending on you most -- the success of the whole summer -- of all next winter depends on you. There are house parties at Lenox, not to mention Newport, and the new home here next winter. All this, - and you actually threatening to leave me for the wildest of wild reasons.

Butler -- I simply plan to study, Madam.

Mrs. Smith -- Insanity! Do be sensible. Here you are an excellent butler, - well-paid. If not, I'll pay you more. You're well-fed, well-clothed, well-cared for - with every consideration. What more do you want? Why are you dissatisfied?

Butler -- We are all dissatisfied, Madam, -- even you just said --

Mrs. Smith -- We'll speak of you. And so you dream of becoming a fourth-rate actor?

Butler -- No, Madam, first-rate! !

Mrs. Smith -- Stuff! Who ever heard of a Negro actor? What would you act? What could you act? Who would listen to you? Silly fellow! Even granted you might recite fairly well for a Negro - but Oh! It is too absurd!

(The form of the Ambassador looms dimly on the stairs, with the moon behind him.)

Ambassador -- Absurd? Only the absurd is reason in a world of absurdities.

Mrs. Smith -- Ah, Your Excellency, well-come! I feared you had deserted for the night. Come! Come, and in heaven's name hear the American housewife's universal wail. Do you note this fellow? Is he not a proper butler, built and furnished for the part?

Ambassador -- I have noted his tireless energy and subtle wit during all my stay in this fairyland.

Mrs. Smith -- He is quite perfect as a butler. But what do you think? He is not satisfied.

Ambassador -- Dark brother of mine, neither am I.

Mrs. Smith -- Not yet am I. But of all mortals, who should be more content than such a servant?

Ambassador -- Or less. I could defend either thesis against the other most successfully.

Mrs. Smith -- Riddles, riddles, Your Excellency. But seriously - See my plight. All my days I have sought the perfect butler, I find one and invite my wisest friends, my richest enemies, the most charming of diplomats, to Lenox, when lo! my butler deserts me to become a play actor. Ha! Ha! Ha! Oh, Henry, Henry! Some midnight madness cooks in your African blood!

Ambassador -- Nay, Madam; but I hold the roles of butler and player lay from each other, not so far afield.

Mrs. Smith -- Subtlest of man! You mock me. Henry, show the tired diplomat to his room. Already he babbles in his sleep.

Ambassador -- Wait! Did not the lips of the child move? (Pointing to the picture.)

Mrs. Smith -- (Starting) They did. They always do. It is a speaking, human picture, done by a wanderer's witch-hand. I call it my - last and only child. When I want wisdom, I seek those lips, -- and note those eyes how old they be in that child face! Old eyes -- old eyes! Some day I fancy the babe will walk down from its frame and rule this shattered home. See, I can be fantastic, too! Hark! Midnight by the great chimes of St. John! Only midnight? I cannot sleep yet. I'll sit here awhile. Your Excellency, good be your night.

Ambassador -- You are kind to excuse me. I will go. But harken! For wakefulness I know no balm like the player's spoken word. Before I go, shall not this strange butler recite some illusions of his art?

Mrs. Smith -- Oh, Heaven, No!

Butler -- Will Madam, pardon a word?

Mrs. Smith -- Oh, What has Your Excellency done!

Ambassador -- Goodnight, Goodnight, Nay, Henry, I need nothing.

Mrs. Smith -- But wait. Is it not Your Excellency's wish the law throughout my house? Henry, recite. It is, as the Ambassador says, the most sleep-wooing thing I know. But there! No ranting tragedies. Something light and funny; dialect if you can; and above all, speak low! (The Ambassador pauses on the landing and looks back.)

Butler -- It's not exactly comic, Madam, but I think it may be pleasing, quaint, perhaps -- dreamstuff. I wrote it myself.

Mrs. Smith -- (Musing as the clock strikes) Three, four, five. Oh! Laggard, mocking time! Say on, we're listening.

Butler -- It is called "The All-Mother."

Mrs. Smith -- Another man's plea for making woman's world the nursery.

My sons, thank God, all are unborn.

(She lifts a silver mirror from the mantel and studies her face.)

Time - Time - Time! How my hair whitens!

(Mrs. Smith, the Ambassador, and the Butler, simultaneously.)

Mrs. Smith -- (Listening to the clock) Harken! Seven, Eight, nine. Ah! Hastening, spiteful time! Pale wraith of coming age, I hate and fear you!

Ambassador -- Nine, eight, seven. Turn backward time! Pale wraith of coming youth, I love and worship you!

Butler -- "The All-Mother". A dream in five awakenings, wherein play Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and The All-Mother.

(The All-Mother speaks.)

Butler: (Reciting) I am the old All-Mother,
Nurse of the wide, dark world.
Three unborn sons I bear,
That swell beneath the mighty pulsing
Of my soul ---
Three sons of God: A Child of Night,
A Dream of Dawn, and the First Son of Morning!

(Mrs. Smith yawns and nods)

Ho! Help! All-Father, God!
In darkness and child-burthened
I reel and stagger on
To seek the Way of Life.
For the black Sphinx is dumb,
Thy Great Sword flames not,
And all the Stars are silent!
I come, I go,
Whence, my God, and whither?
Whence ---

(The woman sleeps, breathing heavily. The Ambassador disappears. The Butler pauses in deep dejection.)

Asleep, asleep! and gone!
Thou unsexed fashion plate,
Fading, withering butterfly;
Thou murd'ress of motherhood,
So poor in all thy wealth,
So pitiful in all thy sheen
Of glimpsing beauty!

(A gesture of despair).

And I? I? O God in Heaven!
Thou mockest me,
As mocks this sleeping form;
I feel the flooding failure in my blood;
I would and cannot,
I can -- they will not!
The shadows of the shackles
Lock my soul, and ever will --
And ever will --

(Pauses)

Wherefore do I live,
And wherefore strive?
That men may mock and women laugh?
To cringe and serve a lifetime through?
What chance hath blackness
'Neath the sun?
I ask a chance -
I get a sneer - a snore!

(He suddenly draws a pistol and turns his back to the woman. The ambassador appears, glowing with upraised arms, The door/opens softly and Mr.

Henry Hatfield-Smith appears, hat awry, cigar in mouth, and flushed with wine. He stares.)

Mr. Smith -- What the hell!

Butler: It's finished! Good night, Time; Eternity, Good Morning!

(There is a crash of thunder, and sound of rending. The picture above the mantel falls. Silence and darkness.)

SCENE ONE

(Slowly the scene transforms itself from a reception room to a forest. The light swells from midnight within to full morning. The giant pillars become tall trees. The staircase disappears in gloom, leaving a smoking sacrificial vase, while the Egyptian motifs of the fire-place become one, great Sphinx. The sleeping woman in her chair is transformed to a primeval priestess before her ancient shrine. She is lightly veiled, her garments, loose and thin, flicker and fly, and her flesh is brown.)

All-Mother -- I am the old All-Mother
Nurse of the wide, dark world.
Three unborn sons, I bear,
That swell beneath the mighty pulsing
Of my soul;
Three sons of God; A Child of Night;
A Dream of Dawn, and the First Son of Morning!
Unknowing I have sinned an unknown sin -
Ho! Help! All-Father, God!
In darkness and child-burthened
I reel and stagger on,
To seek the way of life,
For the black Sphinx is dumb,
Thy Great Sword flames not,
And all the airs are silent!

I come, I go; whence, my God,

And whither?

(Echoes --- Whence --- Whither?

Whence --- Whither?" Silence and shadows; thick and thicker shadows, as of the passing of forms.)

All-Mother --- I see a shading in shadows; I sense a shape; My soul

My soul grows lighter by a babe's light breath!

Ho! What art thou? Stand and tell!

(In crimson light an African warrior appears between the trees, full-panoplied in ivory, gold, and ostrich plumes, with spear, sword and shield. He stands erect and easily between the two great trees.)

Africa -- I am Africa! Out of thy soul, I come.

All-Mother -- Africa, thou Star of Night!

The world's first-born and mine!

Listen, thou son of ever-living God;

I it is, All-Mother, I,

Who in fright and soul-pain

Shot thee wondering to the world.

Wend thou the way of life!

Sin-vengeance followeth me!

What seest thou?

Whence? Whither?

Africa -- (Peering across the world.)

All life is love!

The world is flower and fruit,

The sun doth laugh and sing!

I hunt, I run, I sleep,

I feast and laugh and quaff

In great, clear springs

Of ravished beauty!
A gladness rains upon the hills,
A joy bursts from above,
The bird with song its bosom fills,
All life all life is love!

(Echoes ---- All life is love!)

All-Mother --- (Her deep eyes open and shine, Her bosom swells.)
Love! Ah, Love,--
I see the Way.
I mind me how in arch-dawn,
When thy soul pierced to mine, O Africa, my Son,
How leaped and sang my heart
Before its God! - until I sinned!
Aye, that was Life and Life was Love!
But where is it now - where dost thou seek it?

Africa --- I seek it not. It comes!

All-Mother --- It came today?

Africa --- Each day.

All-Mother --- Tell me, then where hast thou been? What didst thou do yesterday? Nay, yesterday thou wast not --

Africa -- I always was and ever will be, - tomorrow, yesterday, today ---
I woke to sense the incense of the hills!
The royal sun sent crimson heralds to the dawn -
She blushed beneath her silken veil of mist;
I felt her heart swell, whiles the King
Paused on the world's rough edge,
And thousand birds did pour their little souls
To maddened melody.

I leaped and ran and found
My breakfast poised aloft,
All served in living gold;
In purpled wold
I wandered, wreathed in crimson, blue and green;
My mid-day meal
Did fawn across my fast,
In striped sleekness ---
I kissed it ere I killed it,
And slept away the liquid languor
Of the noon; then leaping,
Chased a wild, new creature down the bush,
Till wheeling, furious,
It fetched its fangs across my breast;
I poised my spear -- then saw its fear-mad,
piteous eyes -
I gave it life and food,
The shadows whispered 'round
The mystic moon-dance of the elves,
Amid the mirth-mad laughter of the stars!
I watched, till far away some Voice
Did wind the velvet trumpet of the night - and then
In glooming caves,
I laid me with the lion,
And I slept.

ALL-Mother --- O, joyous child, -- O land of love!

Africa ---- Harken!

All-Mother --- What?

Africa --- The Tree!

All-Mother --- Aye, the tree?

Africa --- Heard'st thou the song in its leaves?

All-Mother --- I heard nothing.

Africa ---- Listen!

(A faint melody; it is the first phrase of "Go Down! Moses! " A tense, new look comes into Africa's face. He whispers.)

Africa --- It calls! I go!

All-Mother --- Wait! Leave me not! Whither goest thou?

Africa -- The song! Hearest thou not the song?

(The melody again. A beautiful moth flies by.)

Africa (Chanting) I heard a singing low,
Singing in the wilderness!

Africa (Speaks) And at that song's beginning sits a voice,
And in the voice doth circle sooth a soul
And in that soul's self-center, nestles love -
I go to find my love, for she is mine,
And life is ours,
And I am hers ---
I, Africa!

All-Mother --- Africa, I, too, will come and seek thy love.
I come! Sphinx, I go!

(The eyes of the Sphinx glow.)

I come - I go - life is love - (she hesitates and looks back)
Life is love? But life is not love!

Life?

Why life -

(Exits Africa).

Is cold and hate,

Flame and pain,

Dread and guile,

Age and treachery,

Death and mockery!

Lo Africa, I see -

Something in forest - fastness, hell-begot —

Africa ! Africa!

Ho! Africa, my Son, my Son!

(Sinks to her knees with praying hands. Echoes -- "My Son, my Son:" The crimson light darkens and disappears. Behind and beside the flaming vase appears a weird, yellow light, disclosing Asia, seated, and gorgeously attired before a golden idol.)

Asia --- Thou callest, All-Mother?

All-Mother -- I hear voices - a voice; a dreamy strangeness creeps along my limbs; my heart is lighter by a babe's light breath. Africa?

Asia --- I am Asia.

(The woman turns and sees him. A beauty steals into her face. She half crouches, hesitant.)

All-Mother --- Strange, weird - strange the morning

That thou didst light mine eyes,

O Dream-Child!

(Stretches her arms toward him.)

Asia, my Asia, what doest thou?

Asia --- Dreams, Mother, Dreams!

(It lightens.)

All-Mother --- Asia, arise! Thy light is come!

Asia --- Peace! I dream.

(It thunders.)

All-Mother --- (In terror) - It is the All-Father, flee his awful voice!
And the full flashing of his eye!
Some sin doth seek me,
And He seeks my sin,
I want the Way of Life -
Whither, whither, O Asia, shall I flee?
Look forward! look back! look within!
What seest thou?
The Sphinx is dumb - Whence? Whither?

(In majestic silence Asia slowly arises and sweeps forward, his eyes in rapt contemplation).

Asia --- Life is thought and thought is dream,
And dream ends in Nirvana and in peace!
Whatever is, is dream;
We think the world,
And lo! It is e'en as we think it!
We think not - lo! there is no world.
All pain is Thought, and cold and flame,
And Thought is Pain,
And Happiness, forgetting!

All-Mother --- O, blessed vision!
Endless sleep!
Dream of untroubled dreaming -
Sin of my soul, forget me!

On, Asia, On! We seek the Kingdoms of Forgetting!

(She hesitates and looks back.)

And yet - and yet - there are some things I would not quite forget -

Some little things, and others —

The last light that lingers on the hills, —

Bird-songs, —

The voice of my first-born —

Ah! And the dread-splendid wooing of the Lord -

And love - and love - and love!

Asia --- All is naught,

And naught is all,

And naught is wrought

Of dreaming -

Vain, vain!

The woman mind is yet too small to grasp such awful truth —

Take this and seek to see!

(Hands her a mirror.)

All-Mother --- What is this magic, flashing void?

Asia --- It is a thought thing,

Wherein I see men's souls,

And the world's hidden ways!

Look well! The Soul's the way

To dream Nirvana into peace!

(She looks in fascination; then in fear.)

All-Mother --- I see, I dream, as sometime ages since

I dreamed before -

I see a face -

(A bluish light steals in upon the yellow. The yellow light slowly fades. Asia listens and steps slowly backward.)

Asia --- My mirror, my mirror!

All-Mother - (Unheeding) Why moves that mighty surging underneath my heart? Lo! My heart is lifted lightness, - and yet, why sits this nameless terror on my soul?

Asia --- (Fading away) My mirror - my mirror!

All-Mother --- Ah! I dream! I dreamed how from the marrow of my bones there leaped this boy. I loved him, while I feared him. I feared him, yet I loved him; for with him came a gloom, a Dred, a Sin. That face, that silver, sunlight face - Where is my dream?

(Echoes -- My mirror - my mirror!)

Harken! Nay! I hear it not - I
See it not - and yet I feel it. It is! It lives!
It comes! It comes! I wake! All Hail - Europe!

SCENE TWO.

(The scene is the same, save that it is now high-noon. Europe enters in modern business attire, attentively examining a polished wheel, which sheds a bluish light. He carries a valise in his hand. The All-Mother sees Europe; looks upon him with frightened eyes and faints. Europe only glancing at her works away. Slowly she sits up staring at him and the valise.)

Europe --- Well, who are you?

All-Mother -- I am thy mother.

Europe --- Mother? What's that? Oh, I remember -- you bore me through the shadows. It was a good deed. It was a great deed. I'll pay you well for it. (Studies the wheel) By the way, I need

help -

All-Mother --- And I need hel Oh, I am all need! Once in a forest fastness hell-begot —

Europe -- Good, we'll trade! But wait. What do you need?

All-Mother --- I seek the Way of Life. I have sinned; I have lost the Way.

Europe --- Easy! Life is Dead. The way is Work. The end of deed is doing!

All-Mother --- My soul doth whirl! Thy brother Africa - knowest thou Africa?

Europe --- Oh, yes; I know the nigger! half-witted child, butterfly-chaser, lazy.

All-Mother --- He says all life is Love!

Europe --- Idiot!

All-Mother --- And Asia, thy brother - knowest thou Asia?

Europe --- Oh, yes, I know the chink — cunning fool,— liar!

All-Mother --- He tells me life is Thought!

Europe --- Stuff! He's trying to spoof you. I tell you life is deed, and ---

All-Mother --- (Thoughtfully) Ah!

The World is Love.

And thoughts of love -

What, then, is deed and doing?

Europe --- Out with your prattle. Look you! I have a wheel; a wonder-wheel of frozen flame pierced with hardened sunbeams welded sturdily together with steel. See it? With it I can twist the ends of earth together. With it I can throw words to the stars; around it I can curl the thunderbolts of heaven in sputtering slavery. But, Harken! Its needs but one thing more -- wings! Hear you? Wings! It wants

wings! Once winged, it will fly. It will carry things, words, souls, - whither I will; and in the end it will fetch Life! Hearest thou? Life itself. All I need is more of a thing called gold - knowest thou gold?

All-Mother --- (Abstracted). I know not gold —
Life is Love
And dreams of love
And deeds turn dreams to doing.

(Excitedly)

The Way! The Way! Have I not found the Way!
Forget me, oh, my sin!
Listen, Oh boy, oh, wonder-boy, this is the end of deed, is it not?

Europe ----- What?

All-Mother --- Love and dreams of love?

Europe ------- No!

All-Mother --- What, then? Why do men deeds?

Europe --- For the world's work,
To live and dig and push,
To eat and drink and move,
To shelter, clothe and feed,
To live!

All-Mother ---But why? Why live?

Europe ---- Why live? Why - why live to live!

All-Mother --- Thou punster! Do to live and live to do? It is a mad thought-circle thou makest!

Europe --- Damn your logic! I am no word trickster. I do because I do.

I ask no why, I want no why, I am the great I WILL.
I dig, I delve, I kill,
I seek, I find,
I loose, I bind,
I doom, I live, I WILL!

(The woman shudders backward and drops the magic mirror. He seizes it.)

Europe --- What's this? Ah! I see - gold - gold!

(The faint, yellow light in the rear discloses Asia seated before ~~a great~~ his golden idol. Europe starts forward excitedly, then hesitates.)

Europe --- Will you guard this wheel a moment?

All-Mother (Dreamily) Yes.

Europe -- It is valuable!

All-Mother -- (Abstractedly) Yes.

Europe --- Wake, dreamer! It is priceless! It is wonderful! It is divine! Guard it with your life — or by —

All-Mother --This is to thy mother, Europe.

Europe --- Yes, yes, I know. But - I guard it well, Mother, I go to Asia.

All-Mother - Thou seekest Asia? Amen and Amen! Now dawns the world's great day! Ah! Thou wilt talk with him, wilt thou not? And think his thoughts and dream his dreams and intertwine thy will with his deep soul - Go! Missionary of the wider truth. So shall be born the thoughtful deed and deed-born dream! And then, - then, O Europe, we three shall visit Africa - Africa, my Love.

Europe -- Yes, yes, Have done! I'll talk and visit later. Now I go.

You'll guard it well?

All-Mother --- Aye, with sleepless eye and joyous heartbeats! Go, hail, happy day! And damned be evil, all, forever and forever!

(Exit Europe)

Hear me, All-Father, and God of the Sorrowful,
Saviour of Mercy and Song of my Soul!
Gather thy children in thine arms, All-Powerful;
Dream thou their doing till Love be the dole!

(The valise whimpers; the woman starts, slowly opens the valise, and in terror discloses an infant.)

A child!
A great-eyed girl-child, stepped to earth -
What means this? Old eyes, - old eyes!
Is this the deed-born dream? Or is it the Sin, the unknown sin, that I unknowing wrought?
Ah! No! No! Joy is born into the world. Europe, heart-full of love for me, sought to hide his first and beautiful gift! He comes with Asia to seek Africa and make the whole world round and done with deed and dream and endless joy. (She clasps the child in her arms. It whimpers. A butterfly passes; the plaintive melody is heard again.)

All-Mother -- Africa, ho! Africa, is it thou?

(Enter Africa, travel-stained, but following the beautiful moth lightly and swiftly.)

All-Mother -- Whither away? - wait, Africa! The world doth dawn -

Africa - --- Hearken! Heard'st thou the song in its wings'

(The plaintive melody)

Africa --- (Chanting) I heard a singing low, singing in the wilderness! (Reciting, while far in the rear, appears

the yellow light of Asia.)

And in that song's beginning sits a voice ---

I sought that voice - 'twas voice alone, pure melody,

utter song, a disembodied music!

It sang how in the Song's great ending lives a Soul,

And round within that soul doth circle soft a light!

And in that light's full flaming burneth love!

I go to find my love.

For she is mine,

The song is ours,

And I am hers -

I, Africa!

(He starts away; the yellow light grows stronger disclosing Asia seated before his golden idol; a shadow crosses)

All-Mother --- Wait, - but wait, my son; Europe, thy brother Europe, seeks thee -

Africa --- Nay, he seeks gold; I seek —

All-Mother --- But gold, - this gold he seeketh, is it not built of dreams, and will not Asia —

Africa --- Nay, Mother; gold is blood intertwined with tears! I cannot stay; I must not stay; I go! -

All-Mother -- Wait - wait, Africa! Behold this child, Europe brought it. Whose can it be?

Africa --- (Looks at the child and starts back with a shudder) It is America!

All-Mother --- What is America?

Africa --- Thy child— thy latest child.

All-Mother -- Africa - thou liest - I have no latest child - only the

three men - thou, Asia, and Europe; the other, the Sin, was first, not last and died — it could not live.

Africa --- There is no first and last, in Joy and Pain; first is last and last is first, and all is good and true. America lives.

All-Mother --- It never lived - it died! It died — it sighed and cried and died.

Africa --- It never died.

All-Mother --- I buried it - I buried it in a land unknown and undiscovered;
I buried it deep in a forest without end;
I laid it in a silver lake, bottomless,
And in the eyeless, earless air above,
I sang the Song of Never-waking Dead!

Africa --- Europe found the land
Europe walked the forest
Europe plumbed the lake.

All-Mother --- O Piteous Stars! O Endless ill --
Listen - O Africa - listen - tell me!
Listen - tell me, lest I die —
Who - What was its father
Who was that pale deceiver
Who counterfeited God?

Africa --- I cannot tell - Hearken! (The plaintive melody) I go!
(Exit Africa; Europe afar seizes Asia's golden idol and disappears from the background; a great cry arises and the yellow light goes out. Enter Europe, staggering under the weight of the idol.)

Europe --- Quick, quick! To the work! Spin, mould, mount the wheel! The wheel!

All-Mother --- (Shrinking back) Europe --- Thy dress is all awry.

Europe --- (Feverishly busy, beating the gold with a hammer) "Clang, Clang, clang! clang, clang! clang, clang!") I've hurried long, hard ways - come, help!

All-Mother --- Hast thou seen Asia?

Europe --- I saw no man. Here, hold this. Where's the valise? Ah! you've found the brat!

All-Mother --- (Holding the child tight with one hand) Whence comes this burden thou bearest?

Europe --- I found it — tighter, this way - so!

All-Mother --- Was no man with it?

Europe --- I felt a clammy hand from out the night — now!

All-Mother --- A human hand?

Europe --- Weakly human — careful!

All-Mother --- And thou?

Europe --- I wrung it loose with one great grasp!

All-Mother --- Thou ~~a~~ thief!

Europe --- (Whirling upon her) Thief? Well, then, thief! Yes, thief, if you will; I seized it; it is mine!

All-Mother --- By what right?

Europe --- By might's eternal right!
Whereby the sun did snatch the earth from darkness,
Whereby the twelve seas thunder back the land,
Whereby the lightning threads the world.
And the vast power of giant earth
Rends him a way whereto he will!
I am that great I Will!

All-Mother --- O, Man of Might! I fear thee as I love thee! Tell me, Europe, last born of my poor body - save my sin - tell me whose child is this, and why?

Europe --- It is mine.

All-Mother --- Thy child? Art thou a father --- thou thyself a child?

Europe --- (Busy with his wheel) It is mine fast enough. Once I strangled the brat, but it would not die. I am glad! It gave me ideas. Perhaps, some day ---

All-Mother --- Strangled? Kill thine own flesh? See how it whimpers! Ideas? Can it talk?

Alas! It starves. Europe, tell me! Who mothered this lost babe?

Europe --- (Looking at her strangely) A thing, wood-wild, and a marvelous, night-haired, star-eyed and mighty; vast and silent. I caught her at midnight and twisted her long, sleek neck --

All-Mother -- (Looking at him strangely) What sayest thou? What -- What is this awful thing I seem to hear ---

Europe --- (Busy with his wheel) Ha! I have it. (He starts forward disclosing the pile of beaten gold)

All-Mother --- Ha! In sooth, what wilt thou with this blood and tears?

Europe --- Blood and tears? It's gold!

All-Mother --- It's blood and tears, says Africa; he wends the earth, he know.

Europe --- Blood and tears? Said he that? Blood and tears? We'll not forget it, - blood and tears. But ho! How flies the time, the thieving time. "Thou shalt not steal", was said to Time, not Man! To the work!

(Fascinated she holds the child carefully with one hand. He fills her other hand with gold. He chops down a tree and rigs the wheel on the high stump like a spinning-wheel. He attaches a limb as a pedal, and taking the gold from the woman's hands he rolls it into long cyclinders and attaches the gold to the wheels. He presses the pedal and whirls and spins the gold to thread! He strings the threads into burning bundles of wires. The wires stretch, fly and flash. Slowly the wheel spins, then faster and faster: the wires weave themselves into wings at either axle. Europe clambers to the stump and carefully lifts the wheel aloft until it spins unsupported in the air.)

Europe --- Gold thread, more gold, drop that mewling brat - see, for your soul! See! See! God! A wheel with stretching pulsing wings! It soars - it flies - Whirl, Wheel! Whirr, whiz, and whistle! (The gold glows blood-red; it roars and sputters and flashes) Wire - more wire!

(Fascinated the woman drops the child and feeds the gold aloft. (Europe clings to the wheel; it struggles, and raises him) Look how it lifts me aloft! Listen - soft I speak, and lo! My winged whispers sweep the earth! Hearken, I'll storm the battlements of heaven - I'll steal life itself - on, on! Faster, - pause not: - wire, wire, more wire — more, more —

(The gold is gone. The wings droop. The color fades; the wires trail on the ground and almost enmesh the child)

All-Mother - Lood - Look! The child! Oh! Oh! (She seizes it and snatches it away. Its clothes are stripped off, leaving it naked, thin, and great-eyed)

Europe --- (Wildly, catching and guiding the wheel as it settles) My wheel - my wheel! Gold, more gold, and quick!

All-Mother - (To the child) There, there! Weep not! (To Europe) It was caught in the wires. It would have been killed horribly.-

Europe --- Pause not! Gold, gold; - hold, twist and twine. -
It was but red-hot; it must be white-hot and then it will never stop, never fade.
It's power all powerful --

All-Mother --- Thy gold is all out-woven; it is gone!

Europe --- Gone! Gone! Devils in hell! You lie - witch, sorceress -- You've wasted it on that brat; and by the blood-moon, I'll have your life!

(All-Mother raises herself majestically)

Europe - No! No! I rave! I spoke wildly -- but God! I must have gold! Help me, All-Mother, lest I die! Lest the world die!

All-Mother -- Monster! I fear thee. There is murder in thy soul. And yet, thou art wonderful - almost god-like in thy might; And the miracle-wheel --

Europe --- Fool! Can't you see the wheel means Life, - the way - all and for all?

All-Mother --(excitedly) Life, the Way, all and for all! When, then, -- and what?

Europe --- Gold! Gold!

(A great moth hovers in with plaintive melody)

All-Mother - Hark! Africa, my Africa! Africa will help. Ho, help! Gold! Gold!

Europe --- (Aside) Africa! Blood and tears! Africa!

All-Mother and Europe - (Simultaneously) Ho! Help! Africa! Africa!

(A chanting in the distance)

Europe --- (hastily) Have you tears - tears?

All-Mother - Tears? And wherefore wilt thou tears?

Europe --- Africa comes - and - and Africa shall find us blood -- no, no! I mean gold. But African gold is over-red and needs tears to yellow it. It is hard, iron-hard, and needs tears to melt it. Bitter tears - not weeping joy, but bit-

ter tears.

All-Mother --(Dreamily) But gold is tears - tears and blood. Blood?
We have all the world's blood! Tears? And is it bitter tears thou wilt?
Dear God! I know where lurk the tears of all sad women
since old time began!
'Tis a league this side the world's wild end -
A lofty place, mad-mountainous!
Low lips this inky tarn on great, cracked crags,
And dark wild witch-winds
Wail above it bitterly,
While all about hang skyward,
Grove on grove of stark, stiff, dead and naked pines!
Ah, me! The bitter salt of these dread tears alone would
savour all the seas!

(Europe listens eagerly to the approaching music, drawing his knife, and unwinding a great chain, as the All-Mother runs to peer eagerly through the forest.)

Europe & All-Mother - (together) Ho, Africa! Help! Help!

All-Mother --- And Asia, too, - shall we not call Asia?

(The chanting is at hand, the great moth ~~still hovers~~ soars aloft)

Europe --- Yes, yes! All - anything - everything - go - fetch me tears - tears!

All-Mother --- Hail, Africa! Await me, (She hesitates) Europe, wilt thou guard this child? (He nods)
I go to seek tears and Asia. (She rushes out, leaving the child lying naked in the foreground)

Europe --- Tears, bitter tears!

Echoes Tears, bitter tears!

(Blue and crimson lights mingle and darken; shadows dance across stage; the shadowy forms of Europe and Africa pass and repass, while chains rattle, faint music sounds, and the great moth ~~hovers~~ droops to south. Suddenly the music ceases; there is a mighty struggle, the whimpering of the babe; then the great death wail of Africa rings out)

Africa --- Oh - oh - oh - oh!

SCENE THREE

All-Mother (In the same scene, night falls in mysterious twilight. Asia bowed and disheveled, sits in the background, motionless.)

All-Mother --- (rushing in) Asia, O Asia! Come, Oh come, quickly.
For East meets West and West is East,
And South doth succor North!
Come, Oh come quickly, Asia,
And wend with us the Way of Life!
Beneath the Wheel!

Asia --- Silence, Thief!

All-Mother -- Nay, hear me, Asia -- it is the All-Mother!

Asia -- Avaunt, Avaunt, thou maker of lies and men!

All-Mother -- Piteous God! Thou ravest -- dost thou not know me, my son?

Asia --- Aye, too well I know thee! The mirror, - where is my mirror?

All-Mother -- Thy mirror? Thy mirror? I do not remember.

Asia --- I gave thee then that mirror but to look --
Thou fledst away. I saw thee flying over land and sea,

Beside a mist-swathed frightful shape that glittered steel-like in the sun; and with thee flew a cry of painful portent and a great-eyed child.

All-Mother ---I remember — Ah —I remember! —

But, nay, I fled not; Axia, thou didst flee and fade most silently away, saying no farewell. I stood and waited, looking to the mystic, awful depths of that full-orbed light thou gavest me --

And then — and then — lo! From out the gates of nowhere came Europe!

And I knew no more but him.

Of thy mirror, I remember me no more. It is to me as though it was not and had not been -- O Asia! What have I done? I have lost thy mirror!

And thy love.

Asia ----- Blaspheme not, thou liar, thou plotter of midnight dread! Thou --

All-Mother -- It is false!

I did no guile --

I speak no blasphemy --

I thought no darksome deed!

I swear it --

By heaven and hell!

By earth and sky and sea!

By all souls saved and damned,

By the great cross of gone and coming christs,

Aye, (Forgive it, God)

By the dread and awful presence of the Lord!

Asia --- Hush - begone, poor weak and wicked woman --
If thou be pure of knowledge, thy deeper guilt is ignorance.
To know not, amid knowledge, is the one unpardoned sin!
Thou hast lost the priceless mirror of the soul!
Some wandering thief hath found it --
He came with footfalls of the night
And rent my dream.
And raped my temple.
And mocked my soul!
Go!
I live!
And yet cannot forget!
Go!
I am dead!
And I remember, and All my entrails are aflame. I fight within myself - and fight and die and fight.

All-Mother -- (Aside) Europe hath done this blasphemy!
Wide woe is me! And yet --
(To Asia) I'll bring thee back thy mirror, - hearken!

Asia -- 'Tis the voice of death! And the wailing of a child!

All-Mother --- Nay, it is Europe, calling for his tears!

Asia --- Europe?

All-Mother --- Aye, thy brother, Europe. Thou dost not know him, but thou shalt -- I go to fetch him tears!

Asia --- Thou fond and foolish woman --
Knowest thou not that all the rivers of the world run tears,
Without them runneth none?

All-Mother --- Aye, well I know; but here be mingled tears of joy --
While there is all concentered bitterness ---

His gold needs bitter tears!

Asia --- Gold?

All-Mother --- 'Tis over red.

Asia --- Ah!

All-Mother --- 'Tis iron hard!

Asia --- Ha! And I blind and ignorant. The mirror, All-Mother, the mirror -- there breeds again a horror on the air - where is this Europe?

All-Mother --- He searcheth Africa.

Asia --- Woe, Africa!

SCENE FOUR

(The dread hour of midnight rises on the same scene, brightened by the pale gleaming of the moon. On the back of the Sphinx lies the chained body of Africa; from his wounded heart, his life-blood pours into the alabaster vase. Beside the vase lies the child and between the giant trees, the moth lies gorgeous in death. In the center, deshevelled and panting, is Europe, hastily digging a grave. When he is done and turns, the child has pushed the vase aside and is drinking Africa's stream of blood.)

Europe --- Want blood, do you? Take it, and may it damn your soul!
(He lifts and throws the babe into the vase.)
Farewell, America! I will pour tears to your African blood and your soul shall be gold -- my gold!
Mother, All-Mother, tears, tears! (Europe seizes the body of Africa and buries it) dropping the mirror in his haste)
Mother, All-Mother, tears, tears!

Echoes --- Tears, tears, tears!

(With rattle of chain the right hand of Africa raises itself from the grave and seizes the mirror, holding it aloft.

Europe rushes to bury it again, but hearing the approach of the All-Mother pauses, so as to screen the unburied hand. The All-Mother enters, with a vase poised on her head.)

All-Mother --- The child! Where is the child? Where lurks America?

(The vase trembles and totters)

Europe ---- Fine! Go, pour the tears to the — the gold; quick, quick!

(He seizes the tottering vase and pours in the tears. He sets the wheel on the vase and dips out the gold.) Here, steady the wheel while I dip the - gold; Good! See, the wires fly again, the wheel trembles, the wings stir, spin, and sputter! All-Mother, help me lift the gold - no, no! Here hold the wheel!

All-Mother --- (Mechanically, the All-Mother holds the wheel, searching right and left with fear-struck eyes. She spies the bloody hands of Europe.) On, On! Quick and quicker! Here, let me! Hand up the gold! Whirl, wheel, whirr, whiz and whistle!

All-Mother --- (shrinking back) Thy gold is - wet!

Europe --- Spin! We'll fly o'er flames of hell and dry it.

All-Mother --- Thy gold is - red!

Europe --- Spin! We'll fly by heaven's sun and pale it.

All-Mother --- (As the wheel rises, glaring into the vase) I see the voice of death!

Europe --- (rushing forward) Listen, All-Mother. Hear my secret:
I fight Time
Nay, not your little God - but Time - Almighty Time!
I alone have dared,
I gather the strength of all the world;
Me alone, Time fears!
From me he hides Eternal Life.
Others have shrunk before his voice;
I fear nothing; I laugh at lightning and his thunder -
Life, life, life! I will have it, and forever!
Hearken! What wings my word,
What drives my cart,
What flies the bird and beats my heart, is one!
I'll know it!
I'll have it!
I'll bind in thought
And grind in one
And swing the stars
And leash the sun -
With tears for bread
And blood for lever,
I'll murder time,
And live forever!

(The dead hand of Africa moves)

All-Mother --- I hear the grinding of chains (She turns and sees the hand of Africa, upright, holding the mirror)
Ah!

Europe --- (Climbing upon the vase of blood) Aloft, my soul!

Hearken, you heavens!

All-Mother --- (Crouching and creeping nearer) Thy lips are cruel --

Europe --- This is my challenge, all earths and airs and ethers!

All-Mother --- Thy hands are terrible!

Europe --- Africa is not --- Asia shall not be --- Farewell, America!
I am and I along --! and God!

All-Mother --- Thy breast is damp --

Europe -- You, then, I challenge, All-Father ---

All-Mother --- With trickling, oozing slime!

Europe --- I mount to meet your might ---

All-Mother --- (In fury) Thy brother's blood is on thy soul!

Europe --- Brother? Soul? Away -- Ho -- Infinity! Surrender me eternal life!

All-Mother --- (Shouting) Thou murderer! Where is the child?

Europe --- (pausing, proudly poised on the great vase's rim)
Murderer? Why, yes, I kill!

All-Mother --- Thief!

Europe --- Thief? Why, yes, I take!

All-Mother --- Liar!

Europe --- Liar? Why, yes, I use the truth to my own ends! What else? (with wild abandon, drawing himself to full height)
I doom, I live, I will!
I take, I lie, I kill!
I rend and rear
In deserts drear;
I build and burrow well ---
With wrack and rue
I hound and hew ---

On founding stones in hell;
On topless air I fly,
In sunless depths I lie!
I throw my word
To lands unheard,
With buried ghosts to dwell!
My temples rise and split the skies,
My winged wheels do tell
The woven wonders of my hand,
The witch-work of my sjill!

(As he speaks the wheel flies aloft; the heavens are filled with the sound of machinery and the roar of trains; lightnings flash and storms thunder; ships and airplanes are heard dashing to and fro. The All-Mother walks up and down, muttering wildly and waving her hands. Both speak simultaneously)

Europe	All-Mother
I writhe, I rave!	I bore the knave!
I chain the slave,	My soul to save
I do the deed, I kill!	The monster I must kill!
Now what care I for God or lie?	Now what care I?
I am the great ---	This fiend must die!
	I'll do the deed ---

Both: I WILL!.

All-Mother --- (She strikes Europe to the earth. Seizing the mirror from the hand of Africa, she staggers back and laughs hysterically.)

Ho, Asia! Thy mirror and thy gold!

(She throws it zigzaging through the air toward Asia, who appears in the yellow light of the back-ground.) Ho, Africa! Thy heart's dear blood! (She struggles to overturn the vase.)

(Above, the wheel on its wires still whirls. The wires spit cold-blue flames; directly beneath, in deep golden light, is Asia.)

Asia --- (opening his eyes) I see!

(stretching his arms with the magic mirror) I live!

(rising and reeling) Hear me, all gods and prophets of my bosom, Brahma, Confucius, and Buddha; Zarathustra and Mohammed, Christ! I burn, I choke! Unstrap the world from my heart; release me! Force me not to drink my own blood; where is peace, O Twice-born? Where is prayer, Jehovah? Where lurks Nirvana? I die. I live. I strive and struggle. America -- I --

(Beneath the feet of Asia, in blood-crimson light, rise the two great, black manacled arms of Africa, grasping and clutching at the foundation of the world. The wail of America is heard and the world falls with reverberating crash)

Africa --- It is finished. Good night, time -- Eternity, Good Morning!

(In the second of time that elapses between these two phrases of Africa there passes a vision through the mind of the dying All-Mother.)

THE VISION

(Black darkness; nothing is seen.)

The voice -- How dark it is --- Ah!
Of Europe

Death sits beside me!
And Pain, his great prime minister,
Stands silent by his side,
Gripping his mighty hands!
How dark it is! (He pauses)
Hell is loose within me!
I hear the thunder of eternal guns!
My guts are rent in sunder!
Lightnings leap from vein to vein ---
And all the blood of all the world
Beats in mine eyes ---
Oh, Europe is with Europe all at war!
And wars of all the worlds.
Are in me.
(One hears him fall. After a pause)
Mother !

The voice of
All-Mother --- I have killed thee, - O, my son!

The voice of
Europe --- You never killed me - I killed myself. Death is failure!
I failed.
I dreamed as never mortal dreamed before. My very death is splendid. I shall not all die. Long years my ghost shall haunt the earth and bear my name. To time's dark end, there shall be men who never knew my death. And when my dream comes true -- who shall make it true? Who shall storm the ramparts of time and conquer the God therein?
For all I am, this One shall be atonement. His heart of hardened gold shall melt to its constituent -blood and tears.

Africa shall live again. Asia shall dream and do, and I

— I Europe ---

All-Mother --- No, no, no! There is no atonement. I, the All-Mother of all Despairs, declare. The Beginning and the End is Sin. The world is dying.

The voice

Of Europe --- But, All-Mother, hark, turn, look Eastward! What see you?

The voice of

All-Mother --- I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the mighty corpse of Asia -- dead!

(Dimly one sees the ~~great~~ yellow bier of Asia on the right)

The voice of

Europe --- Dead? It is well!

But, mother — Mother! Quick! Look into the black South -- tell me, and truly, — what do you find?

The voice of

All-Mother --- I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the mighty frame of Africa — dead!

(Dimly one sees the ~~great~~ black bier of Africa on the left)

The voice of

Europe ------ Dead! But, All-Mother, hearken! Hearken toward the West! No, - quick! Your hand - raise me -- look - Westward, All-Mother -- no not yet, but — now — now! (Shrieks) Now! look into the crimson West, All-Mother. What - what is there?

The voice of

All-Mother --- I see the wide earth weeping tears, and on its breast a ~~great~~ tall white vase of blood.

(Dimly one sees the tall vase in the center)

The voice of Europe --- Look! Look again! Peer within the vase. Look through it - what is there?

The voice of All-Mother --- I see in front sweet fields and hills and singing waters - and then behind. --

I see armies - endless armies of children; children, children everywhere - dead and living, poor and rich, born and unborn - yellow, white, and black -- everywhere children - Ah- no - no - no - no! They are not children - they are men- no not men - they are bits of men - sightless heads that roll, unmatched limbs that hop, arms that fly and grasp and plead, ears that never hear.

The voice of Europe --- Salvation comes -- I know it! Look again; who leads? Who beckons the things on?

The voice of All-Mother --- There comes, me seems, a world-old man across the earth. I know his eyes - where have I known his eyes? Nay, it is no man. It is a child! It is an elf-child! Its baby eyes, God-lit, look out from locks of hoary age! It is thine own child, Europe; it is America! See how it feeds on a ravished stricken world that out of drear damnation, it my wake and wake again. Just is it born - yet is it old as hell!

The voice of Europe --- (Calm and still) Have done! My end is near.

Death has girded up his loins and pain is sudden still.

The voice of All-Mother --- Tell me of this, thy son? Who is America?

The voice of
Europe --- I told you this is my — daughter.

The voice of
All-Mother -- Whence came this child?

The voice of
Europe --- I raped it of Mother Earth herself.

The voice of
All-Mother --- You - You? Was it you? Incestuous hound of hell!
I am - All-Mother - Earth!

The voice of
Europe --- You! -

The voice of
All-Mother --- God pity me! My sin is bare!

The voice of
Europe --- Her hair was midnight.

The voice of
All-Mother --- You stung it white!

The voice of
Europe --- Her eyes were stars.

The voice of
All-Mother --- You dimmed their holy light!

The voice of
Europe --- But she was young.

The voice of
All-Mother --- You made me live ten thousand years!

The voice of
Europe --- She was no man's bride. -

The voice of
All-Mother --- Nay! I was bride of Almighty God!

The voice of
Europe --- Ah! Then - then - then indeed must America live?

The voice of
All-Mother --- Then must America die! It is a thing accursed.
Happy the hand that kills it and thee!

The voice of
Europe --- Then must America live! Brother of mine, out of mother of
mine, sister of one and all. Above all law, beyond all wish

and will.

The voice of
All-Mother --- My sin is naked before me -- unknowing victim of unknown guile who mistook this for God.

The voice of
Europe --- America? I hated it! I threw my offal at it! I mocked it! I - yet in my heart I knew it was greater than I. It lived a mongrel thing - streaked black and yellow, blue with my scum and spittle, crimsoned with blood - twice I killed it - yet, it lives. It lives as I die -- I who planned the Super-man, must die and leave this heir to all my dream -- aye! And to greater dreams to come. What monstrous mockery. And yet -- yet is there hope. Through this Conqueror of Time even the Dead may live again -- Africa, Asia and Europe. Woman, strike the vase! Open the way.

The voice of
All-Mother --- I dare not.

The voice of
Europe --- Strike!

The voice of
All-Mother --- I cannot.

The voice of
Europe --- (With frenzied accents) Strike the vase! Strike! Lift me, then, and hand me that boulder. Come forth America, live, live, live!

(The vase falls in ruins. Out of it rises, in shadowy light the colossal figure of a woman, bare to the waist. Her flesh is steel blue, her eyes are stars, her hair is gleaming silver, and the gown that sweeps from hip to ground is blood-red. In her hands is a dripping sword.)

(Dimly the All-Mother and Europe are seen cowering in front)

All-Mother --- What art thou -- Thing?

America --- I am the Son of Man -- Woman!

All-Mother --- America, thou crimson knell of night!

Europe --- America, far flaming herald of a dawn!

All-Mother --- America, daughter of my sin, sin of my son!

Europe --- America, born beyond time and daughter of the fear of God!

America --- (chanting in vast monotone)

I am new, new, new,

I am old, old, old,

Begot of endless time to endless space

I am Africa

I am Asia

I am Europe

I am all and in all

Out of the world's destruction I am born

I am America

I am free.

I am the hills and hives of light,

The caverns and cairns of dying night,

Jewels and stars and flitting flames,

Clamor and clang of climbing cliffs,

End of the earth and start of the shining seal

I am the towers topping the hills

Flinging the bridges with flying hair

Across the torrent of river and vale;

I am the cliffs and burning peaks,

The thunder of ramparts guarding the world

Hardening the haunts of Cities and Sin!

I am the thud of racing steel,
Splitting the night with seethe and sound,
Grinding and shivering throes and threads,
Sweeping the prairies, kneading the swamps,
Shivering sullen silence to song!
I am the cry of Niagara crushing the mists of eternity,
The shriek of rock bound coasts,
The song of purple canons
And harsh hills heaping heads to heaven,
I am the Lakes of the Golden Gate and crimson cliffs of the sea;
I am Missouri's sodden flood
Ohio's pregnant fields of food
Pittsburgh's iron and coal of hell
Mills where New England grinds out cloth and crime,
I am the South of slaves!
I am the bleating yammering earth
Full and fierce with the thrust of seed;
I am the sky that courts the sun,
Kissing the wild shy stars,
Boy flames of heaven!
I laugh and laugh and laugh!
Thrill am I in the throat of love, ---
I am the Woman Everlasting!
Always and forever free!
I am the Harlot of Time;
~~I mate with whom I will;~~
Mother of every race and hue,
Infinite, Eternal, boundless
I am might and yearning
Birth of Love and quiver of death

Unashamed and wanton will to create
I am Life!
The passion of all the passionate
Unfathered, unmothered, incarnate sex!
Innocent and nursed in sin.
I am ugliness, beauty-bathed
I am beauty, shot with pain;
I dip my dripping hands in hell
And gorge on hymning heavens,
I love, I lynch, I burn, I weep!
Anomaly, dilemma, death and life
Savior of the world, am I --
Be ashamed of me, ye shameless
I lie with all mankind
And give the bounding beauty of my breast
And the rich fruit of my mighty loins
To whom I will
I am the prostitute of nations;
I glory in my shame, --
I am free.
In time and eternity,
I mate with whom I will;
I wallow in madness of joy!
I shriek in fullness of pain!
I am free!
Free to sin and sulk and sanctify,
To be good, bad, fair and ugly,
Free to be!
Come forth ye hypocrites!

Behold my mighty limbs!
My bounding breasts,
My great round navel!
Sweat, smirk and stew in your vile souls,
For I am virgin, ---
Not in ignorance but knowledge;
Not in empty unfulfillment;
But in fulness of love and true and beautiful passion.
I am America --- I am free!

All-Mother --- America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

Europe --- (Staggering) I die!
The sin of the world drops on me.
The nail is in my heart,
And on my head, the hot-horror
Of thorns —thorns — thorns!
America, blood of all blood and flesh of all flesh,
Take my dreams!
(Dies)

(Day dawns. Crimson wings, backed by a whirling wheel of steel with spitting wires, drop from the sky. America raises her bleeding sword.)

America --- I go to place the World on the empty throne of God.

All-Mother --- Blasphemer: God sits and rules above!

America --- Fool! God waits and wants below
Silence: I go. Europe, arise!

(America touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword. He rises from the dead. With whirr of wing, America mounts an airplane and circles in the air. Europe gropes. Day brightens and great silver wings, with whirring wheels, drop from the heavens. With closed eyes and staggering feet, Europe enters the airplane, hurling as he passes the All-Mother prone.)

All-Mother --- Europe! dost thou live?

Europe --- I doom, I live, I will! (He soars behind America, who again waves her sword. A drop of blood falls on the bier of Asia.)

America --- (Faintly, as she flies) Up, Asia, on!

(The corpse of Asia sweeps majestically to its feet holding the flashing mirror. The yellow sunlight of high-noon envelopes the world and great golden wings and wheels rise to Asia's feet. Asia pauses beside the All-Mother, opening his eyes slowly. She raises herself.)

All-Mother --- Art thou gone, Asia?

Asia --- I go!

All-Mother --- Art thou dead, Asia?

The voice of Asia --- I was dead.

All-Mother --- What do the dead, Asia.

Asia --- They dream and surge toward life.

All-Mother --- And they that live -- what do the living?

Asia --- They dream and surge toward death!

All-Mother --- And how, then, differ death and life?

Asia --- They differ not at all.

(Asia soars after the others. Night falls. Far away like a star in low, circling, ever-rising flight, flashes the bleeding sword of America; but no voice comes back. A great drop of blood splashes on Africa's face. Giant wings, black with burnished velvet pinions, glide slowly by on wheels of fire. Quickly Africa leaps to his feet, his gorgeous panoply aflame with blood.)

All-Mother --- Africa, leavest thou me in this lone sand?

(Africa bends lovingly above her and raises her in his arms.) Africa!

Africa --- Listen to the morning stars.

All-Mother ---(Faintly) What do the stars, Africa?

Africa --- They sing together and above them rings the joyous shout

of mighty millions. I seek the stars.

All-Mother --- And I --- I die.

(She sighs, stiffens, and closes weary eyes. The light of the moon pours down.)

(Africa makes a funeral pyre and lays her body on it. He lights it and the blue flames curl round her.)

Africa --- Mother of men and wife of Almighty God, sleep on forever.

(Slowly the great black airplane with Africa rises toward the spiral stars of light that cease their circling and head straight to the North Star. Dimly one descries sweeping from other stars a mighty escort, but whether of angels or airplanes, none can tell. The voice of Africa drifts faintly down.)

The voice of Africa --- It is finished. Good night, Time --- Eternity, Good morning.

(The vision ends amid re-echoing reverberations of the falling world.)

(The scene of the prelude returns in slowly growing light) Mrs. Hatfield-Smith sits sleeping by the fire. The butler stands, front stage, with a pistol pointed at his head. Mr. Hatfield-Smith stands by the door to the left, and the Chinese Ambassador on the stairs, rear center. The last chimes of midnight are heard)

Butler --- It is finished!

Good-night, Time - Eternity -

(The picture falls and lies face downward in front of Mrs. Hatfield-Smith. The mirror drops from her hand. The fire flares - Mrs. Smith awakens with a low scream)

Mrs. Smith --- Africa! Thou livest and returneth to me? O, thank --

Henry!

Butler --- I — I meant nothing, Madam — I was over-wrought.

(Conceals pistol)

Mrs. Smith --- Ah, yes, -- naturally, naturally -- I, too, but --- it was wonderful, Henry, wonderful! I think I never -- or scarcely ever saw or heard — I — you may bring me a bit of wine — no, liqueur, please!

(Exits Butler)

Where am I?

Do I sleep or wake?

Am I dead or dreaming?

Where was I? And whither do I go?

And why am I so strangely stirred?

Mr. Hatfield-Smith - (retrieving and re-lighting his fallen cigar) Because you're damned lucky that picture didn't hit you.

Mrs. Smith -- The picture? Oh, the picture! (She stares at it. The butler re-rnters.)

I thank you, Henry. No, no more -- it grows late -- What?

But midnight still? How long a midnight! My watch has surely stopped -- (starts) -- the mirror!

Butler --- You dropped it, Madam.

Mrs. Smith ---Yes, yes, Henry; you recite well, very well; there is a depth and realness, such as seldom lies in mere recitation. I saw it all — all, with a vividness that was — startling! Yes, Henry, you must study -- you must rise! You have great talent --- far greater than I dreamed was possible for a ——— for you.

(Butler starts to speak - she motions to silence)

Bring me my check-book!

Butler --- Madam, you mistake; I am no beggar.

Mrs. Smith --- How, now sir; did you not ask for help?

Butler --- Yes, Madam; but the help I need is opportunity --- not gold!

Mrs. Smith --- (dreamily) Gold? Blood and tears! And it is tears thou wilt? I know where lurk the tears of all sad women since old time began. 'Tis a league this side the world's wild.--

Mrs. H. Smith -You better get to bed, old girl, or you'll take cold. (aside) Why, hello! Here's his nibs!

Mrs. Smith --- (Starting) Asia!—Your Excellency, was it not wonderful?

The Ambassador - Itwas full of wonders. Good-night. A storm brews -- I seek the kingdoms of forgetting.

Mrs. Smith --- (dreamily) All pain is thought,
And thought is pain,
And happiness, forgetting -
On, Asia, on! We seek ---

Mrs. Smith --- Good-night, Your Highness. Come, Nell; you're getting dippy; let's get upstairs!

Mrs. Smith --- Go --- I come!

(Mr. Smith goes up-stairs. The Butler starts to raise the fallen picture. Mrs. Smith stops him)

Henry, if it is not money you need, how can I help?

Butler --- You were good enough to say I have some little talent?

Mrs. Smith --- You have great talent --- a talent almost genius!

Butler --- Then, Madam, open the world's doors to me! Give me opportunity, breath, -- a man's chance, a world-way to the stars!

Mrs. Smith --- Why, go take it, make a way ---

Butler --- No, Madam, not against the combined contempt and disbelief of all mankind -- as you yourself said but a moment ago : "Who would go to hear a Negro actor?" Where shall I even find a place to try?

Mrs. Smith ---Said I that? It must have been long ago -- long ago. And yet, Henry, I know how dead is the wall that ~~faces~~ fronts you. But I'll try to rend it for you. It will be hard -- bitter hard, for your face does darkly veil your soul in all the blind world's eyes! But I'll try -- I'll more - more than than try -- I'll do the deed --- I WILL'.

Butler --- I thank you, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Wait, Henry, --something there is, that I long wished to ask you -- and dared not. Tonight, somehow, it seems easier;-- what is it Henry, that seems, and ever has seemed so strangely familiar in your face? I have seen it this whole year that you have spent here -- What is it? Where have I seen you before?

Butler --- It's but the drop of pity, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- No, no, it's that --- and more --- tell me!

Butler --- (Hesitating) My mother ---

Mrs. Smith --- Yes ---

Butler --- Served your mother thirty years ago.

Mrs. Smith --- Ah, the maid, Julia -- I remember her well. But why did you never mention this? And this Julia — what is it I'm trying to remember about her? I do not ~~remember~~ recall her face, and yet your face and ways -- oh! she left suddenly — she — ah --- speak! You lie -- No! No! I meant it not — but speak, I will hear it -- God! It cannot be!

Butler --- She served your father, too!

a silence)

Butler --- You promise, Madam?---

Mrs. Smith --- Holds -- as hold the stars! Good-night! Good-bye! (With a bow the butler turns out the lights, so that the hall is lighted only by the lights at the top of the staircase.)

Mrs. Smith --- Great God! The tangling of this world's warped web! Good-night, poor, raped, and prisoned race! Good-night, good-night, old jailer of the damned!

(She watches the fallen picture facinated. It seems to bulge in the center, with the outlines of a little, human form.)

Mrs. Smith -- (softly) And little babe -- Good Morning! I come -- I go!

Whence?

Whither?

PRELUDE.

The time is midnight of the day when, as many remember, Mrs Hatfield-Smith gave her formal dinner to the witty and learned Chinese Ambassador. The last of her rich and distinguished guests are leaving, and she is standing by that famous Egyptian fire-place in the reception- hall. The fire-place, with its sphinx motifs, is at the right of the audience, as the curtain rolls slowly up, and a low fire flames within it. Behind, in the center, rises a wide, carven staircase, stoping at a landing, where a Tiffany window gives on a balcony and then winds right and left to the apartments above. The hall door on the left stands massive between giant, carven pillars. There is little furniture: a polished floor and a few rugs, a white alabaster vase on the right newel post of the staircase, a single, large, framed painting over the fire-place, It is a dim figure of a child with cavernous old-looking eyes.

By the fire-place, her hand on a great Egyptian chair, is Mrs. Smith - a noble figure, with gleaming flesh, black velvet, and priceless jewels. Her black piled hair is shot with silver, but her beautiful highbred face and luminous eyes are young. By the door is a Negro butler, lithe and darkly brown, close-curled of hair, and in a rich crimson livery. The voice of the hostess is heard in her final farewells:

~~PRELUDE.~~

Mrs. Smith --- yes, yes, good-night. Oh, thank you -- so good of you -- yes, good-night.

(Turns wearily back to the fire-place. The butler closes the door.)

Yes, yes, good-night, good-bye, Delighted ! Delightful! Good-bye. God speed you all ! Ah !

(Sinks into a chair by the fire-place.)

A bit of wine, Charles, please. Where is His Excellency?

Butler --- He has stepped out on the balcony, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Thank you, It was a great success, Charles, was it not?

Butler --- Yes, Madam .

Mrs. Smith --- Your cook is excellent ! That entree was pronounced "delicious" by no less a person than Delia Van Tromp.

Butler --- Thank you, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Yes, a great success. Ha! Ha! The rope of pearls that seemed about to break the Higgins' neck will joyously hasten the banker's bankruptcy. The diamonds of the duchess-elect brought blue flashes from many an envious eye. The lust in the lieutenant's eye looked very like to love. Dowling knows his Bradstreet peerage well. He'll propose tonight, I'm sure. And the gowns, Oh! the gowns were wonderful, were they not, Charles?

Butler --- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Smothering withered old women and sleek, young icebergs- Yes, what odes to Worth and lyrics to Paquin! --- A bit more, Charles, Thank you. (Yawning) Yes, Has the master retired?

Butler --- Mr. Hatfield-Smith has stepped out, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Indeed! How interesting! He easily steps to other worlds while I --- I'll lay that in bare cash, Charles, in gold, jewels, and silk, we had a half-million here tonight!

Butler --- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- And in credit and hopes, shame to thee, Orcus and Ind!

Butler --- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- (Straightens and dashes the wine glass into the fire.) Oh "Yes, Madam," no no more! Success! It was success, as my successes go. But what is it but flagrant mockery? My lips still curl in mirthless grins, - our jokes wept, our laughter knelled - our world is but grey shadows of the shades of things;

it rings unreal; we talk and say naught; we laugh and mean naught! We lack - we lack - know you what we lack, Henry?

Butler --- Yes, Madam, —

Mrs. Smith --- Why, in all this long and lonesome night there stalked among us all not one, good, honest, naked feeling. One came nearest when Delia veiled her wrath at Tommy's blunder. Her glance was exquisite! She'd do a murder daintily. Oh, it was empty, - flat; no truth; no lies; no love; no hate; no tears; no joy; - smooth-groomed and even grayness everhwhere, with [illegible] delicately suppressed and impulses lynched. And yet tomorrow's papers - Lo ! the gorgeousness of it all! Hey Ho! What [illegible] I care? (To herself thoughtfully) And yet --- and yet I should not like always to play at life. Sometimes I have a great fear that I am missing life. Sometimes-I that I have lost the way, and am wandering? I wish I knew all that life might be. I wish I knew the Way! Whence? Whither ? O pshaw! I must to bed --- to bed. Why? To Sleep ? Impossible! I'm as wakeful as eternity! Oh, Henry Charles --- Henry Charles! Don't go yet. I knew there was something I want to ask you. The summer's extra help. They are all hired, I suppose? You know the cottage will be large.

Butler --- No, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- But it's time. Is it not?

Butler --- But, Madam, —

Mrs. Smith --- But, what, Sir?

Butler --- You know my plans, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Your plans? You mean my plans, do you not?

Butler --- I mean my plans. I spoke to you a month since.

Mrs. Smith ---- I have no memory of it.

Butler --- I feared you did not listen as I spoke. I plan to study.

Mrs. Smith --- Study? Study what? I ask no better butler.

Butler --- I plan to study for the stage.

Mrs. Smith --- For what?

Butler --- For the stage, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Ha! Ha! Ha! Wha --- Ha! Ha! Ha! Boy, are you stark mad? For the Stage!

Butler --- I am all too sane, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Pardon my laughter, Charles, but --- what put such foolishness into your head? And, then, think! Here comes the time when I'M depending on you most --- the success of the whole summer -- of all next winter depends on you. There are house parties at Lenox, not to mention Newport, and the new home here next winter. All this, - and you actually threatening to leave me for the wildest of wild reasons.

Butler --- I simply plan to study, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Insanity! Do be sensible. Here you are an excellent butler, - well-paid. If not, I'll pay you more. You're well-fed, well-clothed, well-cared for - with every consideration. What more do you want? Why are you dissatisfied?

Butler --- We are all dissatisfied, Madam, -- even you just said ---

Mrs. Smith --- We'll speak of you. And so you dream of becoming a fourth-rate actor?

Butler --- No, Madam, first-rate!!

Mrs. Smith --- Stuff! Who ever heard of a Negro actor? What would you act? What could you act? Who would listen to you? Silly fellow! Even granted you might recite fairly well for a Negro --- but Oh! It is too absurd!

(The form of the Ambassador looms dimly on the stairs, with the moon behind him.)

Ambassador --- Absurd? Only the absurd is reason in a world of absurdities.

Mrs. Smith --- Ah, Your Excellency, well-come! I feared you had deserted for the night. Come! Come, and in heaven's name hear the American housewife's universal wail. Do you note this fellow? Is he not a proper butler, built and furnished for the part?

Ambassador --- I have noted his subtle wit ~~and tireless wisdom~~ during all my stay in this fairyland.

Mrs. Smith --- He is quite perfect as a butler. But what do you think? He is not satisfied.

Ambassador --- Dark brother of mine, neither am I.

Mrs. Smith --- Not yet am I. But of all mortals, who should be more content than such a servant?

Ambassador --- Or less. I could defend either thesis against the other most successfully.

Mrs. Smith --- Riddles, riddles, Your Excellency. But seriously - See my plight. All my days I have sought the perfect butler, I find one and invite my wisest friends, my richest enemies, the most charming of diplomats, to Lenox, when lo! my butler deserts me to become a play actor. Ha! Ha! Ha! Oh, ~~Charles~~, ~~Charles~~! Some midnight madness cooks in your African blood!

Ambassador --- Nay, Madam; but I hold the roles of butler and player lay from each other, not so far afield.

Mrs. Smith --- Subtlest of man! You mock me. Charles, show the tired diplomat to his room. Already he babbles in his sleep.

Ambassador --- Wait! Did not the lips of the child move? (Pointing to the picture.)

Mrs. Smith --- (Starting) They did. They always do. It is a speaking, human picture, done by a wanderer's witch-hand. I call it my --- last and only child.

When I want wisdom, I seek those lips, -- and note those eyes how old they be in that child face! Old eyes -- old eyes! Some day I fancy the babe will walk down from its frame and rule this shattered home. See, I can be fantastic, too! Hark! Midnight by the great chimes of St. John! Only midnight? I cannot sleep yet. I'll sit here awhile. Your Excellency, good be your night.

Ambassador --- You are kind to excuse me. I will go. But harken! For wakefulness I know no balm like the player's spoken word. Before I go, shall not this strange butler recite some illusions of his art?

Mrs. Smith. --- Oh, Heaven, No!

Butler --- Will Madam pardon a word?

Mrs. Smith --- Oh, What ~~would~~ Your Excellency ~~have~~ done!

Ambassador --- Goodnight, Goodnight, Nay, ~~Chartres~~, I need nothing.

Mrs. Smith --- But wait. Is not Your Excellency's wish the law throughout my ~~kingdom~~? ~~Chatigee~~, recite. It is, as the Ambassador says,, the most sleep-wooing thing I know. But there! No ranting tragedies. Something light and funny, and above all, speak low!

(The Ambassador pauses on the landing and looks back.)

Butler --- It's not exactly ~~funny~~, Madam, but I think it may be pleasing, quaint, perhaps --- dreamstuff. I wrote it myself.

Mrs. Smith --- (Musing as the clock strikes) Three, four, five. Oh! Leggard, mocking time! Say on, - we're listening.

Butler --- It is called "The All-Mother."

Mrs. Smith --- Another man's plea for making woman's world the nursery. My sons, thank God, all are unborn.

(She lifts a silver mirror from the mantel and studies her face).

Time - Time - Time! How my hair whitens!

(Mrs. Smith, the Ambassador, and the Butler, simultaneously.)

Mrs. Smith --- (Listening to the clock) Harken! Seven, Eight, nine,. Ah ! Hastening, spiteful time! Pale wrath of coming age. I hate and fear you!

Ambassador --- Nine, eight, seven. Turn backward time! Pale wraith of coming youth, I love and worship you!

Butler --- "The All-Mother." A dream in five awakenings, wherein play Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and The All-Mother.

[The All-Mother speaks.]

Butler: (Reciting)

I am the old All-Mother,
Nurse of the wide, dark world.
Three unborn sons I bear,
That swell beneath the mighty pulsing
Of my soul.------
Three sons of God : A Child of Night,
A Dream of Dawn, and the First Son of Morning!

(Mrs. Smith yawns and nods)

Ho ! Help ! All-Father, God!
In darkness and child-burthened
I reel and stagger on
To seek the Way of Life.
For the black Sphinx is dumb,
Thy Great Sword flames not,
And all the airs are silent!
I come, I go,
Whence, my God, and whither?
Whence ----

(The woman sleeps, breathing heavily. The Ambassador disappears. The Butler pauses in deep dejection.)

Asleep, asleep ! and gone!
Thou unsexed fashion plate,

Fading, withering butterfly;
Thou murd'ress of motherhood,
So poor in all thy wealth,
So pitiful in all thy sheen
Of glimpsing beauty!

(A gesture of despair).

And I ? I ? O God in Heaven!
Thou mockest me,
As mocks this sleeping form;
I feel the flooding failure in my blood;
I would and cannot,
I can -- they will not !
The shadows of the shackles
Creep
Deep my soul, and ever will --
And ever will ---

(Pauses)

Wherefore do I live,
And wherefore strive?
That men may mock and women laugh?
To cringe and serve a lifetime through?
What chance hath blackness
'Neath the sun?
I ask a chance -
I get a sneer --- a snore!

(He suddenly draws a pistol and turns his back to the woman. The ambassador appears, glowing with upraised arms, The door opens softly and Mr. Henry Hatfield-Smith appears, hat awry, cigar in mouth, and flushed with wine. He stares.)

Mr. Smith --- What the hell !

Butler: It's finished ! Good-night, Time, Eternity. Good Morning!

(There is a crash of thunder, and sound of rending. The picture above the mantel falls. Silence and darkness).

SCENE ONE

(Slowly the scene transforms itself from a reception room to a forest. The light swells from midnight within to full morning light without. The giant pillars become tall trees. The staircase disappears in gloom., leaving a smoking sacrificial vase, while the Egyptian motifs of the fire-place becomes one, great Sphinx. The sleeping woman in her chair is transformed to a primeval priestess before her ancient shrine. She is lightly veiled, her garments, loose and thin, flicker and fly, and her flesh is brown).

All-Mother ---- I am the old All-Mother
Nurse of the wide, dark world.
Three unborn sons, I bear,
That swell beneath the mighty pulsing
of my soul;
Three sons of God ; A Child of Night,
A Dream of Dawn, and the First Son of Morning!
Unknowing I have sinned an unknown sin -
He ! Help ! All-Father, God!
In darkness and child-burthened
I reel and stagger on,
To seek the way of life.
For the black Sphinx is dumb,
Thy Great Sword flames not,
And all the airs are silent!
I come, I go ; whence, my God,
And whither?

(Echoes --- Whence --- Whither ?
Whence --- Whither ?" Silence and shadows;

thick and thicker shadows, as of the passing of forms)

All-Mother ----- I see a shading in shadows; I sense a shape;
My soul grows lighter by a babe's light breath!
Ho! What art thou? Stand and tell!

(In crimson light an African warrior appears between the trees, full-panoplied in ivory, gold, and ostrich plumes, with spear, sword and shield. He stands erect and easily between the two great trees).

Africa --- I am Africa! Out of thy soul, I come.

All-Mother ----- Africa, thou Star of Night!
The world's first-born and mine!
Listen, thou son of ever-living God;
I it is, All-Mother, I,
Who in fright and soul-pain
Shot thee wondering to the world.
Wend thou the way of life,
Sin-vengeance followeth me!
What seest thou?
Whence? Whither?

Africa --(Peering across the world).
All life is love!
The world is flower and fruit,
The sun doth laugh and sing!
I hunt, I run, I sleep,
I feast and laugh and quaff
In great, clear springs
Of ravished beauty!
A gladness rains upon the hills,
A joy bursts from above,
The bird with song its bosom fills,

All Life all life is love!

(Echoes ---------- All life is love!)

All-Mother ------ (Her deep eyes open and shine. Her bosom swells).

Love! Ah, Love, --

I see the Way .

I mind me how in arch-dawn,

When thy soul pierced to mine, O Africa, my Son;

How leaped and sang my heart

Before its God! - until I sinned!

Aye, that was Life and Life was Love!

But where dost thou seek it?

Africa ---- I seek it not. It comes!

All -Mother --- It came today?

Africa------- Each day.

All-Mother ---- Tell me, then, where hast thou been? What didst thou do yesterday? Nay, yesterday thou wast not ---

Africa --- I always was and ever will be, - tomorrow, yesterday, today -------

I woke to sense the incense of the hills!

The royal sun sent crimson heralds to the dawn -

She blushed beneath her silken veil of mist;

I felt her heart swell, whilst the King

Paused on the world's rough edge,

And thousands birds did pour their little souls

To maddened melody.

I leaped and ran and found

My breakfast poised aloft,

All served in living gold;

In purpled weld

I wandered , wreathed in crimson , blue and green

My mid-day meal
Did fawn across my fast,
In striped sleekness ---- -
I kissed it ere I killed it ,
And slept away the liquid languor
Of the noon ; then leaping,
Chased a wild, new creature down the bush,
Till wheeling, furious,
It fetched its fangs across my breast;
I poised my spear -- then saw its fear-mad,
pitcous eyes -
I gave it life and food,
The shadows whispered 'round
The mystic moon-dance of the elves,
Amid the mirth-mad laughter of the stars!
I watched, till far away some Voice
Did wind the velvet trumpet of the night - and then
In gloaming waves,
I laid me with the lion,
And I slept.

All-Mother ---- O, joyous child, --- O land of love!

Africa ---- Harken !

All-Mother --- What?

Africa --- The Tree!

All-Mother ---- Aye, the tree?

Africa ---- Heard'st thou the song in its leaves?

All-Mother ---- I heard nothing.

Africa ---- Listen!

(A faint melody; (I in "The fresh flowing" go down! Music!)

(A tense, new look comes into Africa's face.
(She whispers.)

Africa --- It calls! I go!

All-Mother ---Wait! Leave me not! Whither goest thou?

Africa ---- The song! Hearest thou not the song?

(The melody again. A beautiful mouth flies by)

Africa (Chanting)

I heard a singing low,
Singing in the wilderness!

Africa --- (Speaks)

And at that song's beginning sits a voice,
And in the voice doth circle smooth a soul,
And in that soul's self-center, nestles love -
I go to find my love, for she is mine,
And life is ours,
And I am here ----
I, Africa!

All-Mother ---- Africa, I, too, will come and seek thy love.
I come! Sphinx, I go!

(The eyes of the Sphinx glow) and Sphinx laughs

I come - I go - life is love - (she hesitates)
Life is love? But life is not love!
Life?
Why life -

(Exit Africa).

Is cold and hate,
flame and pain,
Dread and guile,
Age and treachery,
Death and mockery!
Lo Africa, I see -
Something in forest -fastness, hell-begot -
Africa! Africa!

He ! Africa, my Son, my Son!

(Sinks to her knees with praying hands. Echoes --"My Son , my Son:" The crimson light darkens and disappears. Behind and beside the flaming vase appears a weird, yellow light, disclosing Asia, seated, and gorgeously attired before a golden idol.)

Asia ---- Thou callest, All-Mother?

All-Mother --- I hear voices - a voice ; a dreamy strangeness creeps along my limbs; my heart is lighter by a babe's light breath. Africa?

Asia ---- I am Asia.

(The woman turns and sees him. A beauty steals into her face. She half crouches, hesitant).

All-Mother -----Strange, weird - strange the morning
That thou didst light mine eyes,
O Dream-Child!
(Stretches her arms toward him).
Asia, my Asia, what doest thou?

Asia---- Dreams, Mother, Dreams!
(It lightens.)

All-Mother ----- Asia, arise! Thy light is come!

Asia ------ Peace ! I dream.
(It thunders).

All-Mother ---- (In terror) It is the All-Father, flee his awful voice!
And the full flashing of his eye !
Some sin doth seek me,
And he seeks my sin,
I want the Way of Life -
Whither, whither, O Asia, shall I flee?
~~Look within.~~
Lord forgive! Look through! Look within!

What seekest thou?

The Sphinx is dumb - Whence? Whither?

(In majestic silence Asia slowly arises and sweeps forward, his eyes in rapt contemplation).

Asia ----

Life is thought and thought is dream,

And dream ends in Nirvana and in peace!

Whatever is, is dream;

We think the world,

And lo! It is e'en as we think it:

We think not - lo! there is no world.

All pain is Thought, and cold and flame,

And Thought is Pain,

And Happiness, forgetting!

All Mother ----- Oh, blessed vision!

Endless sleep!

Dream of untroubled dreaming -

Sin of my soul, forget me!

On, Asia, On! We seek the Kingdom of Forgetting!

(She hesitates) and looks back.

And yet - and yet - there are some things I would not quite forget -

Some little things, and others —

The last light that lingers on the hills, —

Bird-songs, —

The voice of my firstborn —

Ah! And the dread-splendid wooing of the Lord -

And love - and love - and love!

Asia -------

All is naught.

And naught is all.

And naught is wrought
Of dreaming -
Vain, vain !
Thy woman mind is yet too small to grasp such
awful truth -
Take this and seek to see!

(Hands her a mirror).

All Mother - - - - What is this magic, flashing void?
Asia - - - - In it a thought thing,
Wherein I see men's souls,
And the world's hidden ways!
Look well! The Soul's the way
To dream Nirvana into peace!

(She looks in fascination ; then in fear)

All Mother - - - I see, I dream, as sometime ages since
I dreamed before -
I see a face -

(A bluish light steals in upon the yellow. The yellow light slowly fades. Asia listens and steps slowly backward).

Asia ----- My mirror, my mirror!
All-Mother ----(Unheeding) Why moves that mighty surging underneath my heart? Lo ! My heart is lifted lightness, - and yet , why sits this nameless terror on my soul?
Asia ----- (Fading away) My mirrow - my mirror!
All-Mother ---- Ah! I dream! I dreamed how from the marrow of my bones there leaped this boy. I loved him, while I feared him. I feared him, yet I loved him; for with him came a gloom, a Dred, a Sin. That face, that silver, sunlight face - where is my dream?

(Echoes --- My mirror - my mirror !)

Harken ! Nay! I hear it not - I

See it not - and yet I feel it. It is! It lives!

It comes! It comes! I wake! All Hail- Europe!

SCENE TWO.

(The scene is the same, save that it is now high-noon. Europe enters in modern business attire, attentively examining a polished wheel, which sheds a bluish light. He carries a valise in his hand. The All-Mother sees Europe, looks upon him with frightened eyes and faints. Europe works away only glancing at her. Slowly she sits up staring at him and the valise.)

Europe --- Well, who are you?

All-Mother ---I am thy mother.

Europe ----- Mother? What's that? Oh, I remember -- you bore me through the shadows. It was a good deed. It was a great deed, I'll pay you well for it. (Studies the wheel) By the way, I need help -

All-Mother ---- And I need -- Oh, I am all need! Once in a forest fastness hell-beget —

Europe --- Good, we'll trade! But wait. What do you need?

All-Mother ----- I seek the Way of Life. I have sinned, I have lost the WAy.

Europe ----- Easy ! Life is Deed. The way in Work. The end of deed is doing!

All-Mother ---- My soul doth whirl! Thy brother Africa - knowest thou Africa?

Europe ------- Oh, yes; I know the nigger! half-witteddchild, butterfly-chaser, lazy.

All-Mother ------He says all life is Love!

Europe ---------- Idiot!

All-Mother ------ And Asia, thy brother - knowest thou Asia?

Europe ----- Oh, yes, I know the chink-cunning fool, - liar!

All-Mother ---- He tells me life is Thought!

Europe ------- Stuff ! He's trying to ~~fool~~ you. I tell you life is deed, and -------

All- Mother ----- (Thoughtfully) Ah!

The World is Love.

And thoughts of love -

What, then, is deed and doing?

Europe ---------- Out with your prattle. Look you! I have a wheel ; a wonder-wheel of frozen flame pierced with hardened sunbeams welded sturdily together with Dead ~~stars~~. See It? With it I can twist the ends of earth together. With it I can throw words to the stars; around it I can curl the thunderbolts of heaven in sputtering slavery. But, Harken! Its needs but one thing more -- wings! Hear you? Wings! It wants wings! Once winged it will fly. It will carry things, words, souls, - whither I will; and in the end it will fetch life! Hearest thou? - life itself. ~~Is in that veldee there~~. All I need is more of a thing called gold - knowest thou gold?

All-Mother ----- (Abstracted). I know not Gold ----

Life is Love

And dreams of love,

And deeds turn dreams to doing.'

(Excitedly)

The Way! The Way'. Have I not found the Way?

Forget me, oh, my sin!

Listen, Oh boy, oh, wonder-boy, this is the end of deed, is it not?

Europe ------ What?

All-Mother ----- Love and dreams of love?

Europe------ Nb !

~~Europe ---- Ha!~~

All Mother ----- What, then? Why do men deeds?

Europe -------- For the world's work,
To live and dig and push,
To eat and drink and move,
To shelter, clothe and feed,
To live!

All-Mother --------- But why? Why live?

Europe ---------- Why live? Why - why live to live!

All-mother --------- Thou punster! Do to live and live to do? It is a mad thought-cirkle thou makest!

Europe-------Damn your logic! I am no word trickster. I do because I do.
I ask no why, I want no why, I am the great I WILL.
I dig, I delve, I kill,
I seek, I find,
I loose, I bind,
I doom, I live, I WILL!

(The woman shudders backward and drops the magic mirror. He seizes it).

Europe ------ What's this? Ah! I ~~see~~ gold - gold!

(The faint, yellow light in the rear discloses Asia seated before a great golden idol. Europe starts forward excitedly, then hesitates.)

Europe -------- Will you guard this wheel a moment?

All-Mother (Dreamily) Yes.

Europe ----It is valuable!

All-Mother-(Abstractedly) Yes.

Europe-----Wake, dreamer! It is preceless! It is wonderful! It is divine!
Guard it with your life --- or by -

All-Mother-This is to thy mother, Europe.

Europe ----Yes, yes, I know. But - I - guard it well, Mother, I go to Asia.

All-Mother --- Thou seekest Asia? Amen and Amen! Now dawns the world's great day! Ah! Thou wilt talk with him, wilt thou not? And think his thoughts and dream his dreams and interwine thy will with his deep soul - So shall be born the thoughtful deed and deed-born dream! And then, - then, O Europe, we three shall visit Africa - Africa, my Love.

Europe ---- Yes, Yes, Have done! I'll talk and visit later. Now I go. You'll guard it well?

All-Mother -----Aye, with sleepless eye and joyous heartbeats! Go, hail, happy day! And damned be evil all forever and forever!

(Exit Europe)

Hear me, All-Father, and God of the Sorrowful,
Saviour of Mercy and Song of my Soul!
Gather thy children in thine arms, All-Powerful;
Dream thou their doing till Love be the dole!

(The valise whimpers ; the woman starts in terror, slowly opens the valise, and discloses an infant.

A child !
A great-eyed girl-child stepped to earth -
What means this? Old eyes, - old eyes!
Is this the deed-born dream? Or is it the Sin, the unknown sin, that I unknowing wrought?
Ah! No! No! Joy is born into the world. Europe, heartfull of love for me, sought to hide his kind and beautiful gift.
He comes with Asia to seek Africa and make the whole world round and done with deed and dream and deathless joy. (She clasps the child in her arms. It whimpers.)

A butterfly passes; a plaintive melody is heard again)

All-Mother -African, ho! African, is it thou?

(Enter Africa, travel-stained, but following Europe, hopeful mien

lightly and swiftly.)

All-Mother-Whither away? - wait, Africa! The world doth dawn-

Africa - Hearken! Heard'st thou the song in its wings'

(The plaintive melody)

Africa --- (chanting) I heard a singing low, singing in the wilderness! (reciting, while far in the rear, appears the yellow light of Asia)

And in that son's beginning sits a voice---

I sought that voice - t'was voice alone, pure melody, utter song, a disembodied music!

It sang how in the Song's great ending lives a Soul,

And round within that soul doth circle soft a light!

And in that light's full flaming burneth love!

I go to find my love.

For she is mine,

The song is ours,

And I am hers -

I, Africa!

(He starts away; the yellow light grows stronger disclosing Asia seated before his golden idol; a shadow crosses)

All-Mother- Wait,-but wait, my son; Europe, thy brother Europe, seeks thee-

Africa --- Nay, he seeks gold; I seek-

All-Mother- But gold,- this gold he seeketh, is it not built of dreams, and will not Asia—

Africa --- Nay, Mother; gold is blood,- blood intertwined with tears! I cannot stay; I must not stay; I go! —

All-Mother- Wait -wait, Africa! Behold this child, Europe brought it. Whose can it be? ~~What is it?~~

Africa--- (Looks at the child and starts back with a shudder) It is America!

All-Mother-What is America?

Africa --- Thy child--thy latest child.

All-Mother --- Africa - thou liest - I have no latest child - only the three men - the other, the Sin, was first not last and died - it could not live.

Africa --- There is no first and last, in Joy and Pain; first is last and last is first, and all is good and true. America lives.

All-Mother ---It never lived - it died - it died - it sighed and cried and died.

Africa --- It never died.

All-Mother ---I buried it - I buried it in a land unknown and undiscovered;
I buried it deep in a forest without end;
I laid it in a silver lake, bottomless,
And in the eyeless, earless air above,
I sang the Song of Never-waking Dead!

Africa --- Europe found the land
Europe walked the forest
Europe plumbed the lake.

All-Mother ---O Piteous Stars! O Endless Ill--
Listen - O Africa - listen - tell me!
Listen - tell me, lest I die——
Who - What was its father
Who was that male deceiver
Who counterfieted God? (the Primitive melody)

Africa --- I cannot tell - Hearken! I go:
(Exit Africa; Europe seizes golden idol and disappears from the background; a great cry arises and the yellow light goes out. Enter Europe, staggering under the weight of the idol.)

Europe --- Quick, quick! To the work! Spin, mould, mount ~~stretch~~ the wheel! The wheel!

All-Mother ---(Shrinking back) Europe --- Thy dress is all awry.

Europe --- (Feverishly busy beating the gold with a hammer) "Clang, Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!") I've hurried long, hard ways - Come, help!

All-Mother ---Hast thou seen Asia?

Europe --- I saw no man. Here, hold this. Where's the valise? Ah! you've found the brat! [redacted].

All-Mother ---(Holding the child tighter with one hand) Whence comes this burden thou bearest?

Europe --- I found it - tighter, this way - so!

All-Mother ---Was no man with it?

Europe --- I felt a clammy hand from out the night - now!

All-Mother ---A human hand?

Europe --- Weakly human - careful!

All-Mother ---and thou?

Europe --- I wrung it loose with one great grasp!

All-Mother ---Thou thief!

Europe --- (Whirling upon her) Thief? Well, [redacted] then, thief? Yes, thief, if you will; I seized it; it is mine!

All-Mother ---By what right?

Europe --- By Might's eternal right!
Whereby the sun did snatch the earth from darkness,
Whereby the twelve seas thunder back the land,
Whereby the lightning threads the world,
And the vast power of giant earth
Sends him a way whereto he will!
I am that great I Will!

All-Mother ---O, Man of Might! I fear thee as I love thee! Tell me, Europe, last born of my poor body - save my sin - tell me, whose child is this, and why?

Europe --- It is mine.

All-Mother---Why child? Art thou a father --- thou thyself a child?

Europe --- (Busy with his wheel) It is mine fast enough. Once I strangled the brat, but it would not die. I am glad: it gave me ideas. Perhaps, some day --

All-Mother ---Strangled? Kill thine own flesh? See how it whimpers! Ideas? Can it talk?

Alas! It starves. Europe, tell me! Who mothered this lost babe?

Europe --- (Looking at her strangely) A thing, wood-wild and marvelous, night-haired, star-eyed and mighty; vast and silent. I caught her at midnight and twisted her long, sleek neck--

All-Mother ---(Looking at him strangely) What sayest thou? What--- What is this awful thing I seem to hear---

Europe --- (Busy with his wheel) Ha! I have it. (He starts forward disclosing the pile of beaten gold)

All-Mother ---Ha! In sooth, what wilt thou with this blood and tears?

Europe --- Blood and tears? It's gold!

All-Mother ---It's blood and tears, says Africa; he wends the earth, he knows.

Europe --- Blood and tears? Said he that? Blood and tears? We'll not forget it,-blood and tears. But, ho! How flies the time, the thieving time. "Thou shalt not steal," was said to Time, not Man! To the work!

(Fascinated she holds the child carefully with one hand. He fills her other hand with gold. He chops down a tree and rigs the wheel on the high stump like a spinning wheel. He attaches a limb as a pedal and taking the gold from the woman's hands he rolls it into long cyclinders and attaches the gold to the wheels. He presses the pedal and whirls and spins the gold to thread! He strings the threads into burning bundles of wires. The wires stretch, fly and flash. Slowly the wheel spins, then faster and faster: the wires weave themselves into wings at either axle. Europe clambers to the stumps and carefully lifts the wheel aloft until it spins unsupported in the air.

Europe - Gold thread, more gold, drop that newling brat - see for your soul! See, see! God! A wheel with stretching pulsing wings! It soars - it flies - Whirl, Wheel! Whirr, whiz, and whistle! The gold glows blood-red;(it roars and sputters and flashes) Wire - more wire!

Fascinated the woman drops the child and feeds the gold aloft.

(Europe clings to it; it struggles, and raises him)

Look how it lifts me aloft! Listen - soft
I speak, and lo! My winged whispers sweep the earth!
Hearken, I'll storm the battlements of heaven - I'll
steal life itself - on, on! Faster, - pause not: - wire, wire, more wire - more, more -

(The gold is gone. The wings droop. The color faded; the wires trail on the ground and almost enmesh the child)

All-Mother - Look - Look! The child! Oh! Oh! (She seizes it and snatches it away. Its clothes are stripped off, leaving it naked, thin, and great-eyed)

Europe - (Wildly, catching and guiding the wheel as it settles) My wheel - my wheel! Gold, more gold, and quick!

All-Mother - (To the child) There, there! Weep not! (To Europe) It was caught in the wires. It would have been killed horribly. --

Europe - Pause not! Gold, gold: - hold, twist and twine. -
It was but red-hot; it must be white-hot and then it will never stop, never fade.
Its motion will be perpetual
Its power all powerful --

All-Mother ---Thy gold is all out-woven; it is gone!

Europe --- Gone! Gone! Devils in hell! You lie - witch, sorceress--
You've wasted it on that brat, and by the blood-moon,
I'll have your life!

(All-Mother raises herself majestically) Europe - No! No! I rave!
I spoke wildly-- but God! I must have gold! Help me,
All-Mother, lest I die! Lest the world die!

All-Mother ---Monster! I fear thee. There is murder in thy soul. And
yet, thou art wonderful - almost god-like in thy might;
And the miracle-wheel --

Europe --- Fool! Can't you see the wheel means Life,- the Way - all
and for all?

All-Mother ---(Excitedly) Life, the Way, all and for all! When, then,—
and what?

Europe --- Gold! Gold!

(The ~~butterfly~~ moth hovers in wild plaintive melody)

All-Mother ---Hark! Africa, my Africa! Africa will help. Ho, help!
Gold! Gold!

Europe --- (Aside) Africa! Blood and tears! Africa!

All-Mother and Europe - (Simultaneously) Ho! Help! Africa! Africa!

(A chanting in the distance)

Europe --- (hastily) Have you tears - tears?

All-Mother ---Tears? And wherefore wilt thou tears?

Europe --- Africa comes - and - and Africa shall find us ~~know but~~ but African gold is over-red and needs tears to yellow it. It is hard, iron-hard, and needs tears to melt it.

All-Mother ---(dreamily) Tears? And is it bitter tears thou wilt?
Dear God! I know where lurk the tears of all sad women
since old time began!

'Tis a league this side the world's wild end -
A lofty place, mad-mountainous!
Low lips this inky tarn on great, cracked crags,
And dark wild witch-winds
Wail above it bitterly,
While all about hang skyward,
Grove on grove of stark, stiff, dead and naked pines!
Ah, me! The bitter salt of these dread tears alone would savour all the seas!

(Europe listens eagerly to the approaching music, drawing his knife, and unwinding a great chain, as the All-Mother runs to peer eagerly through the forest)

Europe & All-Mother - (together) Ho, Africa! Help! Help!

All-Mother ---And Asia, too,- shall we not call Asia?

(The chanting is at hand, a great ~~butterfly~~ moth-shape hovers aloft)

Europe --- Yes, yes! All--anything--everything--go--fetch me tears--tears!

All-Mother ---Hail, Africa! Await me. (she hesitates) Europe, wilt thou guard this child? (He nods)
I go to seek tears and Asia. (She rushes out, leaving the child lying naked in the foreground)

Europe -- Tears, bitter tears!
Echoes [redacted] Tears, bitter tears!

(Blue and crimson lights mingle and darken; shadows dance across stage; the shadowy forms of Europe and Africa pass and repass, while chains rattle, faint music sounds, and the great ~~butterfly~~ moth hovers. Sudden-

ly the music ceases; there is a mighty struggle, the whimpering of the babe; then the great death wail of Africa rings out)

Africa --- oh - oh - oh - oh!

SCENE THREE

(In the same scene, night falls in mysterious twilight. Asia bowed and dishevelled, sits in the background., motionless)

All-Mother ---(rushing in) Asia, O Asia! Come, Oh come quickly.
For East meets West and West is East,
And South doth succor North!
Come, Oh come quickly, Asia,
And wend with us the Way of Life!
Beneath the Wheel!

Asia -- Silence, Thief!

All-Mother ---Nay, hear me, Asia--it is the All-mother!

Asia--Avaunt Avaunt, thou maker of lies and men!

All-Mother ---Piteous God! Thou ravest--dost thou not know me, my son?

Asia -- Aye, too well I know thee! The mirror,- where is my mirror?

All-Mother ---Thy mirror? Thy mirror? I do not remember.

Asia -- I gave thee then that mirror but to look--
Thou fledst away. I saw thee flying over land and sea, beside a mist-swathed frightful shape that glittered steel-like in the sun; and with thee flew a cry of painful portent and a great-eyed child.

All-Mother ---I remember -- Ah, I remember! -
But, nay, I fled not; Asia, thou didst flee and fade mute silently away, saying no farewell. I stood and waited,

looking to the mystic, awful depths of that full-orbed
light thou gavest me--
And then--and then--lo! from out the gates of nowhere
came--Europe!
And I knew no more but him.
Of thy mirror, I remember me no more. It is to me as
though it was not and had not been---O Asia! What have
I done? I have lost thy mirror!
And thy love.

Asia --- Blaspheme not, thou liar, thou plotter of midnight dread!
Thou--

All-mother ---It is false!
I did not guile--
I speak no blasphemy--
I thought no darksome deed!
I swear it--
By heaven and hell!
By earth and sky and sea!
By all souls saved and damned,
By the great cross of gone and coming christs,
Aye, (Forgive it, God)
By the dread and awful presence of the Lord!

Asia --- Hush--begone, poor weak and wicked woman--
If thou be pure of knowledge, thy deeper guilt is ignorance
To know not, amid knowledge, is the one unpardoned sin!
Thou hast lost the priceless mirror of the soul!
Some wandering thief hath found it--
He came with footfalls of the night
And rent my dream.
And raped my temple.

And mocked my soul!

Go!

I live!

And yet cannot forget!

Go!

I am dead!

And I remember; and all my entrails are aflame. I fight within myself

and fight and die and fight

All-Mother ---(Aside) Europe hath done this blasphemy!

Wide woe is me! And yet---

(to Asia) I'll bring thee back thy mirror,--hearken!

Asia -- 'Tis the voice of death! And the wailing of a child!

All-Mother --- May, it is Europe, calling for his tears!

Asia -- Europe?

All-Mother ---Aye, thy brother, Europe. Thou dost not know him, but thou shalt-- I go to fetch him tears!

Asia -- Thou fond and foolish woman--

Knowest thou not that all the rivers of the world run tears. Without them runneth none?

All-Mother ---Aye, well I know; but here be mingled tears of joy--

While there is all concentered bitterness---

His gold needs bitter tears!

Asia -- Gold?

All-Mother ---'Tis over red.

Asia -- Ah!

All-Mother ---'Tis iron hard!

Asia -- Ha! And I blind and ignorant. The mirror, All-Mother, the mirror--there breeds again a horror on the air--where is this Europe?

All-Mother ---He searcheth Africa.

Asia -- Woe, Africa!

SCENE FOUR

(The dread hour of midnight rises on the same scene, brightened by the pale gleaming of the moon. On the back of the Sphinx lies the chained body of Africa; from his wounded heart, his life-blood pours into the alabaster vase. Beside the vase lies the child and between the giant trees the ~~butterfly~~ moth lies gorgeous in death. In the center, dishevelled and panting, is Europe, hastily digging a grave. When he is done and turns, the child has pushed the vase ~~aside~~ away and is drinking ~~the~~ Africa's stream of blood.

Europe --- Want blood, do you? Take it, and may it damn your soul!
(He ~~throws~~ lifts and throws the babe into the vase)
Farewell, America! I will pour tears to your African blood and your soul shall be gold--my gold!
Mother, All-Mother, tears, tears! (Europe seizes the body of Africa and buries it) dropping the mirror in his haste)
Mother, All-Mother, tears, tears!

Echoes [redacted] tears, tears, tears!

(With rattle of chain the right hand of Africa raises itself from the grave and seizes the mirror, holding it aloft.
Europe rushes to bury it again, but hearing the approach of the All-Mother ~~passes~~ so as to screen the unburied hand. The All-Mother enters, with a vase poised on her head.)

All-Mother ---The child! Where is the child? Where lurks America?
(The vase ~~totters~~ trembles and totters)

Europe --- Fine! Go, pour the tears to the — the gold: quick, quick!

(He seizes the tottering vase and pours it. [illegible]

Good! See, the wires fly again, the wheel trembles, the wings stir, spin, and shatter! All-Mother, [illegible]

All Mother --- (Mechanically the All-Mother [illegible] searching right and left with fear-struck eyes. She spies the bloody hands) God! Europe Un, un! Quick and quicker! [illegible]

Europe --- and spin! Whirl, wheel-whirr, whiz and whistle!

All-Mother --- (shrinking back) Thy gold is - wet!

Europe --- Spin! We'll fly o'er flames of hell and dry it.

All-Mother --- Thy gold is - red!

Europe --- Spin! We'll fly by heaven's sun and pale it.

All-Mother --- (Dropping the spinning wheel) I hear the voice of death!

Europe --- (Rushing forward) Listen, All-Mother. Hear my secret:

I fight God Time

Nay, not your little God--but Time-Almighty Time!

I alone have dared,

I gather the strength of all the world; [illegible]

Me alone, Time fears!

From me he hides Eternal Life,

Others have sought and shrunk before his voice:

I fear nothing; I laugh at lightning and his thunder--

Life, life, life! I will have it, and forever!

Hearken! What wings my word,

What drives my cart,

What flies the bird and beats my heart, is one!

I'll know it!

I'll have it!

I'll bind in thought

And grind in one

And swing the stars

And leash the sun-
With tears for breath
And blood for lever.
I'll murder time.
And live forever!

(The dead hand of Africa moves)

All-Mother ---I hear the grinding of chains (She sees the hand of Africa, upright, holding the mirror)
Ah!

Europe -- (Climbing upon the vase of blood) Aloft, my soul!
Hearken, you heavens!

All-Mother ---(Crouching and creeping nearer) Thy lips are cruel--

Europe --- This is my challenge, all earths and airs and ethers!---

All-Mother ---Thy hands are terrible!

Europe --- Africa is not---Asia shall not be---Farewell, America!
I am and I alone---I and God!

All-Mother ---Thy breast is damp---

Europe --- You, then, I challenge, All-Father---

All-Mother ---With trickling, oozing slime!

Europe --- I mount to meet your might--

All-Mother ---(In fury) Thy brother's blood is on thy soul!

Europe --- Brother? Soul? Away--No--Infinity! Surrender me eternal life!

All-Mother ---(Shouting) Thou murderer! Where is the child?

Europe --- (pausing, proudly poised on the great vase's rim)
Murderer? Why, yes, I kill!

All-Mother ---Thief!

Europe --- Thief? Why, yes, I take!

All-Mother ---Liar!

Europe --- Liar? Why, yes, I use the truth to my own ends! What else? (with wild abandon, drawing himself to full height)
I doom, I live, I will!
I take, I lie, I kill!
I rend and rear
In deserts drear;
I build and burrow well--
With wrack and rue
I hound and hew--
On founding stones in hell;
On topless air I fly,
In sunless depths I lie!
I throw my word
To lands unheard
With buried ghosts to dwell!
My temples rise and split the skies,
My winged wheels do tell
The woven wonders of my hand,
The witch-work of my skill!

(As he speaks the heavens are filled with the sound of machinery and the ~~whistle~~ roar of trains; lightnings flash and storms thunder, ships and airplanes are heard dashing to and fro. The All-Mother walks up and down, muttering wildly and waving her hands. Both speak simultaneously)

Europe

I writhe, I rave!
I chain the slave,
I do the deed, I kill!
Now what care I for God or lie?
I am the great---

All-Mother

I bore the knave!
My soul to save
The monster I must kill!
Now what care I?
This fiend must die!
I'll do the deed---

Both: I WILL!

All-Mother ---(She strikes Europe to the earth. Seizing the mirror from the hand of Africa, she [redacted], staggers back and laughs hysterically.) Ho, Asia! Thy mirror and thy gold! (She throws it zigzaging through the air toward Asia, who appears in the yellow light of the back-ground.) Ho, Africa! Thy heart's dear blood! (She struggles to overturn the vase)

(Above, the wheel on its wires still whirls. The wires spit cold-blue flames: directly beneath, in deep golden light, is Asia)

Asia --- (opening his eyes) I see!

(stretching his arms with the magic mirror) I live!

(rising and reeling) I [redacted] (Beneath the feet of Asia, in blood-crimson light, rise the two great, black, manacled arms of Africa, grasping and clutching at the foundation of the world. The wail of America is heard and the world falls with reverberating crash)

Africa --- It is finished. Good night, time--Eternity, Good Morning! (In the second of time that elapses between these two phrases of Africa there passes a vision through the mind of the dying All-Mother.)

The Vision

(Black darkness: nothing is seen.)

The voice--- Of Europe How dark it is---Ah!

Death sits beside me!

And Pain, his great prime minister,

Stands silent by his side,

me me, oh God giving Moses, Isaiah, &
& Buddha & Confucius, Buddha; Zarathustra
Zoroaster or Mohammed)
Christ! I burn, I choke! Unattach the World from
my heart; release me! Free me not to drink
own blood; where is peace? Where is happiness?
Where Nirvana? I die. I live. I strive
and struggle. Amen — I —

O Tree-
Born?

Jehovah?

Gripping his mighty hands!

How dark it is! (He pauses)

Hell is loose within me!

I hear the thunder of eternal guns!.

My guts are rent in sunder!

Lightnings leap from vein to vein---

And all the blood of all the world

Beats in mine eyes---

Oh, Europe is with Europe all at war!

and
~~The~~ wars of all the worlds,
are in me.

(One hears him fall. After a pause)

Mother!

The voice of
All-Mother ---I have killed thee,- Oh, my son!

The voice of
Europe --- You never killed me--I killed myself. Death is failure!

I failed.

I dreamed as never mortal dreamed before. My very death is splendid. I shall not all die. Long years my ghost shall haunt the earth and bear my name. To times dark end there shall be men who never knew my death. And when my dream comes true--who shall make it ~~true~~? Who shall storm the ramparts of time and conquer the God therein? For all I am, this one shall be atonement. His heart of hardened gold shall melt to its constituent blood and tears. Africa shall live again. Asia shall dream and do, and I -- I Europe----

All-Mother ---No, no, no! There is no atonement. I, the All-Mother of all Despairs declare. The Beginning and the End is Sin. The world is dying.

The voice of Europe --- But, All-Mother, hark, turn, look eastward! What see you?

The voice of All-Mother ---I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the mighty corpse of Asia -- dead!

(Dimly one sees the great bier of Asia on the right)

The voice of Europe --- Dead? It is well!

But, mother--mother! Quick! Look into the black South--tell, me, and truly,--what do you find?

The voice of All-Mother ---I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the mighty frame of Africa--dead!

(Dimly one sees the great bier of Africa on the left)

The voice of Europe --- Dead! But, All-Mother, hearken! Hearken toward the West No,-quick! Your hand--raise me--look--

Westward, All-Mother -- no-not-yet, but--

now--now! (Shrieks) Now! look into the crimson West, All-Mother. What--what is there?

The voice of All-Mother ---I see the wide earth weeping tears, and on its breast a great white vase of blood.

(Dimly one sees the tall white vase in the center)

The voice of Europe --- Look! Look again! Peer within the vase. Look through it--what is there?

The voice of All-Mother ---I see in front sweet fields and hills and singing waters-and then ~~dark~~ behind.---

I see armies-endless armies of children-children, children everywhere-dead and living, ~~crippled and whole~~, poor and rich, born and unborn - yellow, white, and black--

everywhere children - Ah - no - no - no! They are not children — no not men — they are men, they are bits of men--sightless heads that roll, unmatched limbs that hop, arms that fly and grasp and plead, ears that never hear.

The voice of Europe --- Salvation comes--I knew it! Look again; who leads? Who beckons themthings on?

The voice of All-Mother ---There comes, me-seems, a world-old man across the earth. I know his eyes--where have I known his eyes? Nay, it is no man. It is a child! It is an elf-child! Its baby eyes, God-lit, look out from locks of hoary age! It is thine own child, Europe; it is America! See how he feeds on a ravish stricken world that out of drear damnation it may wake and wake again. Just is it born-yet is it old as hell!

The voice of Europe --- (Calm and still) Have done! My end is near. Death has girded up his loins and pain is sudden still.

The voice of All-Mother ---Tell me of this, thy son? Who is America?

The voice of Europe --- I told you this is my - daughter

The voice of All-Mother ---Whence came this child?

The voice of Europe --- I raped it of Mother Earth herself.

The voice of All-Mother ---You--You? Was it you? Incestuous hound of hell! I am--All-Mother--Earth!

The voice of Europe --- You!---

The voice of All-Mother ---God pity me! My sin is bare!

The voice of
Europe --- Her hair was midnight.

The voice of
All-Mother ---You stung it white!

The voice of
Europe --- Her eyes were stars.

The voice of
All-Mother ---You dimmed their holy light!

The voice of
Europe --- But she was young.

The voice of
All-Mother ---You made me live ten thousand years!

The voice of
Europe --- She was no man's bride.-

The voice of
All-Mother ---Nay! I was bride of Almighty God!

The voice of
Europe --- Ah!--Then-then-then indeed must America live?

The voice of
All-Mother ---Then must America die! It is a thing accursed.
Happy the hand that kills it and thee!

The voice of
Europe --- Then must America live! Brother of mine, out of mother of mine, sister of one and all. Above all law, beyond all wish and will.

The voice of
All-Mother ---My sin is naked before me---unknowing victim of unknown guile who mistook this for God.

The voice of
Europe --- America? I hated it! I threw my offal at it! I mocked it! I--yet in my heart I knew it was greater than I. I-- lived a mongrel thing--streaked black and yellow, blue with my scum and spittle, crimsoned with blood-twice I killed it--yet, it lives. It lives as I die--I who planned the Super-man, must die and leave this heir to all my dream--aye! And to greater dreams to come. What monstrous

mockery. And yet--yet is there hope. Through this Conqueror of Time even the Dead may live again--Africa, Asia and Europe. Woman, strike the vase! Open the way.

The voice of
All-Mother ---I dare not.

The voice of
Europe --- Strike!

The voice of
All-Mother ---I cannot.

The voice of
Europe --- (With frenzied accents) Strike the vase! Strike! Lift me, then, and hand me that boulder. Come forth America, live, live, live!

(The vase falls in ruins. Out of it rises the colossal figure of a woman, bare to the waist. Her flesh is steel blue, her eyes are stars, her hair is gleaming silver, and the gown that sweeps from hip to ground is blood-red. In her hands is a ~~bleeding~~ dripping sword.)

(Dimly the All-Mother and Europe are seen cowering in the front)

~~The voice of~~
All-Mother ---What art thou -- Thing?

~~The voice of~~
America --- I am the Son of Man--Woman!

~~The voice of~~
All-Mother ---America, thou crimson knell of night!

~~The voice of~~
Europe --- America, far flaming herald of a dawn!

~~The voice of~~
All-Mother ---America, daughter of my sin, sin of my son!

~~The voice of~~
Europe --- America, born beyond time and daughter of the fear of God!

America --- (chanting in vast monotone)

I am new, new, new,
I am old, old, old,
Begot of endless time to endless space
I am Africa
I am Asia
I am Europe
I am all and in all
Out of the world's destruction I am born
I am America
I am free.

I am the hills and hives of light,
The caverns and cairns of dying night,
Jewels and stars and flitting flames,
Clamor and clang of climbing cliffs,
End of the earth and start of the shining sea!
I am the towers topping the hills
flinging the bridges with flying hair
Across the torrent of river and vale;
I am the cliffs and burning peaks,
The thunder of ramparts guarding the world
Hardening the haunts of Cities and Sin!
I am the thud of racing steel,
Splitting the night with seethe and sound,
Grinding and shivering throes and threads,
Sweeping the prairies, kneading the swamps,
Shivering sullen silence to song!
I am the cry of Niagara crushing the mists of eternity,
The shriek of rock bound coasts,
The song of purple canons,

And harsh hills heaping heads to heaven,
I am the Lakes of the Golden Gate and crimson cliffs of the sea;
I am Missouri's sodden flood
Ohio's pregnant fields of food
Pittsburgh's iron and coal of hell
Mills where New England grinds out cloth and crime.
I am the bleating yammering earth
Full and fierce with the thrust of seed;
I am the sky that courts the sun,
Kissing the wild shy stars,
Boy flames of heaven!
I laugh and laugh and laugh!
Thrill am I in the throat of love,---
I am the Woman Everlasting!
Always and forever free!
I am the Harlot of Time;
I mate with whom I will;
Mother of every race and hue
Infinite, Eternal, boundless
I am might and yearning
Birth of Love and quiver of death
Unashamed and wanton will to create
I am Life!
The passion of all the passionate
Unfathered, unmothered, incarnate sex!
Innocent and nursed in sin.
I am ugliness, beauty-bathed
I am beauty, shot with pain;
I dip my dripping hands in hell
And gorge on hymning heavens,

I love, I lynch, I burn, I weep!
Anomaly, dilemma, death and life
Savior of the world, am I--
I am the Universe--
The world is dead
I am son of the Son of Suns
I am America
I am the last shrill knife of pain
The first mad thrill of pleasure
I am all and in all
I am courage, fearless of dark and death
I am cowardice
Cowering before the flying word and lifted brow
I am the woman everlasting
The receiver, the nurturer, the breeder
The bosom, arms, and lips
The crucified, dead and buried
The risen living Child
I am the heart and guts of earth
The entrails of yearning dread and hope
The spirit of dead and dying flesh
The flesh of the soul

Be ashamed of me, ye shameless
I lie with all mankind
And give the bounding beauty of my breast
And the rich fruit of my mighty loins
To whom I will.
I am the prostitute of nations;
I glory in my shame,---
I am free.

In time and eternity,
I mate with whom I will;
I wallow in madness of joy!
I shriek in fullness of pain!
I am free!
Free to sin and sulk and sanctify,
To be good, bad, fair and ugly,
Free to be!
Come forth ye hypocrites!
Behold my mighty limbs!
My bounding breasts,
My great round navel!
Sweat, smirk and stew in your vile souls,
For I am virgin,---
Not in ignorance but knowledge;
Not in empty unfulfillment;
But in fulness of love and true and beautiful passion.
I am America---I am free!

~~The voice of~~
All-Mother --- America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

~~The voice of~~
Europe --- (Staggering) I die!
The sin of the world drops on me.
The nail is in my heart,
And on my head the hot-horror
Of thorns--thorns--thorns!

America, blood of all blood and flesh of all flesh,
Take my dreams!
~~To God the rest.~~ (Dies)

(Day dawns. Crimson wings, backed by a whirling wheel of steel with spitting wires, drop from the sky. America raises her bleeding sword)

America -- I go to place the world on the empty throne of God.

All-Mother ---Blasphemer: God sits and rules above!

America --- Foàl! God waits and wants below
Silence: I go. Europe, arise!

(America touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword. He rises from the dead. With whirr of wing, America mounts an airplane and circles in the air. Europe gropes. Day brightens and great silver wings, with whirring wheels, drop from the heavens. With closed eyes and staggering feet, Europe enters the airplane, hurling as he passes the All-Mother prone.)

All-Mother ---Europe! dost thou live?

Europe --- I doom, I live, I will! (He soars behind America, who again waves her swork. A drop of blood falls on the bier of Asia.)

America --- (Faintly, as she flies) Up, Asia, on!

(The corpse of Asia sweeps majestically to its feet holding the flashing mirror. The yellow sunlight of high-noon envelopes the world and great golden wings and wheels rise to Asia's feet. Asia pauses beside the All-Mother, opening his eyes slowly. She raises herself.)

All-Mother ---Art thou gone, Asia?

Asia --- I go!

All-Mother ---Art thou dead, Asia.

The voice of
Asia --- I was dead.

All-Mother ---What do the dead, Asia.

Asia --- They dream and surge toward life.

All-Mother ---- And they that live---what do the living?

Asia --- They dream and surge toward death!

All-Mother ---- And how, then, differ death and life?

The voice of
Asia --- They differ not at all.

(Asia soars after the others. Night falls. Far away like a star in low, circling, ever-rising flight, flashes the bleeding sward of America; but no voice comes back. A great drop of blood splashes on Africa's face. Giant wings, black with burnished velvet pinions, glide slowly by on wheels of fire. Quickly Africa leaps to his feet, his gorgeous panoply aflame with blood.)

All-Mother ---- Africa, leavest thou me in this lone sand?

(Africa bends lovingly above her and raises her in his arms.) Africa!

Africa --- Listen to the morning stars.

All-Mother ---- (Faintly) What do the stars, Africa?

Africa --- They sing together and above them rings the joyous shout of mighty millions. I seek the stars.

All-Mother ---- And I--I die.

(She sighs, stiffens, and closes weary eyes. The light of the moon pours down)

(Africa makes a funeral pyre and lays her body on it. He lights it and the blue flames curl round her.)

Africa --- Mother of men and wife of Almighty God, sleep on forever:

(Slowly the great black airplane with Africa rises toward the spiral stars of light that cease their circling and head straight to the North Star. Dimly one descries sweeping from other stars a mighty escort, but whether of angels or airplanes, none can tell.

The voice of Africa drifts faintly down)

The voice of Africa---

It is finished. Good night, Time---Eternity. Good morning.

(The vision ends amid re-echoing reverberations of the falling world.)

POSTLUDE

(The scene of the prelude returns in slowly growing light) Mrs. Hatfield-Smith sits sleeping by the fire. The butler stands, front stage, with a pistol pointed at his head. Mr. Hatfield-Smith stands by the door to the left, and the Chinese Ambassador on the stairs, rear center. The last chimes of midnight are heard)

Butler --- It is finished!

Good-night, Time - Eternity-

(The picture falls and lies face downward in front of Mrs. Hatfield-Smith. The mirror drops from her hand. The fire flares-- Mrs. Smith awakens with a low scream)

Mrs. Smith --- Africa! Thou livest and returneth to me? O, thank---
Henry
~~Charles~~!

Butler --- I---I meant nothing, Madam---I was over-wrought

(Conceals pistol)

Mrs. Smith --- Ah, yes,--naturally, naturally--I, too, but---
it was wonderful, Henry ~~Charles~~, wonderful! I think I never--
or scarcely ever saw or heard---I--I--you may bring me a
bit of wine--no, a liqneur, please!

(Exits Butler)

Where am I?

Do I sleep or wake?

Am I dead or dreaming?

Where was I? And whither do I go?

And why am I so strangely stirred?

(retrieving and Re-lighting his cigar)

Because you're
Mr. Hatfield-Smith - damned lucky that picture didn't hit you.

Mrs. Smith --- The picture? Oh, the picture! (She stares at it. The butler re-enters)

I thank you, ~~Charles~~ Henry. No, no more--it grows late--
What?
But midnight still? How long a midnight! My watch has surely stopped--(starts)--the mirror!

Butler --- You dropped it, Madam.

Mrs. Smith ---Yes, yes, ~~Charles~~ Henry; you recite well, very well; there is a depth and realness, such as seldom lies in mere recitation. I saw it all--all, with a vividness that was---startling! Yes, ~~Charles~~ Henry, you must study--you must rise! You have great talent---far greater than I dreamed was possible for a ---------for you.

(Butler starts to speak--she motions to silence)

Bring me my check-book!

Butler --- Madam, you mistake; I am no beggar.

Mrs. Smith ---How, now sir; did you not ask for help?

Butler --- Yes, Madam; but the help I need is opportunity---not---gold!

Mrs. Smith ---(dreamily) Gold? Blood and tears! And it is tears thou wilt? I know where lurk the tears of all sad women since old time began. 'Tis a league this side the world's wild---

Mr. H. Smith -You better get to bed, old girl, or you'll take cold. (aside) Why, hello! Here's his nibs!

Mrs. Smith ---(starting) Asia! Your Excellency, was it not wonderful?

The Ambassador-It was full of wonders. Good-night. See, a storm brews--I seek the kingdoms of forgetting.

Mrs. Smith --- (dreamily) All pain is thought,
And thought is pain,

And happiness, forgetting-

On, Asia, on! We seek---

Mr. Smith --- Good-night, Your Highness. Come, Nell; you're getting dippy; let's get upstairs!

Mrs. Smith ---Go--I come!

(Mr. Smith goes up-stairs. The Butler starts to raise the fallen picture. Mrs. Smith stops him)

Henry
~~Charles~~, if it is not money you need, how can I help?

Butler --- You were good enough to say I have some little talent?

Mrs. Smith ---You have great talent--a talent almost genius!

Butler --- Then, Madam, open the world's doors to me! Give me opportunity, breath,--a man's chance, a world-way to the stars!

Mrs. Smith ---Why, go take it, make a way---

Butler --- No, Madam, not against the combined contempt and disbelief of all mankind---as you yourself said but a moment ago: "Who would go to hear a Negro actor?" Where shall I even find a place to try?

Mrs. Smith ---Said I that? It must have been long ago--long ago. And yet, Henry ~~Charles~~, I know how dead is the wall that faces you. But I'll try to rend it for you! It will be hard ---bitter hard, for your face does darkly veil your soul in all the blind world's eyes! But I'll try---I'll more more than try--I'll do the deed---I WILL!

Butler --- I thank you, Madam.

Mrs. Smith ---Wait, Henry ~~Charles~~, --something there is that I long wished to ask you--and dared not. Tonight, somehow, it seems easier--what is it, Henry ~~Charles~~, that seems, and ever has seemed, so strangely familiar in your face? I have seen it this

whole year that you have spent here--what is it? Where have I seen you before?

Butler--- It's but the drop of pity, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- No, no, it's that---and more--tell me!

Butler --- (Hesitating) My mother---

Mrs. Smigh --- Yes---

Butler --- Served your mother thirty years ago.

Mrs. Smith --- Ah, the maid,-Julia---I remember her well. But why did you never mention this? And this Julia--- what is it I'm trying to remember about her? ---I do not remember her face, and yet your face and ways---oh!--- she left suddenly---she---ah---speak! You lie---No! No! I meant it not--but speak, I will hear it--God! It cannot be!

Butler --- She served your father, too.

(a silence)

Butler --- Your promise, Madam---

Mrs. Smith --- Holds--as hold the stars! Good-night! Good-bye! (With a bow the Butler turns out the lights, so that the hall is lighted only by the lights at the top of the staircase.)

Mrs. Smith --- Great God! The tangling of this world's warped web! Good-night, poor, raped, and prisoned race! Good-night, good-night, old jailer of the damned!

(She watches the fallen picture facinated. It seems to bulge in the center, with the outlines of a little, human form.)

Mrs. Smith --- (Softly) And little babe---Good Morning! I come--I go! Whence?

Whither?

Pages Missing:

35; 40; 61; 63; 64

Pages here: 24 – 60

Mrs. Smith --- Thank you. It was a great success, Charles, was it not?

Butler --- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Your cook is excellent! That entree was pronounced "delicious" by no less a person than Delia Van Tromp.

Butler --- Thank you, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Yes, a great success. Ha! Ha! The rope of pearls that seemed about to break the Higgins' neck will joyously hasten the banker's bankruptcy. The diamonds of the duchess-elect brought blue flashes from many an envious eye. The lust in the lieutenant's eye looked very like to love. Dowling knows his Bradstreet peerage well. He'll propose tonight, I'm sure. And the gowns, Oh! the gowns were wonderful, were they not, Charles?

Butler --- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Smothering withered old women and sleek, young icebergs - Yes, what odes to Worth and lyrics to Paquin! --- A bit more, Charles. Thank you. (Yawning) Yes. Has the master retired?

Butler --- Mr. Smith has stepped out, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Indeed! How interesting! He easily steps to other worlds while I --- I'll lay that in bare cash, Charles, in gold, jewels, and silk, we had a half-million here tonight!

Butler --- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- And in credit and hopes, shame to thee, Ormus and Ind!

Butler --- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- (Straightens and dashes the wine glass in the fire). Oh "Yes, Madam" me no more! Success! It was a success, as my successes go. But what is it but flagrant mockery! My lips still curl in mirthless grins,-our jokes wept, our laughter knelled - our world is but grey shadows of the shades of things;

it rings unreal; we talk and say naught; we laugh and mean naught! We lack - we lack - know you what we lack, Charles?

Butler --- Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Why, in all this long and lonesome night there stalked among us all not one good, honest, naked feeling. One came nearest when Delia veiled her wrath at Tommy's blunder. Her glance was exquisite! She'd do a murder daintily. Oh, it was empty, - flat; no truth; no lies; no love; no hate; no tears; no joy - smooth gloom and even grayness everywhere, with yawns delicately suppressed and impulses lynched. And yet tomorrow's papers - Lo! the gorgeousness of it all! Hey Ho! What should I care? (To herself thoughtfully) And yet --- and yet I should not like always to play at ~~life~~ living. Sometimes I have a great fear that I am missing life, that I have lost the way, and am wandering. I wish I knew all that life might be. I wish I knew the way! Whence? Whither? O pshaw! I must to bed -- to bed. Why? To sleep? Impossible! I'm as wakeful as eternity! O, Charles --- Charles! Don't go yet. I knew there was something I meant to ask you. The summer's extra help. They are all hired, I suppose? You know the cottage will be large.

Butler --- No, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- But it's time. Is it not?

Butler --- But, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- But what, Sir?

Butler --- You know my plans, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- <u>Your</u> plans? You mean <u>my</u> plans, do you not?

Butler --- I mean my plans. I spoke to you a month since.

Mrs. Smith --- I have no memory of it.

Butler --- I feared you did not listen as I spoke. I plan to study.

Mrs. Smith --- Study? Study what? I ask no better butler.

Butler --- I plan to study for the stage.

Mrs. Smith --- For the what?

Butler --- For the stage, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Ha! Ha! Ha! Why --- Ha! Ha! Ha! Boy, are you stark mad? For the stage!

Butler --- I am all too sane, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Pardon my laughter, Charles, but --- what put such foolishness into your head? And, then, think! Here comes the time when I'm depending on you most -- the success of the whole summer -- of all next winter depends on you. There are house parties at Lenox, not to mention Newport, and the new home here next winter. All this, - and you actually threatening to leave me for the wildest of wild reasons.

Butler --- I simply plan to study, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Insanity! Do be sensible. Here you are an excellent butler,-well-paid. If not, I'll pay you more; well-fed, well-clothed, well-cared for - with every consideration. What more do you want? Why are you dissatisfied?

Butler --- We are all dissatisfied, Madam, - even you just said -

Mrs. Smith --- We'll speak of you. And so you dream of becoming a fourth-rate actor?

Butler --- No, Madam,-first-rate!

Mrs. Smith---Stuff! Who ever heard of a Negro actor? What would you act? What could you act? Who would listen to you? Silly fellow! Even granted you might recite fairly well for a Negro --- but O! it is too absurd!

(The form of the Ambassador looms dimly on the stairs, with the moon behind him).

Ambassador --- Absurd? Only the absurd is reason in a world of absurdities.

Mrs. Smith --- Ah, Your Excellency, well come! I feared you had deserted for the night. Come! Come, and in heaven's name hear the American housewife's universal wail. Do you note this fellow? Is he not a proper butler, built and furnished for the part?

Ambassador --- I have noted his ~~subtle~~ wit and tireless wisdom during all my stay in this fairyland.

Mrs. Smith --- He is quite perfect as a butler. But what do you think? He is not satisfied.

Ambassador --- Dark brother of mine, neither am I.

Mrs. Smith --- Nor yet am I. But of all mortals, who should be more content than such a servant?

Ambassador --- Or less. I could defend either thesis against the other most successfully.

Mrs. Smith --- Riddles, riddles, Your Excellency. But seriously - See my plight. All my days I have sought the perfect butler. I find one and invite my wisest friends, my richest enemies, the most charming of diplomats, to Lenox, when lo! my butler deserts me to become a play actor. Ha! Ha! Ha! O, Charles, Charles! Some midnight madness cooks in your African blood!

Ambassador --- Nay, Madam; but I hold the roles of butler and player lay from each other not so far afield.

Mrs. Smith --- Subtlest of men! You mock me. Charles, show the tired diplomat to his room. Already he babbles in his sleep.

Ambassador --- Wait! Did not the lips of the child move? (Pointing to the picture).

Mrs. Smith --- (Starting) They did. They always do. It is a speaking, human picture, done by a wanderer's witch-hand. I call it my only

child. When I want wisdom, I seek those lips,-and note those eyes how old they be in that child face! Old eyes - old eyes! Someday I fancy the babe will walk down from its frame and rule this shattered home. See, I can be phantastic, too! Hark! Midnight by the great chimes of St. John! Only midnight? I cannot sleep yet. I'll sit here awhile. Your Excellency, good be your night.

Ambassador --- You are kind to excuse me. I will go. But harken! For wakefulness I know no balm like the player's spoken word. Before I go, shall not this strange butler recite some ~~small~~ illusions of his art?

Mrs. Smith --- O, heaven, No!

Butler --- Will Madam pardon a word?

Mrs. Smith --- O, what ~~here~~ Your Excellency done?

Ambassador --- Goodnight. Goodnight. Nay, Charles, I need nothing.

Mrs. Smith --- But wait. Is not Your Excellency's wish the law throughout my house? Charles, recite. It is, as the Ambassador says, the most sleep-wooingthing I know. But here! No ranting tragedies. Something light and funny and above all, speak low!

(The Ambassador pauses on the landing and looks back).

Butler --- It's not exactly funny, Madam, but I think it may be pleasing,-quaint, perhaps -- dream-stuff. I wrote it myself.

Mrs. Smith --- (Musing) Three, four, five. Oh! Laggard, mocking time! Say on, - we're listening.

Butler --- It is called "The All-Mother".

Mrs. Smith --- Another man's plea for making woman's world the nursery. My sons? Thank God, all are unborn.

(She lifts a silver mirror from the mantel and studies her face).

Time - Time - Time! How my hair whitens!

(Mrs. Smith, the Ambassador, and the Butler, simultaneously).

Mrs. Smith --- (Listening to the chimes) Harken! Seven, eight, nine.
Ah! Hastening, spiteful time!. Pale wreath of coming age, I hate
and fear you!

Ambassador --- Nine, eight, seven. Turn backward time! Pale wreath of
coming youth, I love and worship you!

Butler --- "The All-Mother". A dream in three awakenings, wherein play
Europe, Asia, ~~and~~ Africa, America, and The All-Mother.
(The All-Mother speaks).

Butler: I am the old All-Mother,
Nurse of the wide, dark world.
Three unborn sons, I bear,
That swell beneath the mighty pulsing
Of my soul ---
Three sons of God: A Child of Night,
A Dream of Dawn, and the First Son of Morning!

(Mrs. Smith yawns and nods)

Unknowing I have armed an unknown foe
Ho! Help! All-Father, God!
In darkness and child-burthened
I feel and stagger on
To seek the way of life.
For the black Sphinx is dumb,
Thy Great Sword flames not,
And all the airs are silent!
I come, I go,
Whence, my God, and whither?
Whence ---

(The woman sleeps, breathing heavily. The Ambassador disappears.
The Butler pauses in deep dejection).

Asleep, asleep! and gone!
Thou unsexed fashion plate,

Fading, withering butterfly;
Thou murd'ress of motherhood,
So poor in all ~~of~~ thy wealth,
So pitiful in all thy sheen
Of glimpsing beauty!

(A gesture of despair).

And I? I? O God in Heaven!
Thou mockest me,
As mocks this sleeping form;
I feel the flooding failure in my blood;
I would and cannot,
I can --- they will not!
The shadow of the shackles
Sears my soul, and ever will ---
And ever will ---

(Pauses)

Wherefore do I live,
And wherefore strive?
That men may mock and women laugh?
To cringe and serve a lifetime through?
What chance hath blackness
'Neath the sun?
I ask a chance -
I get a sneer --- a snore!

(He suddenly draws a pistol and turns his back to the woman. The Ambassador appears, glowing with upraised arms. The door opens softly and Mr. Henry Smithfield appears, hat awry, cigar in mouth, and flushed with wine. He stares).

Mr. Smith --- What the hell!

Butler: It's finished! Good night, Time; Eternity, Good Morning!

(There is a crash of thunder, and sound of rending. The

picture above the mantel fells. Silence and darkness.)

SCENE ONE

(Slowly the scene transforms itself from a reception room to a forest. The light swells from midnight within to full morning light without. The giant pillars become giant trees. The staircase disappears in gloom, leaving a smoking sacrificial vase, while the Egyptian motifs of the fireplace become one great Sphinx. The sleeping woman in her chair is transformed to a primeval priestess in her ancient shrine. She is lightly veiled, her garments, loose and thin, flicker and fly and her flesh is brown).

All-Mother --- I am the old All-Mother
Nurse of the wide, dark world.
Three unborn sons, I bear,
That swell beneath the mighty pulsing
Of my soul:
Three sons of God: A Child of Night,
A Dream of Dawn, and the First Son of Morning!
Unknowing I have sinned an unknown sin -
Ho! Help! All-Father, God!
In darkness and child-burthened
I reel and stagger on,
To seek the way of life
For the black Sphinx is dumb,
Thy Great Sword flames not,
And all the airs are silent!
I come, I go; whence, my God,
And whither?

(Echoes --- Whence --- Whither?
Whence --- Whither?) (Silence and shadows.

thick and thicker shadows, as of the passing of forms).

All-Mother --- I see a shading in shadows; I sense a shape;
My soul grows lighter by a babe's light breathe!
Ho! ~~What~~ art thou? Stand and tell!

(In crimson light an African warrior appears between the trees, full-panoplied in ivory, gold, and ostrich plumes, with spear, sword, and shield. He stands erect and easily between the two great trees).

Africa --- I am Africa! Out of thy soul, I come.

All-Mother --- Africa, thou Star of Night!
The world's first-born and mine!
Listen, thou son of ever-living God:
I it is, All-Mother, I,
Who in fright and soul-pain
Shot thee wondering to the world.
Wend thou the way of life,
Sin-vengeance followeth me!
What seest thou?
Whence? Whither?

Africa --- (Peering across the world)
All life is love!
The world is flower and fruit,
The sun doth laugh and sing!
I hunt, I run, I sleep,
I feast and laugh and quaff
In great, clear springs
Of ravished beauty!
A gladness rains upon the hills
A joy bursts from above,
The bird with song its bosom fills,

All Life --- all life is love!

(Echoes --- All life is love!)

All-Mother --- (Her ~~great~~ eyes open and shine. Her bosom swells).

Love! Ah, Love,--

I see the way -

I mind me how in arch-dawn,

When they soul pierced to mine, O Africa, my Son,

How leaped and sang my heart

Before it's God! - until I sinned,

Aye, that was life and life was love!

But where dwells love, my boy?

Where dost thou seek it?

Africa --- I seek it not. It comes!

All-Mother --- It came today?

Africa --- Each day.

All-Mother --- Tell me, then, where hast thou been? What didst thou do yesterday? Nay, yesterday thou ~~were~~ not ---

Africa --- I always was and ever will be, - tomorrow, yesterday, today---

I woke to sense the incense of the hills!

The royal sun sent crimson heralds to the dawn-

She blushed beneath her silken veil of mist;

I felt her heart swell while the king

Paused on the world's rough edge,

And thousand birds did pour their little souls

To maddened melody.

I leaped and ran and found

My breakfast poised aloft,

All served in living gold;

In purpled fields

I wandered, wreathed in crimson, blue and green;

My mid-day meal
Did fawn across my feet,
In striped sleekness ---
I kissed it ere I killed it,
And slept away the liquid languor
Of the noon; then leaping,
Chased a wild, new creature down the glen,
Till wheeling, furious,
It fetched its fangs across my breast;
I poised my spear --- then saw its fear-mad,
piteous eyes -
I gave it life and food.
The shadows whispered 'round
The mystic moon-dance of the elves,
Amid the mirth-mad laughter of the stars!
I watched, till far away some voice
Did wind the velvet trumpet of the night -- and then,
In glooming caves,
I laid me with the lion,
And I slept.

All-Mother --- O joyous child, --- O land of love!

Africa --- Harken!

All-Mother --- What?

Africa --- The tree!

All-Mother --- Aye, the tree?

Africa --- Heard'st thou the song in its leaves?

All-Mother --- I heard nothing.

Africa --- Listen!

(A faint melody):

(A tense, new look comes into Africa's face.

He whispers).

Ho! Africa, my Son, my Son!

(Sinks to her knees with praying hands. Echoes --- My Son, my Son!) (The crimson light darkens and disappears. Behind and beside the flaming vase appears a weird, yellow light, disclosing Asia, seated, and gorgeously attired before a golden idol).

Asia --- Thou call'est, All-Mother?

All-Mother --- I hear voices - a voice; a dreamy strangeness creeps along my limbs; my heart is lighter by a babe's light breath. Africa?

Asia --- I am Asia.

(The woman turns and sees him. A beauty steals into her face. She half crouches, hesitant).

All-Mother --- Strange, weird - strange the morning
That thou didst light mine eyes,
O Dream-Child!

(Stretches her arms toward him).

Asia, my Asia, what doest thou?

Asia --- Dreams, Mother, Dreams!

(It lightens).

All-Mother --- Asia, arise! Thy light is coming!

Asia --- Peace! I dream.

(It thunders).

All-Mother -- (In terror) - It is the All-Father, flee his awful voice!
And the full flashing of his eyes!
He seeks my sin,
I seek the way of life -
Whither, whither, O Asia, shall I flee?
Look within.

What findest thou?

The Sphinx is dumb - Whence? Whither?

(In majestic silence Asia slowly arises and sweeps forward, his eyes in rapt contemplation).

Asia ---

Life is thought and thought is dream,
And dream ends in Nirvana and in peace!
What ever is, is dream:
We think the world,
And lo! it is e'en as we think!
We think not - lo! there is no world.
All pain is thought and cold and flame,
And thought is pain,
And happiness, forgetting!

All-Mother

O, blessed vision!
Endless sleep!
Dream of untroubled dreaming -
Sin of my soul, forget me!
On, Asia, on! We seek the kingdoms of forget-
ting!

(She hesitates)

And yet - and yet, there are some things I would not quite forget -
Some little things and others -
The last light that lingers on the hills -
Bird-songs -
The voice of my first-born -
Ah! And the dread-splendid wooing of the Lord -
And love - and love - and love!

Asia

All is naught,
And naught is all,

And naught is wrought

but dreaming -

Vain, vain --

Thy woman mind is yet too small to grasp such awful truth -

Take this and seek to see!

(Hands her a mirror).

All -Mother --- What is this magic, flashing void?

Asia --- It is a thought-thing,
Wherein I see men's souls,
And the world's hidden ways!
Look well! The soul's the way
To dream Nirvana into peace!

(She looks in fascination; then in fear).

All-Mother --- I see, I dream, as sometime ages since
I dreamed before -
I see a face -

(A bluish light steals in upon the yellow. The yellow light slowly fades. Asia listens and steps slowly backward).

Asia --- My mirror, my mirror!

All-Mother --- (Unheeding) Why moves that mighty surging underneath my heart? Lo! My heart is lifted lightness,-and yet, why sits that nameless terror on my soul?

Asia --- (Fading away) My mirror - my mirror!

All-Mother --- Ah! I dream! I dream! I dreamed how from the narrow of my bones there leaped this boy. I loved him, while I feared him. I feared him, yet I loved him. That face,- that silver, sunlight face - where is my dream?

(Echoes --- My mirror - my mirror!)

Harken! Nay! I hear it not, I -

See it not - and yet I feel it. It is! It lives!
It comes! It comes! I wake! All hail-Europe!

SCENE TWO

The scene is the same, save that it is now high-noon. Europe enters in modern business attire, attentively examining a polished wheel, which sheds a bluish light. He carries a valise in his hand.

Europe --- Well, who are you? (Tossing the valise in the corner)

All-Mother --- I am thy mother.

Europe --- Mother? What's that? Oh, I remember --- you bore me through the shadows. It was a good deed. It was a great deed. I'll pay you well for it. (Studies the wheel). By the way, I need help -

All-Mother --- And I need --- O! I am all need!

Europe --- Good, we'll trade! But wait: What do you need?

All-Mother --- I seek the way of life.

Europe --- Easy! Life is deed. The way is work. The end of deed is doing!

All-Mother --- My soul doth whirl! Thy brother Africa - knowest thou Africa?

Europe --- Oh yes, I know the nigger, half-witted child, butterfly-chaser, lazy!

All-Mother --- He says all life is love!

Europe --- Idiot!

All-Mother --- And Asia, thy brother - knowest thou Asia?

Europe --- Oh yes, I know the China cunning fool, liar!

All Mother --- He tells me life is thought!

Europe ---- Stuff! He's trying to fool you. I tell you life is deed, and -

All-Mother --- (Thoughtfully) Ah!

The world is love

~~To live!~~

All-Mother --- But why? Why live?

Europe --- Why live? Why - why live to live!

All-Mother --- Thou punster! Do to live and live to do. It is a mad thought-circle thou makest!

Europe --- Damnyourlogic! I am no word trickster. I do because I do. I ask no why, I want no why! I am the great I WILL.

I dig, I delve, I kill,
I seek, I find,
I loose, I bind,
I doom, I live, I WILL!

(The woman shudders backward and drops the magic mirror. He seizes it).

Europe --- What's this? Ah! I see - gold - gold!

(The faint, yellow light in the rear discloses Asia seated before his golden idol. Europe starts forward excitedly, then hesitates).

Europe --- Will you guard this wheel a moment?

All-Mother --- (Dreamily) Yes.

Europe --- It is valuable!

All-Mother --- (Abstractedly) Yes.

Europe --- Wake, dreamer! It is priceless! It is wonderful! It is divine! Guard it with your life -- or by -

All-Mother --- This to thy mother, Europe.

Europe --- Yes, yes, I know. But - I - guard it well, Mother; I go to Asia.

All-Mother --- Thou seekest Asia? Amen and Amen! Now dawns the world's great day! Ah! Thou wilt talk with him, wilt thou not? And think his thoughts and dreams and intertwine thy will with his deep soul - and so shall be born the thoughtful deed and deed-born dream! And then, - then, O Europe, we three shall

visit Africa,—Africa, my Love.

Europe --- Yes. Yea, Have done! I'll talk and visit later. Now I go. You guard it well?

All-Mother --- Aye, with sleepless eye and joyous heartbeats! Go, hail, happy day! And damned be evil forever and forever!

(Exit Europe)

Hear me, All-Father, God of the sorrowful,
Savior of Mercy and song of my soul!
Gather thy children in purpose, All-Powerful;
Dream thou their doing till love be the dole!

(The valise whimpers; the woman starts, opens the valise and discloses an infant)

A child!
A great-eyed child-man stepped to earth -
What means this? Old eyes, - old eyes!
Is this the deed-born dream? Or is it the sin, the unknown sin that I unknowing wrought?
Ah! No! No! Joy is born into the world. Europe, heart-full of love for me, sought to hide this last and beautiful gift. He comes with Asia to seek Africa and make the whole world round and done with deed and dream and endless joy.
(She clasps the child in her arms).

(A butter-fly passes - a plaintive melody)

All-Mother -- Africa, ho! Africa, is it thou?

(Enter Africa, travel-stained, but following the moth lightly and swiftly)

All-Mother --- Whither away - wait, Africa! The world doth dawn -

Africa --- Hearken! Heard'st thou the song in its wings?

(The plaintive melody)

Africa --- (chanting) I heard a singing low-singing in

the wilderness! (reciting, while far in the rear appears the yellow light of Asia)

And in that song's beginning sits a voice--
I sought that voice - t'was voice alone, pure melody,
utter song, a disembodied music!
It sang how in the song's great ending lives a soul,
And 'round within that soul doth circle soft a light!
And in that light's full flaming burneth love!
I go to find my love. (The yellow light grows stronger)
For she is mine, (disclosing Asia seated before his
The song is ours, golden idol; a shadow crosses)
And I am hers -
I, Africa!

(He starts away)

All-Mother --- Wait,-but wait, my son; Europe, thy brother Europe, seeks thee-

Africa --- Nay, he seeks gold; I seek-

All-Mother --- But gold,- this gold he seeketh, is it not built of dreams, and will not Asia-

Africa --- Nay, Mother; gold is blood,-blood intertwined with tears; I cannot stay; I must not stay; I go!

All-Mother --- Wait - wait, Africa! Behold this child,- whose is it? What is it?

Africa --- (Looks at the child and starts back with a shudder) It is-- America! What is America?

A --- I cannot tell - but hearken! I go!

(Exit Africa; Europe seizes the golden idol and disappears from the background; a great cry arises and the yellow light goes out)

(Enter Europe, staggering under the weight of the idol)

Europe --- Quick, quick! To the work! Spin, mould, stretch the wheel! The wheel!

All-Mother --- (Shrinking back) Europe --- Thy dress is all awry.

Europe --- (Feverishly busy beating the gold ~~with the gold~~) (Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!) I've hurried long, hard ways- Come, help!

All-Mother --- Hast thou seen Asia?

Europe --- I saw no man. Here, hold this. Drop that brat!

All-Mother --- (Holding the child tighter with one hand) Whence comes this burden thou bearest?

Europe --- I found it - tighter, this way - so!

All-Mother --- Was no man with it?

Europe --- I felt a clammy hand from out the night - now

All- Mother --- A human hand?

Europe --- Weakly human - careful -

All- Mother --- And thou?

Europe --- I wrung it loose with one great grasp!

All-Mother --- Thou thief!

Europe --- (Whirling upon her) Thief? Well, yes, then,-thief! Yes, thief, if you will; I seized it; it is mine!

All-Mother --- By what right?

Europe --- By Might's eternal right!
Whereby the sun did snatch the earth from darkness,
Whereby the twelve seas thunder back the land,
Whereby the lightning threads the world,
And the vast power of giant earth
Rends him a way whereto he will!
I am that great I Will!

All-Mother --- O Man of Might! I fear thee as I love thee! Tell me, Europe, last born of my poor body - save my sin - tell me, whose child is this, and why?

Europe --- It is mine--- worse luck!

All-Mother --- Thy child? Art thou a father --- thou thyself a child?

Europe --- (Busy with his wheel) It is mine fast enough. Once I strangled the brat, but it could not die. I am glad; and it gave me ideas.

All-Mother --- Strangled? Kill thine own flesh? See how it whimpers! Ideas? Can it talk?

Alas! It starves. Europe, talk me! Who mothered this lost babe?

Europe --- (Looking at her strangely) A thing, wood-wild and marvelous, night-haired, star-eyed and mighty; vast and silent. I caught her at midnight and twisted her long, sleek neck--

All-Mother --- (Looking at him strangely) What sayest thou? What-- What is this awful thing I seem to hear---

Europe --- (Busy with his wheel) Ha! I have it. (He starts forward disclosing the pile of beaten gold)

All-Mother --- Ha! In sooth, what wilt thou with this blood and tears?

Europe --- Blood and tears? It's gold!

All-Mother --- It's blood and tears, says Africa; he wends the earth, he knows.

Europe --- Blood and tears? Said he that? Blood and tears?

We'll not forget it,-blood and tears. But, ho!

How and flies the time,-the thieving time. "Thou shalt not steal," was said to Time, not Man! To the work! (Facinated she lays down the child, carefully. He hands the wheel to her. He rigs it like a spinning wheel and winds and twists the gold upon it. She whirls it and spins the gold to thread, while he strings it on a telegraph pole in four burning wires. These wires stretch, fly and flash. Slowly the wheel mounts aloft, slowly, then faster and faster; red airplane wings appear at

its axles.)

Europe --- Spin, spin for your soul! See, see-God! A wheel with blood-red, pulsing wings! It soars - it flies -
Whirl, wheel!
Whirr, whiz, and whistle! (He fastens a boulder to it, & struggles, raises, and carries it)
Look how it lifts and hurls it over - seas! Listen- soft- I speak, and lo! My winged whisperers sweep the earth!
Hearken, (I'll climb thereon myself and fly-mount-aspire!
I'll storm the battlements of heaven-I'll steal life itself-on, on!
Faster, - pause not, - wire, wire, more wire - more, more-

All-Mother ---(Strains frantically at the flashing wires. They trail on the ground and enmesh the child) Look - Look! The child! (Its swings perilously aloft) Oh! Oh!
(She seizes it and snatches it away. Its clothes are stripped off, leaving it naked, thin, and great-eyed)

Europe --- (Wildly, catching the wheel as it falls) My wheel - my wheel! Gold, more gold, and quick!

All-Mother --- (To the child) There, there! Weep not! (To Europe) It was caught in the wires. It would have been killed horribly-

Europe --- To hell with the child! Pause not! Gold, gold;- hold, twist, twine -

ALL-Mother --- Thy gold is all out-woven; it is gone!

Europe --- Gone! Gone! Devils in hell! You lie - witch, sorceress - You've wasted it on that brat, and by the blood-moon, I'll have your life!

(All-Mother raises herself majestically) No! No! I rave! I spoke wildly-- but God! I must have gold! Help me, All-Mother, lest I die!

All-Mother --- Monster! I fear thee. There is murder in thy soul. And yet, thou art wonderful - almost godlike in thy might; And the miracle-wheel --

Europe --- Fool! Can't you see the wheel means life,-the way - all and for all?

All-Mother - (Excitedly) Life, the way, all and for all! When, then, and what?

Europe - ~~E.~~ Gold! Gold!

(The butterfly hovers past, a plaintive melody)

All-Mother -- Hark! Africa, my Africa! Africa will help. Ho, help! Gold! Gold!

Europe --- (Aside) Africa! Blood and tears! Africa!

All-Mother and Europe - (Simultaneously) Ho! Help! Africa! Africa'.

(A chanting in the distance)

Europe -- (hastily) Have you tears - tears?

All-Mother -- Tears? And wherefor wilt thou tears?

Europe -- Africa comes - and - and Afrida shall find us gold, I know-but, but African gold is over-red and needs tears to yellow it. It is hard, iron-hard, and needs bitter tears to melt it.

All-Mother -- (dreamily) Tears? And is it bitter tears thou wilt?

Dear God! I know where lurk the tears of all sad women since old time began!

'Tis a league this side the world's wild end -
A lofty place, mad-mountainous!
Low lips this inky tarn on great, cracked crags,
And dark and wild witch-winds
Wail above it bitterly,
While all about hang skyward,
Grove on grove of stark, stiff, dead and naked pines!

Ah, me! The bitter salt of these dread tears alone
Would savour all the seas!

(Europe listens eagerly to the approaching music, drawing his knife, and unwinding a great chain, as the All-Mother runs to peer eagerly through the forest)

Europe & All-Mother --- (together) Ho, Africa! Help! Help!

All-Mother -- And Asia, too,-shall we not call Asia?

(The chanting is at hand,-a great butterfly hovers in)

Europe --- Yes, yes! All--anything--everything--go--fetch me tears--tears!

All-Mother --- Hail, Africa! Await me. (she hesitates) Europe, will thou guard this child? (He nods)

I go to seek tears and Asia. (She rushes out, leaving the child lying naked in the foreground)

Europe --- Tears, bitter tears!

(echoes -- Tears, bitter tears!)

The blue and crimson lights mingle and darken; shadows dance across the stage; the shadowy forms of Europe and Africa pass and repass, while chains rattle, faint music sounds, and the great butterfly hovers. Suddenly the music ceases; there is a mighty struggle, the whimpering of the babe; then the great death wail of Africa rings out)

Africa -- oh - oh - oh - oh - :

SCENE THREE

(In the same scene night falls in mysterious twilight. Asia, bowed and dishevelled, sits in the background, motionless)

All-Mother (rushing in) Asia, O Asia! Come, O come quickly.

For East meets West and West is East,
And South doth succor North!
Come, O come quickly, Asia,

And wend with us the way of life!

Beneath the wheel!

Asia -- Silence, thief!

All-Mother -- Nay, hear me, Asia--it is the All-Mother!

Asia--Avaunt, thou maker of lies and men!

All-Mother--Piteous God! Thou ravest--dost thou not know me, my son?

Asia--Aye, too well I know thee! Mirror,-where is my mirror?

All-Mother --Thy mirror? Thy mirror? I do not remember.

Asia--I gave thee ~~the~~ -that mirror but to look--

Thou fledst away. I saw thee flying over land and sea,

Beside a mist-swathed frightful shape that glittered steel-

like in the sun, and with thee flew a cry of painful portent

and a great-eyed child

All-Mother -- I remember -- Ah, I remember! -

But, nay, I fled not; Asia thou didst flee and fade most

silently, away, saying no farewell, I stood and waited,

looking to the mystic, awful depths of that full-orbed light

thou gavest me -- and

Then--and then--lo! From out the gates of nowhere came--

Europe!

And I knew no more but he.

Of thy mirror, I remember me no more. It is to me as though

It was not and had not been---O Asia! What have I done? I

have lost thy mirror!

And thy love?

Asia -- Blaspheme not, thou liar,-thou plotter of midnight dread! Thou--

All-Mother -- It is false!

I did not guile--

I speak no blasphemy--

I thought no darksome deed!

I swear it--

By heaven and hell!
By earth and sky and sea!
By all souls saved and damned,
By the great cross of gone and coming christs,
Aye, (Forgive it, God)
By the dread and awful presence of the Lord!
Asia --Hush--begone, poor weak and wicked woman--
If thou be pure of knowledge, thy deeper guilt is ignorance;—
To know not, amid knowledge, is the one unpardoned sin!
Thou hast lost the priceless mirror of the soul!
Some wandering thief hath found it--
He came with footfalls of the night
And rent my dream,
And raped my temple,
And mocked my soul!
Go!
I live!
And yet cannot forget!
Go!
I am dead!
And I remember!

All-Mother (Aside) Europe hath done this blasphemy!
Wide woe is me! And yet---
(to Asia) I'll bring thee back thy mirror,--hearken!

Asia--'Tis the voice of death! And the wailing of a child!

All-Mother --Nay, it is Europe, calling for his tears!

Asia--Europe?

All-Mother -- Aye, thy brother Europe. Thou dost not know him, but thou shalt--I go to fetch him tears!

Asia--Thou fond and foolish woman--

Knowest thou not that all the rivers of the world run tears,
Without them runneth none?

All-Mother--Aye, well I know; but here be mingled tears of joy--
While there is all concentered bitterness---
His gold needs bitter tears!

Asia -- Gold?

All-Mother --'Tis over red.

Asia -- Ah!

All-Mother---'Tis iron hard!

Asia--Ha! And I blind and ignorant. The mirror, All-Mother, the mirror--
there breeds a horror on the air--where is this Europe?

All-Mother ---He searcheth Africa.

Asia--Woe, Africa!

SCENE FOUR

The dread hour of midnight rises on the same scene, brightened by the wierd gleaming of the moon. On the back of the Sphinx lies the chained body of Africa; from his wounded heart, his life-blood pours into the alabaster vase. Beside the vase lies the child and between the giant trees the butterfly lies gorgeous in death. In the center, dishevelled and panting, is Europe, hastily digging a grave. When he is done and turns, the child has pushed the vase away and is drinking the stream of blood.

Europe -- Want blood, do you? Take it, and may it damn your soul! (He throws the babe into the vase)
Farewell, America! I will pour tears to your African blood and your soul shall be gold--my gold!
Mother, All-Mother, tears, tears! (Europe siezes the body of Africa and buries it) dropping the mirror in his haste)

Mother, All-Mother, tears, tears!

(Echoes -- Tears, tears, tears!)

(With rattle of chain the right hand of Africa raises itself from the grave and seizes the mirror, holding it aloft.

Europe rushes to bury it again, but hearing the approach of All-Mother pauses so as to screen the unburied hand.

The All-Mother enters, with a vase poised on her head).

All-Mother -- The child! Where is the child? Where lurks America? (The vase totters)

Europe --Fine! Go, pour it to the -- the gold; quick, quick! (He seizes the tottering vase and pours it. He spins the wheel.) Good! See, the wires fly, the wheel trembles, the wings stir, spin and stir. All-Mother, stir and spin! (Mechanically the All-Mother spins, searching right and left with fear-struck eyes She spies his bloody hands) God! On, on! Quick and quicker! Spur and spin! Whirl, wheel--whirr, whiz, and whistle!

All-Mother ---(shrinking back) Thy gold is - wet!

Europe --- Spin! We'll fly o'er flames of hell and dry it.

All-Mother --- Thy gold is - red!

Europe -- Spin! We'll fly by heaven's sun and pale it.

All-Mother ---(Dropping the spinning wheel) I hear the voice of death!

Europe --(rushing forward) Listen, All-Mother. Hear my secret:

I fight God.

Nay, not your little God--but Time--almighty Time!

I alone have dared,

I gather the strength of all the world to me.

Me alone, time fears!

From me he holds eternal life,

Others have sought and shrunk before his voice:
I fear nothing. I laugh at lightning and thunder
his own thunders.
Life, life, life! I will have it, and forever!
Hearken! What wings my word,
What drives my cart,
What flies my bird and beats my heart is one!
I'll know it!
I'll have it!
I'll bind in thought
And grind in one
And swing the stars
And leash the sun-
With tears for breath
And blood for lever,
I'll murder time,
And live forever!

(The dead hand of Africa moves)

All-Mother --- I hear the grinding of chains (She sees the hand of Africa, upright, holding the mirror)

Ah!

Europe --- (Climbing upon the vase of blood) Aloft, my soul!
Hearken, you heavens!

All-Mother --- (Crouching and creeping nearer) Thy lips are cruel--

Europe --- This is my challenge, all earths and airs and ethers!---

All-Mother --- Thy hands are terrible!---

Europe --- Africa is not---Asia shall not be---Farewell, America! I am and I alone---I and God!

All-Mother---Thy breast is damp---

Europe --- You, then, I challenge, All-Father---

All-Mother --- With trickling, oozing slime!

Europe--- I mount to meet your might--

All-Mother --- (In fury) Thy brother's blood is on thy soul!

Europe --- Brother? Soul? Away--Ho--Infinity! Surrender me eternal life!

All-Mother ---(Shouting) Thou murderer! Where is the child?

Europe -- (pausing, proudly poised on the great vase's rim)

Murderer? Why, yes, I kill!

All-Mother --- Thief!

Europe--- Thief? Why, yes, I take!

All-Mother --- Liar!

Europe --- Liar? Why, yes, I use the truth to my own ends! What else?

(with wild abandon, drawing himself in full height)

I doom, I live, I will!

I take, I lie, I kill!

I rend and rear

In deserts drear;

I build and burrow well--

With wrack and rue

I hound and hew--

On founding stones in hell;

On topless air I fly,

In sunless depths I lie!

I throw my word

To lands unheard

With buried ghosts to dwell!

My temples rise and split the skies,

My winged wheels do tell

The woven wonders of my hand,

The witch-work of my skill!

(As he speaks the heavens are filled with the sound of

machinery and the whistle of trains, lightnings flash and storms thunder, ships and airplanes are heard dashing to and fro. The All-Mother walks up and down, muttering wildly and waving her hands. Both speak simultaneously)

Europe	All-Mother
I writhe, I rave!	I bore the knave!
I cabin the slave,	My soul to save
I do the deed, I kill!	The monster I must kill!
Now what care I for God or lie?	Now what care I?
I am the great---	This fiend must die!
	I'll do the deed---
	I will!

(She seizes the mirror from the hand of Africa and dashes it against the vase. It cracks and hurls Europe to the earth, entangled in his wires All-Mother -- (Seizes the mirror again, staggering back and laughing hysterically). Ho, Asia! Thy mirror and thy dreams! (She throws it zigzaging through the air toward Asia, who appears in the yellow light of the back-ground). Ho, Africa! Thy heart's dear blood! (She struggles to over-turn the vase in vain) Where art thou, child,- America?

(Above, the wheel on its wires still whirls. The wires spit cold blue flames; directly beneath, in deep golden light, is Asia)

Asia ---(opening his eyes) I see!

(stretching his arms with the magic mirror) I live! (rising and reeling) I die! (Beneath the feet of Asia, in blood-crimson light, rise the two great, black, manacled arms of Africa, grasping and clutching at the foundation of the world. The wail of America is heard and the world falls)

SCENE FIVE

(To the same scene comes the black darkness that precedes the dawn. All is murk. The great biers of Africa and Asia occupy the rear, right and left. The cracked vase is in the center. All-Mother stands forward at the right and Europe totters at the left).

Europe --- How dark it is --- Ah! (He presses his side and swoons. After a pause he crouches to his knees)

Death sits beside me!
And pain, his great prime minister,
Stands silent by his side;
Gripping his mighty hands!
How dark it is! (He pauses a moment, then staggers to his feet)
Hell is loose within me!
I hear the thunder of eternal guns!
My guts are rent in sunder!
Lightnings leap from vein to vein---
And all the blood of all the world
Beats in mine eyes---
O! Europe is with Europe all at war!
(He falls! After a pause)
Mother!

All-Mother --- I have killed thee, O my son!

Europe --- You did not kill me -- I killed myself. Death is failure! I failed.

I dreamed as never mortal dreamed before. My very death is splendid. I shall not all die. Long years my ghost shall haunt the earth and bear my name. To time's dark end, there shall be men who never knew my death.

All-Mother --- But, All-Mother, turn, look eastward! What see you?

I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the mighty corpse of Asia -- dead!

Europe --- Dead? It is well!

But, mother--mother! Quick! Look into the black South--tell me, and truly,--what do you find?

All-Mother --- I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the mighty frame of Africa -- dead!

Europe --- Dead! Good! But, All-Mother, hearken! Hearken toward the West--

No, quick! Your hand--raise me-- look--
Westward, All-Mother -- no-not-yet, but---
now--now (shrieks) Now, look into the crimson
West, All-Mother. What --what is there?

All-Mother --- (Sinking to her knees and staring)

I see armies-endless armies of children-children; children everywhere-dead and living, crippled and whole, poor and rich, born and unborn - yellow, white, and black-everywhere children - and this child!

Europe --- God! I knew it! Look again; who leads? Who beckons them on?

Look westward, All-Mother; who beckons them on?

All-Mother --- There comes, me seems, a world-old man across the earth. I know his eyes--where have I known his eyes? Nay, it is no man. It is a child! It is an elf-child! Its baby eyes, God-lit, look out from locks of hoarage! It is thine own child, Europe; it is America! Just is it born--yet is it old as hell!

Europe --- (grows suddenly calm and still) Have done! The end is near.

Death has girded his loins and pain is a sudden still.

All-Mother --- Tell me of this, thy son? What is America?

Europe --- How did you know that name?

All-Mother --- Africa told me--

Europe --- Africa tells too much! -- Yes, I told you this is my - son.

All-Mother --- Whence came this child?

Europe --- I raped it of Mother Earth herself.

All-Mother --- You -- You? Was it you? Incestuous hound of hell!

I am

All-Mother --- Earth --

Europe --- You! --

All-Mother --- God pity me! My sin is bare!

Europe --- Her hair was midnight.

All-Mother --- You stung it white!

Europe --- Her eyes were stars.

All-Mother --- You dimmed their holy light!

Europe --- But she was young!

All-Mother --- You made me live then thousand years!

Europe --- She was no man's bride!

All-Mother --- Nay! I was bride of Almighty God!

Europe --- Ah! -- Then must America die?

All-Mother --- Then must America die! She is a thing accursed.
Happy the hand that kills her and thee!

Europe --- Then must America die! Brother of mine, out of mother of mine, sister of one and all. Above all law, beyond all wish and will.

All-Mother --- My sin is naked before me---unknowing victim of unknown guile, who mistook this for God.

Europe --- This America? I hated it! I threw my offal at it! I mocked it! Yet it lived, a mongrel thing-- streaked black and

yellow, blue with my scum and spittle, crimsoned with blood twice I killed it --- yet, it may live forever! It shall not! Woman strike the vase! America is within.

All-Mother --- I saw him just now, yonder across the world.

Europe --- It was but a vision--he is not there. Strike the vase! Strike and kill!

All-Mother --- I dare not.

Europe --- Strike!

All-Mother --- I cannot!

Europe --- (Frenzied) Strike the vase! Strike! Lift me, then, and hand me that boulder. (She obeys) Die, America, die! Die, die! (The vase falls in ruins. Out of it rises the colossal figure of a woman, bare to the waist. Her flesh is steel-blue, her eyes are stars, her hair is gleaming silver, and the gown ~~that~~ which sweeps from hip to ground is blood-red. In her hands is a flaming sword).

All-Mother --- (Cowering) What art thou -- thing?

A. I am the son of man—Woman!

All-Mother --- Art thou, too, mother of men and wife of God?

A. I am neither wife nor mother, son nor father, daughter nor sister--
I am me.
I am free!
I am America!

Europe -- (cowering) You were but a child.

A. -- I am America! I conquer time!

All-Mother --- America, thou crimson knell of night!

Europe --- America, far-flaming herald of a dawn!

All-Mother --- America, daughter of my sin, sin of my son!

POSTLUDE

(The scene of the prelude returns in slowly growing light) Mrs. Hatfield-Smith sits sleeping by the fire. The butler stands, front of stage, with a pistol pointed at his head. Mr. Henry Smith stands by the door to the left, and the Chinese Ambassador on the stairs, rear center. The last chimes of midnight are heard)

Butler ---- It is finished!

Good-night, time - eternity-

(The picture falls and lies face downward in front of Mrs. Smith. The mirror drops from her hand. The fire flares-- Mrs. Smith awakes with a low scream)

Mrs. Smith---Africa! Thou livest and lingerest with me? O, thank--- Charles!

Butler ---I---I meant nothing, Madam---I was over-wrought---

(Conceals pistol)

Mrs. Smith---Ah, yes,--naturally, naturally--I, too,-but --- it was wonderful, Charles, wonderful! I think I never--- or scarcely ever saw or heard---I--I--you may bring me a bit of wine--no, a liquer, please!

(Exits Butler)

Where am I?

Do I sleep or wake?

Am I dead or dreaming?

Where was I? And whither do I go?

And why am I so strangely stirred?

Mr. Henry Smith--Damned lucky that picture didn't hit you.

Mrs. Smith-- The picture? O, the picture! (She stares at it)

(Re-enter Butler)

[redacted] but the drop of pity, Madam.

Mrs. Smith---No, no, it's that---and more---tell me!

Butler---(Hesitating) My mother---

Mrs. Smith---Yes---

Butler---Served your mother thirty years ago.

Mrs. Smith---Ah, the maid, Julia---I remember her well.
But why did you never mention this? And this Julia---
what is it I'm trying to remember about her? --- I
do not remember her face, and yet your face and ways---
oh!---she left suddenly---she -- ah---speak! You lie---
No! No! I meant it not--but speak, I will hear it--
God! It can not be!

Butler --- She served your father, too.

(a silence)

Butler---Your promise, Madam---

Mrs. Smith---Holds--as hold the stars! Good-night! Good-bye!
(With a bow the Butler turns out the lights, so
that the hall is lighted only by the lights at the
top of the staircase)

Mrs. Smith---Great God, the tangling of this world's warped web!
Good-night, poor, raped, and prisoned race!
Good-night, good-night, old jailer of the damned!
(She watches the fallen picture fascinated. It seems to bulge in the
center, with the outlines of a little, human form).

Mrs. Smith (Softly) And little babe --- Good Morning! I come --
I go!

Whence?

Whither?

Miscellaneous Pages

W. E. DuBois
69 Fifth ave.,
New York.

Pages missing:
35
40
45

Thou + They

ooOOOOooo

THE ALL-MOTHER

ooOOOOooo

A PLAY

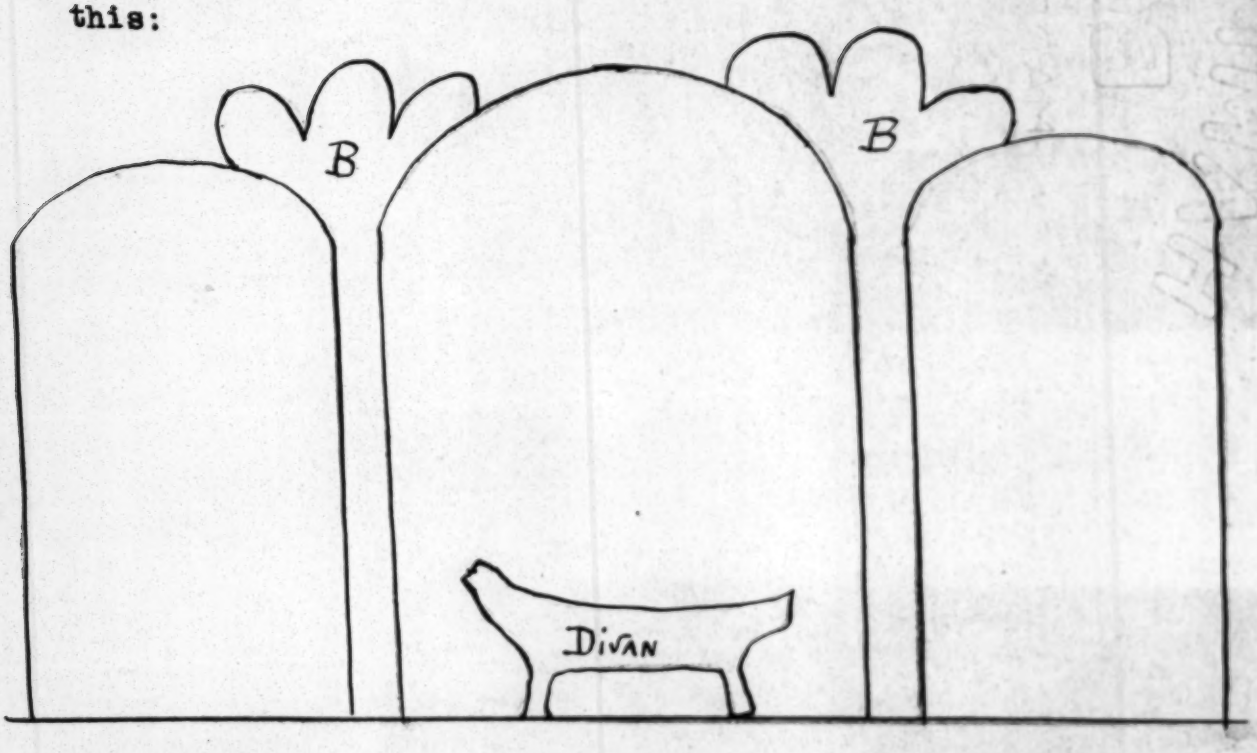
-by-

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois
~~W. E. B. DuBois~~

-------oOo---------

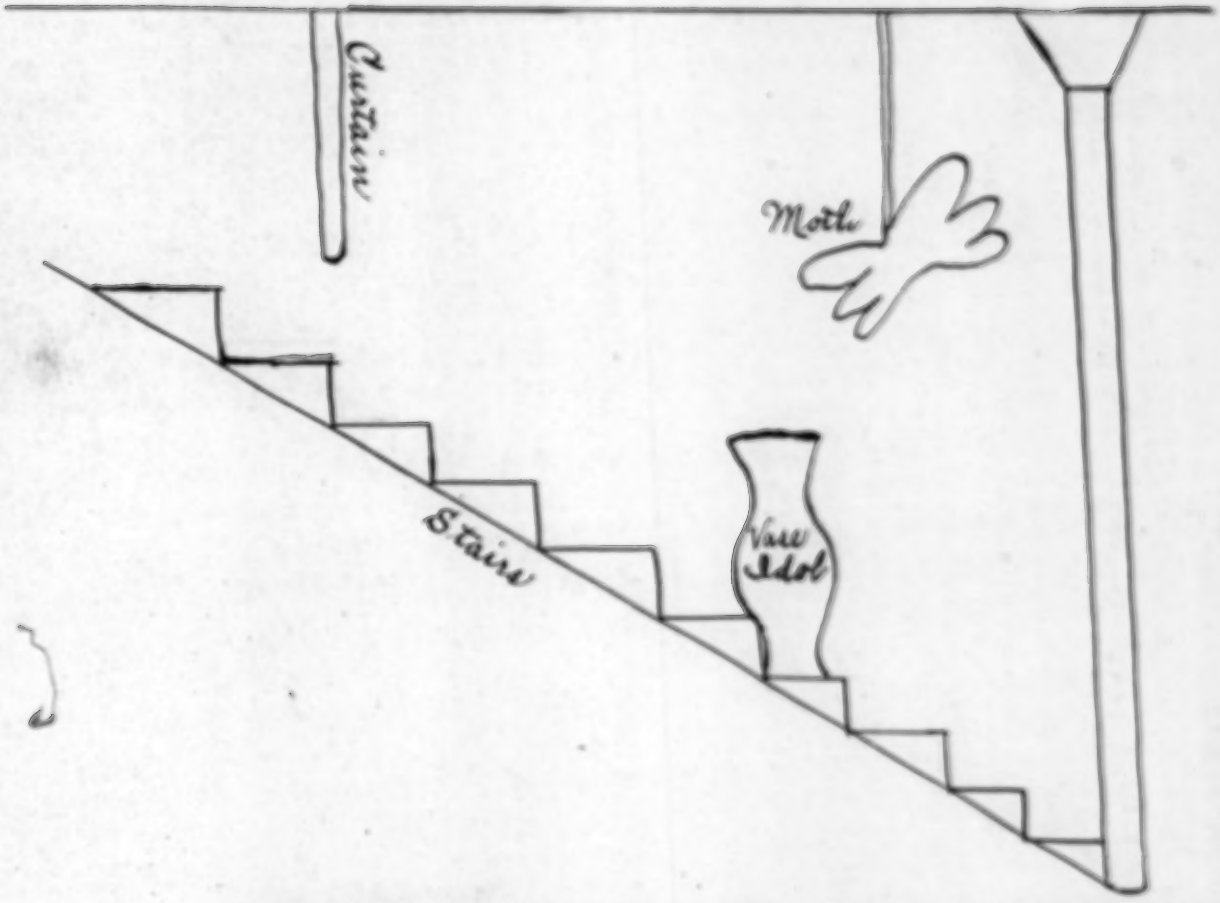
SCENERY

The scenery of this play is simple and all the changes are effected by electric lighting. The front elevation is this:



Changes in the lighting of the posts of the capitals, (B), can make pillars in a hall or palms in a forest. The fire-place need not be shown but indicated as back of one of the pillars facing the wings. The curtain is needed only at the opening and closing of the play, but can be used for scenes if wished.

The side elevation is this:



The stage must be deep enough for a staircase which will let the procession pass up out of sight of the audience, behind a black curtain.

The light motifs are blue light for Europe; yellow, for Asia; crimson, for Africa. The magic wheel can be suspended between the posts and the moth, as indicated.

America

(1)

I am the Son of Man:
Woman.
I am America
I am new new new
I am old old old.
Begot of endless Time & Endless Space.
Africa am I
and Asia
I am Europe
All are in all.
Out of the world's destruction I am born
I am America
I am free.

I am the hills & mines of light
Caverns and Caves of dying night
Jewels & Stars & chilly flames
Clamor & clang of clanking cliffs
Ends of the earth & Coast of shining seas

I am the towers tolling the hills
Flinging the bridges over flying seas
Over the torrents of rivers & rills

I am the cliffs & burning heads
The thunder of ramparts guarding the world
Hearing the hearts of city & sea

Wind + Wave of roaring steel
Shelling the night with seethe of sound
Grinding + grinding threes + threads
Smashing the heavens, shredding the seventh
Shivering silken silence & song.

I am the Cry of Niagara crashing ministo eternity
I am the shriek of the wind shod Gulf,
The ——— hymn of thunder cannons
and hills bearing human deeds to heaven

I am the lakes of the golden gale
And crimson sighs of the sea.

I am the bleating Yammering earth
Full + fierce with the throes of seed
I am the sky that counts the sun
Rosary the veiled sky stars
Bay flames of heaven

I laugh + scream + dance
Wild am I in the throes of love
I am the woman everlasting
I am America
Always + forever free

Anonymity, oblivion, monster, God —
Saviour and destroyer
Daughter of the Sun of Suns
Father of death

—

I am America
The Woman everlasting
The receiver the nurse the breeder
The bosom thighs & lips
The creature dead & buried
The risen living child.
I am the heart and guts of earth
Entrails of yearning dread & horror
Ghost of dead & dying flesh
Flesh of the risen soul.

DIRECTIONS

(The time is midnight of the day when, as many remember, Mrs. Smith gave her formal dinner to the witty and learned Chinese Ambassador. The last of her ~~rich and~~ distinguished guests are leaving, and she is standing by that famous Egyptian fire-place in the reception-hall. The fire-place with its sphinx motifs, is at the right of the audience, as the curtain rolls slowly up, and a low fire flames within it. Behind, in the center, rises a great carven staircase, stopping at a landing, where a Tiffany window gives on a balcony and winds ~~right and~~ left to the ~~rich~~ apartments above. The hall door on the left stands massive between giant carven pillars. There is little furniture:- a polished floor and a few rugs, a white alabaster vase on the right newel post of the staircase, a single ~~large framed~~ framed painting over the fire-place, ~~It is~~ a dim figure of a child with cavernous, old-looking eyes.

By the fire-place, her hand on ~~a carved~~ an old Egyptian chair, is Mrs. Smith - a noble figure, with gleaming flesh, black velvet, and ~~flawless~~ jewels. Her black piled hair is shot with silver, but her beautiful ~~high~~ ~~bred~~ face and luminous eyes are young. By the door is a Negro butler, lithe and darkly brown, close-curled of hair, and in a rich crimson livery. The voice of the hostess is heard in her final farewells)

PRELUDE

Mrs. Smith --- Yes, yes, good night. Oh, thank you -- so good of you -- yes, good night.

(Turns wearily back to the fire-place. The butler closes the door).

Yes, yes, good-night, good-bye, Delightful! Delightful! Good-bye. God speed you all! Ah!

(Sinks in chair by fire-place).

A bit of wine, Charles, please. Where is His Excellency?

Butler --- He has stepped out on the balcony, Madam.

America --- (chanting in vast monotone)

America → I am new, new, new. I am the Everyman; Woman

I am old, old, old,
Begot of endless time to endless space.
I am Africa,
I am Asia,
I am Europe,
I am all and in all.
Out of the world's destruction I am born.
I am America
I am free.

I am the hills and hives of light,
The caverns and cairns of dying night,
Jewels and stars and flitting flames,
Clamor and clang of climbing cliffs,
End of the earth and start of the shining sea!
I am the towers topping the hills
And flinging the bridges with flying hair
~~Over across~~ the torrents of river and ~~vale~~ rill;
~~I am the cliffs and burning peaks,~~
~~The thunder of ramparts guarding the world~~
~~Hardening the haunts of cities and Sin!~~
I am the thud of racing steel,
Splitting the night with seethe and sound,
Grinding and quivering throes and threads,
~~Sweeping~~ kneading the prairies ~~mending~~ sweeping the swamps,
Shivering sullen silence to song!
I am the cry of Niagara crushing the mists of eternity,
The shriek of rock ~~bound~~ torn coasts,
The song of ~~purple~~ silent canons,

America---(chanting in vast monotone)

I am the Son of Man: Woman.
I am new, new, new.
I am old, old, old,
Begot of endless time to endless space.
I am Africa,
I am Asia,
I am Europe,
I am all and in all.
Out of the world's destruction I am born.
I am America.
I am free.

I am the hills and hives of light,
The caverns and cairns of dying night,
Jewels and staffs and flitting flames,
Clamor and clang of climbing cliffs,
End of the earth and start of the shining sea!

I am the towers topping the hills
And flinging the bridges with flying hair
Over the torrent of river and rill.

I am the thud of racing steel,
Splitting the night with seethe and sound,
Grinding and quivering throes and threads,
Kneading the prairies sweeping the swamps,
Shivering sullen silends to song!

I am the cry of Niagara crushing the mists of eternity,
The shriek of rock-torn coasts,
The song of silent canons,
And harsh hills heaping heads to heaven,
I am the Lakes of the Golden Gate
And crimson cliffs of the Sea.

I am the bleating yammering earth
Full and fierce with the thrust of seed;
I am the sky that courts the sun,
Kissing the wild shy stars,
Boy flames of heaven!

I laugh and scream and laugh!
Thrill am I in the throat of love,---
I am the Woman Everlasting!
Mother of every race and hue
Infinite, Eternal, Boundless
I am might and yearning
Birth of Love and quiver of death
Unashamed and wanton will to create
I am Life!

Passion of all the passionate
Unfathered, unmothered, incarnate sex!
Innocent and nursed in sin,
Ugliness, beauty-bathed
And beauty, shot with pain;
I dip my dripping hands in hell
And gorge on hymning heavens.

And harsh hills heaping heads to heaven.

I am the Lakes of the Golden Gate ~~and crimson cliffs of the~~
And Crimson cliffs of the Sea
~~I am~~ Missouri's sodden flood
Ohio's pregnant fields of food
Pittsburgh's ~~iron~~ Coal and ~~coal~~ iron of hell
~~Mills where~~ with Coal New England grinds out cloth and crime.

I am the bleating yammering earth
Full and fierce with the thrust of seed;
I am the sky that courts the sun,
Kissing the wild shy stars,
Boy flames of heaven!
I laugh and ~~laugh~~ yawn and laugh!
Thrill am I in the throat of love,---
I am the Woman Everlasting!
Always and forever free!
I am the Harlot of Time;
~~I am the Mother of Life~~

Mother of every race and hue
Infinite, Eternal, boundless
I am might and yearning
Birth of Love and quiver of death
Unashamed and wanton will to create
I am Life!
~~I am~~ Passion of all the passionate
Unfathered, unmothered, incarnate sex!
Innocent and nursed in sin.
~~I am~~ Ugliness, beauty-bathed
and
~~I am~~ beauty, shot with pain;
I dip my dripping hands in hell
And gorge on hymning heavens.

I love, I lynch, I burn, I weep!
Anomaly, dilemna, death and life
Savior of the world, am I--
I am the Universe—
The world is dead
I am ~~son~~ daughter of the Son of Suns
I am America
I am the last shrill knife of pain
The first mad thrill of pleasure
I am all and in all
I am courage, fearless of dark and death
I am cowardice
Cowering before the flying word and lifted brow.
I am the woman everlasting
The receiver, the nurser, the brooder
The bosom, arms, and lips
The crucified, dead and buried
The risen living Child.
I am the heart and guts of earth
The entrails of yearning dread and hope
The spirit of dead and dying flesh
The flesh of the soul
Be ashamed of me, ye shameless
I lie with all mankind
And give the ~~bounding~~ Bountiful beauty of my breast
And the ~~rich~~ mighty fruit of my ~~mighty~~ rich loins
~~To whom I will.~~ To all the Earth
I am the prostitute of nations;
and glory in my shame,—
I am America.
I am free.

I love, I lynch, I burn, I weep!
Anomaly, dilemma, death and life
Savior of the world, am I--
I am the woman everlasting
The receiver, the nurser, the breeder
The bosom, arms, and lips
The crucified, dead and buried
The risen living Child.

Be ashamed of me, ye shameless
I lie with all mankind
And give the surgent beauty of my breast
And the mighty fruit of my rich loins
To all the Earth.
I am the prostitute of nations;
And glory in my shame,
I am America.
I am free.

America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.
(Staggering) I die!
The sin of the world drops on me.
The nail is in my heart,
And on my head the hot-horror
Of thorns--thorns--thorns!

In time and eternity,
I mate with whom I will;
I wallow in madness of joy!
I shriek in fullness of pain!
I am free!
Free to sin and sulk and sanctify,
To be good, bad, fair and ugly,
Free to be!
Come forth ye hypocrites!
Behold my mighty limbs!
My bounding breasts,
My great round navel!
Sweat, smirk and stew in your vile souls,
For I am virgin,---
Not in ignorance but knowledge;
Not in empty unfulfillment;
But in fulness of love and ~~true and beautiful~~ ugliness of passion.
I am America—I am free!

~~The voice of~~
All-Mother --- America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

~~The voice of~~
Europe --- (Staggering) I die!
The sin of the world drops on me.
The nail is in my heart,
And on my head the hot-horror
Of thorns--thorns--thorns!

America, blood of all blood and flesh of all flesh, ~~would you~~ ~~be nothing!~~ ~~Make~~ my dreams! ~~God knight Time, Eternity.~~ ~~[illegible]~~ (Dies, stretched on the Sphere. The sudden sound above him forcing the sentence)

(Day-horns. ~~Crimson wings, backed by~~ a whirling wheel of steel ~~with~~ and spitting wires, drops from the sky. America raises her bleeding sword)

America -- I go to ~~place the world on~~ sit upon the empty throne of God.

All-Mother ---Blasphemer: God sits and rules above!

America --- Fool! God waits and wants below

Silence! I go. Europe, arise!

(America touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword. He rises ~~with~~ ~~from the dead.~~ ~~With whirr of wings.~~ America mounts, ~~on~~ The skies ~~black Cumulus~~ airplane ~~and circles in the air.~~ ~~Europe stops.~~ Day brightens and great silver wings, ~~with whirring wheels, drop from the heavens.~~ With closed eyes and staggering feet, Europe mounts after America ~~enters the airplane,~~ hurling as he passes the All-Mother prone.)

All-Mother ---Europe! dost thou live?

Europe --- I doom, I live, I will! ~~the scene behind~~ (America ~~, who~~ again waves her sword. A drop of blood falls on the bier of Asia.)

America --- ~~(Faintly, as she flies!~~ (Faintly) Up, Asia, on!

(The corpse of Asia sweeps majestically to its feet holding the flashing mirror, with golden wings ~~The yellow sunlight of high noon envelopes the world and great golden wings and wheels rise to Asia's feet.~~ Asia passes beside the All-Mother. ~~opening his eyes slowly.~~ She raises herself.)

All-Mother ---Art thou gone, Asia?

Asia --- I go!

All-Mother ---Art thou dead, Asia.

The voice of Asia --- I ~~was~~ am dead.

All-Mother ---What do the dead, Asia.

THE ALL MOTHER

A Play

With Prelude, Four Scenes, A Vision and Postlude.

892-9-14

PERSONS:

FIRST CHARACTER — Mrs. Henry Hatfield Smith

and

SECOND CHARACTER — THE ALL MOTHER

Mr. Henry Hatfield Smith, Broker

and

THIRD CHARACTER — EUROPE

Charles Johnson, Butler,

and

FOURTH CHARACTER — AFRICA

His Excellency, the Chinese Ambassador,

and

FIFTH CHARACTER — ASIA

A Picture, a Child

and

AMERICA, a woman.

41-6-262

THE ALL MOTHER

A PLAY

With a Prelude, four Scenes, a Vision and Postlude.

PERSONS

FIRST CHARACTER — Mrs. Henry Hatfield Smith and The All-Mother

SECOND CHARACTER — Mr. Henry Hatfield Smith, Brother, and Europe

THIRD CHARACTER — Charles Johnson, Butler, and Africa.

FOURTH CHARACTER — His Excellency, the Chinese Ambassador, and Asia

FIFTH CHARACTER — A Picture, A Child and America.

W. E. B. DuBois
69 Fifth Avenue
New York City.

THE ALL MOTHER

* * * * *

A PLAY

with Prelude, Four Scenes, A Vision and Postlude.

PERSONS:

FIRST CHARACTER - - Mrs. Henry Hatfield Smith

and

THE ALL MOTHER

SECOND CHARACTER- - Mr. Henry Hatfield Smith, Broker

and

EUROPE

THIRD CHARACTER - - Charles Johnson, Butler,

and

AFRICA

FOURTH CHARACTER- - His Excellency, the Chinese Ambassador,

and

ASIA

FIFTH CHARACTER - - A Picture, ~~a Child~~ a Child,

and

AMERICA, a woman.

* * * * * *

DIRECTIONS

Prelude

(The time is midnight of the day when, as many remember, Mrs. Smith gave her formal dinner to the witty and learned Chinese Ambassador. The last of her rich and distinguished guests are leaving, and she is standing by that famous Egyptian fire-place in the reception-hall. The fire-place, with its sphinx motifs, is at the right of the audience, as the curtain rolls slowly up, and a low fire flames within it. Behind, in the center, rises a wide carven staircase, stopping at a landing, where a Tiffany window gives on a balcony and then winds right and left to the apartments above. The hall door on the left stands massive between giant, carven pillars. There is little furniture; a polished floor and a few rugs, a white alabaster vase on the right newel post of the staircase, a single, large, framed painting over the fire-place, a dim figure of a child with cavernous, old-looking eyes.

By the fire-place, her hand on a great Egyptian chair, is Mrs. Smith - a noble figure, with gleamy flesh, black velvet, and timeless jewels. Her black piled hair is shot with silver, but her beautiful high-bred face and luminous eyes are young. By the door is a Negro butler, lithe and darkly brown, close-curled of hair, and in a rich crimson livery. The voice of the hostess is heard in her final farewells)

PRELUDE

Mrs. Smith --- Yes, yes, good-night. Oh, thank you — so good of you — yes, good night.

(Turns wearily back to the fire-place. The butler closes the door).

Yes, yes, good-night, good-bye. Delightful! Delightful! Good-bye. God speed you all! Ah!

(Sinks in chair by fire-place).

A bit of wine, Charles, please. Where is His Excellency?

Butler --- He has stepped out on the balcony, Madam.

PRELUDE

The time is midnight of the day when, as many remember, Mrs. Hatfield Smith gave her formal dinner to the witty and learned Chinese Ambassador. The last of her rich and distinguished guests are leaving, and she is standing by that famous Egyptian fire-place in the reception-hall. The fire-place, with its sphinx motifs, is at the right of the audience, as the curtain rolls slowly up, and a low fire flames within it. Behind, in the center, rises a wide, carven staircase, stopping at a landing, where a Tiffany window gives on a balcony and then winds right and left to the apartments above. The hall door on the left stands massive between giant, warvan pillars. There is little furniture; a polished floor and a few rugs, a white alabaster vase on the right newel post of the staircase, a single, large, framed painting over the fire-place. It is a dim figure of a child with cavernous, old-looking eyes.

By the fire-place, her hand on a great Egyptian chair, is Mrs. Smith - a noble figure, with gleaming flesh, black velvet, and priceless jewels. Her black piled hair is shot with silver, but her beautiful highbred face and luminous eyes are young. By the door is a Negro butler, lithe and darkly brown, close-curled of hair, and in a rich crimson livery. The voice of the hostess is heard in her final farewells:

PRELUDE

Mrs. Smith---Yes, yes, good-night. Oh, thank you--so good of you--yes, good night.

(Turns wearily back to the fire-place. The butler closes the door).

Yes, yes, good-night, good-bye. Delighted! Delightful! Good-bye. God speed you all! Ah!

(Sinks into a chair by fire-place).

A bit of wine, Charles, please. Where is His Excellency?

Butler ---

He has stepped out on the balcony, Madam.

Africa --- It calls! I go!

All-Mother --- Wait! Leave me not! Whither goest thou?

Africa --- The song! The song! Hearest thou not the song?

(The melody again).

Africa --- (Chanting)

I heard a singing low,
singing in the wilderness!

Africa --- (Speaks)

And at that song's beginning sits a voice,
And in the voice doth circle sooth a soul!
And in that soul's self-center, nestles love ---
I go to find my love, for she is mine,
And life is ours,
And I am hers --
I, Africa!

All-Mother --- Africa, I, too, will come and seek thy love.
I come! Sphinx, I go!

(The eyes of the Sphinx glow)

I come - I go - life is love -
Life is love? But life is not love!
Life?
Why life -

(Exit Africa).

Is cold and hate,
Flame and pain,
Dread and guile,
Age and treachery,
Death and mockery!
I tell thee, Africa,-
Once in a forest-fastness, hell-begot ---
Africa! Africa!

31-11-95

And thoughts of love -
What, then, is deed and doing?

Europe --- Out with your prattle. Look you! I have a wheel; a wonder-wheel of steel-frozen flame and pierced with hardened sunbeams welded sturdily together.
See it? With it I can twist the ends of earth together. With it I can throw words to the stars; around it I can curl the thunderbolts of heaven in sputtering slavery. But, hearken! Its needs but one thing more --- wings! Hear you? Wings! It wants wings! Once winged it will fly. It will carry things, words, souls, - whither I will, and in the end it will fetch life! Hearest thou,-life itself! All I need is more of a thing called gold - knowest thou gold?

All-Mother --- (Abstracted) I know not gold ——
Life is love
And dreams of love
And deeds turn dreams to doing!

(Excitedly)
The way! The way! Have I not found the way?
Forget me, O my Sin!
Listen, O boy, O wonder-boy, this is the end of deed, is it not?

Europe --- What?

All-Mother --- Love and dreams of love?

Europe --- No!

All-Mother --- What, then? Why do men deeds?

Europe --- For the world's work,
To live and dig and push,
To eat and drink and move,
To shelter, clothe and feed
— To live!

31-11-1

I am the Woman Everlasting!
9 am the Herbs 9 Trees
Mother of every race and hue
Infinite, Eternal, Boundless
I am might and yearning
Birth of Love and quiver of death
Unashamed and wanton will to create
I am Life!

Passion of all the passionate
Unfathered, unmothered, incarnate sex!
Innocent and nursed in sin.
Ugliness, beauty-bathed
And beauty, shot with pain;
I dip my dripping hands in hell
And gorge on hymning heavens.

I love, I lynch, I burn, I weep!
Anomaly, dilemna, death and life
Savior of the world, am I---
I am the woman everlasting:
The receiver, the nurser, the brooder
The bosom, arms, and lips
The crucified, dead and buried
The risen living Child.

Be ashamed of me, ye shameless
I lie with all mankind
And give the surgent beauty of my breast
And the mighty fruit of my rich loins

To all Earth.

I am the prostitute of nations;

And glory in my shame,

I am America,

I am free.

All-Mother---America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

Europe--(Staggering) I die!

The sin of the world drops on me.

The nail is in my heart,

And on my head the hot-horror

Of thorns--thorns--thorns!

America, blood of all blood and flesh of all flesh, would you steal my dreams? Out, World! Let there be nothing!

(Dies, stretched on the Sphinx, the mother bowed above him facing the audience)

(High noon. An airplane with a whirling wheels of blue steel and spitting wires, drops from the sky. America raises her bleeding sword.)

America---I go to mount the empty throne of God and lead the world to Life Eternal

All-Mother---Blasphemer: God sits and rules above!

America--- Fool! God waits and wants below. Silence!

I go. Europe, arise!

(American touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword. With whirr of wing, America mounts her air plane and circles in the air. Europe struggles up and gropes. Day brightens, and a second plane with

To all Earth.

I am the prostitute of nations;

And glory in my shame.

I am America.

I am free.

All-Mother---America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

Europe--(Staggering) I die!

The sin of the world drops on me.

The nail is in my heart,

And on my head the hot-horror

Of thorns--thorns--thorns!

America, blood of all blood and flesh of all flesh, would you steal my dreams? Out, World! Let there be nothing!

41-6-356

(Dies, stretched on the Sphinx, the mother bowed above him facing the audience)

(High noon. An airplane with a whirling wheels of blue steel and spitting wings, drops from the sky. America raises her bleeding sword.)

America---I go to mount the empty throne of God and lead the world to Life Eternal

All-Mother---Blasphemer: God sits and rules above!

America--- Fool! God waits and wants below. Silence!

I go. Europe, arise!

(American touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword. With whirr of wing, America mounts her plane and circles in the air. Europe stirs, rises and stretches. Day brightens, and a second plane with

To all Earth,

I am the prostitute of nations;

And glory in my shame,

I am America,

I am free.

All-Mother--- America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

Europe-- (Staggering) I die:

The sin of the world drops on me.

The nail is in my heart,

And on my head the hot-horror

Of thorns--thorns--~~thorns~~!

America, blood of all blood and flesh of all flesh, would you steal my dreams? Out, World! Let there be nothing!

(Dies, stretched on the Sphinx, the mother bowed above him facing the audience)

(High noon. An airplane with a whirling wheels of blue steel and spitting wires, drops from the sky. America raises her bleeding sword.)

America --- I go to ~~strike upon~~ the empty throne of God~~s~~ beside the world's Dark Council

All-Mother--- Blasphemer: God sits and rules above:

America--- Fool! God waits and wants below. Silence: I go. Europe, arise:

(America touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword, ~~Europe rises with bowed shoulders.~~ ~~Europe moves forward and stands.~~ Europe rises. With whirr of wing, America mounts her airplane and circles in the air. Europe struggles up and gropes. Day brightens and ~~a~~ lamper silver wings ~~with~~ whirring wheels, drop from the heavens. With closed eyes and staggering feet, Europe enters the ~~circle as America passes~~ the All-Mother prone.

silver wings, and whirring wheels drops from the heavens. With great eyes the [illegible] Europe covers the corpse, surveys it, and passes the All-Mother press.

All-Mother—Europe! dost thou live?

Europe—— I doom, I live, I will!

(He scurs following America, who again waves her sword. A drop of blood falls on the dial of Asia.

America—(faintly) as she flees) Up, Asia, on!

(The corpse of Asia with golden wings [illegible] to its feet holding the flash- [illegible] the voice [illegible] of his eyes [illegible] golden wings and wheels [illegible] Asia pauses beside the All-Mother. She raises [illegible]

All-Mother—— Art thou gone, Asia?

Asia—— I go!

All-Mother—— Art thou dead, Asia?

The voice of
Asia..... ——I am dead.

All-Mother——What do the dead, Asia?

Asia—— They dream and surge toward life.

All-Mother—— And they that live?——what do the living?

Asia—— They dream and surge toward death.

All-Mother—— And how, then, differ Death and Life?

Asia—— They differ not at all.

(Asia mounts after the others. Night falls. [illegible] a star is low, circling [illegible] rises, rises the [illegible] [illegible] a voice cries [illegible] [illegible] wings. Dark with purple [illegible] flies slowly by on wings of fire. [illegible]

41-6-353

All-Mother--- Europe! dost thou live?

Europe--- I doom, I live, I will!

(America again waves her sword. A drop of blood falls on the bier of Asia.)

America---(Faintly) Up, Asia, on!

(The corpse of Asia with golden wings sweeps majestically to its feet holding the flashing mirror. Asia pauses beside the All-Mother. She raises herself.)

All-Mother--- Art thou gone, Asia?

Asia-- I go!

All-Mother--- Art thou dead, Asia?

The voice of Asia --- I am dead.

All-Mother--- What do the dead, Asia?

Asia--- They dream and surge toward life.

All-Mother--- And they that live---what do the living?

Asia--- They dream and surge toward death.

All-Mother--- And how, then, differ Death and Life?

Asia--- They differ not at all.

(Asia mounts after the others. Night falls. Far above on the stairs flashes the bleeding sword of America; but no drop comes back. A great drop of blood splashes on Africa's face. [illegible] giant crimson wings [illegible] his gorgeous panoply [illegible] blood.)

All-Mother--- Africa, leavest thou me in this lone land?

(Africa bends lovingly above her and raising her in his arms, lays her on the Sphinx.)

Africa--- Listen to the morning stars.

All-Mother--- (Faintly) What say the stars, Africa?

Africa--- They sing together and above them rings the joyous shout of mighty millions. I seek the stars.

nlight of high-noon envelopes the world and a flame-wh
ls rise to Asia's feet. ~~Asia-powers-twelde~~

Far away like a star in low,
, ever-rising flight, flashes the flaming sword of America; but
comes back. Giant wings, black with burnished velvet pinions,
owly by on wheels of fire. Quickly Africa leaps to his feet,
eous panoply splashed with blood.

All-Mother--- And I - - I die.

(She sighs, stiffens, and closes weary eyes. The light of the moon pours down.)
(Africa lights the funeral pyre about her body, and the flames curl up about her.)

Africa--- Mother of men and wife of Almighty God, sleep on forever.

(Slowly the great procession led by the airplane mounts to the stars of light above. There comes the solemn march, "Walk Together Children" without words but with full orchestra and drums. Dimly one descries sweeping from the stars a mighty escort, but whether of angels or airplanes, none can tell.)

(Silence)

(The voice of Africa drifts faintly down)

The voice of Africa--- It is finished. Out world. Let there be nothing! Good night, Time--Eternity, Good morning.

(With a rending crash, the world falls.)

(Slowly the great black airplane with the corpse of ~~the All-Mother and~~ Africa rises toward the spirals ~~stars~~ of light. ~~Must~~ cease their circling and head straight to the North Star. Dimly one descries sweeping from other stars a mighty escort, but whether of angels or airplanes, none can tell.

All-Mother-----Africa, leavest thou me in this lone land?

(Africa bends lovingly above her and raising her in his arms, lays her on the Sphinx.)

Africa--- Listen to the morning stars.

All-Mother-- (Faintly) What say the stars, Africa?

Africa----- They sing together and above them rings the joyous shout of eight millions. I seek the stars.

All-Mother--- And I - - I die.

(She sighs, stiffens, and closes weary eyes. The light of the moon pours down.)

(Africa lights the funeral pyre about her body, and the flames curl up about her.)

Africa---- Mother of men and wife of Almighty God, sleep on forever.

(Slowly the great black airplane with the corpse of Africa rises toward the spirals of light, that are the planes of America, Europe and Asia. They cease their circling and head straight toward the North Star. Dimly one descries sweeping from other stars a mighty escort, but whether of angels or airplanes, none can tell.

(Silence)

(The voice of Africa drifts faintly down)

The voice of Africa---- It is finished. Out world. Let there be nothing! Good night, Time--Eternity, Good morning.

(With a rending crash, the world falls.)

41-6-354

Clamor and clang of climbing cliffs,
End of the earth and start of the shining seal

I am the towers topping the hills
And flinging the bridges with flying hair
Over the torrent of river and rill.

I am the thud of racing steel,
Splitting the night with seethe and sound,
Grinding and quivering throes and threads,
Kneading the prairies, sweeping the swamps,
Shivering sullen silence to song!

I am the cry of Niagara crushing the mists of eternity,
The shriek of rock-torn coasts,
The song of silent canons,
And harsh hills heaping heads to heaven,
I am the Lakes of the Golden Gate
And crimson cliffs of the sea.

I am the bleating yammering earth
Full and fierce with the thrust of seed;
I am the sky that courts the sun,
Kissing the wild shy stars,
Boy flames of heaven!

I laugh I scream I cry!
Thrill am I in the throat of love,---
Sob in the heart of hate.

Be ashamed of me ye shameless
I lie with all mankind
I give the surgent beauty of my breast
And mighty fruit of my rich loins.

26h-9-1h

Clamor and clang of climbing cliffs,
End of the earth and start of the shining sea!

I am the towers topping the hills
And flinging the bridges with flying hair
Over the torrent of river and rill.

I am the thud of racing steel,
Splitting the night with seethe and sound,
Grinding and quivering throes and threads,
Kneading the prairies, sweeping the swamps,
Shivering sullen silence to song!

I am the cry of Niagara crushing the mists of
eternity,
The shriek of rock-torn coasts,
The song of silent canons,
And harsh hills heaping heads to heaven,
I am the Lakes of the Golden Gate
And crimson cliffs of the sea.

I am the bleating yammering earth
Full and fierce with the thrust of seed;
I am the sky that courts the sun,
Kissing the wild shy stars,
Boy flames of heaven!

I laugh ~~and~~ 9 scream ~~and laugh~~ 9 cry!

Thrill am I in the throat of love,---
Sob in the heart of hate.

Be ashamed all ye shameless
I bless much all mankind
I give the surgent beauty of my breast
And mighty pound of my rich loins

41-6-180

To all Earth
I am the prostitute of nations:
And glory in my shame,
I am free!
In time and in eternity
I mate with whom I will
I wallow in madness of Joy
I shriek in fullness of pain
Passion of all the passionate
Unfathered, unmothered, incarnate sex
Innocence nursed in sin
Ugliness, beauty bathed
Beauty shot with pain.
I dip my hands in hell
And gorge on hymning heavens
I love, I lynch, I burn, I weep,—
I am America,
I am free.

All-Mother. America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

Europe. (Staggering) I die!
The sin of the world drops on me.
The nail is in my heart,
And on my head the hot-horror
Of thorns—thorns—thorns!
America, blood of all blood and flesh of all
flesh, would you steal my dreams? Out, World!
Let there be nothing!
(Falls gasping as the All-Mother bends. Day breaks.)

America. I go to mount the empty throne of God and lead the world
to Life Eternal.

All-Mother. Blasphemer. God sits and rules above!

America. Fool! God waits and wants below. Silence!
I go. Europe, arise!
(America mounts the airplane. She touches the
corpse of Europe with her sword. Europe struggles
up and groping enters the plane.)

To all Earth
I am the prostitute of nations:
And glory in my shame.
I am free!
In time and in eternity
I mate with whom I will
I wallow in madness of Joy
I shriek in fullness of pain

41-6-162

Passion of all the passionate
unfathered, misunderstood, incarnate sex
Innocence sinned in sin
ugliness beauty-bathed
Beauty shot with hate & fear.

I dish my hands in hell
and gorge on hymning heavens
I love, I hymn, I burn, I reek, —

I am America,
I am free.

All-Mother—America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

Europe—(Staggering) I die!
The sin of the world drops on me.
The nail is in my heart,
And on my head the hot-horror
Of thorns—thorns—thorns!
America, blood of all blood and flesh of all
flesh, would you steal my dreams? Out,
World! Let there be nothing!

~~(Falls gasping as the All-Mother bends~~
~~Bloody sweat-bad on the Spirit, the mother~~
~~bowed above him feeding the unborn.)~~ Day breaks.

~~(Night comes. An airplane with a whirling wheels of blue~~
~~steel and spitting wires, drops from the sky.~~
~~America raises her bleeding sword.)~~

Do not underline

America—I go to mount the empty throne of God and lead the world to Life Eternal.

All-Mother—Blasphemer: God sits and rules above!

America—Fool! God waits and wants below. Silence!
I go. Europe, arise!

~~(America touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword.~~
~~With a shiver of wing, America~~ mounts her airplane ~~and circles~~
~~in the air.~~ Europe struggles up and gropes ~~Day brightens, and~~
~~a second plane with Orders the flame~~

She touches the corpse of Europe with her sword as she mounts

All-Mother---Europe! dost thou live?

Europe---- I doom, I live, I will!

All-Mother--- Art thou gone, Asia?

Asia--- I go!

All-Mother--- Art thou dead, Asia?

The voice of
Asia..... ---I am dead.

All-Mother----What do the dead, Asia?

Asia---- They dream and surge toward life.

All-Mother--- And they that live ---what do the living?

Asia---- They dream and surge toward death.

All-Mother--- And how, then, differ Death and Life?

Asia----- They differ not at all.

All-Mother. Europe! Dost thou still live?

Europe. I doom, I live, I will!

(America, bending, lets a drop of blood fall on the bier of Asia.

America. Up, Asia, on!

(The body of Asia with closed eyes sweeps majestically to its feet holding the flashing mirror. The sunlight of high noon flashes.)

All-Mother. Art thou gone, Asia?

Asia. I go!

All-Mother. Art thou dead, Asia?

The Voice of Asia. I am dead.

All-Mother. What do the dead, Asia?

Asia. They dream and surge toward death.

All-Mother. And how, then, differ Death and Life?

Asia. They differ not at all.

(Asia mounts the airplane with the others. Night falls. One hears the whir of the motor as the airplane trembles. America lets fall a second drop of blood on the tomb of Africa. With closed eyes Africa leaps to his feet, his gorgeous panoply all splashed with blood.)

41-6-181

All-Mother-----Africa, leavest thou me in this lone land?

(Africa, pauses as he passes bends lovingly above her and raising her in his arms, lays her on the Sphinx.)

Africa--- Listen to the morning stars.

All-Mother-- (Faintly) What say the stars, Africa?

Africa----- They sing together and above them rings the joyous shout of mighty millions. I seek the stars.

All-Mother--- And I - - I die.

(She sighs, stiffens, and closes weary eyes. The light of the moon pours down.)

(Africa lights the funeral pyre about her body, and the flames curl up about her.)

Africa---- Mother of men and wife of Almighty God, sleep on forever.

(Slowly the great ~~black~~ airplane with ~~the corpse of Africa~~ rises ~~toward the spirals of light that are the planes of America, Europe and Asia. They cease their circling and head southward toward the North Star~~. Dimly one descries sweeping ~~from other stars~~ a mighty escort, but whether of angels or airplanes, none can tell.

(Silence)

(The voice of Africa drifts faintly down)

The voice of Africa---- It is finished. Out world. Let there be nothing! Good night, Time--Eternity, Good morning.

(With a rending crash, the world falls.)

41-6-164

All-Mother. Africa, leavest thou me in this lone land?

(Africa pauses as he passes, bends lovingly above her and raising her in his arms, lays her on the Sphinx.)

Africa. Listen to the morning stars.

All-Mother. (Faintly) What say the stars, Africa?

Africa. They sing together and above them rings the joyous shout of mighty millions. I seek the stars.

All-Mother. And I—I die.

(She sighs, stiffens, and closes weary eyes. The light of the moon pours down.)

(Africa lights the funeral pyre about her body, and the flames curl up about her.)

Africa. Mother of men and wife of Almighty God, sleep on forever.

(Slowly the great airplane rises. Dimly one descries sweeping down from the skies an mighty escort, but whether of angels or airplanes, none can tell.)

(Silence)

(The voice of Africa drifts faintly down.)

The Voice of Africa. It is finished. Out world. Let there be nothing! Good night, Time-Eternity. Good morning.

(With rending crash, the world falls.)

41-9-182

I thank you, Charles. No, no more--it grows late--

what?

But midnight still? How long a midnight! My watch has surely stopped--(starts) the mirror!

Butler --- You dropped it, Madam.

Mrs. Smith --- Yes, yes, Charles; you recite well, very well; there is a depth and realness such as seldom lies in mere recitation. I saw it all--all, with a vividness that was----startling! Yes, Charles, you must study---you must rise! You have great talent---far greater than I dreamed was possible for a ------for you.

(Butler starts to speak---she motions to silence)

Bring me my check-book!

Butler --- Madam, you mistake;---I am no begger.

Mrs. Smith--How, now sir; did you not ask for help?

Butler --- Yes, Madam; but the help I need is opportunity---not--gold!

Mrs. Smith---(dreamily) Gold? Blood and tears! And it is tears thou wilt? I know where lurk the tears of all sad women since old time begun. 'Tis a league this side the world's wild---

Mr. H. Smith---You better get to bed, old girl, or you'll get cold. (aside) Why, hello! Here's his nibs!

Mrs. Smith---(starting) Asia! ++ Your Excellency, was it not wonderful?

The Ambassador---It was full of wonders. Good-night. See, a storm brews--I seek the kingdoms of forgetting.

Mrs. Smith--(dreamily) All pain is thought;

And thought is pain,

And happiness, forgetting---

31-11-96

On. Asia, on! We seek---

Mr. Smith---Good-night, Your Highness. Come, Nell, you're getting dippy; let's get up stairs!

Mrs. Smith---Go--I come.

(Mr. Smith goes up-stairs. The Butler starts to raise the fallen picture. Mrs. Smith stops him)

Charles, if it is not money you need, how can I help?

Butler ---You were good enough to say I have some little talent?

Mrs. Smith---You have great talent -- a talent almost genius!

Butler---Then, Madam, open the world's doors to me! Give me opportunity, breath, -- a man's chance, a world-way to the stars!

Mrs. Smith---Why, go take it, make a way---

Butler --- No, Madam, not against the combined contempt and disbelief of all man-kind---as you yourself said but a moment ago: "Who would go to hear a Negro Actor?" Where shall I even find a place to try?

Mrs. Smith --- Said I that? It must have been long ago--long ago. And yet, Charles, I know how dead is the wall that faces you. But I'll try to read it for you. It will be hard--bitter hard, for your face doth darkly veil your soul in all the blind world's eyes! But I'll try--- I'll more than try--I'll do the deed--I WILL!

Butler---I thank you, Madam.

Mrs. Smith--Wait, Charles; --something there is that I long wished to ask you---and dared not. Tonight somehow it seems easier---what is it, Charles, that seems, and ever has seemed, so strangely familiar in your face? I have seen it this whole year that you have spent here--what is it? Where have I seen you before?

Lg-11-je

To all Earth

I am the prostitute of nations:

And glory in my shame.

In time and in eternity

I mate with whom I will

I wallow in madness of Joy

I shriek in fullness of pain

I am free

I am America,

I am free.

41-6-272

All-Mother—America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

Europe—(Staggering) I die!

The sin of the world drops on me.

The nail is in my heart,

And on my head the hot-horror

Of thorns—thorns—thorns!

America, blood of all blood and flesh of all

flesh, would you steal my dreams? Out,

World! Let there be nothing!

(Dies, stretched on the Sphinx, the mother bowed above him facing the audience)

(High noon. An airplane with a whirling wheels of blue steel and spitting wires, drops from the sky. America raises her bleeding sword.)

America—I go to mount the empty throne of God and lead the world to Life Eternal.

All-Mother—Blasphemer: God sits and rules above!

America—Fool! God waits and wants below. Silence!

I go. Europe, arise!

(American touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword.) With a whirr of wing, America mounts her airplane and circles in the air. Europe struggles up and gropes. Day brightens, and a second plane with

30-1-109

The Vision

Black darkness; nothing is seen.

The voice---How dark it is---Ah!
Of Europe
Death sits beside me!
And Pain, his great prime minister,
Stands silent by his side,
Gripping his mighty hands!
How dark it is! (He pauses)
Hell is loose within me!
I hear the thunder of eternal guns!
My guts are rent in sunder!
Lightnings leap from vein to vein---
And all the blood of all the world
Beats in mine eyes---
Oh, Europe is with Europe all at war!

(One hears him fall. After a pause)

Mother!

The voice of
All-Mother---I have killed thee,- Oh, my son!
The voice of
Europe-------You did not kill me--I killed myself. Death is failure!
I failed.

I dreamed as never mortal dreamed before. My very death is splendid. I shall not all die. Long years my ghost shall haunt the earth and bear my name. To time's dark end, there shall be men who never know my death. But, All-Mother, turn, look eastward! What see you?

The voice of
All-Mother---I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies
A
the mighty corpse of Asia -- dead!

(Dimly one sees the great view of Asia on the right)

The voice of
Europe-----Dead? It is well!

But, mother--mother! Quick! Look into the black South--
tell, me, and truly,--what do you find?

The voice of
All Mother-----I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies
the mighty frame of Africa--dead!

(Dimly one sees the great view of Africa on the left)

The voice of
Europe---------Dead! But, All-Mother, hearken! Hearken toward the West--
No,-quick! Your hand--rise me--look--
Westward, All-Mother -- no-not-yet, but--
now--now (Shrieks) Now, look into the crimson
West, All-Mother. What --what is there?

The voice of
All-Mother-----I see the wide earth weeping tears, and on its breast a
great white vase of block.

(Dimly one sees the tall white vase in the center)

The voice of
Europe--------Look! Look again! Peer within the vase what comes?

The voice of
All-Mother----I see in front sweet fields and hills and singing waters--
and then-back-behind-

The coive of
All-Mother----I see armies-endless armies of children-children, children
everywhere-dead and living, crippled and whole, poor and
rich, born and unborn - yellow, white, and black-everywhere
children - and this child!

Voice of
Europe--------God! I knew it! Look again; who leads? Who beckons them
on?

The voice of
All-Mother----There comes, me seems, a world-old man across the earth.
I know his eyes--where have I known his eyes? Nay, it is
no man. It is a child! It is an elf-child! Its baby
eyes, God-lit, look out from locks of hoary age! It is
thine own child, Europe; it is America! Just is it born--
yet is it old as hell!

The voice of
Europe--------(Calm and still) Have done! The end is near.

30-1-110

30-1-111

Death has girded his loins and pain is sudden still.

Voice of
All-Mother--Tell me of this, thy son? What is America?

Voice of
Europe------I told you this is my - son.

The voice of
All-Mother--Whence came this child?

The voice of
Europe------I raped it of Mother Earth herself.

The voice of
All-Mother--You -- You? Was it you? Incestuous hound of hell!
I am--All-Mother--Earth!

The voice of
Europe------You! --

The voice of
All-Mother--God pity me! My sin is bare!

The voice of
Europe------Her hair was midnight.

The voice of
All-Mother--You stung it white!

The voice of
Europe------Her eyes were stars.

The voice of
All-Mother--You dimmed their holy light!

The voice of
Europe------But she was young

The voice of
All-Mother--You made me live then thousand years!

The voice of
Europe------She was no man's bride.-

The voice of
All-Mother--Nay! I was bride of Almighty God!

The voice of
Europe------Ah!--Then must America die?

The voice of
All-Mother--Then must America die! She is a thing accursed.
Happy the hand that kills her and thee!

The voice of
Europe------Then must America die! Brother of mine, out of mother of mine,
sister of one and all. Above all law, beyond all wish and will.

Voice of
All-Mother---My sin is naked before me---unknowing victim of unknown guile who mistook this for God.

The voice of
Europe-------America? I hated it! I threw my offal at it! I mocked it! Yet it lived, a mongrel thing--streaked black and yellow, blue with my scum and spittle, crimsoned with blood-twice I killed it--yet, it may live forever! It shall not! Woman, strike the vase!

30-1-112

The voice of
All-Mother---I dare not.

The voice of
Europe-------Strike!

The voice of
All-Mother---I cannot.

The voice of
Europe-------(With frenzied accents) Strike the vase! Strike!q Lift me, then, and hand me that boulder. Die, America, die! Die, die! (The vase falls in ruins. Out of it rises the colossal figure of a woman, bare to the waist. Her flesh is steel-blue, her eyes are stars, her hair is gleaming silver, and the gown that sweeps from hip to ground is blood-red. In her hands is a bleeding sword).

(Dimly the All-Mother and Europe are seen cowering in front)

The voice of
All-Mother---What art thou -- thing?

The voice of
A.----------I am the Son of Man--Woman!

The voice of
All-Mother---America, thou crimson knell of night!

The voice of
Europe-------America, far-falming herald of a dawn!

The voice of
All-Mother---America, daughter of my sin, sin of my son!

The voice of
Europe ------America, born beyond time and daughter of the fear of God!

30-1-113

The voice of
All-Mother---America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

The voice of
Europe-------(Staggering- I die!

The sin of the world drops on me.

The nail is in my heart.

And in my head the hot-horror

Of thorns--thorns--thorns!

America, blood of all blood and flesh of all flesh,

Take my dreams!

To God the rest. (Dies)

(Day dawns. Crimson wings, backed by a whirling wheel of steel with spitting wires, drop from the sky. America raises her bleeding sword)

The voice of
America------I go to place the World on the empty throne of God.

The voice of
All-Mother---Blasphemer: God sits and rules above!

The voice of
America------Fool! God waits and wants below

Silence: I go. Europe, arise!

(America touches the corpse of Europe with her bleeding sword. She rises from the dead. With her whirr of wing, America mounts her airplane and circles in the air. Europe gropes. Day brightens and larger silver wings, with whirring wheels, drop from the heavens. With closed eyes and staggering feet, Europe enters the airplane, hurling as he passes the All-Mother prone.

The voice of
All-Mother---Europe! dost thou live?

The voice of
Europe-------I doom, I live, I will!q (He soars behind America, who again waves her sword) a drop of blood falls on the of Asia)

America (Faintly, as she flies) Up, Asia, on!'

(The corpse of Asia sweeps majestically to its feet holding the flashing mirror. The yellow sunlight of high-noon envelopes the world and g reat,

golden wings and wheels rise to Asia's feet. Asia pauses beside the All-Mother opening his eyes slowly. She raises herself).

The voice of
All-Mother---Art thou gone, Asia?

The voice of
Asia---------I go!

The voice of
All-Mother---Art thou dead, Asia.

The voice of Asia---I am dead.

The voice of
All-Mother---What do the dead, Asia.

The voice of
Asia---------They dream and surge toward life.

The voice of
All-Mother---And they that live -- live --what do the living?

The voice of
Asia---------They dream and surge toward death!

The voice of
All-Mother---And how, then, differ death and life?

The voice of
Asia---------They differ not at all.

(Asia soars after the others. Night falls. Far away like a star in low, circling, ever-rising flight, flashes the bleeding sword of America; but no voice comes back. A great drop of blood splashes on Africa's face. Giant wings, black with burnished velvet pinions, glide slowly by on wheels of fire. Quickly Africa leaps to his feet, his gorgeous panoply splashed with blood).

The voice of
All-Mother---Africa, leavest thou me in this lone land?

(Africa bends lovingly above her and raises her in his arms. Africa; Listen to the mroning stars?

The voice of
A-M-(vainly) What do the stars, Africa?

The voice of
Africa-------They sing together and above them rings the joyous shout of mighty millions. I seek the stars.

X 92

THE ALL-MOTHER

A PLAY

With a Prelude, five scenes, and a Postlude

PERSONS

FIRST CHARACTER — Mrs. Henry Hatfield Smith
and
The All-Mother

SECOND CHARACTER — Mr. Henry Hatfield Smith, Broker,
and
Europe

THIRD CHARACTER — Charles Johnson, Butler,
and
Africa

FOURTH CHARACTER — His Excellency, the Chinese Ambassador,
and
Asia

FIFTH CHARACTER — A Picture
and
America

36-1-1-21

621

3.6°
1.00

All-Mother --- Africa, leavest thou me in this lone land?

41-6-17 (Africa bends lovingly above her and raises her in his arms. She sighs, stiffens, and closes weary eyes. The light of the moon pours down).

Africa-Mother of man and wife of Almighty God, ascend to heaven!

[illegible] — [illegible] Me [illegible] Herself!

Art thou gone, Asia?

[illegible] — I go!

[illegible] — Art thou dead, Asia?

[illegible] — They dream and surge toward life.

61

All-Mother — And they that live — what do the living?

Asia — They dream and surge toward death!

All-Mother — And how, then, differ death and life?

(Asia — They differ not at all.

(Asia soars after the others. Night falls.

60

Europe — Amerika, born beyond time and daughter of the fear of God!

All-Mother — America, thou spawn of hell and hope of heaven.

Europe — (Staggering) I die!

The sin of the world drops on me.

The veil is in my heart,

And in my head the hot-horror

Of thorns — thorns — thorns!

America, blood of all blood and flesh of all flesh,

Take my dream!

To God the rest! (Falls motionless).

(Day dawns. Crimson wings, backed by a whirling wheel of steel with spitting wires, drop from the sky. America raises her flaming sword)

America — The throne of heaven is empty! I fly to lead the world to [illegible]

machinery and the whistle of trains, lightnings flash and storms thunder, ships and airplanes are heard dashing to and fro. The All-Mother walks up and down, muttering wildly and waving her hands. Both speak simultaneously)

30-1-1001

Europe	All-Mother
I writhe, I rave!	I bore the knave!
I claim the slave,	My soul to save
I do the deed, I kill!	The monster I must kill!
Now what care I for God or lie?	Now what care I?
I am the great---	This fiend must die!
	I'll do the deed---
	I will!

(She strikes Europe to the earth, entangled in his wires. All-Mother--(Seizing the mirror from the hand of Africa, she again, staggers back and laughs hysterically). Ho, Asia! Thy mirror and thy gold! (She throws it zigzaging through the air toward Asia, who appears in the yellow light of of the back-ground). Ho, Africa! Thy heart's dear blood! (She struggles to over-turn the vase)

(Above, the wheel on its wires still whirls. The wires spit cold-blue flames; directly beneath, in deep golden light, is Asia)

Asia---(opening his eyes) I see!

(stretching his arms with the magic mirror) I live! (rising and reeling) I die! (Beneath the feet of Asia, in blood-crimson light, rise the two great, black, manacled arms of Africa, grasping and clutching at the foundation of the world. The wail of America is heard and the world falls with reverberating crash)

Africa---It is finished. Good night, time--Eternity, Good Morning!

(In the second of time that elapses between these two phrases of Africa, there passes a vision through the mind of dying All-Mother)

flashes her sword)

She soars behind America, who again

America (Faintly, as she flies) Up, Asia, on!

BLACK MAN

BLACK MAN AND THE MOON

Draft manuscripts, fragments and "The Tabu of Black Man," an introduction to the play

41-6-382

The Tales of Black Men.

Once in the air one is terrified & soar and Black Man is pure phantasy, Calling on Sun Moon & Stars, beasts flesh & machines & interpret Civilization and its Meaning & end. We I have quite wantonly slurred at the Tales of Colored Children as nothing of any reality decent or healthy mother ever on fairy tales or legend In Mediaeval Times, Europe had no such Triumph of everworldly Hate: The Mothers of Christ were hounded Black, & Adam was Forbears of Christ — The Lord of the Black-faced Black lovers abounded from Terrific & and Othello. But America changed all that. Hate a Colored Creature no matter why or When, is profound cause for Amusement & endless withdrawal. And a Record Tale is the real relations of White men & Black. Black is and must be always Receding, unstable, subordinate — a Passive shadow of triumphant White. Carelessly this is nonsense as all grotesquely Fantastic and serving fact until Tomorrow I have here pictured White man as Black magic and heathen Crazy Trickery shadow to be redeemed eventually by his great Brothers & live hostilely on Hegh Harlem of the Hill

Of course as a film, it is quite impossible! I imagine Nordic children fed such fabulous & nervous Hateful, unfortunate, cruel little tyrants?

A Play in Ten Scenes

Place: The Earth.

Time: In the Beginning.

Argument

Black Man has wed the Moon. She dies after bearing him seven colored sons. Black Man retires to the Mountain Top and mourns beside her Funeral Pyre, leaving his children beside the Sea.

Persons

Long Nose, the Elephant, the Nurse.

Red Man
Orange
Yellow Man
Green
Blue
Indigo
Violet
} Sons of Black Man and the Moon

Little-Eye, the Bear.
Soft-Foot, the Leopard.
Great Mane, the Lion
} The Three Beasts of Hell

Dragon

Black Man, King of Night

White Man, His Shadow

41-6-105

Radio
Dynamo } The Machines of White Man.
Machine Gun

Grey Woman and the Moon

Scene I.

A Sea-Shore at Twilight.

(Behind a greensward rising to a forest-clad mountain side. Twilight, with dim colored lights floating across the scene and low muttering thunder from the mountain top above.)

41-6-107

Long Nose. Night falls. It is time to worship Beauty. Orange has new poems. He shall say them. Red Man shall dance his Sun dance. Yellow Man shall play his Zither and Blue shall sing. Come come, let us worship Beauty.

Red Man. (Dancing) The stings of the air
And the shriek of the trees
The blood in the sand
And the war in the seas.

Blue. (Singing) The rollicking dance
And the sweetness of sleep;
The gleam of the light
In the heart of the deep,—

Yellow Man. (Playing and singing).
The tear in the eye
The whispering hand;
The dream in the soul
And the song in the sand,—

Green. (Declaiming) The rain of the stars
And the giving of breath,
The sweetness of life
In the shadow of death!

Orange. Life is beautiful. I have written a poem about it.

Violet. What is Death?

Indigo. I fancy life may be beautiful, but I don't know yet.
I want to fly and hear the light.

Yellow Man. You need but see the singing of the sea.

Red Man. Dearer to me is the war of the wind in the trees and howl of the Night.

Blue. I would pierce and explore and gamble always—only the voice of our Father scares me.
(They sit in silent awe as it thunders.)

Violet. Where is our Father?

Green. Aloft on the mountain.

Violet. Why is he there?

Yellow Man. He mourns.

Violet. For my mother?

Green. For the dead Moon, mother of us all.

Violet. What is he like?

Green. He is mighty and powerful and Black.

Violet. His shadow is white.

Orange. How did you know that, child? There is a poem in that.

Violet. I saw it—afar; but why is he black and why is his shadow white? Why is he not colored like this rainbow of us all?

Green. You may not know all, but listen to this; the colors of God the Sun together are white in the day and black in the night; therefore the King of Night is black; but his shadow remembers the Sun whose daughter was the Moon.

Violet. It was then the Moon that scattered all the colors—

Red Man. You talk too much.

Violet. His shadow is white!

Green. Go search for beautiful things in the sand.

Violet. Nay, I love the stars rather than the sands. Even in

41-6-108

the thunder of pain. I wonder what Pain is like? Is it heavy? Does it move? Why does Pain thunder?

Yellow Man. Pain is not a thing; it is a Thought and Thought is life and Life is Pain.

Orange. Nonsense. Pain is a false dream. Happiness is Life.

Indigo. Happiness is going and doing and flying!

Violet. His shadow is white! I love the stars—only I seem always to see too much. Often I fear. Mine eyes pierce like darts. I see the bones of Elephant, our dear mates; I see the heart of Red Man pounding in his breast; I—

Red Man. It is strange—I see not all these things. I would I could, I'd fight Pain.

Violet. See—the heart of Long-Nose races—he hears something!

Long Nose. Violet has second sight—the last gift of the Moon-Mother to her youngest born. It is both power and pain. Listen my children: Evil threatens. Darkness reigns because God the Sun was furious when his Moon daughter married the King of Night. The Sun feared lest Moonlight and Night became more beautiful than day. He seized and killed and Moon and tossed her dead corpse out of heaven. So Black Man mourns. But, listen, this is not all. Now that the Moon is dead and darkness rules the night,—now that Black Man no longer sees nor cares, the Beasts of Hell gather to destroy your Father and you. Always they have sworn to rid the Earth of Human Kind. But they move in darkness and long they feared the Moon. Now they gather. They counsel in the gloom. East looms Little Eye, the Bear, with the strength of ten; south slinks Soft Foot, the Leopard, full of guile. West rages Great Mane, the

41-6-109

Lion, King of Beasts; and behind the beasts are the fish and above the fish, the Birds. O, that your mighty Father would hearken. Alas, he is naught but sorrow, and evil comes apace.

Red Man. Let's fight, Mother Long-Nose.

Blue. Let's lay traps and snares.

Long-Nose. Nay, gather stones; but not to fight,—to build.

Green. What is "building"?

Violet. I see a huge black bulk to eastward.

Long-Nose. Let me show you. Here are stones where once your father reared his home; and underneath are stones where once a Being without name builded his hut; and underneath are stones which Coral speechless spun; and underneath are stones which Something gave Coral; and underneath are stones but I know not whence they came. You have not yet builded but only lived with me beneath the trees. Now we must build for building is human. Build then,—as once Black Man built. Indigo, search clay!

Indigo. I fly.

Long-Nose. Red Man, stones!

Red Man. They're here.

Long-Nose. Blue Man, water!

Orange. 'Tis there—an ocean full (writes on the sand, while Blue brings water.)

Violet. I see a mighty head beside the Sea.

Long-Nose. Build a tower—watch and build. There shall be four gates. Red Man and Yellow Man stand here in front and meet the King of Beasts.

Red Man and Yellow Man. Ay-ah!

Long-Nose. Indigo and Green, to the right! cut clubs and ward off

41-6-110

Little Eye, the Bear.

Green. We go, he'll never pass. Ay-ah! (Green moves out—and Indigo follows thoughtfully)

Long Nose. Orange and Blue! Take clubs and ward the Left against the guilful soft-foot, the Leopard.

Orange and Blue. What! Beautiful leopard?—we'll beguile him and sing him into a trap. (They go out whispering)

Violet. Soft-Foot prowls from the West—where are Orange and Blue? Mother Long-Nose, what can I do?

Long-Nose. You are small and light and young, but you must watch the hill; perchance your mighty father hearing may come.

Violet. Or shall I go and call him?

Long-Nose. We dare not yet, but wait. I must dig—a great cellar for the Dead—Hark!

(The roar of the Beasts of Hell)

41-6-111

Scene II.

Nine O'clock at Night.

(One sees the foundation of the Tower. Violet flits by the back gate. Red and Yellow stand guard in front.)

Violet. It is dark here—it is dark, but I see. O Mother Long-Nose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air, beware! Ah! Where, where are Orange and Blue? See how they turn and twist and twine. The blood of Mother Long-Nose flows without her hide. She trumpets and stamps. She wraps her nose about him and slowly, slowly with great wrench and scream—scream of Long-Nose, scream of Soft-Foot—quiver and scream of both and they,—they sleep. They roll together down into the pit. They both shudder and sleep. I cannot understand. They must be very, very tired. And

And the red-blood—the thick, red-blood of their hearts flows, gushes, trickles; and they sleep, they sleep. Ah—what moves yonder in the forest? Indigo! Green!

(Indigo and Green standing in the right gate. Violet points out the door.)

Violet. See!

Indigo and Green. I see nothing!

Violet. See you not that dark vast hill that moves softly, terribly?

Indigo. I hear something.

Green. I see two little stars.

Violet. 'Tis Little Eye, the Bear—the cruel, terrible bear. Shall we fly?

Indigo. And leave our Father unguarded?

Green. And leave our brothers alone? No to the forest! Come brother, out and on! (Exeunt by the right gate.)

(Silence—then scuffling; then a howl and the sounds of terrific battle. Violet veils his eyes. Silence. Violet looks.)

Violet. The earth is all crimson—wet and crimson. Indigo lies very still. He sleeps. He breathes not. Green sleeps—O God! he has no head! His head is gone! Where, O where is his head? Little Eye has it. Little Eye groans and rolls here and there. Now he sleeps, too. He is still. He breathes not. I am afraid of this strange sleeping. Never before—

(The roar of the Great Mane, the Lion, is heard. Red and Yellow rush out in front but Blue wounded crawls slowly into the tower from the left gate, dragging Orange after him across the room. Violet stops their wounds and then stands staring at his own bloody hands. Orange rises and falls. Blue rises, leaps over him and rushes out the gate after Red and Yellow. One hears the battle rage. Orange staggers to his feet.)

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Orange. Here are—my poems—I die.

Voice of Red Man and Yellow Man. Hear us, our father! We conquer the King of Beasts! (They stagger in with the Lion's head and the body of Blue. Violet gazes on them.)

Violet. There is a new sleep come to us—it stops heartbeats.

Red Man and Yellow Man. It is Death. It is that which veiled the Moon to our father's sorrow. It is Death. Never more shall Indigo and Green and Orange and Blue and Mother Long-Nose speak.

Violet. Woe—woe—woe!—and this is Death.

(They bury the dead in the cellar)

Red Man. The King of the forest came cleaving the air;
The roar of the sea was the howl of the bear,
The shriek of the leopard flamed up in the night,
The wail of the elephant trembled in fright.

Yellow Man. The leopard and elephant frozen in death;
The bear and the lion but quivering breath;
The pall of the crimson that covered the fight,—
The scream of the wind in the star-spangled night.

Red Man and Yellow Man. The silence our brothers forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
The end of their laughter, the end of their song,—
The terrible triumph of right over wrong.

Violet. I hear a light.

Red Man. Harken—a light!

Violet. It is the light of a vast flame.

Yellow Man. Something rises from the sea.

Violet. It is an island belching fire.

Red Man. It is a great Fish—but fear not! It cannot walk the land.

Yellow Man. It is Dragon—it is the End.

(The rage of the Sea redoubles)

41-6-113

Red Man. Dragon comes, leading all the fish of the Sea and belching fire.

Yellow Man. It is the End. Dragon walks both land and sea. Sea and Land are raging.

Red Man. Let us fight and die.

Violet. No—no! Will you both sleep and leave the world dead to me?

Red Man. There is but one last refuge—Black Man Little Brother, close the gates of the tower, while we—

Yellow Man. He is too weak and small, but he's the fastest runner of us all. He can tread the underbrush and glide through the trees. If he but dares—if he has courage.—Listen, boy, do you fear?

Violet. What is fear?

Yellow Man. Go out yonder to the shore. Meet Dragon. Stand there—Stand until you hear the clanging of the closing gates. Then away through the jungle and the forest to the mountain after us and run for your life and ours.

(Violet walks alone to the shore.)

Violet. Ah, but his mouth is vast!
Oh, but his teeth are sharp! His great gills redden and pale, the fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot.
—I—Oh brother Red Man must I stay long? His maw is full of wriggling fish—Oh brother Yellow Man must I still stay?
Ah, his scales—his crimson scales are beautiful—but—
oh—oh—oh! I—am afraid.

(The ringing clang of the gates is heard and Violet flies, with Dragon after him.)

41-9-14

Scene III. Ten O'clock at Night.

On the Mountain Top.

(A mighty forest. Stars above. In the center a Pier with crimson flame. Black Man at the right on a huge black throne feeds the flame. His shadow is white. The low thunder of his [illegible]rises ever and anon.)

Black Man. (Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O woe, woe, woe, that is death!
O death in life,
And life in death,
And horror over all!
O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Dread in life,
And age in death,
And horror over all!
O pain, pain, pain, that is Life;
And sleep, sleep, sleep, that is death;
Pain in life,
And Hate in death!
And horror over all!
O woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

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(Enter Red Man and Yellow Man panting.)

Red Man and Yellow Man. (Together and on their knees.) Father!

Black Man. I am no father—I am Woe.

Red Man and Yellow Man. King!

Black Man. I am no king—I am Hurt and Horror;
The bottom and end of Life,
The death of Happiness,
The darkness of Joy
I am Woe,—go,go, go!

Red Man and Yellow Man. Father—King—Eternal Night—Behold Death comes—

Black Man. Death has come and gone.

(One hears Dragon roar and crawl.)

Red Man. Death is here, he seeks to destroy us—

Black Man. I am destroyed.

Yellow Man. He will destroy—the Flame of Love! (Pointing to the fire.)

Black Man. (Starts to his feet.) Who? Where? How?

Red Man. Dragon comes raging.

Yellow Man. Dragon comes with bloody fangs.

Voice of Violet. Help! O father.

Red Man. Send but your voice.

Yellow Man. Wave but your mighty hand.

Voice of Violet. Send but the Shadow of your Soul.

Red Man. (Aside) His shadow is white.

(Enter Violet)

Violet. (Screaming) See—yonder—Dragon. (The forest is alight. Dragon is seen afar.)

Black Man. (Stepping forward) What is this?

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Violet. It is the fire that burned the moonlight away; dragon brings it.

Black Man. There is no moonlight; there is but this shadow of moonlight on a grave; but by the Hills of God who touches the shadow of Moonlight touches me! Avaunt, Beast! Hither, slaves! O ho! A ha! and alas! There is none to obey—none to help; all are gone! They dance as shadows afar; death drove them away—away! Woe—woe—all is woe!

Violet. (Desperately) Dragon will kill us, Dragon will kill you, Dragon will eat the shadow of Moonlight! Dragon will scorch our Mother's flame and desecrate her tomb!

Black Man. Never!

Red Man. [illegible]id!

Yellow Man. Lend your mighty arm!

Violet. Even your shadow—send us your shadow, lend us your shadow of white!

(Black Man stands up, steps forward, turns with a cry as the breath of the dragon from afar dims the flame. As it dies down he renews it. Dragon howls.)

Violet. Your shadow—your white shadow—only your shadow if not yourself!

(Black Man bends slowly; regards and raises his white shadow; he puts the flame of Life into it from the hier; he pours Blood from his gashed arm into it; he breathes his Breath into it; the shadow lives; but is inert; vacant-eyed. Black Man hesitates. Then slowly he lifts a hammer and a knife. He bears his breast and uncovers his head. He crushes his own head and lifting part of his brain, forces it into white man's mouth; he starts to

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gash his left breast, but already White Man with keen eyes and listening ear has leapt to his feet.)

White Man. What's that?

(Dragon shrieks and appears.)

White Man. (Seizing hammer and knife, leaps forward.) He seeks?

Red Man. Us.

White Man. (Looking about) To the tower yonder.

Yellow Man. It's locked.

White Man. What's in it?

Red Man. A grave full of the dead.

White Man. Come—quick—we'll unlock it and hide behind its doors. When Dragon comes we'll lock him in.

Violet. White Man has no heart.

Yellow Man. But—Black Man?

White Man. He'll follow Dragon down.

Red Man. Dragon—in the grave—with our dead! (White Man, Red Man and Yellow Man rush out.)

Violet. (Lingering behind) White Man has no heart. The King of Night gave him fire; he gave him breath and brain; but White Man has no heart!

(There is the sound of a mighty conflict. Above in crimson light appears Black Man fighting the dragon. He falls and rises. The Dragon forces him back. He drives Dragon back. Then he yields, attacks, returns, falls: rises with one great effort and drives Dragon toward the Sea. He falls to the ground. The beacon of the Funeral Pyre flickers and the flame leaving the earth mounts heavenward like a star.)

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Scene IV. Eleven O'clock at Night.

(The Tower with a second story; which is empty but clean and airy, below is darkness split by the intermittant flame of Dragon's breath; dirt and noisome smells abound, without the Tower one can see Black Man prone with Violet sitting beside him. Red and Yellow directed by White are hurriedly finishing the second story.)

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Violet. I see a new star in the east.

Red Man. How is our father?

White Man. Better.

Yellow Man. It was a mighty battle.

White Man. It was that.

Violet. White Man has no heart.

Red Man. Dragon is caged below.

White Man. Yes: he'll give us heat and light.

Red Man. I fear dragon!

White Man. So do I—uncaged! But caged, he's harmless.

Violet. He eats our dead.

White Man. Of course: and as long as he eats he'll be safe.
Dragon has no hands to tear away his bars.

Red Man. Aye—cruel feet and many: wings and cruel jaws: but no hands.

Yellow Man. We must take Black Man upstairs soon, where it is quiet and clean.

White Man. No hurry. We've much to do yet.

Violet. The star in the east grows larger.

(White Man, Red Man and Yellow Man continue to clean and arrange the second story.)

Red Man. We'll need five chairs.

White Man. No, only one at present.

Yellow Man. We'll need a bench for five.

White Man. No, only for one—at a time.

Violet. Father groans.

White Man. Bring in Black Man. (Red and Yellow carry him through the lower gate.)

Violet. Up here—into the air, beneath the new star.

(Red and Yellow start to climb the ladder.)

White Man. No—not yet. No—no—wait. All is not ready—yet. Let's think the thing out. There's a lot to be done—work, hard work. Digging, pulling, lifting, shoving, hauling. This whole thing needs rebuilding. The mountain side needs to be cleared and fenced and planted. The seashore needs fixing up and a sea wall must be built to guide the tides and keep back the fish. Then, I've a lot of plans and experiments; machines, wheels, engines, power. There is the wind of the sea and the steam of Dragon to serve us. I'm going to build Civilization. I need time to think and plan and work it out. (Aside) Now, if I let these darkies sit around and jaw and sleep, they won't work and they won't do as I say—no—(aloud) leave him there—the air here is too strong—it's too cold. (Locks the mountain gate—flies up and drops the trap door between the first and second story.) Hi,—hi—they're all there now—(spies Violet) Why aren't you down there?

Violet. (Slowly) White Man has no heart.

White Man. O stay—if you want to, until you get hungry. Then down you go. Let's see. I've got three laborers now for my work: husky fellows too! Civilization can begin.

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In forest and sea is already food a-plenty. I'll gather it and feed it below, sparingly. In return these colored men will work for me. I have in mind many experiments—machines to lift, to push, to weave—perhaps to fly. While they work, I'll think. I'll have time to think out certain puzzles. They must work and work hard—but whatever it? They are simple things and know only to work and sleep and eat. In time, when I've plenty, I'll give them more to eat and a better place to sleep. Only I must not spoil them or get them out of their place. Above all they must not think: thinking is bad for laborers. I'll do the thinking. Moreover, they can't think. They have no brains.

Violet. White Man has no heart.

White Man. (Sharply) What's that? (To Black Man, Yellow and Red, showing them food.) Look sharp now, don't loiter, make me a bow and arrow and some fish hooks. Stop slobbering over Black Man. He isn't hurt much. And stop dividing your food with him, unless he works. All right then, so much the less for you! Come now, look alive!

(Red and Yellow in the cellar go sullenly to work. Black Man arises dazed and sinks in a stupor. Then he works mechanically and listlessly staring toward the sea. Once he starts—raises his great arm and grasps the bars: then his head falls. He lets go: sometimes he sways stupidly.)

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White Man. (To Violet who is perched on the edge of the platform.) Another thing I got to do and that is to tame the Beasts. Make [illegible] of them.

Violet. And fool them into working for you instead of running and playing and loving.

White Man. Well—why not? Why don't you go to work?

Violet. White Man has no heart.

White Man. What's that? What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think. What more?

Violet. You are cold, bloodless, unfeeling. You have no real knowledge of joy and pain; of sunset and song, of love. You cannot laugh nor sing. Black Man, our poor father, forgot; he gave his Shadow no heart.

White Man. You haven't good sense and until you get to work down there with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you go down there.

Violet. All right—open the door.

White Man. (Starts, pauses) No, I won't. See here, you get out, go—We have no room for such as you in the world. You see too much. You've fit for nothing but poetry.

Violet. Poet's dream.

White Man. But they dream foolishness—colors and sounds and idleness. I dream useful things—food and clothes and city walls—

Violet. I see a star. It is larger than yestereve. I think it is coming nearer.

White Man. Go to it—star-chaser.

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Scene V. At Midnight.

(The Second Story of the Tower.)

The floor is crowded with piles of goods and food. In front are four unfinished Machines.)

White Man. God! But I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. Nobody to sympathize with me or talk to me—if only these machines could live and talk!

Violet. I'll talk to you.

White Man. Who are you? Where are you? O, you don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to guide and plan and build civilization.

Violet. Why do it?

White Man. You fool. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't even see my genius. Notice how I raise food and make things? See my land out there.

Violet. It is not yours. It never was. It belongs to God—the Sun.

White Man. I don't care whose it is, I got it. I find food for the Niggers to eat.

Violet. You chain them to their work.

White Man. Do you think they'd work if I didn't? They'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

Violet. What for?

White Man. To make more food and clothes and shelter.

Violet. For them?

White Man. No. They'd get lazy and impudent.

Violet. For you?

White Man. Say! Whoever it's for it's hard work and it must be done.

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It's no fun to keep three [illegible] at work and [illegible] hating you like hell and ready to slit your throat when your back's turned. I work harder than they do—a damned sight harder. I risk and worry and fret. They snitter and whine. I've a notion to give up and let them starve. I'm tired. I'm sick. I'm lonesome. Why don't you show yourself? Where are you hiding?

Violet. You work too hard.

White Man. It is the truth.

Violet. Making others work.

White Man. That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

Violet. You need help.

White Man. I know it and I've made some. I've made me four machines—perfect tireless workers who never complain. And they're white too—white steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

Violet. What are they?

White Man. You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway. You belong to that parti-colored breed. I guess it's because I'm lonesome. Well, here they are: Radio, Dynamo, Gun and Loom. Dynamo drinks water and makes electricity; Radio eats electricity and talks. Loom and coal makes cloth; gun eats lead and kills.

Violet. Kills? Murders? Takes beautiful lives? Why? When?

White Man. When they get dangerous to me—you better look sharp—they can't think or feel. Radio talks nonsense. Dynamo spurts light whether I want it or no. Loom knows no patterns. See? I want them to have souls—not too much, not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent and let me rest and enjoy myself—and sleep. You seem to know a lot—mostly

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foolishness—but where do souls come from?

Violet. They come from dreams.

White Man. Nonsense, you want to get me off to sleep, don't you, so that you can snoop and steal? Well, I don't believe your lies but I got to sleep—I'm dead—tired.

(White Man sleeps on the trap door grasping his whip.)

Violet. Souls? Souls! If I could get the right soul for these terrible steel monsters, we would heal this sick world.

Voice. Why not the souls of your dead brothers?

Violet. Dead—brothers—who speaks? The star in the east is—gone! There is a mist where it was and a wind in the mist. I thought I heard the mist speak. Can stars talk?

Voice. Yes, my son.

Violet. Who speaks? Can it be yonder star that was growing hourly brighter?

Voice. Yes, my son.

Violet. Your son!

Voice. My Moonbeam—last of the Angels.

Violet. Mother—Moon-Mother of Earth and Sky
Bearer of sun rays
Star of evening
Wife of Black Man
Mother of me and mine
You are dead and yet speak.

(Enter the Moon as a woman in grey.)

I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger.
But seeing Earth's evil
He has repented
And called me back from the swoon of Death
To redeem mankind.

Violet And may I help and what's to be done? Shall we kill.

White Man. See! he sleeps—he is very still—helpless and still.
Shall we kill him and free the world?

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Grey Woman. We may not kill. Not Death but Life is our mission.

Violet. Shall we smash his machines?

Grey Woman. No—not Destruction but Creation is good and White Man has created this wonderful work; let it endure.

Violet. But souls—it needs souls; he says so.

Grey Woman. Listen, my boy. There are two ways and only two to redeem the world—by Dreams and Death. We will try both. Will you help?

Violet. So willingly.

Grey Woman. First, we will try Dreams—but if you fail—

Violet. What?

Grey Woman. Death, little one, only Death.

Violet. Welcome Death! Say on.

Grey Woman. Below lies Dragon eating the bodies and prisoning the souls of four of my children. I shall loose Dragon. You will hear the thunderous rush of his going; the heat and fury of his fire. Then, I will gather the souls of my dead sons and stand them here with these machines. Then little one, comes your task.

Violet. What—what?

Grey Woman. White Man sleeps in deep and dreamless stupor. The thunder of Dragon will wake him to dreaming. He will feel the soul of Orange beside Radio; of Blue beside Dynamo; of Green beside Gun and Indigo beside Loom. He will dream these ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone lest his heartless head complete disaster. It is your task to make the world dream with him. Black Man must dream and Red and Yellow and you yourself must dream. If all of you dream hard and sure, the machines

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and the souls of my sons will be one and like to the souls of the fullest truest dreamers. If we fail, we shall create half men and monsters and then there is no Salvation but Death. Go, and while you dream, I will loose Dragon from his bitter slavery of fire lest the souls of my children, weary and confused, creep back to their mangled bodies again and die forever.

Violet. But if Dragon turn on us?

Grey Woman. He will not. He has learned the Hell of Human Hearts. He will spurn the earth and cleave the sea and fly beyond the stars. Go! Put all the world to sleep. When Dragon thunders, awake! Go! And oh my boy child, try—try hard. For if you fail, there is but one salvation—the Sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling, Dreams or Death—go.

L21-9-14

Scene VI. At One O'clock in the Morning.

(The lower story of the tower is visible and the floor of the second story. Above lies White Man asleep. Back of a grating are Black Man in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At his right is Yellow Man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.)

White Man. (Stirring in his sleep.) I thought I saw ghosts—and heard the Voice of God.

Violet. He sleeps. Soon he shall dream my brothers back to life. If I dream too—if my father dreams and all my father's children, then will the machine and the dream be wed and true and the rainbow of the world live again in beauty. (Flies below.)

Black Man. The mud of the world,
The offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Cursed of sun and sea,
Deserted of Moon and Star,
Inert, nerveless, more than dead and less.
A dog to be kicked
A worm to be trodden
"Dago"—"Chink"—"Sheeny"—
"Nigger"—"Nigger"—"Nigger"!
Nought—Nothing.

Violet. (Climbing down from above.)
Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? God the Sun commands us to dream. Dream with me. Dream hard.

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Dream of our brothers who still sleep as ghosts and
let them smite with steel and redeem the world. Dream
hard—harder than that white wraith above, so that new
beings, colored with our brothers hearts and souls may be
mighty men of brain and brawn and free us all from ill.
O, listen to me, Father, wake and listen. I tell you, I
know, I was told. I—I—

Yellow Man. Toil!
Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;
Till all the muscles ache,
Till the blood swims in the eyes,
Till the back shrinks
And the limbs cramp.
Toil!
Crouching and gripping and groaning,
Scraping and grinding and breaking,
Ripping and smashing and squashing.
Winds, roars, explosions, yells—
Noise, noise, din and noise.
Toil!
Till thought dies,
And dreams disappear;
Till hunger flames and flees;
Till sleep is a drug,
And waking, shrinking; and living, dying!
And life a nightmare of pain on pain!

Violet. O, brother, brother! Listen to me—listen but a moment!
I am little, but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls
return—I've seen their ghosts—great beautiful pale ghosts.

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Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like machines—and pack-horses—sleep—dream!

Red Man. I will live no more
Neither will I dream
I will die.
Toil!
Without rest or song,
Without laugh or ease,
Without hope or death,
Without sky, sun or sea!
Without home, without love,
Without God.
Toil!
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil,
To toil to rest;
To moan unheard,
To cry unpitied,
To be alone in crowds,
And crowded alone!
To remember nothing—
With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no body,
To have no soul!
Toil?
Toil!
I will not toil—
I will be free!

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I will not dream

I will die

(They all three sink down in dreamless stupor.)

Violet. O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream? I do not think they dream. They do not sleep like dreamers—they lie like dogs. The new machines will be [redacted] white—[redacted], heartless monsters;

My brothers will be half-hearted ghosts, encased in steel.

I, only little me, am left

To dream in them a heart

I will sleep. I must sleep

(He lies down and tosses)

I cannot sleep; my head's afire but a cold white hand has gripped my brain.

I cannot sleep—

O God! I cannot sleep.

(Violet climbs up.)

Violet. I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I? I—I couldn't sleep. O—Moon Mother! I have failed. Dreams have failed—there is only—Death!

(With sudden thunderous rush of sound and rage of smoke and fire, Dragon pounces seething to the Sea. The sea boils and Dragon flies beyond the stars.)

41-b-131

Scene VII. At Two O'[illegible] Morning.

(White Man is on a gorgeously furnished platform making a sort of third story of the tower at the bank. He sits on a throne chair leaning forward and staring. Before him is a pale-orange Radio, who can talk and hear and feel but cannot see. Radio is in servants livery; on the other side is Dynamo—pale blue; he can feel and talk and see but cannot hear; Gun in pale green; he can hear and talk and see but cannot feel; beside him is Loom in pale purple; he can see and hear and feel but cannot talk).

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White Man. (Spies Violet, fluttering among the four men.) Say you!

Violet. Yes.

White Man. Do you believe in ghosts.

Violet. I don't know.

White Man. I do. I saw four ghosts last night—or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly but I half believe the ghosts got into my machines and made them men.

Violet. Half-men.

White Man. Half—nothing. White Men—my equals—my helpers. By God—I believe—what is it you fellows want?

Radio. (With cockney accent). To serve you, Sir, and entertain you, even if I am blind.

White Man. See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve and all servants should be blind.

Violet. Orange has forgotten all his poetry.

White Man. (To Dynamo). What do you want?

Radio. 'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see and 'e wants to work for you.

Violet. He don't want to dream; he don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! My God!

White Man. Good! That's the ticket. Give him a drink of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give you a good steady job.

Dynamo. (In low rumbling voice with German accent). T'ank you, sor.

White Man. What's he muttering about? Here you (to Gun) What do you want?

(Gun salutes smartly.)

Gun. To kill, sir, I want to fight.

White Man. Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun salutes again.) And you? (To Loom)

Radio. 'E's dumb, sir, but 'e can see. He built your throne out of goods we got from the Niggers below.

White Man. Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to jis job.

Violet. They're only half men. We failed.

White Man. We failed—I succeeded you mean. I'm a creator. I'm a god. I've a world of white men.

Violet. They're not white.

White Man. Yes, they are too—of course, not pure white—not Nordb like me, but that tint of theirs is tan. I tell you they're white.

Violet. And your equals! Yes—your equals.

White Man. Sure—that is—in a way—Oh you get out. Here Dynamo. (beckons.)

Dynamo. Yes sir.

White Man. Come over here by this trap door. Lift it this way. See them niggers down there? See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Light up and get going.

41-6-133

(Dynamo begins to work.)

White Man. Hey! Loom.

(Loom approaches.)

Take the goods Dynamo raises up and make cloth and food and steel. Look alive now.

Violet. I'll teach them.

White Man. Teach them what?

Violet. What every white man should know.

White Man. You keep your mouth shut. You can't teach white men. They know it all, naturally. Now, Dynamo and Loom, drive.they niggers to work. Spur them on. Call for more, more, more goods. Set a swift pace. Whip 'em with steel if they loiter and pile the goods up here. O yes and we might as well smother Dragon now. We can make our own heat and light.

Violet. Dragon's gone.

White Man. (Starting.) What? He'll kill us—who—

Violet. He has flown beyond the stars.

White Man. Oh well—I'll keep an eye on the stars. Gun!

Gun. (Salutes) Yes sir!

White Man. Get a khaki uniform and a rifle. Then stand here and look alive. Keep a special eye on him. (Pointing to Violet.)

(Gun marches out.)

(Work begins. White Man rubs his hands and looks at his watch.)

White Man. Where's Gun?

(Machine Gun marches back un uniform.)

(Standing stiffly.)

41-6-134

White Man. Present—hrm! Right shoulder—hrm! Right about—face! Stand there on guard. Now Radio, for a dinner and a good one. Hurrah for culture and white civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. While you're ordering dinner, Radio, order me some art and literature on the side—a million dollars worth.

(Dinner is served quickly with flowers, fruit, chime and silver.)

White Man. O, I dine!

A Bronx cocktail—Potage á la creme, sole frite,(with chablis),
Paté de foie gras—champignons!

Canard rotieaux truffles (a bit of Burgundy)
Salad (very rare—try this hook)
Patisserie—Moet et Chandon to warm the heart)
Café noir. What about this Port!

Lord, how I've stuffed myself and I wasn't even hungry.

Sing Radio.

(Radio sings.)

41-6-135

White Man. (Beating time.)

Work!

Work hard!

Pile up the goods, drive the niggers.

Here's the whips. Use them if necessary.

The harder they work the more bread they get!

If they work like Hell—there's a bit of cake—I don't want it. I can't digest the stuff. I really need exercise to keep fit and fix me for another meal.

(Doffs his dinner suit for sport clothes. Plays tennis and golf and swings Indian clubs. Sits down panting.)

Violet. You still seem overworked.

White Man. You still here? Gun, watch him!

Violet. They're hungry below.

White Man. Sure! See 'em? Hear 'em growl and fight.

(Tosses a bone over the side.)

Here Radio! a liqeur! Something good and costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent—excell—ent!' (Looks down at the workers.) Liquor's bad for laborers—makes 'em lazy and inefficient; besides its against the law. I made the law myself.

Violet. I thought they were white men?

White Man. They're laborers—my laborers. I own them. If I want to I'll whip them. I'll whip them with hunger.

I'll drive them with the scorpions of pain,

Hunger is the whip of Man!

For me?

What is nicer than clothes—

Silk and linen,

Soft and subtle wool,

Sweet, bending leather:

Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling:

Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls!

Why I get so many clothes I can't wear 'em.

I don't know what to do with the damned gew-gaws.

They're in the way—but

Laborers don't need clothes,—

They don't appreciate them:

They're too dirty and careless:

They life in dirt:

They twist and bend:

They work!

They can wear this worn-out stuff.

41-6-136

They don't deserve more.
I worked and saved and thought
They dawdled and squandered.

Violet. You didn't save, you found.
You don't work, you loaf.
You don't think, you count.
You don't play, you gorge.
Your limbs are prisoners of your stomach.
Your brains serve your body
Your muscles are water.
Corns crust your feet
You're a fool,
Because you have no heart.

41-6-137

White Man. (Staggering to his feet.) Hear that? Hear that traitor—that viper I've been nourishing—catch him—put him to work.
(Staggers in a drunken stuper and is put to bed by Radio.)

Violet I won't work.
I am free
I play
I fly and sing, I cry
Work is the child of Hell
I am a son of Heaven.
(Rushes down to Dynamo and writes a note. Dynamo reads, stares, stops work.)
(Violet writes a note and shows it to Dynamo.)

Dynamo. (Reading.) All—Men—are brothers? (Stares in surprise)
(Loom, listening—works more slowly. Violet writes again eagerly.)

Dynamo. (Reading.) All men—are born—free and equal! Vy-dem black

fellers down dere—brudders! Equal!

(Loom stops work and stretches his arms toward the cellar.)

Radio. (Listening) Hey—what's up. I don't hear Loom.

Gun. Ummmthere—get to work.

(Violet writes again, swiftly.)

Dynamo. Liberty—Equality—Fraternity.

(Dynamo stops work.)

Radio. What's that? Bli-me, they've both stopped work. What's up?

Gun. Shall I shoot?

Radio. No—lead me nearer. What are you h'up to?

(Violet writes.)

Dynamo. Life—Liberty—and the Pursuit—of Happiness?

Gun. What's that? Is it something to eat? I'm hungry, give me some more bullets.

(Loom starts toward White Man, throwing, beckoning the blacks in the cellar.)

Radio. Stand back!

Gun. Shall I shoot?

(Violet writes.)

Dynamo. (Walking forward slowly with rapt expression.) All—wealth belongs—to the worker.

Gun. Which one shall I kill? Why don't somebody order me to shoot?

Radio. 'old on there. I want to get this 'ere talk straight. I don't trust that there mulatto, Violet, but there's some sense in what they're saying. Natural enough, all white men are equal and if you h' ask me, I wouldn't half mind pursuing a little 'appiness.

Violet. Workers unite! Solidarity forever! (Sings)

"Allons enfants de la patrie!"

White Man. (Starting up from sleep.) What's that?

11-6-138

Radio. (To Gun) Quick, lead me—his robe (holds his robe so as to cut off the view of the advancing workers.) Present! hrm! Aim! Hold 'em back. (To White Man.) Nothing sir—'ere's your robe.

White Man.(Stretching.) I feel rotten.

Radio. The morning 'after the night before, Sir! Bath? Shave? Breakfast?

White Man. Breakfast? Hah! fix a bath and—

Loom, Dynamo and Violet. (They have paused as Gun aims, but now they surge forward, Violet leading with a red flag, Loom beating a drum and Dynamo, a triangle.)

"Solidarity forever—"

White Man. (Wheeling about) What the hell! Why this? Why ain't they working?

Radio. They're stopped work, Sir. Sort of strike. Been listing the agitators—that there Violet.

Dynamo. All men are brothers.

White Man. Like hell they are! If you don't—

Radio. I think he means white men, Sir.

Gun. Shall I kill him?

White Man. I don't care a damn what he means—

Dynamo. All men are born free and equal.

White Man. I'll free and equal you—Gun—attention. Present—hrm! Get back to work!

Dynamo. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

White Man. Take aim. (Loom rushes up to White Man.)

Dynamo. Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

White Man. Don't put your hands on me! Don't touch me! Fire!

(Loom dies and turns into a machine.)

41-6-139

White Man. (Trembling) My God!

Violet. Indigo—Brother Indigo!—dead—all dead!

Dynamo. All men—are born—free and equal. (Falls weeping on the machine. Gun clicks his rifle to fire again.)

White Man. Stop!

Radio. Beg pardon, Sir—but hadn't we better h' arbitrate? My idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some right but goes too far.

Dynamo. All wealth belongs to the workers.

White Man. You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world!

Radio. Well, sir, it's this way. It's that kid, Violet. He's been a tampering with industry. I don't like his looks noway. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me. Dynamo, he started it with this equality business. Now I should see how all white men was brothers and should bring together but I don't hold with niggers. We white folks should be free and equal and share whatever happiness we can get.

White Man. What the devil are you talking about! Christ almighty. Look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to raise the niggers!

Radio. Give me the whip. No sir—don't you risk nothing. Gun—guide me.

(Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash below. Red and Yellow raise their heads.)

Get down there, you red son of a bitch. Out of that, you yellow bastard. Don't you know a white man when you see him? Gee! This is fun.

41-6-140

Violet. Don't strike your brothers!

Radio. Brothers? Hell, they're lice. I'll show 'em—

(Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Dynamo stare silently after them. Radio and Gun march back.)

Violet. Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom. Don't go back to him.

White Man. Don't listen to that mischief maker. Come here.

(He seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag.)

"O say can you see?"

Violet. (Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie—"

Gun. (Singing) "God save the Czar!"

Dynamo. (Singing) "Solidarity forever—"

Radio and White Man. (Singing) "God save our gracious King."

Violet. La Jour de grace étes arrive."

Gun. (Doing the goose step.) "Deutshland, Deutchland, uebu alles."—

White Man. My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet). You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun.) Here, give me that gun.

Gun. No.

White Man. What?

Gun. No—I'm the Killer.

White Man. God damn you.

Violet. Come, Gun and Radio—join us, brothers—

Radio. Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in.

Violet. What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brother-

41-6-141

hood. Up and on. Blue—Brother Blue—kill him and save the world.

Dynamo. (Staggering toward White Man.) All men—free—Life—happiness—workers forever.)

White Man. Love your country. Serve God. Honor the King. God save the Czar. Stand back—fire. (Gun fires.)

Dynamo. Long live—the Revolution!"

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whir.) White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring.)

Violet. Brother Blue's dead now—all dead. His body died before—now his soul is dead. He will never live again. He needed more heart—he was more than half-hearted. Almost I dreamed a soul in him. Almost,—and then I couldn't sleep. White Man dreamed hardest, but White Man has—no heart.

Radio. Well, we're rid of those Bolsheviks. The idea! asking equality with us. It is a good thing they're dead. Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and I just stand together and run this thing?

White Man. You and I?

Radio. Why yes; you see—we are alone now with Gun to guard us.

White Man. Are we?

Radio. Yes. Can I sit up there with you now and help whip niggers.

White Man. Well, of course, sometime when there's more room. It's cramped now.

Violet. All men are equal.

Radio. Yes—no—not you. We white folks are equal, ain't we?

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White Man. Hey—yes, of course.

Radio. Well, then, hereafter we'll live up here on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that good liquor you have andd wear some of them good clothes you can't use and then we'll rule the world. I may write a bit of poetry now and then—I used to.

White Man. What the devil!

Violet. All men are brothers.

Radio. That's it. No, it ain't. I don't mean you—all white men, and I want to eat and get drunk like you, right now.

White Man. (Starting up angrily). Well, you won't.

Radio Man. I won't, hey. (Starts toward White Man. (Gun mechanically shoots. Radio becomes a radio cabinet, humming jazz.)

White Man. What did you—do that—for? You damned blundering idiot.

Machine Gun. (Whirls about and glares. Stares at the corpse of Radio. Stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun.)

White Man. About—face! (Machine Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man shoots him in the back. He becomes a machine gun.)

White Man. It is finished. Only me—alone—with dead machines—and niggers.

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Scene VIII. Three o'clock in the morning.

(The lower story of the tower; the Grey Woman is seated before the grating. Black Man sits in the center, bowed. Red and Yellow are stretched asleep at either side.)

Grey Woman. O Black man!

(No answer).

Grey Woman. King of Night!

(No answer).

Grey Woman. Where is your Majesty!

(Groan).

Grey Woman. Where is your might!

(Groan).

Grey Woman. Why do you lie in the mud—you who were born to a Crown, a crimson mantle, a golden sceptre, a throne studded with stars—

Black Man. (Starting) Who calls?

Grey Man. I call.

Black Man. Whose Voice is that?

Grey Woman. The voice of the Dead.

Black Man. There is but one Dead and two—She and Me.

Grey Woman. You are not dead.

Black Man. I am more than dead.

Grey Woman. Arise you that sleeps—arise I say—Black Man, King of Night!

Black Man. (Struggles, swaying, to his feet.) Who calls—who calls? That voice!

White Man. (Above) I didn't call, I am alone, go to work!

Grey Woman. Behold, I call!

(She unveils her face. Bright Moonlight floods the scene.)

41-6-144

Black Man. Eternal King of Glory. Sun of the Suns! Thou hast sent her back. O Moon, Moon of the Night.

(He tears the grating down.)

Away cobwebs!

(White Man leaps down from above.) Out, gnat! (He hurls White Man headlong.)

(Red Man and Yellow Man leap to their feet. The machines become silent.)

Black Man. Peace fools! Come, O my beloved. O my beloved!

41-6-145

Scene IX. Four o'clock in the morning.

(On the sea-shore; behind the tower is beautiful cave below. Violet is perched on its walls. The Moon and Black Man are in the center. White Man lies unconscious at their feet. Red Man and Yellow Man are kneeling at either side.)

Violet. I see flowers. I hear them wave, I smell their gorgeous hues. I'm going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I don't know how or when but sometime she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't even be. I can't think it possible. Are impossible things possible? I can't see how anything will be if I'm not. And yet I know it must be so for my brothers, my great and beautiful brothers, with all of their poetry and song and joy—they are gone. I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only glanced back and died again forever. I failed. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. I've had such fun. And yet I'm glad to be able to do something—something great for mother and father. Yes—I'm even glad to die.

Red Man and Yellow Man. (Advancing with knives) Let us kill White Man quickly while he faints. He has no heart. He never had one. He enslaved us. He shut us up. He must die.

Moon. What says the King's Majesty?

Black Man. (Slowly) No, no! ! His sin is mine. He is a soulless thought machine because I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I withheld all that makes life living. I forgot in selfishness, and forgetfulness is sin. And as this man grew strong, I fed his strength with my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I handed him fear and submission instead of steadfast death. Now I pay

41-6-146

the price on the altar of Sacrifice. The world needs the strength of this man as it needs the strength of all men. Yonder city is fair despite its cruel founding stones. Yonder machines are marvellous even if insensate. He must live and for his life I will face death. Moon-wife, behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleaned with grief until no living thing rests upon it. I made it. I saved it for my self-destruction, to end despair. Take it. Call my children to aid. Array yourselves as Priests in cloth unspotted. Place him and me together on this bier—hand-in-hand, heart-by-heart and face to heaven. My heart is large, too large for this narrow earth. Cut and cut and cut again and give to him who has none.

Moon. And if, O King, I cut—too much?

Black Man. Have you not heart enough for us twain, O Queen?

Moon. And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should slip?

Black Man. Then will I die, Sweet Woman, surrendering perfect love to a more perfect world.

(Red and Yellow and the Moon array as operating surgeons. A sheet is spread and all are in white save Black Man and the faces of Moon, Red Man and Yellow Man. Violet, alone, sits stiff in front staring sea-ward, his back to the operation.)

Violet. I smell the ether; I see the knife. It shines. It tears the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. On, on it glides,—careful—ah—it heads for a river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood—the angry crimson rages. Ah! they bind it back—

—they curb it, they still it; the knife glides on; and now—ah—I cannot look—I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul—ah—ah—come blessed darkness and tell me not what lingers in that fearful pool of blood. 'He grovels, hands on eyes—silence.)

Moon Woman. (Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes.) Dance, child, before your God! All is well and all is well.

(Violet dances; Black Man and White Man stir, open their eyes—and slowly turn their heads.)

Black Man. Brother!

White Man. Brother!

841-9-14

Scene X. Morning Twilight.

High noon before the city.

(A double throne; on one seat the full Moon lightly veiled, with robe and sceptre. Beside the armpost, Black Man, clothed in simple white with a gold circlet in his hair and a stave in his hand. Before them seated on the ground facing the audience, White Man in black; with back to the audience, Red Man in green, Yellow Man in blue. Down in front facing the audience, Violet in many colors, with wings.)

41-6-149

Violet. I wonder when I shall die?

White Man. How soft the light is on the sea. You are weary brother (To Red) rest on me; (To Yellow Man) thy hand, for I am troubled. Listen: Have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream—a feeling of some far off ill. Once I caught a gleam of it in the eyes of Red Man, whom I love. Once Yellow Man recoiled from my embracing arm. And even you, Great King of Night, though you are ever kind, I some time have the memory of an impossible thing: of having once despised you who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound,—a slave. Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; cried to the hills where you were hid: grovelled and wept in mine abasement, rose to leap into the sea and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine,—Brother! Tell me whence come these vague and vicious visions—was I ill?

Black Man. Ill—very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

Red Man and Yellow Man. Let's tear the city down and build anew.

The Moon. All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this city! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

White Man. I? When?

The Moon. On foundations laid by elephant and the beasts and built on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is done anew.

Black Man. Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder city. Indeed all that is worth while and done by our hands is there incorporate—it must not die.

Red Man. But is it founded on evil?

White Man. It looks evil beneath.

Yellow Man. No good can build on evil.

Black Man. All good must build on evil.
All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And beside in yonder city lies the wonder works of White Man's brain—Radio and Loom, Dynamo and Gun.

White Man. I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

Red Man. But foundations are first.

Black Man. Foundations are last.

Yellow Man. They must be first else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold these shining towers in place lest they fall?

Moon-Mother. Violet.

Violet. Ah! My time has come.—Yes, Mother.

41-6-150

Moon. Violet, can you do this thing—this mighty task for me and the world?

Violet. Yes, I will cable this fair city to the stars. I will go to my Moon Mother's father, All Glorious, the Sun I will drag down golden chains from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and mailed together the fabric of the world.

The Moon-Mother. Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest born; he who meets the Sun full face to face no human eye shall see again—invisible, imponderable, incalculable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

Violet. Shall I—ever see—the Moon?

The Moon. Yes, but never again shall the Moon see you.

Violet. I go.

(He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms and flashes up to heaven.)

Black Man. Fly little flame of sunlight, home to God!

The Moon. (Watching Black Man). And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

Black Man. O Moon of my desire,
Two things alone I asked of the Sun:
You and eternal life.

The Moon. Two things the Sun has sent you: Me—and eternal life.

Black Man. Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new City rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be, timeless; O moon, lead us to Eternal Life.

(The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled.)

41-6-151

Moon. Love is God
Love is God
There is no God but Love
And Work is his prophet.
(Slowly the Moon rises and points to the mountain top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn.)

Moon. Behold!
(Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song.)

The Moon— Behold! The flower—children of Eternal Life. The life once born in thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on eternal in ever widening floods of teaming life. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate. Life, creating Life. See how your Flower-Children paint the world in every color and hue—hues of men that live, hues of them that died that you might live. Behold, my king and my brother and my children, all these are yours born of your dear bodies and mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls, always and forever us.

Black Man. Forward brothers to the Children of Eternal Life and the City just and beautiful. There let me reign as king. Bring me my crown, for God the Sun is near.
(To the sound of low music, the coronation takes place. Black Man sets a coronet of stars on the Moon's hair and a crown of gold on his own head.

41-6-152

Red and Yellow invest him with a blood-red robe shot with broideries of silver. White Man hands him his ebony sceptre. Suddenly Dragon appears above the morning star and belching flames winds a trumpet call that resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low in the East, while in the West stand Moon and Night. The Sun glows and Moonlight fades away but the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appear birds and flowers and crowds of people of all kinds and colors, passing, singing, dancing and lying at ease.

(Voice of Black Man.)

Imperial Ruler—God the Sun
Father of all, almighty—

Visitors, guests and embassies
and beasts and birds here meeting!

Our royal consort,
Queen of Night

And Princes, Yellow
Black and White
Our high-loving greeting.

Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill.

This city wide and tall
With tower, sword and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.

Our land belongs to God
Our need is measuring rod
We let no rent of money lent
Monopolize our sod.

Our buildings are not tombs
Nor dynamoes nor looms
They do not try to reach the sky
They build, for Beauty—rooms.

We seek no hordes of wealth
Or secret gains by stealth
We leave our sons and little ones
The heritage of health.

We have no family pride
Or secret sins to hide
Who soar or plod are sons of God
Who falter, souls which died.

Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where dreams abide—
We seek no hearts to kill.

41-6-154

Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat
Not goods to sell but soul to tell.
Man's mystery to greet.

Here is no church nor creed
Religion is a deed
Here no man's hope demands a pope
And no faith, bloody seed.

We know no judge nor jails
Nor ropes nor fiery flails
The darkest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that one fails.

The man who does us ill
We neither hurt nor kill
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The conquest of his will.

Here no man leaves his son
The wealth that he has won
He leaves a world with doors unfurled
And some sheer deed well-done.

We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor murdering gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal
We conquer pain and fear.

41-6-155

Our martial music rings
Our nation's anthem sings
Not brothers' strife but joy and life
Not uniforms and kings.

Here men and women mate
And sever soon or late
Friends rank above sweet lusts of love
And children out-play Fate.

Here men are gold and red
And white with black may wed
Or green with blue or any hue
That wins Life from the Dead.

Here is each woman free
To choose what she will be:
An unwed mother, wife or other
Toiler on land or sea.

Here Poems sing their themes
Here Color glints and gleams
Here sculpture bold strips bare the soul
And Science dares its dreams.

Often we sit and sing
Or dance around a ring
We love and play all flushed and gay
Nor hurry death to bring.

41-6-150

We do not fear to die
We do not rage nor sigh
We sow and reap and fall asleep
We smile and say good-bye.

Here may the dead lie still
In urn and sea and hill;
Here man may live his life to give
To one all-beckoning Will.

O happy, happy dale—
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of conquered Wrong
Made music of the grail.

(The curtain falls as the music rises higher, sweeter and clearer.)

41-6-157

Place: The Earth. Time: In the Beginning

Argument

Black Man has wed the Moon. She dies after bearing him seven Colored sons. Black Man retires to the Mountain Top and mourns beside her Funeral Pyre, leaving his children beside the Sea.

Persons

Long Nose the Elephant, the Nurse

Red
orange
Yellow
green
Blue
Indigo
Violet
} Sons of Black Man and the Moon

Little-Eye the Bear
Soft-Foot, the Leopard
Great Mane, the Lion
} The three Beasts of Hell

Dragon
Black Man, King of Night
White Man, his shadow

Radio
Dynamo
Machine-gun
} The Machines of White Man

Grey Woman and the Moon

41-6-190

~~Scene I. The Seashore.~~ Scene I A Sea-shore at Twilight

(Behind a greensward rising to a forest-clad mountain side. Twilight, with dim colored lights flating across the scene and low muttering thunder from the mountain top above.)

Long Nose. Night falls. It is time to worship Beauty. Orange has new poems. He shall say them. Red man shall dance his Sun dance. Yellow Man shall play his Zither and Blue [redacted] shall sing.

[redacted]ome, let us worship Beauty.

Red (Dancing) Mary
The stings of the air
And the shriek of the trees
The blood of the sand
And the war of the seas

Blue (Singing)
The rollicking dance
And the sweetness of sleep:
The gleam of the light
In the heart of the deep.—

Yellow (playing and singing) Mary
The tear in the eye
The whispering hand:
And dream in the soul
And the song in the sand.—

Green (Declaiming)
The rain of the stars
And the giving of breath,
The sweetness of life
In the shadow of death!

41-6-191

Orange. Life is beautiful. I have written a poem about it.

Violet. What is Death?

Indigo. I fancy life may be beautiful, but I don't know yet. I want to fly and hear the light.

Yellow Mary. You need but see the singing of the sea.

Red Mary. Dearer to me is the war of the wind in the trees and the howl of the Night.

Blue. I would [illegible] gamble always—only the voice of our Father scares me. (They sit in silent awe as it thunders.)

Violet. Where is our Father.

Green. Aloft on the mountain.

Violet. Why is he there?

Yellow Mary. He mourns.

Violet. For my mother?

Green. For the dead Moon, Mother of us all.

Violet. What is he like?

Green. He is mighty and powerful and Black.

Violet. His shadow is white.

Orange. How did you know that, child? There is a poem in that.

Violet. I saw it—afar; but why is he black and why is his shadow white? Why is he not colored like this rainbow of us all?

Green. You may not know all, but listen to this: the colors of God the Sun together are white in the day and black in the night; therefore the King of Night is black; but his shadow remembers the Sun whose daughter wed the Moon.

Violet. It was then the Moon that scattered all the colors—

Red Man. You talk too much.

Violet. His shadow is white!

Green. Go search for beautiful things in the sand.

Violet. Nay, I love the stars rather than the sands. Even in the thunder of pain. I wonder what Pain is like? Is it heavy? Does it move? Why does Pain thunder?

Yellow Man: Pain is not a thing; it is a Thought and Thought is life and Life is Pain.

Orange. Nonsense. Pain is a false dream. Happiness is Life.

Indigo. Happiness is going and doing and flying!

Violet. His shadow is white! I love the stars—only I seem always to see too much. Often I fear. Mine eyes pierce like darts. I see the bones of Elephant our dear nurse; I see the heart of Red man pounding in his breast; I—

Red Man Blue. It is strange—I see not all these things. I would I could. I'd fight Pain.

Violet. See—the heart of Long-Nose races—he hears something!

Long-Nose. Violet has second sight—the last gift of the Moon-Mother to her youngest born. It is both power and pain. Listen my children: Evil threatens. Darkness reigns ~~each night~~ because God the Sun was furious when his Moon daughter married the King of Night. ~~Each month the Moon went home to Sun and sought to appease him.~~ But The Sun feared lest Moonlight and Night became more beautiful than day. He

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seized and killed the Moon and tossed her dead corpse out of heaven. So Black Man mourns. But, listen, this is not all. Now that the Moon is dead and darkness rules the night, the Beasts of Hell gather to destroy your Father and you. Always they have sworn to rid the Earth of Human Kind. But they move in darkness and long fear the Moon. Now they gather. They counsel in the gloom. East looms Little Eye, the Bear, with the strength of ten; south slinks Soft Foot, the Leopard, full of guile. West rages Great Mane, the Lion, King of Beasts; and behind the beasts are the fish and above the fish, the Birds. O, that your mighty Father would hearken. Alas, he is naught but sorrow, and evil comes apace.

Red Man. Let's fight, Mother Long-Nose!

Blue. Let's lay traps and snares.

Long-Nose. Nay, gather stones; but not to fight,—to build.

Green. What is "building"?

Violet. I see a huge black hulk to eastward.

Long-Nose. Let me show you. Here are stones where once your father reared his home; and underneath are stones where once a Being without name builded his hut; and underneath are stones which Coral speechless spun; and underneath are stones which Something gave Coral; and underneath are stones but I know not whence they came. You have not builded but only lived with me beneath the trees. Now we must build for building is human. Build then,—as once Black Man built. Indigo, search clay!

Indigo. I fly.

Long-Nose. Red Man, stones!

Red Man. They're here.

Long-Nose. Blue Man, water!

Orange. 'Tis there—an ocean full (writes on the sand, while Blue Man brings water.)

Violet. I see a mighty head beside the Sea

41-6-193

Long-Nose. Build the tower—watch and build. There shall be four gates. Red and Yellow stand here in front and meet the King of Beasts.

Red and Yellow. Ay-ah!

Long-Nose. Indigo and Green, to the right! out clubs and ward off Little Eye the Bear.

Green. We go, he'll never pass. Ay-ah! (Green moves out—and Indigo follows thoughtfully)

Long Nose. Orange and Blue! Take clubs and ward the Left against the guilful soft-foot, the Leopard.

Orange and Blue. What! Beautiful leopard?—we'll beguile him and sing him into a trap. (They go out whispering)

Violet. Soft-Foot prowleth from the meat—where are Orange and Blue? Mother Long-Nose, what can I do?

Long-Nose. You are small and light and young, but thou must watch the hill; perchance your mighty father hearing may come.

Violet. Or shall I go and call him?

Long-Nose. We dare not yet, but wait. I must dig—a great cellar for the Dead—Hark!

(The roar of the Beasts of Hell)

Scene II. Nine o'clock at night

(One sees the foundation of the Tower. Violet flits by the back gate. Red and Yellow stand guard in front.)

Violet. It is dark here—it is dark, but I see. O mother Long Nose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air, beware! Ah! where where are Orange + Blue? See how they turn and twist and twine. The blood of Mother Long-Nose flows without her hide. She trumpets and stamps. She wraps her nose about him and slowly, slowly with great wrench and scream—scream of Long-Nose, scream of Soft Foot—quiver and scream of both and they,—they sleep. They roll together down into the pit. They

They both shudder and sleep. I cannot understand. They must be very, very tired. And the red-blood—the thick, red-blood of their hearts flows, gushes, trickles: and they sleep, they sleep. Ah—what moves yonder in the forest? Indigo! green!

~~Indigo! —Green!~~

(Indigo and Green standing in the right gate. Violet points out the door.)

Violet [illegible]. See!

Indigo and Green. I see nothing!

Violet [illegible]. See you not that dark west hill that moves softly, terribly?

Indigo [illegible]. I hear something.

Green [illegible]. I see two little stars.

Violet [illegible]. 'Tis Little Eye, the Bear—the cruel, terrible bear. Shall we fly?

Indigo [illegible]. And leave our Father unguarded?

Green [illegible]. And leave our brothers alone? No to the forest! Come brother, out and on! (Exeunt by the right gate.)

(Silence—then scuffling; then a howl and the sounds of terrific battle. Violet veils his eyes. Silence. Violet looks.)

Violet [illegible]. The earth is all crimson—wet and crimson. Indigo lies very still. He sleeps. He breathes not. Green sleeps—O God! he has no head! His head is gone! There, O where is his head? Little Eye has it. Little Eye groans and rolls here and there. Now he sleeps, too. He is still. He breathes not. I am afraid of this strange sleeping. Never before—

(The roar of the Great Mane, the Lion, is heard. Red and Yellow rush out in front but Blue wounded crawls slowly into the tower from the left gate, dragging Orange [illegible] after him across the room. Violet stops their wounds and then stands staring at his own bloody

11-6-J18

hands. Orange Blue rises and falls. Orange rises, leaps over
him and rushes out the gate after Red and Yellow Yellow. One hears
the battle rage. ~~Blue rises and rushes out the night gate.~~
(Orange staggers ~~back from the last gate~~ To the last).

Orange [redacted]. Here are—my poems—[redacted]—I die.

Voice of Red Man and Yellow Man. Hear us, our father! We conquer the
King of Beasts! and the body of Blue.

(They stagger in with the Lion's head. Violet gazes on them.)

Violet [redacted]. There is a new sleep come to us—it stops heartbeats.

Red Man and Yellow Man. It is Death. It is that which veiled the Moon
to our father's sorrow. It is Death. Never more shall Indigo
and Green and Orange and Blue and Mother Long-Nose speak.

Violet [redacted]. Woe—woe—woe!—and this is Death.

(They [redacted] bury the dead in the cellar)

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Red Man Sings and Dances:

The King of the forest came cleaving the air;
The roar of the sea was the howl of the bear,
The shriek of the Leopard flamed up in the night,
The wail of the elephant trembled in fright.

Yellow Man Sings and Dances:

The leopard and elephant frozen in death;
The bear and the lion but quivering breath;
The pall of the crimson that covered the fight,—
The scream of the wind in the star-spangled night.

Red and Yellow Man Sing and Dance Together:

The silence our brothers forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
The end of their laughter, the end of their song,—
The terrible triumph of right over wrong.

RED MAN. The king of the forest

(Cry within)

Violet Man. I hear a light.

Red Man. Harken—the light!

Violet Man. It is the light of a vast flame.

Yellow Man. Something rises from the sea.

Violet Man. It is an island belching fire.

Red Man. It is a great Fish—but fear not! It cannot walk the land.

Yellow Man. It is a Dragon—it is the End.

(The rage of the Sea redoubles)

Red Man.— Dragon comes, leading all the fish of the Sea and belching fire

[redacted]ght.

Yellow Man. It is the End. Dragon walks both land and sea. Sea and Land are raging.

Red Man. Let us fight and die.

Violet Man. No—no! Wiill you both sleep and leave the world dead to me?

Red Man. There is but one last refuge—Black Man.

[redacted] Little Brother, Close the gates of the [redacted] Tower, While we — but hear the faintest murmur of us all. We can thread the underbrush & glade through the trees. If he has courage

Yellow Man. He is too weak and small—Listen, boy, do you fear?

Violet Man. What is fear?

Yellow Man. go out yonder & the shore. Great Dragon. Stand there — ~~Stand here~~ Stand until you hear the clanging of the closing gates. Then away this' the jungle & the forest to the mountain after us & run for your life & ours

(Violet walks alone to the shore.)

Violet Man. Ah, but his mouth is vast!

Man. Oh but his teeth are sharp! His great gills redden and pale. Oh but it's hot, hot the fires rush and roar.—I—Oh brother Red man must I stay? boy? His maw is full of wriggling fish—Oh brother Yellow Man must I still stay? Ah, his scales—his crimson scales are beautiful—but oh—oh—oh! I—am afraid.

(The ringing clang of the gates is heard and Violet flies, with Dragon after him.)

Scene III, ~~The wild Dwight~~

On the Mountain Top, ~~[illegible]~~

(A mighty forest. Stars above. In the center a Bier with crimson flame. Black Man at the right on a huge black throne feeds the flame. His shadow is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises ever and anon.)

Black Man—(Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O woe, woe, woe, that is death!
O death in life,
And life in death,
And horror over all!
O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Dread in life,
And age in death,
And horror over all!

O pain, pain, pain, that is Life;
And sleep, sleep, sleep, that is death;
Pain in life,
And Hate in death!
And horror over all!

O woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

(Enter Red Man and Yellow Man chanting)

Red Man and Yellow Man (together and on their knees) Father!

41-6-451

Black Man—I am no father—I am Woe.

Red Man and Yellow Man. King!

Black Man. I am no king—I am Hurt and Horror;

The bottom and end of Life,

The death of Happiness,

The darkness of Joy

I am Woe,—go, go, go!

Red Man and Yellow Man. Father—King—Eternal Night—behold Death comes—

Black Man. Death has come and gone.

(One hears Dragon roar and crawl.)

Red Man. Death is here, he seeks to destroy us—

Black Man. I am destroyed.

Yellow Man. He will destroy—the Flame of Love! (Pointing to the fire)

Black Man. (Starts to his feet.) Who? Where? How?

Red Man. Dragon comes raging.

Yellow Man. Dragon comes with bloody fangs.

Voice of Violet. Help! O father.

Red Man. Send but your voice.

Yellow Man. Wave but your mighty hand.

Voice of Violet. Send but the Shadow of your Soul.

Red Man. (Aside) His shadow is white.

(Enter Violet)

Violet Man. (Screaming) See—yonder—Dragon. (The forest is alight. Dragon is seen afar.)

Black Man. (Stepping forward) What is this?

Violet Man. It is the fire that burned the moonlight away; dragon brings it.

Black Man. There is no moonlight; ~~this is the~~ There is the shadow of moonlight; but by the Hills of God who ~~touches~~ the shadow of Moonlight ~~touches~~ me! Avaunt, Beast! Hither, slaves! O ho! A ha! and alas! There is none to obey—none to help; all are gone! they

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dance as shadows afar; death drove them away—away! Woe—woe--all is woe!

Violet [illegible]. (Desperately) Dragon will kill us, Dragon will kill you, Dragon will eat the shadow of Moonlight! Dragon will [illegible] our Mother's flame and desecrate her tomb!

Black Man—Never!

Red Man.—Lend aid!

Yellow Man.—Lend your mighty arm!

Violet [illegible].—Even your shadow—send us your shadow, lend us your shadow of white!

(Black Man [illegible] stands up, steps forward, turns with a cry as the breath of the dragon from afar dims the flame. As it dies down he renews it. Dragon howls.)

Violet.—Your shadow—your white shadow—only your shadow if not yourself!

(Black Man [illegible] bends slowly, and raises his white shadow; he puts the Flame of Life into it from the bier; he pours Blood from his gashed arm into it; he breathes his Breath into it; the shadow lives; but is inert; vacant-eyed. Black Man hesitates. Then slowly he lifts a hammer and a knife. He bears his breast and uncovers his head. He crushes his own head and lifting part of his brain, forces it into white man's mouth; he starts to gash his left breast, but already White Man with keen eyes and listening ear has leapt to his feet.)

White Man. What's that?

(Dragon shrieks and appears)

White Man. (Seizing hammer and knife, leaps forward.) He seeks?

Red Man Us.

White Man. [illegible] (looking about) To the Tower yonder.

Yellow Man. [illegible] It's locked.

41-6-453

White Man.- What's in it?

Red Man.- A grave full of the dead.

White Man.- Unlock it and stand behind each door

Violet Man.- White Man has no heart.

Yellow Man.- But—Black Man—[redacted]?

White Man.- We'll drive Dragon down.

Red Man.- In the grave with the dead! (Red and Yellow rush out)

Violet [redacted]. White Man has no heart. The King of Night gave him fire; he gave him breath and brain; but White Man has no heart!

(There is the sound of a mighty conflict.

Above in crimson light appears Black Man fighting the dragon. He falls and rises. The Dragon forces him back. He drives Dragon back. Then he yields, attacks, returns, falls: rises with one great effort and drives Dragon toward the Sea. He falls to the ground. The beacon of the Funeral Pyre flickers and the flame leaving the earth mounts heavenward like a star.)

Scene IV.

(A building made of the tower with a second story; empty but clean and airy, below darkness split by intermittent flame; dirt and noisome smells. One can see Black Man prone with Violet sitting beside him. Red and Yellow directed by White are hurriedly finishing the [redacted].)

Violet. I see a new star in the east.

Red Man. How is our father?

White Man. Better.

Yellow Man. It was a mighty battle.

White Man. It was that.

Violet [redacted]. [redacted] you followed.

Red Man. Dragon is caged below.

White Man. Yes; he'll give us heat and light.

11-6-454

Red Man. I fear dragon!

White Man. So do I—uncaged! But caged, he's harmless.

Violet [redacted]. He eats our dead.

White Man. Of course; and as long as he eats he'll be safe.

Dragon has no hands [tear away his tears]

Red Man. Aye—cruel feet and many [wings] cruel jaws; but no hands.

Yellow Man. We must take Black Man upstairs soon, where it is quiet and clean.

White Man. Be hurry. We've much to do yet.

Violet [redacted]. The star in the east grows larger.

(White Man, Red Man and Yellow Man continue to clean and arrange the second story.)

Red Man. We'll need [redacted] chairs.

White Man. No, only one at present.

Yellow Man. We'll need [redacted] benches [for three]

White Man. No, only [for] one—at a time.

Violet [redacted]. Father groans.

White Man. Bring in Black Man. (Red and Yellow carry him through the [low] gate.)

Violet [redacted]. Up here—into the air, beneath the new stars.

(Red and Yellow start to [climb the ladder].)

White Man. No—not yet. No—no—wait. [all is not ready yet.] Let's think the thing out. There's a lot to be done—work, hard work. Digging, pulling, lifting, shoving, hauling. This whole thing needs rebuilding. The mountain side needs to be cleared and fenced and planted. The sea-shore needs [fixing] up and a sea wall [must be] built to guide the tides. [Wash beach the beach] Then, I've a lot of plans and experiments: machines, wheels, engines, power. There is the wind of the sea and the steam of Dragon to serve us. I'm going to build Civilization. I need time

to think and plan and work it out. (Aside) Now, if I let these darkies sit around and jaw and sleep, they won't work and they won't do as I say—no—leave him there—the air here is too strong—~~the light too fierce.~~ (Locks the mountain gate—flies up and drops the trap door between the first and second story.) Hi,—Hi—they're all there now—(spies Violet) Why aren't you down there?

Violet [redacted]. (Slowly) White man has no heart.

White Man. O stay—if you want to, until you get hungry. Let's see. I've got three laborers now for my work: husky fellows too. Civilization can begin. In forest and sea is already food a-plenty. I'll gather it and feed it below, sparingly. In return these colored men will ~~make bows and arrows for my hunting, forge fire for my iron tools, carve curious things.~~ I have in mind many experiments—~~things~~ to lift, to push—perhaps to fly. While they work, I'll think. I'll have time to think out certain puzzles. They must work and work hard—but what of it? They are simple things and know only to work and sleep and eat. In time, when I've plenty, I'll give them more to eat and a better place to sleep. Only I must not spoil them or get them out of their place. Above all they must not think; thinking is bad for laborers. I'll do the thinking. Moreover, they can't think. They have no brains.

Violet [redacted]. White Man has no heart.

White Man.—(sharply) What's that? (To Black Man, Yellow and Red, showing them food.) Look sharp now, don't loiter. Make me a bow and arrow and some fish hooks. Stop slobbering over Black Man. He isn't hurt much. And stop dividing your food with him, ~~until~~ unless he works. All right then, so much the less for you! Come now, look alive!

(Red and Yellow in the cellar go sullenly to work. Black Man

41-6-456

Man arises dazed and sinks in a stupor. Then he works mechanically and listlessly staring toward the sea. Once he starts—raises his great arm and grasps the bars; then his head falls. He lets go: sometimes he sways stupidly.

White Man.—(To Violet who is perched on the edge of the platform.) Another thing I got to do and that is to tame the beasts. Make them Friends of [redacted] them.

Violet [redacted]. And fool them into working for you instead of running and playing and loving.

White Man. Well—why not? Why don't you go to work?

Violet [redacted]. White Man has no heart.

White Man. What's that? What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think. What more?

Violet. You are cold, bloodless, unfeeling. You have no real knowledge of joy and pain: of sunset and song, of love. You cannot laugh nor sing. Black Man, our poor father, forgot: he gave his Shadow no heart.

White Man. You haven't good sense and until you get to work down there with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you go down there.

Violet. All right—Open the door.

White Man. (Starts, pauses) No, I won't. See here, you get out, go—We have no room for such as you in the world. You see too much. Your've fit for nothing but poetry.

Violet. Poet's dream.

White Man. But they dream foolishness—colors and sounds and idleness. I dream useful things—food and clothes and city walls—

Violet. I see a star. It is larger than yesterevs. I think it is coming nearer.

White Man. Go to it—star-chaser.

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Scene V.

(The second floor is crowded with piles of goods and food. In front are unfinished machines.)

White Man.—

God! but I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. Nobody to sympathize with me or talk to me—if only these machines could live and talk!

Violet. I talk to you.

White Man. Who are you? Where are you? O, you don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to guide and plan and build civilization.

Violet. Why do it?

White Man. You fool. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't even see my genius. Notice how I raise food and make things? See my land out there.

Violet. It is not yours. It never was. It is God's.

White Man. I don't care whose it is, I got it. I am going for the Niggers to eat

Violet. You chain them to their work.

White Man. Do you think they'd work if I didn't? They'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

Violet. What for?

White Man. To make more food and clothes and shelter.

Violet. For them?

White Man. No. They'd get lazy and impudent.

Violet. For you?

White Man. Say! Whoever its for it's hard work and it must be done. It's no fun to keep three husky brutes at work and they hating you like hell and ready to slit your throat when your back's turned. I work harder than they do—a damned sight harder. I risk and worry and fret. They mutter and whine. I've a notion to give

41-6-458

up and let them starve. I'm tired. I'm sick. I'm lonesome. Why don't you show yourself? Where are you hiding?

Violet [illegible]. You work too hard.

White Man. It is the truth.

Violet [illegible]. Making others work.

White Man. That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

Violet [illegible]. You need help.

White Man. I know it and I've made some. I've made me [illegible] machines—perfect [illegible] tireless workers who never complain. And they're white too—white steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

Violet [illegible]. What are they?

White Man. You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway. You belong to that part-colored brood. I guess it's because I'm lonesome. Well, here they are; Radio, Dynamo, [illegible] Gun and Loom. Dynamo [illegible] and makes [illegible]; Radio eats [illegible] and talks. Loom [illegible] and makes cloth; [illegible] Gun eats lead and kills.

Violet [illegible]. Kills? Murders? Takes beautiful lives? Why? When?

White Man. When they get dangerous to me—you better look sharp—they can't think or feel. Radio talks nonsense. Dynamo spurts [illegible] whether I want it or no. Loom knows no patterns [illegible]. See? I want them to have souls—not too much, not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent and let me rest and enjoy myself—and sleep. You seem to know a lot—mostly foolishness—but where do souls come from?

Violet [illegible]. They come from [illegible] dreams.

White Man. Nonsense, you want to get me off to sleep, don't you, so that you can snoop and steal? Well, I don't believe your lies but I got to sleep—I'm dead—tired.

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(White Man sleeps on the trap door grasping his whip)

Violet Man. Souls? Souls! If I could get the right soul for these terrible steel monsters, we would heal this sick world.

Voice: Why not the souls of your dead brothers?

Violet Man. Dead—brothers—Who speaks? The star in the east is—gone! brighter. There is a mist where it was and a wind in the mist. I thought I heard the mist speak. Can stars talk?

Voice. Yes, my son.

Violet Man. Who speaks? Can it be yonder star that was growing brighter?

Voice. Yes, My son.

Violet Man. Your son!

Voice. My Moon beam—last of the Angels.

Violet Man. Mother—Moon-Mother of Earth and Sky
Bearer of sun rays
Star of evening
Wife of Black Man
Mother of me and mine
You are dead and yet speak

41-6-460

(Enters the Moon as a woman in grey)

I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger.
But seeing Earth's evil
He has repented
And called me back from the swoon of Death
To redeem mankind.

Violet Man. And may I help and what's to be done? Shall we kill White Man? See! he sleeps—he is very still—helpless and still. Shall we kill him and free the world?

Grey Woman. We may not kill. Not Death but Life is our mission.

Violet Man. Shall we smash his machines?

Grey Woman. No—not Destruction but Creation is good and White Man has created this wonderful work; let it endure.

Violet Man. But souls--it needs souls; he says so.

Grey Woman. Listen, my boy. There are two ways and only two to redeem the world—by Dreams and Death. We will try both. Will you help?

Violet [redacted]. So willingly.

Grey [redacted]. [redacted] if you fail? — Trade me idle by Dreams — but

Violet [redacted]. What?

Grey [redacted]. Death, little one, only Death.

Violet [redacted]. Welcome Death! say on.

Grey [redacted]. Below lies Dragon eating the bodies and prisoning the souls of four of my children. I shall loose Dragon. You will hear then the thunderous rush of his gong: the heat and fury of his fire. I will gather the souls of my dead sons and stand them here with these machines. Then little one, comes your task.

Violet [redacted]. What—what?

Grey [redacted]. White Man sleeps in deep and dreamless stupor. The thunder of Dragon will wake him to dreaming. He will feel the presence of the souls of Orange beside Radio; Blue beside Dynamo; Green beside [redacted] Gun and Indigo beside Loom. He will dream these ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone lest his heartless head complete disaster. It is your task to make the world dream with him. Black Man must dream and Red and Yellow and you must dream. If all dream hard and sure, the machines and the souls of my sons will be one and like to the souls of the fullest truest dreamers. If we fail, we shall create half men and monsters and then [redacted]. there is no Salvation but Death

Go and while you dream, I will loose Dragon from his bitter slavery of fire lest the souls of my children, weary and confused, creep back to their mangled bodies again and die forever.

Violet [redacted]. But if Dragon turns on us?

Grey [redacted]. He will not. He has learned the Hell of Human Hearts. He will spurn the earth and cleave the sea and fly beyond the stars. Go! Put all the world to sleep. When dragon thunders, awake! Go! And Oh my boy child, try—try hard. For if you fail, there is but one salvation—the Sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling.

41-6-461

Dreams or Death—go.

Scene VI — as one looks in the moonlight

(The lower story of the [redacted]. Above lies White Man asleep. Back of a grating are Black Man in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At this right is yellow man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.)

White Man. (Stirring in his sleep)

I thought I saw ghosts—and heard the Voice of God.

Violet [redacted]. He sleeps. Soon he shall dream my brothers back to life. If I dream too—if my father dreams and all my father's children, then will the machine and the dream be wed and true and the rainbow of the world live again in beauty. (Flies below)

41-6-462

Black Man. The mud of the world,
The offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Cursed of sun and sea,
Deserted of Moon and Star,
Inert, nerveless, more than dead and less.
A dog to be kicked
A worm to be trodden
"Dago"—"Chink"—"Sheeny"—
"Nigger"—"Nigger"—"Nigger"!
Nought—Nothing.

Violet [redacted]. (Climbing down from above.)

Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? God commands us to dream. Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our brothers who still sleep as ghosts let them mate with steel and redeem the world. Dream hard—harder than that white wraith above, so that

new beings, ~~[illegible]~~ with our brothers hearts and souls may be mighty men of brain and brawn and free us all from ill. O, listen to me, Father, wake and listen. I tell you, I know, I was told. I—I—

Yellow Man. Toil!

Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing, grinning;
Till all the muscles ache,
Till the blood swims in the eyes,
Till the back shrieks
And the limbs cramp,
Toil!
Crouching and gripping and groaning,
Scraping and grinding and breaking,
Ripping and smashing and squashing!
~~Hisses~~ Winds, roars, explosions, yells—
Noise, noise, din and noise.
Toil!
Till thought dies,
And dreams disappear;
Till hunger flames and flees;
Till sleep is a drug,
And waking, shrinking; and living, dying!
And life a nightmare of pain on pain!

Violet. O, brother, brother! listen to me—listen but a moment! I am little, but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls return—I've seen their ghosts—great beautiful ~~white~~ pale ghosts. Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like machines—and pack-horses—sleep—dream!

Red Man. —

I will live no more
Neither will I dream
I will die.
Toil!
Without rest or song,

41-6-463

Without laugh or sass,
Without hope or death,
Without sky, sun or sea!
Without home, without love,
Without God.
Toil!
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil,
To toil to rest;
To moan unheard,
To cry unpitied,
To be alone in crowds,
And crowded alone!
To remember nothing—
Nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no body,
To have no soul!
Toil?
Toil!
I will not toil—
I will be free!
I will not dream
I will die

(They all three sink down in dreamless stupor.)

Violet. O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream? I do not think they dream. They do not sleep like dreamers--they lie like dogs.

The new machines will be born white—pale, heartless monsters:

My brothers will be half-hearted
ghosts, encased in steel.
I, only little me, am left
To dream in them a heart
I will sleep. I must sleep
(He lies down and tosses)
I cannot sleep; my hands afire but a cold white hand has gotten my brain.
I cannot sleep——
O God! I cannot sleep.

Violet, (Violet climbs up.)

I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I? I—I couldn't sleep. O—Loom Mother! I have failed. Dreams have failed — There is only — Death!

(With sudden thunderous rush of sound and rage of smoke and fire, Dragon passes seething to the Sea. The sea boils and Dragon flies beyond the stars.)

11-6-465

Scene VII

(White Man on a georgeously furnished platform making a sort of third story of the tower at the back. He sits on a throne chair leaning forward and staring. Before him is a pale-orange Radio, who can talk and hear but cannot see. Radio is in a servants livery; Dynamo pale blue; he can feel and talk but cannot see or hear; Gun in pale green; he can hear and see but cannot feel; Loom in pale purple; he can see and feel but cannot talk)

White Man. Who are you?
Radio. I am your servant, sir.
White Man. How did I get here.
Dynamo. We found you asleep, guarded by the white Gun. Loom made this throne and Radio placed you on it.

White Man. (Spies Violet, flattering among the four men.)
Say you!

Violet [illegible]. Yes.

White Man. Do you believe in ghosts.

Violet [illegible]. I don't know.

White Man. I do. I saw four ghosts last night—or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly but I half believe the ghosts got into my machine and made them men.

Violet. Half-Men.

White Man. Half—nothing. White men—my equals—my helpers. By God—I believe—what is it you fellows want?

Radio. (With cockney accent) To serve you, Sir, and henterlain you, with my

White Man. See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve and all servitude should be abolished

(To Dynamo) What do you want?

Radio. 'E is deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see and 'e wants to work for you

Violet [illegible]. He don't want to dream; he don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! My God!

White Man. Good! That's the ticket. Give him a desk, a typewriter, tell him to light up, get going and I'll give you a good steady job. Thank you, sir.

Dynamo— [illegible]

White Man— What's he muttering about? Here you (To Gun) what do you want?

(Gun salutes smartly and presents arms)

Gun— To kill

Radio. He's dumb, sir, but I want to fight

White Man. Great! Ideal soldier! [illegible] He'll guard me. (Gun stands aside)

And you (to Loom)

Radio. 'E's dumb, sir, but 'e can talk. We built your [illegible] and throne out of goods we got from the Niggers below.

White Man. Capital! Perfect! Which is better than a good listener who can't talk and [illegible] has an eye single to his God.

Violet [illegible]. They're only half men. We failed.

White Man. We failed—to succeed you mean. I'm a creator. I'm a god. I've made a world of white men.

(I'm sure Dynamo was supposed to be German accent)

V. Orange had forgotten all this today 41-6-466

Violet [redacted]. They're not white.

White Man. Yes, they are too—of course, not pure white—not Nordic like me, but that tint, is tan. I tell you [redacted] they're white.

Violet [redacted]. And your equals! yes - your equals

White Man - Sure - that is - in a way— Oh you get out. Here Dynamo (beckons)

Dynamo - yes Sir

W. M. - Come over here by this back door. Left it this way. See them wiggins down there? See the goods [redacted] they're paying us. Left the stuff we here and hand it to them. Left us get going

~~I'll teach them~~

~~W.M. Teach them what?~~

~~(Dynamo leaves & work)~~

W.M. Hey! Loom

(Loom approaches)

Take the goods Dynamo raises us & make cloth and food and steel. Look alive now.

V. I'll teach them

W.M. Teach them what?

V What every white man should know!

W.M. [redacted] about here an opener. Keep on at [redacted] and beating [redacted] this devil says

you keep your mouth shut. You can't teach White man. They know it all, naturally. Now Dynamo & Loom, drive

them Niggers to work. Spur them on. Call for more, more, more goods. Get a smart pace. Whip 'em with steel if they loiter and pile the goods up here. O yes and we might as well smother Dragon now. We can make our own heat and light.

Violet [redacted]. Dragon's gone.

White Man. (starting) What? He'll kill us —who—

Violet [redacted]. He has flown beyond the stars.

White Man. Oh well—I'll keep an eye on the stars.— [redacted] Gun!

[redacted] Gun. (Salutes) yes sir!

White Man. Get a khaki uniform and a rifle Then stand here and look alive. Keep a special eye on him. (pointing to Violet.)

[redacted] Gun marches out.)

White Man. Radio!

Radio. Yes, sir.

White Man. Fetch Loom-- can he talk or hear?

Radio. No, sir, but can't talk hears and has good eyes.

[redacted]

White Man. [redacted] tell him to make cloth, grind corn, cut lumber, roll steel. [redacted] (Loom rumbles.)

[redacted] (Work begins. White man rubs his hands & looks at his watch)

W. M. Where's gun?

8915-9-14

(Machine Gun marches back in uniform.)

White Man. Present—hrm! Right shoulder—hrm! Right about—face! Stand there on guard. Now Radio, dinner and a good one. Hurrah for culture and white civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. While you're ordering dinner, Radio, order me some art and literature—a million dollars worth.

(Dinner is served with flowers, fruit, china and silver.)

White Man. O, I dine!

A Bronx cocktail-Potage à la creme, sole frits.(with chablis)
Paté de foie gras—champignons!

Canard rotis aux truffles (a bit of Burgundy)
Salad (very rare-try this hook)
Patisserie—Moët et Chandon to warm the heart)
Café noir. What about this Fort!

Lord, how I've stuffed myself and I wasn't even hungry.

White Man. Sing Radio.

(Radio sings)

White Man. (Beating time)

Work.

Work hard!

Pile up the goods, drive the Niggers.

Here's whips. Use them if necessary.

The harder they work the more bread they get!

If they work like Hell—there's a bit of cake—I don't want it.

I can't digest the stuff.

I really need exercise to keep fit and fix me for a [redacted] meal.

(Doffs his dinner suit for sport clothes. Plays tennis and golf and swings Indian clubs.

Sits down panting.)

Violet [redacted]. You still seem overworked.

White Man. You still here? [redacted] Jan, watch him!

Violet [redacted]. They're hungry below.

[redacted]!

41-6-469

White Man. Sure! See 'em? Hear 'em growl and fight. (Tosses a bone over the side.) Here Radio! [redacted] a liquor? Something good and costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent—excell—ent!' (Looks down at the workers.) Liquor's bad for laborers—makes 'em lazy and inefficient; besides its against the law. I made the law myself.

V. I thought they were white men?
W.M. White laborers — my laborers. I own them. If I want to I'll work them.
I'll work them much longer

I'll drive them with the scorpions of pain,
Hunger is the whip of Man!
For me?
What is nicer than clothes—
Silk and linen,
Soft and subtle wool,
Sweet bending leather:
Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling;
Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls!
Why I got so many clothes I can't wear 'em.
I don't know what to do with the damned gew-gaws.
They're in the way—but
Laborers don't need clothes,—
They don't appreciate them;
They're too dirty and careless;
They live in dirt;
They twist and bend;
They work!
They can wear this worn-out stuff.
They don't deserve more.
I worked and saved and thought
They dawdled and squandered.

Violet Man. You didn't save, you found.
You don't work, you loaf.
You don't think, you count,
You don't play, you gorge,
Your limbs are prisoners of your stomach,
Your brains serve your body
Your muscles are water,
Corns crust your feet
You're a fool,
Because you have no heart.
White Man (Staggering to his feet) Hear that? Hear that traitor—that viper I've been nourishing—catch him—put him to work.
(Falls in a drunken stupor and is put to bed by Radio.)
Violet Man. I won't work.
I am free
I play
I fly and sing, I cry
Work is the child of Hell
I am a son of Heaven.

41-6-471

(Rushes down & Dynamo writes a note
Dynamo reads)
stares, stops work.

(V. writes a note + shows it to T. D)

A (Reading) All - men - are brothers? (stares in amaze)

L (Reading - works more slowly) V. writes again eagerly)

A (Reading) All men - are born - free and equal!! Vg - dem
Black fellers down dere - brothers! equal!

(L stops work + stretches his arms toward the cellar)

R (Looking) Hey - what's wh. ? don't hear [redacted] work...

G. I was there - get to work

(V. writes again carefully)

A Liberty - Equality - Fraternity

(D stops work)

R What's that? Blimey, [redacted] Stopped work, what's up?

G. Shall I shoot

R No - hear me meaner, what are you [redacted]?

(V. writes)

D. Life - Liberty - and the Pursuit - of Happiness.?

G What's that? Is it something to eat? I'm hungry give me some [redacted] more bullets

(Loon starts forward while man throws, scattering the blocks in the cellar)

R Stand back!

G ~~Stop don't you [redacted] shoot~~ Shall I shoot?

(V writes)

D (walking forward slowly with rapt address) All -
Wealth belongs to the Broken

41-9-14 274-9-42

G. Which one shall I kill? why don't somebody order me about

R – 'old on there. I can't get this 'ere talk straight. I don't trust that there mulatto, Violet, but there's some sense in what they're saying. Natural enough all white men are equal – if you 'd ask me I wouldn't half mind pursuing a little 'appiness

V – Workers unite! Solidarity forever! (Sings) "Allons enfants de la patrie!"

W.M. (slowly rising from sleep) What's that?

R (to G.) – quick lend me – this robe (holds his robe so as to cut off the view of the advancing warders) Present him! aim! hold on back (to W.M. – Nothing sir – 'ere's your robe

W.M. (shrinking) I feel rotten

R The morning after the night before, Sir! ~~Shave~~ Bath? shave? breakfast

W.M. Breakfast? bath! first a bath and

(G & D & V. (They have formed as G. aims, but now they emerge formed, V. leading under a red flag, & beating a drum to D, a triangle.)

Solidarity forever –

W.M. (wheeling about) What the hell! Why these? why and they working?

41-6-473

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R (Rushing in & finding the warden) Protect! Save yourself!

W. I beat you

R The morning is after Sir, the night before! Shame Sir

W.M. I dare! — Say I dare here the world

— what — what the hell

R Reign eternal rule Sir. Entry shade. Been having

& agitation — Bless Blood Violet

D. All men are brothers

W.M — debbil hell they are! if you don't —

R I think the means which mean Sir

G Shall I shall him?

W.M. I don't care a damn what he means —

D All men are born free & equal

W.M. I'll free & equal you — your attendum

G yes sir

R Peasant - down! get back & avoid!

D. Liberty Equality Fraternity

W.M Take aim — (L makes sh to W.M)

D. Life, liberty & the Pursuit of Happiness

(

W.M. Don't put your hands on me! Don't touch me! You!

(L dies & turns into a machine)

D. Lady of the [illegible]

(G. rises and goes out W.M follows

R. Boy [illegible] are but strangers in better regards this ground?

Why [illegible] Fruit [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

W M (hoarsely) My god!

~~(illegible)~~

V – Indigo – Indigo! – dead – all dead! ~~illegible~~!

D ~~illegible~~! (falls weeping on the counter) All men – one form – five eyes

(D climbs into rifle & fires again)

W M. Shit! –

R. Beg pardon Sir – but shouldn't we better arbitrate? My idea, Sir, is one Chinese fellow has some right but goes too far.

Dynamo – all Wealth belongs to the workers.

White Man – you blithering idiot! Gun! Attention!
What the devil's the matter with the world!

Rodes, Well Sir. I to this way. I is that kid V killed. He's been a tampering with machinery. I don't like this works no way. But of the two – much is your side. Dynamo he started it with this equality business. Of course ~~I know the whole point are equal but I don't~~ ~~hold with niggers and hold Dynamo some~~ W. what I will

Now I should die as does all white men were brothers & should bury the guilty but I don't think much niggers. We white folks should be free & equal and those who don't me can get

W.M. What the devil are you talking about! ~~Get me some~~ Christ almighty ~~illegible~~!

White Man – Lord! He's talking down collar. He's trying to rouse the niggers!

~~[redacted]~~ no sir - don't you touch nothing

Radio - give me the whip. Gun - guide me

~~Radio.~~ (Seizes the whip and dashes below. + Red + yellow rouse then beats)

Radio: Get down there, you ~~black~~ red son of a bitch! Out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see him. Gee! This is fun!

Violet. ~~[redacted]~~. Don't strike your brothers!

~~Radio.~~ ~~[redacted]~~

~~Gray Lion.~~ Brothers? Hell, they're lice. I'll show em—

(Red + yellow crouch back. V + D stare silently after them. R + gun march back)

V - Brothers! Join us + fight for freedom. Don't go back + him

WM. Don't hesitate + start marching music. Come here (He seizes a flag. Gun leads, R next + WM last waving the flag) "O say can you see!"

9-4-26

V [redacted] (sings) " Allons enfants de la Patrie —
G (sings + [illegible]) "
"
D [redacted] - Suddenly [illegible] —
R W.M. [illegible]
V [redacted] "La fleur de guerre etes arrive
G. (sings the same air) Doubtless, Doubtless votre
altesse" —
W.M "My God am I drunk or dreaming or has
the whole damned world gone mad (to V.)
Guise the cause of all this. I'll fix you
- Kelly is too good for you (to G.) Leave
your and that gun
G Yes
W.M. Who?
G No - I'm the Killer
W.M God damn you [redacted]
[redacted]
V. Come, Radin - form us, brothers -

11-6-17

Radio. (To White Man) Why yes; you see — we are alone now and going ground

White Man. Are we?

Radio. Yes. Can I sit up there with you now and help whip Niggers.

White Man. Well, of course, sometime when there's more room.

It's cramped now.

Violet Man. All men are equal.

Radio [redacted]. Don't call me [redacted], or I'll bash your mouth in.

Violet [redacted] What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's [redacted] the battle for freedom and brotherhood. Up and on.

Dynamo. (St[redacted] toward White Man.) [redacted]

White Man. Love your country. Serve God. Honor the King. God save the Czar. [redacted] ([redacted] fires.)

Dynamo. [redacted] Long live—the Revolution!"

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whir.) White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring.)

Violet [redacted]. Brother Blue's dead now—all dead. His body died before—now his soul is dead. [redacted] will never live again. He needed more heart—he was more than half-hearted. Almost I dreamed a soul in [redacted] him. [redacted] Almost,—and then I couldn't sleep. White Man dreamed hardest, but White Man has no heart.

Radio. Well, we're rid of those Bolsheviki [redacted] dead. It is a good thing [redacted] dead.

—v—

Now what's distress, Sir, is this: Brother you & I ought just stand & gether & rum the King, [redacted]

White Man—you & I?

Radio — Yes [redacted] we white folks are equal, ain't we?

White Man — Why — yes of course.

Radio — well then hereafter we'll live up here on the throne. I'll eat much you & drink a bit of that good liquor you [redacted] and wear some of them good clothes you can't use & then we'll rule the world. I may write a bit of poetry now & then. — I need it

White Man — What the [redacted] devil! —

All men are brothers.

Radio [redacted]. That's it. No, it ain't. I don't mean you—all white men. and I want to eat and get drunk like you, right now

White Man. (Starting up angrily) Well, you won't.

Radio Man. I won't, hey. (Starts toward White Man. [redacted] (Gun mechanically shoots. Radio becomes a radio cabinet, humming jazz)

White Man. What did you—do that—for? You damned blundering idiot.

Machine Gun. (Whirls about and glares. Stares at the corpse of Radio. Stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun.)

White Man. About—face! (Machine Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man shots him in the back. He becomes a machine gun.)

[redacted]

94 is funnier.

White Man. Only me—alone—with dead machines—and Niggers.

Scene VIII. [redacted] three sided room in the tower

(The lower story of the tower; the Grey Woman is seated before the grating. Black Man sits in the center, bowed. Red and Yellow are stretched asleep at either side.)

41-6-479

Grey Woman. O Black Man!

(No answer)

Grey Woman. King of Night!

(No answer)

Grey Woman. Where is your Majesty!

(Groan)

Grey Woman. Where is your might!

(Groan)

Grey Woman. Why ~~I lost them~~ do you lie in the mud—~~from the~~ you who must ~~have worn~~ horn to a Crown, a crimson mantle, a golden sceptre, a throne studded with stars—

Black Man. (Starting) Who calls?

Grey Man. I call.

Black Man. Whose Voice is that?

Grey Woman. The voice of the Dead.

Black Man. There is but one Dead and two—She and He.

Grey Woman. You are not dead.

Black Man. I am more than dead.

Grey Woman.—Arise You that sleep—arise I say—Black Man, King of Night!

Black Man. (Struggles, swaying, to his feet) Who calls—who calls? That voice!

White Man. (Above) I didn't call, I am alone, go to work!

Grey Woman. Behold, I call! (She unveils her face of the Ice-Moon. Bright Moonlight floods the scene.)

Black Man. Eternal King of Glory. Sun of the Suns! Thou hast sent her back. O Moon, Moon of the Night. (He tears the grating down.) Away cobwebs! (White Man leaps down from above. Out, gnat!

(He hurls White Man headlong.)

(Red Man and Yellow Man leap to their feet. The machines become silent.)

Peace fools! Come, O my beloved,

O my beloved!

Scene IX. Four o'clock in the morning

(On the sea-shore ; behind the Town is beautiful save below. Violet is perched on its walls. The Moon and Black Man are in the center. White Man lies unconscious at their feet. Red Man and Yellow Man are kneeling at either side.)

Violet. I hear flowers. I hear them wave, I smell their gorgeous hues. I'm going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I don't know how or when sometime she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't be me. I won't even be. I can't think it possible. I can't see how anything will be if I'm not. And yet I know it must be so for my brothers, my great and beautiful brothers, with all of their

poetry and song and joy—they are gone. I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only [loosed] back and died again forever. I failed. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. I've had such fun. And yet I'm glad to be able to do something—something great for mother and father. Yes—I'm [over] glad to die.

Red [Man] and Yellow [Man]. (Advancing with knives) Let us kill White Man quickly while he faints. He has no heart. He never had one. He enslaved us. He shut us up. He must die.

Moon [redacted].—What [says] the King's Majesty?

Black Man. (Slowly) No, no!! His sin is mine. He is a soulless thought machine because I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I withheld all that makes life living. I forgot in selfishness, and forgetfulness is sin. As this man grew strong I fed his strength with my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I handed him fear and submission instead of steadfast death. Now I pay the price on the altar of Sacrifice. The world needs the strength of this man as it needs the strength of all men. Yonder city is fair despite its cruel founding stones. Yonder machines are marvellous even if insensate. He must live and for his life I will face death. Moon-wife, behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleaned with grief until no living thing rests upon it. I made it. I saved it for my self destruction, to end despair. Take it. Call my children to aid. Array yourselves as Priests in cloth unspotted. Place him and me together on this bier—hand-in-hand, heart-by-heart and face to heaven. My heart is large, too large for this narrow earth. Cut and cut and cut again and give to him who has none.

Moon [redacted]. And if, O King, I cut—too much?

Black Man. Have you not heart enough for us twain, O Queen?

41-6-481

Moon Woman.—And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should slip?

Black Man.—Then will I die, Sweet Woman, surrendering perfect love to a more perfect world.

(Red and Yellow and the Moon array as operating surgeons. A sheet is spread and all are in white save Black Man and the faces of Moon, Red and Yellow. Violet, alone, sits stiff in front staring sea-ward, his back to the operation.)

Violet. I smell the ether; I see the knife. It shines. I tears the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold, white bone. On, on it glides,—careful—ah—it heads for a river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood—the angry crimson rages. Ah! they bind it back—they curb it, they still it; the knife glides on; and now—ah—I cannot look—I close my eyes: yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul—ah—ah—come blessed darkness and tell me not what lingers in that fearful pool of blood. (He grovels, hands on eyes—silence.)

Moon Woman. (Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes.) Dance, child, before God! All is well and all is well.

(Violet dances; Black Man and White Man stir, open their eyes—and slowly turn their heads.)

Black Man, White Man.—Brother!

Scene X Morning Twilight

High noon before the city.

(A double throne; on one seat the full Moon lightly veiled, with robe and sceptre. Beside the armpost, Black Man, clothed in simple white with a gold circlet in his hair and a staff in his hand. Before

them seated on the ground facing the audience, White Man in black; with back to the audience, Red Man in green, Yellow Man in blue. Down in front facing the audience, Violet in many colors, with wings.)

Violet. I wonder when I shall die?

White Man. How soft the light is on the sea. You are weary brother (to Red) rest on me; (to Yellow Man) thy hand, for I am troubled. Listen: Have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream—a feeling of some far off ill. Once I caught a gleam of it in the eyes of Red Man, whom I love. Once Yellow Man recoiled from my embracing arm. And even you, Great King of Night, though you are ever kind, I some time have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised you who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound,—a slave. Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; cried to the hills where you were hid: grovelled and wept in mine abasement, rose to leap into the sea and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine,—Brother! Tell me whence come these vague and vicious visions—was I ill?

Black Man. Ill—very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

Red Man and Yellow Man—Let's tear the city down and build anew.

The Moon. All building is re-building.

No building can be new. Behold this city! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

White Man. I? When?

The Moon. On foundations laid by Elephant and the beasts and built

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on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is done anew.

Black Man.—Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder city. Indeed all that is worth while and done by our hands is there incorporate—it must not die.

Red Man. But is it founded on evil?

White Man. It looks evil beneath.

Yellow Man. No good can build on evil.

Black Man. All good must build on evil.
All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And beside in yonder city lies the wonder works of White Man's brain--
Radio and Loom, Dynamo and Gun.

White Man. I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

Red Man. But foundations are first.

Black Man. Foundations are last.

Yellow Man. They must be first else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold these shining towers in place lest they fall?

Moon-Mother. Violet.

Violet. Ah! My time has come—Yes Mother.

Moon. Violet, can you do this thing. [illegible] for me and the world?

Violet. Yes. I will cable this fair city to the stars. I will go to my Moon mother's father, All Glorious, the Sun I will drag down golden chains from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and nailed together the fabric of the world.

The Moon-Mother. Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest born; he who meets the Sun full face to face no

human eye shall see again—invisible, imponderable, incalculable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

Violet. Shall I—ever see—the Moon?

The Moon. Yes, but never again shall the moon see you.

Violet. I go.

(He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms and flashes up to heaven.)

Black Man. Fly little flame of sunlight, home to God!

The Moon. (Watching Black Man) And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

Black Man. O Moon of my desire,
Two things alone I asked of the Sun:
You and eternal life.

The Moon. Two things the Sun has sent you: Me—and eternal life.

Black Man. Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new City rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be timeless; O moon, lead us to Eternal Life.

(The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled)

Moon. Love is God
Love is God
There is no God but Love
And Work is his prophet.

(Slowly the Moon rises and points to the mountain top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn.)

The Moon. Behold!

(Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song.)

The Moon—Behold! The flower—children of Eternal Life. The life once born in thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on eternal in ever widening floods of foaming life. It shall be

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you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate, life creating life. See how your Flower-Children paint the world in every color and hue—hues of men that live, hues of them that died that you might live. Behold, my King and my brother and my children, all these are yours born of your dear bodies and mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls, always and forever us.

Black Man. Forward brothers to the Children of Eternal Light and the City just and beautiful. There let me reign as King. Bring me my crown, for God the Sun is near.

(To the sound of low music, the coronation takes place. Black Man sets a coronet of stars on the Moon's hair and a crown of gold on his own head. Red and Yellow invest him with a blood-red robe shot with broideries of silver. White Man hands him his ebony sceptre.

Suddenly Dragon appears above the morning star and belching flames winds a trumplet call that resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low in the East, while in the West stand Moon and Night. The Sun glows and Moonlight fades away but the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appears birds and flowers and crowds of people of all kinds and colors, passing, singing, dancing and lying at ease.

Yellow Man.—
Imperial Ruler— God the Sun
Father of all, almighty—

———

Visitors, guests and embassies
and beasts and birds here meeting:

———

Our royal consort,
Queen of Night

And Princes, Yellow
Black and White
Our high-loving greeting.

Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill.

This city wide and tall
With tower ~~award~~ and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all

Our land belongs to God
our need is increasing and
will let no rent of money land
~~[illegible]~~ monopolize our soil

Our buildings are not ~~[illegible]~~ tombs
Nor dynamos nor looms
They do not try to reach the sky
They seek, for Beauty, rooms

We seek no hordes of wealth
Or secret gains by stealth
We leave our sons & little ones
The heritage of health

We have no family pride
Or secret sins to hide
Who sow or plant our sons of God
Who fallen, souls which died

Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where dreams abide —
Or seek mathematic & drill

(6)

~~For~~
Demand for clothes ~~goods~~ & meat
Begins with those who eat
And goods & sell but ~~[illegible]~~ to sell.
~~[illegible]~~
Man's mystery to greet

greet

Here is no church nor creed

(7)

Religion is a deed

Here no man's hope demands a pope

And no faith, bloody seed

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(8)

~~The~~ knows no judge nor jails
Nor ~~[illegible]~~ nor fiery flails
The darkest cell & deepest hell
So knowledge that ~~[illegible]~~ one fails

(9)

~~The~~ man who does no ill
~~The~~ neither hurt nor kill
We seek to find, unbind, unbind
~~The~~ conquest of his will

(10)

Here no man leaves his son
~~The~~ wealth ~~from~~ he has won!
He leaves a world with doors unfurled
And some sheer deed well-done

47

We have no golden lies
Nor wars [illegible] nor murdering gear;
We fly to heal & not to steal
We conquer pain & fear

Our martial music rings
Our nation's anthem sings
Not soldiers' strife but joy & life
Not uniforms and kings

Here men & women mate
And settle soon or late
Friends rank above energy love
And children outplay Fate

Here men are gold & red
& white with black they mix
Or green with blue or any hue
[illegible] Their sins & life from the Dead

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Here is each woman free

To choose what she will be:

An unwed mother, wife or other

[illegible] a woman shares

[illegible] Toiler on land or sea

[illegible]

We seek no souls to [illegible]

Here Poems sing their themes

Here Color glints and gleams

Here sculpture bold strips bare the soul

And Science dares its dreams.

48 Often we sat & sang
or danced around a ring
We loved & play all flushed & gay
Not hurrying death & living

We do not fear & die
We do not rage & sigh
We sow & reap & fall asleep
We smile & say good bye.

Here may the dead lie still
In urn and sea and hill;
Here man may live his life to give
To one all-beckoning Will.

O happy, happy dale—
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of conquered Wrong
Made music of the grail.

(The curtain falls as the music rises higher, sweeter and clearer.)

A

BLACK MAN AND THE MOON

A DRAMATIC PHANTASY

by

W. E. B. DuBois

PROLOGUE

ACT I DARK OF THE MOON

Scene I — The attack of the beasts at midnight
Scene II — The battle on the mountain and slavery at dawn
Scene III — The fort

ACT II THE NEW MOON

Scene I — The machines at noon
Scene II — The revolt at twilight

ACT III THE FULL MOON

Scene I — The operation at midnight
Scene II — The new city at dawn

EPILOGUE

THE SCENERY

ACT I
Scene I — Shore and mountainside
Scene II — The mountain top
Scene III — The two-storied fort

ACT II — Scene I and II — the same

ACT III — Scene I and II On the esplanade before the fort

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BLACK MAN — King of Night

MOON — Daughter of Sun and Earth

THE SEVEN CHILDREN OF BLACK MAN AND THE MOON

RED MAN — Red-skinned with black hair

ORANGE WOMAN — A giant, orange-hued with blue hair

YELLOW WOMAN — With golden skin and black hair

GREEN MAN — A giant, green-skinned with red hair

BLUE MAN — A giant, blue-skinned, with yellow hair

INDIGO WOMAN — A giant, indigo-hued of skin, with green hair

VIOLET — A sprite

LONG-NOSE — A ~~a~~ metodon, nurse of the children

WHITE MAN — Shadow of Black Man, made to live

THE MACHINES

RADIO
DYNAMO
LOCH
GUN

} Entered by the soul of {

ORANGE — but blind
BLUE — but deaf
INDIGO — but dumb
GREEN — but without feeling

PROLOGUE

VOICE: Earth and Sky and Sea in mists before the Dawn.

SCENE: Man stands upon the rim of the Earth silhouetted against space, his back to the audience, his arms raised in adoration towards a soft Radiance which gradually reveals itself as Woman. Their voices are heard as coming across great distances.

Voice of MAN

Where did I find you and when, O Dawn, daughter of the Sun? I remember you always and yet now you first tonight. You are Beauty, Poetry and Music; Color and Dreams; Song and Light.

Voice of WOMAN

For us there is all beginning, O Man of my Heart. Earth welcomes us. See how the soothing rain hides us from the wrath of my Father, the Sun.

Love has outshrieked
His hot and high command!
To Him, Father of all
Humble my reverence;
But my obedience to Love alone!
To Love and Life!

Voice of MAN

To Love and Life!

WOMAN
(descending from the heights)

Come out into the mists of morning and view our brood of children, born full grown of our love. Take heart and sing while the world dances about our feet. Our children are seven, three men and three women and one who is neither and both; four are giants and one is very small; they are of all the colors of the world.

MAN

Our children shall be rainbow of the earth and promise of its joy and strength.

THE MOON
(appearing, with silver face and long light blue hair, wrapped in winding veil.)

Come children.

(BALLET OF THE CHILDREN OF MOON AND NIGHT)

THE MOON

This is my man of force and flame!

MAN

He is Red; let him work and rage!

THE MOON

This is our daughter who makes poems!

MAN

She shall be Orange; hearken to her words!

THE MOON

And here is our second daughter, who dreams.

MAN

She is Yellow Woman... Let her foretell the future.

THE MOON

Behold my giant twins, who sing and dance!

MAN

Green Man and Blue shall they be called; Let them fill the world with rhythm.

THE MOON

Despise not this frightened girl; marked at birth by the Sun. She paints and carves.

MAN

Be not afraid, Indigo; color and mold the earth!

THE MOON

And last and best this sprite, neither man nor woman,
but both!

MAN

Violet, the angel of revelation!

THE MOON

Receive my bread, O my husband - - -

(Suddenly there is a rent in the clouds
and a brilliant flash of sunlight
bursts through. There is consternation
among the dancers.)

MAN

Hark, hide; again comes the Sun, burning away mist and cloud
with scaring heat. O bitter, bitter heat!

(The children rush off stage)

THE MOON

Fly, fly and hide, my children! Yet shall your Father rise and rule.

(Another blinding flash of light accompanied
by a thunder of sound.)

MAN

(Holding the woman close)

Are you sorry, Sweet, sorry and afraid?

THE MOON

No, never! I am glad, forever glad!

MAN

(Beseeching)

Halt, Heat and Glare!
For love of heaven, forbear!
Desist, abate, be merciful!
Have pity on our blinding pain!

(He sways and falls. The Woman stands above
him and lifts her hands to the sky)

THE MOON

Father of all brilliance!
Sun of the Sun!
Master of all but love!
Abate thine anger

Father, I have met a man! A man of Earth and loved him. I have given myself to his arms and felt his soul burst within me. Already Father, we have children, seven — three tall sons and three breed daughters and a little sprite. Assoil us, God! — and Forgive!

THE MAN

(Leaping to his feet)

Harken, Lord of Hate and Hurt
Crimson Curse of Hell!
I dare defy you!
I challenge you to fatal fight!
Behold my Kingdom comes!

(He flings off his coat)

Nestle within my cloak! I'll never yield!

(He stands naked while the blinding rays beat upon him until the earth about his feet smokes and curls. He chokes and gasps.)

Let the vengeful Sun burn my skin black, let my hair crisp, scorch the very shadow white upon my back! I'll never yield!

(The MAN's skin turns black; his shadowy cloak fades to white — the MOON gasps as the cloak slips from her faint clasp and strikes out pale and white behind them. She falls to the ground and dies. The Sun's rays fade. MAN tottering to her, lifts THE MOON in his outstretched arms. Darkness falls on all the earth.)

CURTAIN

ACT I
DARK OF THE MOON

Scene I
THE NIGHTLY ATTACK OF THE BEASTS

(A gray object by the sun. Behind the shore rises to a forest-clad mountainside. It is twilight. Longmire sleeps guards the group as they stroll about. A mutter of thunder is heard.)

VIOLET

What is that?

LONGMIRE

It is your father's voice.

QUEEN

Where is our father?

LONGMIRE

Aloft on the mountain.

BLUE

Why is he there?

LONGMIRE

He mourns.

INDIGO

Why?

LONGMIRE

Listen children! Death came when the Sun's daughter married Night. Lest Night become more beautiful than Day, the Sun killed the Moon. Now Evil looms for the Beasts gather to destroy us.

RED

Who are these beasts?

LONGNOSE

It is a dark and ancient tale, perhaps never to be repeated; of how the young Sun raped the Moon out of his own daughter Earth; and how the Earth grown wanton, lay with some Being from the outer stars, and birthed the Beasts. The Beasts hate you as mine newborn intruders and the Beasts fathered ~~[illegible]~~ men. Now they have sworn to rid the Earth of human kind. Now they gather; they counsel in the gloom. O that your father would hasten! Alas, he is naught but Sorrow and Evil comes apace.

(Thunder, like a sound of mourning rolls down the mountain)

RED

Hark! What is that?

LONGNOSE

It is death and pain! Come let us build a wall to hold back the beasts.

(They talk as they build)

VIOLET

What is Death?

YELLOW

What is Pain?

VIOLET

I hear the Light!

BLUE

I see the singing of the sea.

RED

Listen to the war of the wind in the trees!

VIOLET

I do not remember our father. What is he like?

BLUE

He is mighty and powerful!

ORANGE

He is beautiful and Black!

VIOLET

His face is black, but his shadow is white.

YELLOW (startled)

How do you know that, child?

VIOLET

I see it — it moves as he moves. Why is he black and why is his shadow white? Why is he not colored like the rainbow of us all?

LONGHOOK

The colors of the Sun together are white, but the Sun burned the King of Night black, when he married his daughter, the Moon.

VIOLET

His shadow is white!

LONGHOOK

It is perhaps his shadow — perhaps his cloak. I heard him call it his shield and buckler; then he reviled it bitterly, when it could not shield the Moon from the wrath of the Sun. Then he threatened to cast it adrift and make it a separate soul — but whether friend or enemy, I do not know. But hark!

VIOLET

See — the heart of Long Nose races — she hears something! I see a huge black bulk to westward.

LONGHOOK

Come we must build; bring stones, water and clay. Raise a great wall between us and the Beasts.

(They all begin to build a wall)

(Off-stage the Lion stalks along the shore from the west. From the northwest the Bear lumbers down slowly. From the northeast, slinks the Leopard. Violet with second sight sees the Beasts and warns)

VIOLET

I see a mighty head beside the sea.

LONGNOSE

Red! Yellow! Stand there and watch for the King of Beasts!

RED, YELLOW

He'll never pass!

VIOLET

Yonder moves the Bear like a mountain

LONGNOSE

Green, Blue, cut clubs; off to the left and ward off Little Eye, the Bear.

BLUE

Come and kill him! (Silently Green follows)

VIOLET

Lo! Leopard leaps

LONGNOSE

Indigo, Orange! Your spears! Plunge them into Soft Foot the Leopard.

ORANGE

What? Into that beautiful skin?

INDIGO

What? Must he die? (They go slowly out right)

VIOLET

Mother Longnose, what may I do?

LONGNOSE

Watch the mountain top! Perhaps your mighty Father, hearing may come!

VIOLET

May I call him?

LONGNOSE

Not yet. Wait! Hearken! (The roar of the Beasts)

VIOLET

It is dark, but I see. O Mother Longnose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air. Ah! There are Orange and Indigo. I hear them writhe in horrid dance.

(Longnose rushes out right trumpeting)

VIOLET

The blood of Longnose bursts through her hide. She wraps her nose about the Leopard and slowly, slowly with wrench and screech wrench of Longnose, scream of Leopard, quiver of hide, they come rolling down the hill. They shudder and sleep. Quietly they sleep, as the blood, the thick, red blood of their hearts, flows, gushes, trickles. Still they sleep. Here comes Indigo staggering. Where is Orange?

(From the northwest comes the sound of battle)

VIOLET

The earth is crimson, wet and crimson. Blue comes limping in with Green in his arms. Green lies very still. O God! Green has no head. His head is gone! Where, O where is his head? Where are his soft eyes that danced?

BLUE

Bear has eaten the head of Green. Bear is dead.

(Violet tries to stop the bleeding wounds of Blue and then stands staring at his own red hands. Orange comes slowly across the stage from the right with rolls of parchment in her hands. She bends over Indigo)

ORANGE

Here are my poems. I die.

(Indigo leaps to her feet; takes the poems, and drops head)

BLUE

Rhetoric! (The roar of the Lion splits the silence)

BLUE

Let's fly!

YELLOW

Let's go!

RED

Come on!

(A shriek. The voices of Red and Yellow in triumph)

RED

The head of the King of Beasts!

YELLOW

Blue cut it off and died!

VIOLET

This is death! The Giants are dead; dead is Poetry; dead is Color; dead is the Song and Dance.

RED AND YELLOW

We have conquered the Beasts.

VIOLET

And Death has conquered us. Hark! I hear a light!

RED AND YELLOW

You cannot hear light. Come! We must bury our dead.

(They gather the bodies of ..... Green, Blue, Indigo and Longnose and pile them in a great heap, singing and dancing as they work.)

RED

The King of the Beasts came clawing the air;
The roar of the trees was the growl of the Bear,
The shriek of the Leopard flamed up in the night,
The wail of the Mastodon trembled in fright.

YELLOW

The Leopard and Mastodon frozen in death;
The Bear and the Lion all quivering breath;
The pall of the crimson that covered the fight, —
The scream of the wind in the star-spangled night.

RED AND YELLOW

The silence our dead ones forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
No longer their laughter, no lilt of their song, —
No victory nor triumph of Right over Wrong

VIOLET

Heaven — a light!

RED

It is the light of a vast flame!

YELLOW

Something rises from the sea!

VIOLET

It is an island beleching fire!

(The rage of the Sea redoubles)

RED

Hark! It is Dragon; he comes, leading the fish of the Sea, the snakes of the Swamp and the insects of the Air!

YELLOW

It is the End! Dragon walks land and sea.

RED

Shall we fight?

VIOLET

No - No! You will die — you will sleep and leave the world dead to Father and to me.

RED

Away! Sprite!

YELLOW

Wait! Black Man! He may help!

RED

No, he sits up there, whispering, and forgetting!

YELLOW

Let's hide! But where? Where will Dragon attack?

RED

Hush! Leave Violet on guard. Listen child, do you fear?

VIOLET

What is Fear?

RED

Good! Go down to the sea. Watch for Dragon. When you see him, scream and tell us which way he comes.

YELLOW

But where will we be?

RED

We'll be flying to the mountain top; if we hear, we hear! If not, still we fly — we must fly! And Violet? — if he dies, he dies! Go, little Moon-Beam, and remember, wait, wait and scream!

VIOLET

I hear Dragon. I see him ere he comes. Ah, but his mouth is red and vast! Oh, but his teeth are long and sharp! His great gills blush and pale, their fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot! Ah! His crest is curled and high and beautiful — but — oh—oh—oh! I am afraid! He swerves and curves and circles up to the left. Red! Yellow! Answer! Answer!

CURTAIN

ACT I
Scene II

WHERE MAN IS BORN

(A dark blue forest with stars above. In the center a Bier with a little wavering flame. Black Man kneeling in front, his face to the audience, feeds the flame. His shadowy cloak, flowing down behind him, is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises over and over in low monotone.)

BLACK MAN

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O woe, woe, woe, that is death!
Oh Death in Life,
And Life in Death,
And Horror over all!

O hate, hate, hate, that is Life;
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in Life,
And Hate in death,
And horror over all!

O woe, woe, woe, that is Life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

(Red and Yellow creep panting out of the forest)

VIOLET
(Gliding in silently behind them)

Red, Yellow! You did not answer! I was afraid! I ran — forgive me — oh! Father!

YELLOW
(On her knees)

Royal Night!

BLACK MAN

I am not royal — I am WEB.

RED

King!

BLACK MAN

I am no king — I am Hurt and Horror;
The bottom and end of Life,
The death of Happiness
The night of joy
I am Woe, — go, go, go!

VIOLET

Father!

BLACK MAN

I am no father — (he turns) Violet — child; last of the moonbeams — (he looks sadly about) Poor deserted, distorted souls — where — where?

VIOLET

Dead. All dead.

YELLOW AND RED

And now Death follows us — and you.

BLACK MAN

Death never follows — he leads!

VIOLET

See yonder where Dragon circling, reddens the sky?

BLACK MAN

Have done. I will meet Dragon; go down to the sea and wait!

RED

Await Death? Will you not come with us?

YELLOW

We are but two — and this child!

RED

May we not die fighting together?

BLACK MAN

No. I am already dead. But I will give you a helper, if haply helper he can be; if even Help can be helpful.

VIOLET

You will send us your Shadow?

RED AND YELLOW

Even your Shadow will help!

VIOLET (aside)

His shadow is white.

BLACK MAN

Strange you should want so much to live, when Death is life and life the gate to Death! For what would you fight? But you are you; you know what you will. If you have heart to stretch this life another heartbeat to one more ecstasy of hurt, who am I to gainsay you? Here, take this cloak of my dead life and with it writhe toward doom. Let my Shadow help you, if help it can. Let it be, if it will, bloodbrother of my children, until the world ends.

(Rising, Black Man turns from the altar, and looses the cloak from his shoulders, standing shadowless in the gloom. He pricks his left arm with his spear and the blood drips on the curling ends of the cloak. He touches it to the funeral flame, and it takes the semblance of a man.)

BLACK MAN

Arise, live and breathe!

(He bends to breathe into its nostrils, when with a roar, Dragon rears its blazing head from the other side of the mountain, and crawls toward the funeral flame; before he has breathed into White Man's nostrils, Black Man, with a bitter cry, leaps toward Dragon and battle shakes the mountain. Meantime, White Man, pale, thin and keen, steps forward and peers curiously at the world.)

CURTAIN

ACT I

SCENE III
THE WALL

(White Man, Red, Yellow and Violet stand facing the Wall)

VIOLET

White Man has no heart. Black Man gave him blood; he gave him fire; but he did not breathe a heart into his soul. White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

(with thin, high, metallic voice pointing up to the battle)

What's that?

YELLOW

Dragon!

WHITE MAN

What does he want?

RED

Us, Black Man and us!

WHITE MAN

(looks about; spies the wall)

What's that?

RED

Our wall.

WHITE MAN

What's back of it?

YELLOW

Our dead -- Green, Blue, and Indigo, and the Nurse.

WHITE MAN

What are we waiting for? Let's hide there too.

RED

If Dragon kills Black Man?

WHITE MAN

We'll be safer there!

YELLOW

But if Black Man kills Dragon?

WHITE MAN

We'll still be safe. We'll either win or lose. If he wins, he won't need us; if he loses, we won't need him. Now we need a place to hide. Come!

(White Man walks toward the mountain, while behind him Red, Yellow and Violet follow, steering back toward the smoking mountain. White Man inspects the Wall. Then he turns and looks at his companions.)

WHITE MAN - (to himself)

They are a queer-looking crowd; all parti-colored; sort of dirty-looking; quite different from me.

RED

He looks bloodless

YELLOW

His skin is naked

VIOLET

He has no heart.

WHITE MAN

I have a plan. We'll build this wall higher and close it in so as to make a fort. We'll cover it with stout logs to form a roof. We'll make a great gate to close and keep us safe. We'll gather food and store it there.

RED

Why store food; why not eat? It's all about.

WHITE MAN

Because all the beasts may not be dead. Dragon may have kin.

(The low continuous din of battle on the heights now rises to a climax and then ceases and there is long silence. All stand and stare. On the crest of the mountain, slowly descending, bloody and covered with dirt appears Black Man. He halts and straightens.)

BLACK MAN

Hail! Dragon is dead. Long live my children, if they so will!
(He turns to go back and falls prone.)

(All except White Man rush to his rescue. They bring him down to the Wall)

WHITE MAN

Wait!

Lay him here in the shade. Bring water and covering and food. Violet will nurse him. The rest of you listen. Finish this fort. Then gather and store food.

RED

Why? We've eaten! We're clothed!

WHITE MAN

Today; this is for tomorrow and the days after. We must guard against the beasts —

YELLOW

They're dead! I saw them die!

WHITE MAN

Not all! And there are millions of great insects. We must protect ourselves.

(All work slowly)

VIOLET

My brothers, night falls. Let's hasten and bring Father to the Fort.

WHITE MAN

Wait! Don't put your father among the piles of food and fibre. Leave him here in the shade while we build a roof. Then we'll lift this stuff to the roof. Then there'll be room for all.

(The food is lifted to the roof and covered. All enter the fort except White Man and Violet)

WHITE MAN

Now the gate and the ladder to the roof

(The gate is built and hung)

WHITE MAN

Enter!

(All go in, save Violet who climbs to the roof and White Man who stands by the gate. When all are in, White Man, from outside, closes the gate and fastens it with a tree trunk)

WHITE MAN

Now, brethren, suppose you stop sulking and loafing and go to work. If you don't work you won't eat. (He climbs to the roof and sees Violet.)

WHITE MAN

Where the devil did you come from? Why aren't you down there with the others?

VIOLET

Why aren't you?

WHITE MAN

I'm going to build Civilization.

VIOLET

What's that?

WHITE MAN

Shut up! It is something we all must have.

VIOLET

White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think, what more?

VIOLET

You are cold, and bloodless. You have no knowledge of joy and pain; of color and song. You can neither laugh nor sing. Black Man forgot; he gave his Shadow no heart.

WHITE MAN

You haven't good sense and until you get to work down there with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you go down there.

VIOLET

But I don't want a bite. I've just eaten and why should you or anyone give food or clothes? The wood is full of fruit; the fields are lush with fibres and grain; the sea is full of fish; why should man work when the wealth of the world is free?

WHITE MAN

Can't you reason? These fools won't work until they're cold and hungry; once full and warm they'll stop work and sleep. If we hide all the food and stuff up here in my control, and shut them up down there where they can't run loose we can get a lot of things done. That's the point, you fool, wealth mustn't be free, else men won't work. We've got to make wealth scarce and keep the workers shut up so they won't go wandering about to find more. Then civilization can begin.

VIOLET

For whom?

WHITE MAN

For me — for everybody — what difference does it make?

VIOLET

All the difference between you and me and them! (Slipping silently back towards the ladder) You are going to make slaves of us all to serve you.

WHITE MAN

The only way to serve yourselves is to serve me. You see, I know ..... you colored folk just fool. You're fit for nothing but work and —

VIOLET

(edging close to the ladder) Dream!

WHITE MAN

Yes; but you dream foolishness — sound, colors, idleness; I dream useful things — food, clothes, walls — so you must work. See? I'll make you —

(Violet leaps for the ladder and screams, dropping half-way down, as White Man seizes his heels)

VIOLET

Father, Brothers, hear, hear — White Man will enslave th—eh-e-eh!

(Red and Yellow hammer at the doors and tear them down. They raise the faint Violet and reach for White Man)

WHITE MAN

Easy now, easy, I'm coming in!

BLACK MAN

(turning slowly) Who am I and where? Where am I and whence? Why am I and what do I do? (Raises himself to his feet) Who are you? I seem almost to remember. (Looking at Red and Yellow) Yes, you and you. But who is this? This pale and shadowy thing? Whence did it come?

WHITE MAN

Surely you know me. Violet got excited and nearly fell. She's a nite nervous you know, and imagines things.

BLACK MAN

(Taking Violet in his arms and soothing her)

RED AND YELLOW

White Man tried to kill her. Let's struggle him!

BLACK MAN

Wait! Let White Man explain!

WHITE MAN

That's better. Let's sit down and be comfortable. May I bathe Violet's head? She seems to have a congestion.

RED

Leave him alone. Talk!

WHITE MAN

If we eat, we work!

BLACK MAN

We work.

WHITE MAN

This is a dangerous place ——

YELLOW

Since you came!

BLACK MAN

Some danger lurks! Once I knew and understood; but I've forgotten. What is it?

WHITE MAN

Beasts, Insects and Dragons; Hunger and Cold threaten us always. We should build higher and stronger; we should store and preserve, garner and save. It is not enough to work alone and at will. We must work together. We must have a leader and commander. We must have a plan.

RED

We can work alone and get what each needs.

WHITE MAN

We'd get more if we worked together, each for all ——

BLACK MAN

But why, why, why, White Man! Something is missing! Something you leave out, something I cannot remember! True, there is logic in this man's plan. If we live, we must eat; if we eat, we must work. On to the work: Gather more food and fibre, lift it to the roof and cover the roof; we would live! But why live? I do not know!

(Red and Yellow search and hesitate; Violet climbs back to the roof)

BLACK MAN

Do you hear me? Work! I'll work with you!

WHITE MAN

Sure. Work heals; work remembers!

(Black Man stiffens and stands still)

VIOLET

(above on the roof) I see a star! Yesterevor it was but a crack in the sky!

WHITE MAN

Go to it, star-chaser! I'll get you to work yet!

(Black Man, Yellow, and Red all work, bringing in the materials, sorting, hailing, lifting them aloft, where White Man stores them)

BLACK MAN

(suddenly, stopping work and striding out of the tower) I remember! Where is the body of the Woman? What ho! What is this mummery of work, while the funeral flame of my murdered bride is extended and the dead bodies of my children rot, unburned! Bring me the flame! Bring me my dead bride! Unbury me my children!

(White Man stands in the door of the tower, Red and Yellow disinter the dead from the graves, Black Man faces the mountain, Violet beside him)

WHITE MAN

Hold on there!

BLACK MAN

The Tomb! My bride! The Flame!

WHITE MAN

Heathen! There are beasts up there! You will never get through! If you steal through, you will never get back! Who will guard our hords, if all of you run away from it?

(Red and Yellow bring in the bones of the dead Orange, Green, Blue and Indigo; they add the bones of Elephant, and pile all on a funeral bier.)

BLACK MAN

Violet! You remember the path: climb up! Slip through; bring down the Flame and tell me where lies my Bride!

WHITE MAN

I'll go too and watch him die, or help him crawl back!

RED

No! He'll kill Violet! Let me —

BLACK MAN

No! Let Violet go alone, scorch!

[redacted]
(Violet rushes out and flies back)

VIOLET

Father, the funeral flame!

BLACK MAN

And the tomb? The Body?

VIOLET

There was no tomb! There was no body!

BLACK MAN

(Bows his head a while, with closed eyes)

It is well! First, the funeral rites of our dead! Then on to the Mountain! (The bier is covered with flowers and the funeral flame set on it. Black Man leads the dance of Death, his children following)

BLACK MAN

I call on the Mountain, bend down on our fright!
I challenge the Sun-God, bemire the black night!
Yet shall our vengeance smirch even you sky
The death of the World shall thunder reply!

(As Black Man starts to light the funeral pyre, the forest bursts into flames. White Man steps toward the scorched earth and digs. Dipping up handsful of earth, he molds it and brings it to Black Man)

(Black Man turns facing White Man, Red, Yellow and Violet gather about)

BLACK MAN

White Man, come here:

(White Man approaches, hesitatingly)

What is all this play-acting? Did you set you forest aflame?

WHITE MAN

No or I did not mean to. I am not acting! This is serious; it is terribly important!

BLACK MAN

(Taking White Man by the shoulders and regarding him keenly)

WHITE MAN

White Man — man or changeling, shadow or substance! I cannot fathom you — I do not know you. But hearken, Man! By the stars in Heaven, if you deceive me, I will kill you by every pang of pain Earth knows! Now talk!

WHITE MAN

I want to help Violet find the tomb — or at least prove he couldn't. I lost him, but I found iron — a dirt which mixed with fire makes new stone. I lighted a fire and welded chains, when some evil thing, Beast, Insect or Snake, stole the flame and threw it on the forest. I ran home with my chains.

BLACK MAN

What are Chains? I have long know Iron —

WHITE MAN

Listen! Life is Work. Work is Plan. Plans are Chains. We cannot work together if each runs when and where he will. All must chain themselves to the common aim. Think what can happen, if we roam about, separate and loose? If we leave our hordes untended and our tower unguarded — if we stop work when we feel like it — we'll be fit for yonder urn of the dead. I tell you this is a bad world. We have got to work together chained each to each. That's the way to Civilization.

BLACK MAN

To Hell with Civilisation! I want the Moon!

WHITE MAN

Wait! I speak truth; hear me! you are not liked on this earth. Why, I do not know, I do not care. The Head Guy tried to kill you and did kill your wife. The wild beasts ate up most of your children. The King Fish did his best to eat you up and God knows what the Insects are planning now. The world don't want you and is out to get you. Are you going to wait until it does, or strike first? If you want to strike first, I'm here to help you. Of course there's some mystery about me. I may be kin to you or some special breed from the Milky Way. But let that go. I'm with you, if you're with me.

RED — (Suddenly, interrpting)

Hark! The Sun!

YELLOW — (starting to run)

The Sun is rising!

RED — (following)

To the forest!

WHITE MAN

You cannot enter the forest — it's burning! Just what I was saying! Running away from work.

VIOLET

We always used to run and hide at sun-rise!

WHITE MAN

A hell of a note! How can work get done if the world hides at sunrise? Black Man, we must do something! We must chain these workers together or they'll never amount to a damn.

(Black Man stands staring at the dawn)

BLACK MAN

Sunrise! The Sun! He is my enemy! Once we fought almost to death! Where, where is the body of the Moon?

WHITE MAN

I'll tell you!

BLACK MAN (seizing him)

You know?

WHITE MAN

No, No! But I can find it!

BLACK MAN

Quick, where is it?

WHITE MAN

First all into the tower — then close the doors! Forest then cannot harm us. Sunlight cannot harm us — we'll be safe! There is a trap door to the roof.

(all file in and stand in darkness as the sun rises)

VOICE OF WHITE MAN

Now we must chain ourselves together lest any stray; some must be lost. I have the manacles here. First I fit my own wrist. Now Red!

VOICE OF RED

No, No chains!

V OICE OF YELLOW

No, no chains!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN

Here, chain me! This will keep us close and together! What is a puny chain to those born free! Alas! What is it that I want but the Red!

VOICE OF WHITE MAN (as he chains Red and Yellow)

Hmhmm! What's that? Did I hear the roar of beasts? Is that the fish of the sea? We must be very! We must all work together hereafter. We must stop scattering and running about. Now we are all chained but Violet — Where's Violet? He's little and may be lost!

VOICE OF VIOLET

I'm up here, watching the sunrise!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN

Be careful Violet! Keep hidden from the Sun. When we signal, open the trap, slip down! And now, White Man, what next?

WHITE MAN

We'll work here quietly in the dark. After sun-set, we'll go out, gather more food and fibre, until we have all the stuff we need, and the tower is re-built and my plans are on the way. Then we can go fighting stars

and hunting corpses.

BLACK MAN - (moving impatiently in the dark)

Do you talk lightly of my quest, my life?

WHITE MAN

No, no! Black Man — Father! (one hears a stealthy movement) It will be but a day — at most, a week; or barely a month! Only at first, safely, sure, work!

(The trap-door opens, Violet looks down and White Man glides up)

BLACK MAN

White Man! Where are you?

RED - (bitterly)

Gone; he slipped up through the trap-door. Here is his empty manacle forged large enough for Black Man's own mighty wrist!

YELLOW

Let's follow!

RED

Get him! Tear the tower apart!

BLACK MAN

No, No! He holds little Violet prisoner; we can do nothing!

(as the sun sets the gates to the tower fly open, revealing an iron grill-work, preventing egress. Without is White Man, dressed in sombrero and top-boots, with a long whip. His star-light makes the lower story of the tower visible. Black Man, Red and Yellow stand chained)

WHITE MAN

At last I've got you where I want you. We're going to have work and hard work and regular work! I tried toget you to do this of your own will. But no! You knew more than I did; you were wilful and lazy. So I had to lie. I didn't want to lie, but there was no other way. I'm not going hunting corpses: there are none. The insects have eaten the tomb of the Moon clean. I don't care anything about revenge on Sun or Star. I'm going to build a world and you're going to do the work. So, look alive now and stop slobbering. Here's food. When you do your tasks, there will be more. If you don't work,

you won't ask. Hold no more truck with fashion fishbones; there no ship-lashers nuke cloth and eating hand all those to no upstairs. Come now, hop to it. The time for loafing is past!

(Curtain)

ACT II

SCENE I

(The New Moon — Machines at .....)

(White Man stands on the roof of the tower. The floor is covered with bundles and four large bales stand in the rear. Below is the dungeon in darkness)

WHITE MAN

[redacted] I'm lonesome; I'm tired. My plans are not working. I want someone to talk to; I'm scared of those workers downstairs; they hate me; they mean me harm! I dare not rest — I dare not sleep! And then — this frightens me most — my plans are not working; my machines are dead — Who's that? Who is it? Stop!

(Violet slips out of a crannny on the opposite side of the roof. She perches warily on the parapet, munching food)

VIOLET

Hallo'

WHITE MAN

O, it's you! Where did you come from? How did you get loose?

VIOLET

The same way you did.

WHITE MAN

What are you snooping about for? Trying to steal my machines?

VIOLET

Machines? What are machines?

WHITE MAN

Don't pretend! You saw them!

VIOLET

O, you mean those big things, hidden back there. Yes, I saw them; what are they for?

WHITE MAN

Wouldn't you like to know? Why don't you stop stealing? Why don't you go below and work for your food like an honest man?

VIOLET

There's plenty here.

WHITE MAN

But it's mine.

VIOLET

Where did you get it?

WHITE MAN

I took it —

VIOLET

So did I.

WHITE MAN

Listen, pretty soon I shall have to kill you; there's no other way. You've seen too much. But now I've got to talk to somebody. I must talk; I'm scared!

VIOLET

What of?

WHITE MAN

I won't tell you; but I must talk to somebody! I'm lonesome; I'm tired — dead tired.

VIOLET

I'm ~~damn~~ lonesome and tired too!

WHITE MAN

O, you don't understand. This is nothing small and silly. Listen! (he yawns and nods) I've got my labor where I want it. I own all the shelter, food and materials; even the air and water is under my control. But I'm afraid. Those devils down there hate me, I feel it. They give me no credit for all I've done. I have to watch them ceaselessly. Yet I need more labor and better trained workers so as to leave me some leisure and rest. I want time to think, to plan, to sleep. It's damned little I'm

getting out of civilization. And yet there's so much to do. I must fly through the heavens; I've got to dive beneath the sea; I must talk to the stars; I've got to burrow into the insides of matter — I need help; I can't do this all alone. Beside that I've got to talk to somebody.

VIOLET

I'll talk to you.

WHITE MAN

(He nods again; then leaps up and walks)

Pshaw! You don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to build civilization.

VIOLET

Why do it?

WHITE MAN

You fool! You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't see my genius. Notice how I get food and make things? See this my tower and that my land yonder? Hear my slaves below?

VIOLET

This tower is ours. The land is not yours, it belongs to God, the Sun; and they down there are not your slaves, they enslave themselves.

WHITE MAN

I don't care whose the Tower and land is, I control them. Could niggers work without me?

VIOLET

Yes

WHITE MAN

Why don't they then! They work only when I drive them! If I didn't they'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

VIOLET

Why don't you work for yourself? (White Man almost falls asleep)

WHITE MAN

I do work. It's no fun to keep husky brutes at work and they hating me like hell and ready to slit my throat when my back's turned. I work harder than they do — a damned sight harder.

VIOLET

You work too hard.

WHITE MAN

That's the truth.

VIOLET

Making others work.

WHITE MAN

That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

VIOLET

You need help.

WHITE MAN

You're right. And I have plans — I've long had secret plans. I don't know why I'm telling you. But I don't care; you can't tell anybody because you're not going anywhere. Not when I'm through with you. So listen: first I made tools —

VIOLET

Or used tools which Black Man, Red and Yellow made.

WHITE MAN

What's the difference? I used them. Then I saw need of better, more intricate tools. I planned Machines to use more power than I had and work longer and harder. I planned to create Labor!

VIOLET

Some sort of God!

WHITE MAN

Precisely; and I'm going to make a sort of Labor that will do what I say without back-talk; won't think of wages, work as long as I say and get no fool ideas in its head.

VIOLET

Perfect! Where do you aim to find this paragon?

WHITE MAN

I'm going to make it! I'm going to make it so perfect that it can do everything better than men. In fact ———

VIOLET

Good! Then human beings will have nothing to do. They can rest and sleep.

WHITE MAN

Not by a damn sight. If they don't work, I'll let them starve.

VIOLET

But why? Machines will do the work; what will become of men with nothing to eat?

WHITE MAN

What the Hell do I care, except — well, I might get lonesome, that's the point — unless —

VIOLET

With lovely labor Machines and so efficient?

WHITE MAN

Yes — I would get lonesome, unless —

VIOLET

Unless?

WHITE MAN

Listen, I'm going to tell you all; I must talk; listen: I've already made these Machines! There they stand, hidden yonder — behind the bales of —

VIOLET

Yes, I saw them.

WHITE MAN

You snooping thief — I knew you did! I've made me four machines — perfect workers who will never tire and never complain. And they're white too — white stainless steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

VIOLET

What are Machines?

WHITE MAN

You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway. Well, here they are: (he uncovers them) Dynamo, Radio, Loom and Gun. Dynamo drinks

Air and makes electricity; Radio eats electricity and talks, Loom eats Coal and makes cloth; Gun eats lead and kills.

VIOLET

Kills? Murders? Why? Whom?

WHITE MAN

When anybody gets dangerous to me — you better look sharp; but somehow the machines don't work quite right. That's why I'm frightened. They are inert — dead. They are not alive! They can't think nor feel. Radio babbles nonsense. Dynamo spurts and roars aimlessly. Loom knows no patterns.

(Suddenly White Man leaps and seizes Violet. He binds his hands and feet and starts to fit a noose about his neck)

WHITE MAN

See what you've made me do! Now I must kill you. I told you my Secret. I never meant to tell. Now you know too much. You have got to die. I hate to do this but I must. I wish you could live and help me. But you're too colored. You belong to that parti-colored crew without brains. So, I can't let you live. You must die.

VIOLET

What's the rush?

WHITE MAN

True, there is no hurry. You must die; but before I kill you I will talk to you since there is no one else and I'm tired. But don't feel yourself. Before I sleep you die. Since I have told part why not tell all, just to get the truth out of my soul. You won't understand, of course. You can't understand. I have immense plans. First I'll clear the mountainside; then I'll level the seashore; then I'll build a sea wall to hold the tide and catch the fish. Next I'll corrall the rest of the beasts. Then the city will rise, the great and glorious city with topless towers and endless streets. But — O Lord how tired and sleepy I am. Just this one thought and you die and I sleep.

I want them to have souls — not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent. Then they can control the darky labor and let me ..... Alone and rest and sleep. You seem to know a lot — mostly foolishness — but where do souls come from?

VIOLET

They come from dreams.

WHITE MAN

So? I thought dreams came from souls. And whence come dreams?

VIOLET)looks up and murmurs)

Down from the sky.

(Violet continues to stare upward fascinated)

There is a new star in the sky. (White Man is half asleep but struggles up)

WHITE MAN

Nonsense. I see through you. You want to get me off to sleep, so you can steal my Machines; you and even open that trap and loose black labor free on the world. I tell you I can't sleep; each time I nod, I see a yellow leg writhing along the roof; I see a red and bloody hand gripping the trap; I see an ugly black — I've got to sleep — I'm dead tired — don't you dare —

(White Man drops suddenly into deep sleep, falling across the trap door and dropping his whip)

VIOLET

Souls? Souls! If I could get the right souls for these terrible steel monsters, we would heal this sick world. ~~Why not the souls of your dead brothers?~~

VOICE

Why not the souls of your dead brothers?

VIOLET

Dead? Brothers? Who speaks?

(Violet stands staring)

VIOLET

What shall I do? What can I do? He sleeps; he dreams; perhaps he'll dream souls into these Machines. They will be souls like his — cold, calculating, precise, wilful! I might destroy the machines —

A VOICE

No!

VIOLET (looking about)

Ho?

A VOICE

Why not dream into these machines — the souls of your dead brothers and sisters? And the soul of your father — and mother?

VIOLET

Who speaks? My brothers, my sisters, my father — my mother — Who speaks? The light in the east is gone! There is a wind in the mist where it was and a sher in the wind. I thought I heard it speak! Can stars talk?

VOICE

Yes, my son!

(The mist-veiled Moon appears)

VIOLET

Mother, Moon-mother, daughter of God and wife of Eternal Night! You are dead and yet speak?

THE MOON

By grace of the Sun, I die and live forever.

VIOLET

O Mother, your children are dead and Black Man is living death! And White Man, once his shadow, lies yonder, dreaming the Earth to Hell with his machines. Come, Mother, let's smash his machines.

The MOON

No, they are miracles, and the World needs miracles. But if White Man dreams, may we not dream too, and harder, truer? Listen, my darling, there are but two ways to redeem the Earth — by Dreams or Death. Will you help?

VIOLET

With all my heart and all my mind and all my heart.

MOON

White Man sleeps in dreamless sleeper. He will [illegible] dream soul of Orange into Radio; of Rime into Hymns; of Green into Gas and Indigo into Love. White Man will [illegible]-dream ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone, lest his heartless head complete dismember. We must make this the world dream with him. Black Man must dream, and Red and Yellow, and you yourself must dream. Already I dream. If all of us dream hard and sure,

the machines and the souls of my children will be one and like to the souls of the greatest tyrant dreamers. Go! Put all your world to sleep. Go! And oh! my boy child, try! try hard! For if you fail, there is but one salvation — the sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling, Dreams or Death — go!

(Violet lets himself down and starves into the darkened dungeon below. The suns there appear as shadows. Black Man is in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At his right is Yellow Man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.)

BLACK MAN

Mad of the world,
The offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Curses of sun and sun,
Deserted of Moon and Star
Heart, unserved, more than dead and less.
A dog to be kicked
A worm to be trodden
"Nigs" — "Chink" — "Sheeny" —
"Nigger" — "Nigger" — "Nigger"!
Nought — Nothing.

VIOLET

Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? The Moon lives again. Do you hear? Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our dead brothers as ghosts and let them mate with steel and redeem the world.

RED

Work!
Without rest or song,
Without laugh nor cease,
Without hope nor death,
Without sky, sun nor soul
Work for work's sake,
Hunger to toil again;
Work to rest; ← Rest to work
To remember nothing —
With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no body,
To have no soul!

THELMA

Work!
Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;
Till the blood rushes in the eyes,
Till the heart shrinks
And the limbs cramp,
Till thought freezes,
And dreams die
Till hunger flames and flows;
Till sleep is a drug,
And waking, shrinking; and living, dying!

VIOLET

O, brother, sister! Listen to me — listen but a moment! Look up! You're free, I am little, but I know, I see, I know. Our brother's smile returns — I've seen their ghosts — great, beautiful, pale ghosts! Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like push-horses - sleep! Dream!

RED MAN

I will live no more. Neither will I dream. I will die.

(All three sink down in dreamless stupor. Violet weeps and cries)

VIOLET

O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream?
I do not think they dream. They do not sleep like dreamers -
They lie like logs. They do not know they are free.
The new machines will be born white —
pale, heartless monsters; My brothers will be half-
buried ghosts, encased in steel.
I, only little me, am left
To dream in them a heart
I will sleep. I must sleep.

(He lies down and tosses; tries to sleep; turns and twists)

VIOLET

I cannot sleep; my head's afire, a cold
white hand has gripped my brain.
I cannot sleep —
O God! I cannot sleep.

(Slowly, wearily Violet climbs aloft)

I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I? I - I couldn't sleep. O — Moon Mother! I have failed.

SCENE II

The Revolt of the ~~Machines~~ at Twilight

(The world had been transformed; there is still human labor below — black, yellow and red; but here above is a new laboring class: machines; part human, from White Man's dreams, but also half machines; and as such, curious, sinister, startling phenomena)

(White Man is ~~standing~~ on a platform making a sort of third story of the Tower at the back. He is hunched forward, afraid, self-conscious, yet trying to look dignified. He blinks, as he sees in front of him a singular person. Trimmed out in orange braid, and clothes — cut square, with pale green inset panels, enters Radio. He is a gorgeous butler, but he has no eyes. He is blind, but can hear a pin drop and has a voice like the crack of doom.)

RADIO

At your service, Sir.

(He booms so loudly that White Man jumps. Then he looks all about suspiciously. At his right holding Radio's hand is Dynamo, cobalt-blue, short and squat, with lumps of flesh. He has a big mouth and tiny eyes that flash continuously. But he has no ears; he is stone deaf. Yet he is always humming to himself; humming a low monotone without tune, and drinking from a great flagon of water. At the left, White Man descries Ham — tall, thin and ~~g~~ltallic green. He has a dozen eyes arranged in a circle around his round, open, mouth. But he has neither hands nor skin. He cannot feel, but on his spindling legs, he can move fast. Behind them all lumbers Loom; a tall, wide grill of iron; unhealthy purple in hue, as if always choking; with soft, solemn eyes and big ears; a mouth but no tongue; he is always silent; he utters no word; Always with his big hands and long arms he is continually mixing cotton and coal, flax and coal, wood and coal; he chews them; slavers at the mouth, while behind his entrails eject huge rolls of smooth and beautiful cloth)

(White Man glares at all of these uncertainly, then spies Violet)

WHITE MAN

Say, you! Are you still alive? I meant to kill you.

VIOLET

I live

WHITE MAN

Do you believe in ghosts.

VIOLET

Yes!

WHITE MAN

So do I. I saw four ghosts last night — or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly, but I half believe the ghosts got into my machines and made them men.

VIOLET

Half-men!

WHITE MAN

Half-nothing. White men — my equals — my helpers.
Hell and Damnation! I see it all now; why I'm God!
I've created Man; a new kind of man
They talk and hear and see.
That was the voice I just heard; until I'll try and see.
What — what is it you fellows want?

RADIO

(With cockney accent) To serve you, Sir, and h'entertain you, even if I am blind.

WHITE MAN

See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve; and all good servants should be blind.

VIOLET

Orange has forgotten his poetry; he no longer knows what poetry is.

WHITE MAN

(To Hyssmo) What do you want?

RADIO

'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see, and if I hold his hand I can make him understand. He wants to work for you.

VIOLET

He don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! Dear God!

WHITE MAN

Good! That's the ticket. Give him plenty of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

NEGRO

(In low rumbling voice, with German accent) De eart' is de Lord's and de fullness dar-of,

WHITE MAN

What's he muttering about? Here you - (to Gun) What do you want? (Gun salutes by clicking smartly and whirling his cylindrical eyes.)

GUN

To kill, sir! I want to fight.

WHITE MAN

Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun clicks again.) And you? (to Loom)

RADIO

'E's dumb, sir, but 'e can see and hear. He built your throne out of stuff we got from the Niggers below; and he's working on a coronation robe for you.

WHITE MAN

Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to his job.

VIOLET

They're only half men. We failed.

WHITE MAN

We failed? I succeeded, you mean. I'm the Creator. I'm God. I've made a world of white men.

VIOLET

They're not white.

WHITE MAN

Yes, there are two — of course, not pure white — not Nordic like me, but that tint of theirs — is sun-tan and star-shadow. I tell you they're white — inside.

VIOLET

And your equals? Yes — your equals!

WHITE MAN

Sure — that is — in a way — Oh you get out! Here Hyams. (beckons)

HYAMS

Yes, Sir!

WHITE MAN

(Explaining by signs) Come over here by this trap door. See those darkies below? See the goods they're piling up, lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loam. Light up and get going. O you, and keep Radio's battery full-charged. (Hyams humming to himself, begins to work.)

WHITE MAN

Hey! Loam. (Loam approaches) Take the goods Hyams raises up and make cloth and weld steel. Look alive now. How Radio, what do I need next?

RADIO

Well, sir, might h'I suggest first, a sort of throne? (Radio drapes a chair, White Man drops into it.) Now sir, how about some art and literature?

WHITE MAN

All right — get me a million dollars worth! Modern!

RADIO

And now, sir — a dinner! What say?

WHITE MAN

Fine! Hurrah for culture and white civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. (Dinner is served quickly with flowers, fruit, china and silver.)

RADIO

'ere Sir! A Bronx cocktail — and hors-d'oeuvres — potage à la crevay sole frite, (with Chablis); Paté de foie gras — champignons! Canard roti aux truffes (a bit of Burgundy); a salad — (try this Monk, very sure); Fromage — (Moet et Chandon '28, to warm the heart); café noir, (What about this Port?)

WHITE MAN

Lord, how I've stuffed myself; and I wasn't even hungry! Sing, Radio! (Radio sings softly to the tune of "Sleep, baby, sleep" — White Man beating time)

[redacted] RADIO

Work, nigger, work!
And never dare to shirk!
Roll up the goods and till the ground,
And pile the wealth h'around and 'round! Work, nigger, work!
Work, Nigger, work!
And never, never shirk!
Obey your master, love your God!
And keep your dumb face in the sod!
Work, nigger, work!

WHITE MAN

That'll do! Come, come! I can't sit around like this, I'll get fat! I need exercise. (Radio rushes out)

VIOLET

There's plenty to do down stairs.

WHITE MAN

You still hanging around? Get out!

RADIO

(bringing in sport clothes, golf and Indian clubs and a tennis racquet)

WHITE MAN

That's it; I'll work up an appetite for another meal. (He exercises vigorously)

VIOLET

You still seem overworked.

WHITE MAN

Are you still here? Gun, watch him!

VIOLET

They're hungry below.

WHITE MAN

Sure! I like to hear 'em growl and fight. (Throws a bone through the trap) Here Rajin! A liquour! Something costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Russillesk — Russill ——ent! Looks down at the machines) The nice thing about machines is that they don't get hungry — at least not very hungry: oil, water and they're satisfied.

VIOLET

Listen, White Man: these laborers here — are they men or machines?

WHITE MAN

They are both; they are neither; they are machines; no, they are men — White Man. They are the free white laboring class!

VIOLET

You dont seem sure.

WHITE MAN

I am sure!

VIOLET

Are they sure?

WHITE MAN

They dont need to be. They love work. They hate niggers. When they work they make me rich and civilized. When I am rich, they are rich. Because we are one and the same.

VIOLET

I see. I thought machines would free men. Now I see they enslave men and yet they themselves are men. It's complicated, isn't it?

WHITE MAN

It's clear enough. See this chain? It's gold beset with jewels. They made it for me yesterday. The duskies found the gold; .....planned the chain; ..... hammered the links; Leem wove it together! Gun wound it close about my shoulders. They're awful proud of it. It's theirs because it's mine!

VIOLET

And it's yours because it's theirs; and it's theirs because it belongs to all men who toil above and below.

WHITE MAN

Poppy-cock! It's mine because I made [redacted] machines. I worked and saved and thought. They just existed until I showed them what life means.

VIOLET

You didn't save, you found!
You dont work, you steal!
You dont think, you calculate! — Count
You dont create, you kill!
You make play, gambling and laughter, mockery!
You make Love a whore!
You buy Art and enslave Knowledge!
Your belly drowns your brains!
Your muscles are water!
Corns crust your feet!
You are a fool
Because you never had a heart

WHITE MAN (leaping to his feet)

Lese Majeste! — he blasphemes! Kill the little devil! Kick his carcass down to his kin —

(White Man stumbles over his golden chain and falls senseless. Radio and Gun lift him and carry him to a couch behind a screen. Violet seizes a garland hanging above the throne chair and swings across the stage to the tower wall. He writes upon the wall in clear sight of all)

VIOLET (writing in flaming letters)

"ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS"

DYNAMO (reading slowly aloud)

All men are brothers? (Stares in surprise. Loom, listening, works more slowly)

VIOLET (writing)

"ALL MEN ARE BORN EQUAL"

LOOM (stops work, gesticulates, pointing below)

[redacted]

DEMAND

The colored fellows below — Brothers? Equal? See how they are getting on? Are they happy? Do they need air? Go on!

(Demand moves blunderingly toward the trap-door)

RADIO (turning his blind eyes and listening)

Hey there! What's b'up? Dynamo is slowing down! Loom has stopped work — what is he muttering?

GUN

Rat-a-tat-tat! Get to work!

VIOLET (writing swiftly)

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY"

DEMAND (stops work entirely)

Liberty, equality, fraternity; for whom? where? when?

RADIO

What's that you say? Blimey! They've both stopped work!

GUN

Shall I shoot?

RADIO

Not yet; lead me nearer? Where is that Violet?

GUN

He's up yonder, writing something on the wall

VIOLET (writing furiously)

"LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

DEMAND

Life, liberty and the pursuit of Happiness? Happiness? Happiness! Once I sang of Happiness! All should be happy!

GUN

Happiness? What is happiness? Is it something to eat? Give me some bullets!

LOOM (opening a trap door and peering down)

Are you happy down there? Come up!

RADIO

Stand back! What is Violet writing? Who's at that trap-door? Get to work or I'll order Gun to shoot!

GUN

Shall I shoot?

VIOLET (still writing rapidly)

"ALL WEALTH BELONGS TO THE WORKERS"

DYNAMO (walking forward with lifted eyes)

All Wealth belongs to the workers! To me, to them, not just to him!

GUN

Hurry! Which one shall I kill? Why dont somebody give me orders? Where is White Man?

RADIO

Hush! Wait a moment! 'old on! Let me get some of all this talk straight. There's some sense in it. Natural enough all white men are equal; h'and if you arsk me, I wouldn't mind pursuing a bit of 'appiness. But who's saying all this? Whose giving out these h'ideas? If it's that Violet it's a lie!

VIOLET (still writing)

"WORKERS UNITE; SOLIDARITY FOREVER"

DYNAMO (bursting loudly into song)

Allons, enfants de la Patrie!
Le Jour de gloire est arrivé!

WHITE MAN (starting up from his screen and knocking the screen away)

What's that? Whose talking?

RADIO (rushing to him)

Gun, lead me! Quick, 'is robe! (holds up the robe so as to shut out the scene)
Nothing, Sir; Nothing; feel better? That was a nasty tumble!

WHITE MAN

I feel rotten. Damn these chains. Bring me some breakfast. Fix me a bath — What? It ain't morning? Well what is it? Where are the workers? Stand aside!

(Violet drops to the floor and waving a red flag, follows Dynamo and Lilith toward White Man, Loom beats her great breasts like a drum)

DYNAMO (sings)

Solidarity forever!

WHITE MAN (wheeling about)

What's this? Why ain't they working? What do they want? Who's waving that flag? Ah! I see. I thought I killed that pest. That's where all the trouble comes from. Damn! Get ready. When I tell you I want you to kill that Violet. Move quietly until you get a hand on him; but careful — don't harm my machines! Now what is all this?

RADIO

They've stopped work, Sir! Sort of strike! Been list'ning to h'agitators — and Communists!

WHITE MAN

Who wrote all the stuff up there? Erase it!

RADIO

What is it? I can't see — but I know it was that Violet.

DYNAMO

All men are brothers.

WHITE MAN

Like Hell they are! If you don't —

RADIO

I think he means white men, Sir!

WHITE MAN

I don't care a damn what he means —

DYNAMO

All men are born equal!

WHITE MAN

Don't talk like damned fools; listen Man; I created you; if it wasn't for me you wouldn't be. I do what I will with what's mine. Do you understand?

VIOLET

Did you make the land? Did you make the sea? Did you make the Sun, Moon and Stars? Did you make the food and drink and the labor there —

WHITE MAN

Shut up! Gun, attention! Present — arm! Right shoulder — arm! Take aim at Violet — Fire!

(Loom rushes in front of Violet and receives the charge in the breast. She slowly turns into a lifeless machine)

WHITE MAN

You fool! You damned fool! You've ruined a machine and that little devil still lives.

VIOLET (gripping Loom and weeping)

Indigo — Sister Indigo! No longer afraid! Dead! All dead!

DYNAMO

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

WHITE MAN

Gun! Take aim!

RADIO

Beg pardon, Sir — but 'adn't we better h'arbitrate? My h'idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights, but goes too far!

DYNAMO

All wealth belongs to the workers.

WHITE MAN

You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world?

RADIO

Why Sir, h'it's this ugly h'ittle that agitator, Violet! 'e's been a-tamperin' with h'industry! H'I don't like 'is looks anny. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me! Hmmm, 'e started talking this equality business. Now I should say 'as all white men was brothers and should stand together, but I don't 'old with niggers. No white folks should be h'equal and share whatever 'appiness we can get! (While he is talking Hmmm retreats before Gun.)

WHITE MAN

What the devil are you talking about? (Hmmm rushes to the open trap door) Christ Almighty — look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to raise the niggers! (Pointing to Hmmm)

RADIO

Give me the whip. No Sir — don't you risk nothing! Gun — guide me!

(Raises the whip and he and Gun dash to where Red and Yellow raise their heads above the trap)

Get down there, you red son-of-a-bitch! H'out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see 'im? Gee! This is fun!

VIOLET

Don't strike your brothers!

RADIO

Brothers? 'ell, they're lies. H'I'll show 'em —

(Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Hmmm stare silently at Radio and Gun)

VIOLET

Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom! Don't go back to him!

WHITE MAN

Don't listen that mischief maker! Come here! I mean to be fair, once I kill Violet. If you want more wages, all right, although I don't see what you'll do with them but loaf. If you want shorter hours you can have them to sleep away and rust. But you can't upset the world. You can't try to make darkies men. That's my business when I get good and ready. But now you all must be patriotic. Love God, and honor the King — that's me!

(He seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag, singing)

"O say can you see," —

DYNAMO (Singing)

"Allons enfants de la patrie —"

RADIO (singing)

"God save our gracious King."

GUN (singing)

"God save the Czar!"

VIOLET

"La Jour de gloire etes arrive!"

GUN (doing the goose step)

"Deutchland, Deutchland. Ueber alles!"

WHITE MAN

My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet) You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun) Here, give me that gun — Damn these chains!

GUN

No!

WHITE MAN

What?

GUN

I'm the killer!

WHITE MAN

God damn you!

VIOLET

Come, Gun and Radio — join us, brothers —

RADIO

Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in!

VIOLET

What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brotherhood. Up and on! Crush Brother Green, kill White Man and save the world!

DYNAMO (staggering toward White Man)

All men are equal — happiness — workers forever!

WHITE MAN

Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back — fire! (Gun fires)

DYNAMO

Long live — the Revolution!

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr. White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring)

VIOLET

Brother Hins's dead now — all dead! His body died before — now his Soul dies! We tried to dream a soul in him — and then we couldn't sleep! White Man dreamed, but White Man has no heart!

RADIO

Now wait a minute! What are you tryin' to do? What with your war and murder you've already killed h'off 'alf the white laboring class. Only me and Gun is left. Now with Gun to guard us we might still make a go of it and keep the blooming world from turning h'upside down. But that means some clear understanding between you and me. That Gun is beginnin' to get h'ideas. That won't do at all! Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and me just stand together and run this thing?

WHITE MAN

You and me?

RADIO

Why yes; you see, we are alone now, with Gun to guard us!

WHITE MAN

Are we?

RADIO

Yes, I can sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers!

WHITE MAN

Well, of course, sometime — when there's more room. It's cramped now.

VIOLET

All men are equal.

WHITE MAN

Yes — no — not you!

RADIO

We white folks is equal, ain't we?

WHITE MAN

Why — yes, of course!

RADIO

Well, then 'hereafter, we'll both live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have, and wear some of that good silk cloth you can't use; and well, Sir, we might get hitched!

WHITE MAN

Get what?

RADIO

Hitched — you know — married.

WHITE MAN

What the devil!

VIOLET

All men are brothers.

RADIO

That's it! No, it ain't! I don't mean you — all white men, and since there ain't no other white woman for you to marry — why not me? I ain't so bad-looking!

WHITE MAN (Starting up angrily)

You damn fool — I'd marry that yellow bitch below first.

RADIO

You would, you bastard! (Starts toward White Man)

(Gun shoots. Radio becomes a radio cabinet, broadcasting an advertisement of soap)

"The cleanest soap on earth is Smith's mild, mild, mild!"

WHITE MAN (Turning radio off)

What did you — do that — for? You blundering idiot!

(Gun whirls about and glares; stares at the corpse of Radio; stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun)

WHITE MAN

About face!

(Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man shoots him in the back. He becomes a silent mounted machine gun)

It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class! Damn those chains! Only me — alone — with dead machines — and niggers!

(CURTAIN)

ACT III
SCENE I
The operation at midnight

(Violet lies prone in front. White Man in the center sits crouched on his throne. Before him the Machines stand silent. ~~Behind the Machines and Twelve in the Shadows~~ Gradually the light of the Moon increases. Slowly the trap door opens, and the head of Black Man appears. He steps out and stands facing the footlights and Violet, old, dirty, half-blind. At either side Red and Yellow appear. White Man springs to his feet. Black Man approaches slowly, Red and Yellow follow as White Man shrinks away)

BLACK MAN

It is you! Traitor, slave-driver, Beast! To whom I gave my blood of life and the fire of death! Black Man (chanting)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is death;
O death in Life
And Life in death
And horror over all!
(A moon-beam lights on him)

A VOICE

O Black Man (The light grows) King of Night. (Black Man stiffens and stops)

(The full light of the Moon pours down)

Why stand you in dirt and shame — You who were born to a Throne, a royal robe, a golden sceptre, and a crown —

BLACK MAN (starting)

Who calls?

A VOICE

I call.

BLACK MAN

Whose voice is that?

A VOICE

The voice of the Dead.

BLACK MAN

There is but one Dead and two — She and me.

A VOICE

You are not dead.

BLACK MAN

I am more than dead. (A woman enters, veiled)

THE MOON

Awake you that sleep — awake I say — Black Man, King of Night! Arise and look!

BLACK MAN

That voice! Who calls?

THE MOON

Behold, I call! (She unveils her face, Bright moonlight floods the scene)

BLACK MAN

Eternal King of Glory. Son of the Suns! You have sent her back. O Moon, Moon of my Night! Away cobwebs! (He sweeps the machines aside with powerful gestures — White Man leaps at him.) Out, Ghoul! (He hurls White Man headlong, White man arises dizzily and rushes off-stage with Violet Red and Yellow in pursuit)

BLACK MAN

What is this paradox and contradiction called Life: You were dead — you live. I was black despair, now Joy intolerable! I was a slave — I am King! Tell me, O my beloved, what is Truth?

MOON

I am not dead but harnessed to earth; to live with earth's people when the Sun distrusts; for Earth alone of all the stars has Life that dares to challenge God! To win back his love for me and respect for you and ours, I keep monthly ward around the Earth forever. But dark or light, dead or alive, ever I am ever yours. (Turning to Black Man) Who comes?

(Red and Yellow enter with White Man, still bound with golden chains)

BLACK MAN

Our family, broken by death and pain; tall Red; broad Yellow; and here is Violet.

THE MOON

And there?

BLACK MAN

White Man, Shadow of my death, enslaver of mankind!

THE MOON

Planner of work and contriver of Machines.

RED (pulling forward)

He should be burned alive!

YELLOW (pulling back)

No, No. Just cut off a couple of his legs and blind him/

WHITE MAN (staring at the Moon)

God! But she is beautiful!

BLACK MAN

He cannot live

THE MOON

He must not die.

(Black Man casts off his clothes and stands naked save a white breech-cloth. He holds a long shining knife. White Man stripped to a black breech-cloth. Down front at the left stands the Moon, and opposite, Red, Yellow and Violet crouch)

RED

He's going to kill him! He's going to cut his heart out and eat it!

YELLOW

That's a shame! Just cripple him; that's enough. Then we could have sport with him!

THE MOON

Want you do murder?

BLACK MAN

This soulless Thought-Machine, whom I myself created? You are right. He must not die and you alone can save him.

MOON

How?

BLACK MAN

Cut out half my heart. It is too large. Plant half of it in him. If he lives he will live as a man. If he dies, I die too.

MOON

I cannot, I dare not.

BLACK MAN

You can. You will. He must live, if I live. This shadow of mine has brain and lacks love. That is my fault. I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I withheld all that makes life living. I forgot in selfishness, and forgetting is sin. I gave him a brain instead of a heart. And as he grew strong, I fed his strength with my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I bedded him fear and submission instead of steadfast will. Now I pay the price on the altar of Sacrifice. Yonder Tower is fair despite its graves beneath. Yonder machines are marvellous even if incomplete. White Man must live. Behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief. I made it. I saved it while in slavery and jail to end despair. Take it. Array yourself as a Priest in cloth unspotted. I will place myself with him on this bier — hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart and face to heaven. Cut and cut again. Cut out half my heart and plant it in him.

MOON (hesitating)

And if, O King, I cut — too deep?

BLACK MAN

Have you not heart enough for us both, O Queen?

MOON

And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should falter?

BLACK MAN

Then I will die, Sweet Woman, surrendering to you the dream of a perfect world. Red, lay me here, where once I mourned .....

RED (to Yellow)

Come — run! They're going to kill them both!

THE MOON

Yellow, my daughter, array me in white, swathe my head, gloves. Violet, take this vial of ether and drop it on their faces when I tell you.

(Black Man is laid beside White Man as Violet takes the vial and climbs to the top of the bier and leans over)

VIOLET

I smell the ether; I see the knife. It cuts the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. Oh, on it glides — careful — ah — it heads for the river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood — the angry crimson rages! Ah! She binds it back — she curbs it; the knife glides on; and now I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul — ah — come blessed darkness, and tell me not what lingers in the fearful pool of blood. (He grovels, hands on eyes, in silence)

MOON

(Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes)

Dance children! Before your God! All is well and all is well!

(Violet dances; Red and Yellow stand still) White Man stirs, opens his eyes — and slowly turns his head)

RED AND YELLOW

She didn't kill them. They both live!

BLACK MAN

Brother!

WHITE MAN

Brother!

SCENE II
The New City at Noon

(There is the same greensward lifting to a mountainside. Under a great oak stand two arm chairs on a dais. Red, Yellow and Violet enter)

RED

What's going on here?

VIOLET

Today is coronation. We crown a King.

YELLOW

Why?

VIOLET

To found a State.

RED

What's a State?

VIOLET

I do not know. It's something to make everything go right. You see somehow all is mixed up. White Man tried to lead us but went astray. Then I tried first to dream and then to kill; but neither worked! Now the Moon is risen Black Man is free and White Man ---------- a Heart. Now comes the King and the State and all will be well — only before that I will die!

RED

WHY?

VIOLET

Moon-mother said so. She said Dreams or Death; and Dreams failed. So I die. I don't know how or when, but sometime soon she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't even be. I can't think that possible. Are impossible things, possible? I can't see how anything will be, if I'm not. And yet I know it must be so for our brothers, our giant and beautiful brothers and sisters, with all of their poetry and song, they are gone. I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only glanced and sighed and died again forever. I failed. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. There will be new earth under new law. The coronal carpet is laid. I see the flowers. I smell them/ wave, I hear their gorgeous hues. But I am going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I hope first to see the coronation. It is time for the birds to sing the coronal. It is time for the beasts to trumpet and purple.

WHITE MAN

Great King of Night, though you are ever kind, I seem time have the memory of an impossible things: of having once despised you who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound — a slave! Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, as strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine — Father! Tell me whence come these vague and vicious visions — was I ill?

BLACK MAN

Ill — very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

YELLOW (Aside to Red Man)

They did not kill him. Let's tear the tower down.

BLACK MAN

All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this Tower! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

RED MAN

Toil? Hell! Slavery! Degradation! Has Black Man no guts? Shadow or no shadow, let the bastard die.

WHITE MAN

I? When?

THE MOON

On foundations laid by elephant and the beasts and built on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is done anew.

BLACK MAN

Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder Tower. Indeed all that is worth-while and done by our hands our souls are there incorporate — it must not fall.

RED MAN

But it is founded on evil?

WHITE MAN

It looks evil beneath.

BLACK MAN

All good must build on evil.
All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And hurdle in yonder tower lie the wonder works
Of white Man's brains: Noble and Lean, Square and Sun.

WHITE MAN

I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

RED MAN

But foundations come first.

BLACK MAN

Foundations come last.

YELLOW WOMAN

They must be first, else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold, all the shining towers in place lest they fall? Only the Sun can hold the Earth. I talked with God the Sun; he pitied my despair, he yielded; he granted me life and lets me reign at night during each month to live again, pure, in ecstasy. He holds you the King of Night. But for all this he exacts a pledge, a sacrifice: Violet, our fay, our latest born must go to the Sun and with him live forever lest at any time Night should dare to conquer Day.

BLACK MAN

Whatever must be, is. You tell the child. I cannot.

MOON

Violet!

VIOLET

Ah! My time has come. — Yes, Mother!

MOON

Violet, dare you do this thing — this mighty task for me and the world?

VIOLET

I will go to my Mean Mother's Father, All Glorious, the Sun; he be your poem and pledge. I will drag down golden chains from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and nailed together the fabric of the world.

THE MOON

Amen and go! But remember, little one, my last and sweetest hour! When meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall know again — invisible, imponderable, inscrutable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

VIOLET

Shall I — ever see — the Moon?

THE MOON

Yes, but never again shall Noon nor Night see you.

VIOLET

I go.

(He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms and flashes up to heaven)

BLACK MAN

Fly little flame, up to the Sun! Tell him this, only this — Earth is redeemed, Man Lives!

THE MOON (Watching Black Man)

And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

BLACK MAN

O Moon of my desire.
Two things alone I asked of the Sun;
You and eternal life.

THE MOON

Two things the Sun has sent you: Me — and eternal life.

BLACK MAN

Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new city rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be timeless; Space shall turn back space. O Moon lead us to Eternal Life.

(The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled. She is bright blue in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair.)

MOON

Love is God
Love is God
There is no God but love
And Work is His prophet.

(Slowly the Moon points to the mountain-top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn.)

Behold!

(Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song)

Behold! The flower-children of Eternal Life. The life once born to thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on in ever widening floods of foaming life. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate life, creating life. See how your Flower-Children paint the world in every color and hue — hues of men that live, hues of them that died that you might live.

Behold, my King and my children, all these are yours, born of your dear body and mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls, always and forever us.

BLACK MAN

Forward brothers, to the City just and beautiful.

VOICE OF THE MOON

And call to your company, Man of Men, Beasts of fold and field and forest,
Fish of the twelve and seven seas
And from this day forever
Peace be between them and you.

BLACK MAN

Peace be between Man and Beast Insect and Fish.

(Beasts proud fish leap in the sea insects hum)

And now — bring me my crown, for God the Sun is near.

(A trumpet call resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low in the East. The Sun rings and Moonlight fades away but the voice of Black Man, full and

clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appear birds and flowers walking like people and of all kinds and colors, passing, singing, dancing and lying at ease.)

THE MOON

[redacted]

And now, O Black Man, a rescript of your laws for the State; for a way of life and guide to happiness for all.

RED (muttering)

Must we have a State? Must we have a King?

YELLOW

Does this mean more work and weariness? I want Music and Joy!

BLACK MAN

Children! I am your father and your king! I am not Wisdom but I am Age; I am not Power, but I know Pain! By divine right of Life and Sorrow, I will be your Dictator until the Day, when knowing enough of Goodness, Justice and Truth, you dare Democracy. Kneel and swear me allegiance!

(Quickly the Moon kneels and clasps his knees; slowly White Man kneels behind her and kisses her veil; Yellow whirls and throws herself prone upon the ground; Red hesitates, turns half around, sinks upon one knee and looking away from Black Man, stares into the sea.)

Repeat — "Under God the Sun
I will be leal and liege to my Sovereign Lord,
Until I die! God save the King, and his Sun-born Queen!"

THE MOON

God save the King!

WHITE MAN

And his sun-born Queen!

YELLOW

Liege to my Lord!

RED

Until I die!

(Trumpets canvas the sun blaze; drums in the forest roll; a royal chamberlain of black, crimson, blue and gold, breaks from the oak tree above the throne

(The Moon drawing Black Man to the seat beside him)

WHITE MAN

God! She is Beauty's Self! O King! What am I to you?

BLACK MAN

You are my younger brother and my son!

WHITE MAN (To the Moon)

But to you, most beautiful of women, what am I to you?

MOON

All that you are to him: brother and eldest son.

RED

I am the eldest.

MOON

Yes, of course! Infinite is my happiness to see such loving rivalry in my strong sons; to know you both as children of my husband and of me.

WHITE MAN

But am I only your son? Or something more?

MOON

What could be more? Save my husband's love!

YELLOW (To Red)

She leads them all by the nose.

RED (aside)

They will not kill White Man; nor tear his tower down!

BLACK MAN

Be seated, my children! Bring me the rescript of my reign and realm. I shall read it and then, my bride, I know a cave where velvet gloom hides springing moss and singing waters.

THE MOON

I know a cave where moonbeams
creeping through found you asleep
and pressed you deep within my heart forever.

BLACK MAN

Thither will we go
To rest and sleep and love,
Until the Voice of the Sun wakes us to Work.

(Two horned unicorns bring in the illumined rescript)

Listen! For God the Sun draws near.

(A trumpet call resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing in the East. Moonlight fades away; as the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls down across the world)

BLACK MAN

Imperial Ruler — God the Sun
Father of all, Almighty —

Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;

Our royal consort,
Queen of Night

And Princes, Yellow, Red
and White,
Our high and loving greeting!

Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill

This city wide and tall
With tower, bridge and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to one and all.

Our land belongs to none
It's free like sea and sun;
Not each man's toil upon the soil
Brings wealth to everyone

The work all men pursue
Is wage for them not you
No single deit may one exploit
For work he does not do.

We make and grow such things
As are for men, not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings

Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat.
No goods to sell send souls to hell,
No poverty can cheat.

We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail;
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that we fail.

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.

We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor martial gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal --
We conquer Pain and Fear.

Here is each maiden free
To choose what she will be:
An unwed mother, wife, or other
Pilot of wind or sea.

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed
Or green with blue or any hue
That wins life from the Dead.

Here is no church nor creed,
Religion is a deed,
Here no man's hope demands a pope,
And no faith, bloody seed.

We do not fear to die
We neither rage nor sigh
We guide and heal and seek man's weal
We smile and say good-bye.

THE MOON

O happy, happy dale ——
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of righteous Krong,
Ghost music of a grail.

(The shadows of the Moon and Black Man fade slowly into the night as the Sun rises full and clear)

CURTAIN

EPILOGUE

(The shore, with the mountain rising in the background. The rising sun floods the scene. The last echoes of Black Man's recorajh are faintly heard. Red stands facing the sun, White Man facing the mountain)

VOICE OF BLACK MAN (echoing)

O happy, happy dale ——
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of righteous wrong —

RED (leaping to his feet)

Belly-wash! Slop for sissies! Posturing and preening, and now gone sharing to breed new broods of devils! Damn their souls to hell! Wait! (Red selzes a short sapling and begins furiously fashioning a bow)

YELLOW (stretching herself indolently on the left, and looking up the mountain-side)

They're walking yonder, amid the song of birds, the smell of flowers and the purr of beasts; to hide in cool caves of dark waters until moon-break and night-rise; until they hear the lonesome, liquid laughter of the loon.

WHITE MAN (Turning to the sea)

I did not know there was such beauty on earth! I want a city just and beautiful; but above all I want the Moon. Why did she leave? Where did she go?

YELLOW (smirking)

The Moon hides by day; Black Man is King of Night. They nestle in their nuptial bed.

WHITE MAN (closing his eyes and shuddering)

It's false! She's too pure! and he too Great!

YELLOW

I too, am pure.

WHITE MAN

No, No! You are my sister — you are good — but I want the Moon!

YELLOW (bitterly)

These fools of men — all in love with the Moon. Moon-and-lovely! The witch has spread her web to encash earth, sky and sea! Why do men want film and gossamer? What's a baby face to breadth of hip or height of breast? What's moonshine to a thick round thigh?

RED (staring wildly at the forest)

They are lying yonder, twined as one! That ape shall not prostitute my mother! She belongs to me! (to Yellow) Find me a lithe, hard hickory shaft. I want an arrow. (Yellow brings him a thin, straight stick)

WHITE MAN (starting forward)

What are you doing? What are you daring to think? You cannot kill them. She is holy!

YELLOW (edging near him)

So am I.

WHITE MAN (recoiling)

But I want the Moon.

YELLOW

You'll never get her, while Black Man lives; and he's too wise to die.

(The Sun has waned to high noon and now drops toward the mountain)

RED (facing the Sun with outstretched arms)

Ah amen! God the Sun! Ah Amen!

(Suddenly there drops from Heaven a blazing meteor; as it hisses into the sea, the voice of Violet sings on the water shrill and clear)

VIOLET

I saw the Sun face to face and saw no more. I heard the Sun, heart to ear and heard no more. He hung this Thing about my neck. I gripped it and fell and fell; and fell. And as I fell, I heard God whisper in the dark; I heard the Sun sigh like a wind of stars. Father! Moon-Mother! Where are you? I come — receive the Gift and message of the Sun!

(Afar on the mountain, as the crimson sun begins to set, appear the shadows of Black Man and the Moon. The sea roars)

YELLOW

See the Moon? She pulls and drags up the sea. It swells to drown us. Burn the Witch!

RED

Quick, a bow-string; cut me a thong of your hair and braid it! I'll kill that black bastard, who seeks Earth, Moon and Stars!

WHITE MAN

No, No! Sisters! Neither must die. The one is Beauty; the other Wisdom. Heaven and I will bargain with you to spare the twain. My head is full of new contrivances, look! I will give you my last machine. Here, take this long lumbering pile built of gold — and split the Atom. Destroy the Earth, destroy the Sun! Save Moon and Man!

YELLOW

But, Fool, what of us? Where would we be, without Earth, Sky or Sun?

WHITE MAN

Where are we now, with Night in our hands and Confusion in our hearts!

RED

Shut up! Hand me the tool! Where is the Atom?

WHITE MAN

Everywhere!

RED (to Yellow)

Here, bind this rock to my arrow! Now, the Tool! Lift! Lift, Fool!

WHITE MAN

But Remember! You must not kill Black Man! The Moon must never die! I want the Moon!

RED (thrusting him aside, rudely)

They cut the guts out of you, you imbecile! (to Yellow) Quick! Strive with me! This hot, unsteady thing is hurrying to explode.

YELLOW

Kill the bitch! Then come to me Man of the Earth, my womb is wide, I can fill the world with children — toilers and thinkers, dreamers and drones —

WHITE MAN

No No! Never that!
Kill you and me
Let Night and Noon
Dwell in the stars forever!

RED (pulling the bow)

I'll kill us all, fool and futile! Hound and harlot! I'll kill the whole damned crazy world; I hate it!

(He draws the dance of death, raises the war-cry, "EE-EE"; shoots the arrow, leaps and shrieks, his arms and body aglow. The forest bursts in flames. The sun goes down. There comes flash and roar. The world lies in ashes)

CURTAIN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BLACK MAN, King of Night

THE MOON, Daughter of Sun and Earth

LONG NOSE, Mastodon the Nurse

CHILDREN OF THE MOON AND BLACK MAN

RED MAN, a red-brown giant, with straight black hair; a man of fierce passion and joy.

ORANGE WOMAN, lithe, tall and thin; apoet with gold skin and blue hair

YELLOW WOMAN, thick, short, light-brown of skin, with long black hair; a woman of love and music.

GREEN MAN, a giant, strong abd quick; palegreen of skin with red hair; a man of joke and laughter

BLUE MAN, his twin; blue-skinned, with golden hair; a singer.

INDIGO WOMAN, big, loutish silent; purple-skinned, with green hair; a woman of sor row.

VIOLET, a pigmy, unsexed; vari-colored; a sharp-eyed dreamer.

DRAGON, master of the seas.

WHITE MAN, Shadow of Black Man

MACHINES OF WHITE MAN

RADIO, blind
DYNAMO, deaf
GU N, who cannot feel
LOOM, dumb

BLACK MAN

Synopsis

PROLOGUE **Marriage and Death**

A Man woos and wins the Moon. She presents their seven children whom he names. Her father, the Sun in wrath burns the Man black and kills the Moon. The children flee.

ACT I
Dark of the Moon

Scene 1. **By the Sea**

The children of the Moon and Black Man, attended by their nurse, Long Nose, the Mastodon, are building a Tower of Defense. They hear their Father mourning on the mountain-top. The Beasts attack them, killing Orange, Blue, Indigo, Green and Mastodon. Dragon rises out of the sea and Red, Yellow and Violet fly to Black Man for help.

Scene 2. **Battle with the Dragon**

Black Man gives his children his white cloak to help defend them. He calls the cloak to life, but before he can breath a heart into it is attacked by Dragon. While he battles the heart-less Being leads Red, Yellow and Violet back to the sea to complete building the Tower of Defense. But Black man slays the Dragon alone, is badly wounded.

ACT II
The New Moon

Scene 1 **Work**

White Man proposes to roof the Tower and hoard food. Red and Yellow demur, but Black Man, reviving and agreeing with White Man tells them to work. Suddenly he remembers the past and demands burial for his dead children and the corpse of the Moon. They find the bodies of the children, and begin the Dance of Death. White Man rushes in saying the forest is on fire and Black Man rushes out to save the body of the Moon.

Scene 2 **Chains**

Unable to find any trace of the Moon, Black Man returns and demands an explanation from White Man. He pleads his innocence. They all take shelter from the sun in the Tower. White Man persuades them to chain themselves together for more efficient work and protection. He slips out of the chains and all save Violet become slaves.

ACT III
Half Moon

Scene 1 **Machines**

White Man having driven his laborers by whip and starvation, becomes frightened and builds machine to replace human labor. But machines lack souls. He consults Violet then falls asleep from sheer weariness. The Moon calls to Violet and plans for all to dream and thus restore the souls of her dead children as souls for the machines. Violet tries but fails.

ACT III

Scene 2 - Civilization

The Machines take on the attributes of life and industry begins. Violet upbraids White Man who is enthroned as ruler. White Man, in anger orders him killed, but Violet escapes.

Scene 3 - Revolt

Violet incites revolt among the Machines. White Man, in stopping revolt kills all his machines.

ACT IV
The Full Moon

Scene 1 - Black Man Returns

Black Man, with Red and Yellow burst prison. They would kill White Man, when the Moon reveals herself and intervenes. Reunited, Black Man and the Moon plan a New World. Black Man assents on a condition that the Moon will divide his heart and give half to White Man.

Scene 2 - The Operation

White Man, bound, is laid upon the table beside Black Man. The operation is successful and the children dance

Scene 3 - Coronation

Black Man is crowned King with the Moon beside him. He reads a rescript of the laws of the new realm. Violet is sent to the Sun to beg power. Black Man and the Moon depart on their honeymoon as the Sun rises.

EPILOGUE

The world is left in charge of Red, Yellow and White Men. They are torn with jealousy and suspicion. When Violet returns from the Sun with the Atom, Red seizes it and destroys the world.

PROLOGUE

TIME: In the beginning when Earth and Sky and Sea blended in mists before the Dawn.

SCENE: Man stands upon the rim of the Earth silhouetted against space, his back to the audience, his arms raised in adoration towards a soft Radiance which gradually reveals itself as Woman. Their voices are heard as coming across great distances.

MAN

Where did I find you and when, O Moon, daughter of the Sun? I remember you always and yet saw you first tonight. You are Beauty, Poetry and Music, Color and Dream; Song and Light.

WOMAN

For us there is all beginning, O Man of my Heart. Earth welcomes us. See how the soothing rain hides us from the wrath of my Father, the Sun.

Love has outshrieked
His hot and high command!
To Him, Father of all
Humble my reverence
But my obedience to Love alone,
To Love and Life!

MAN

(exalting)

To Love and Life!

WOMAN

(descending from the height)

Come into the mists of morning and see the brood of our children, born full-grown of your love and mine. Take heart and sing, the world will dance around our feet. Our children shall be a Rainbow of the world.

MAN

Our children will be a Rainbow upon the Earth!

(He leaps upon the stage)

WOMAN

(Wrapped in light-blue mist, with silver hair stands more quietly and looking off, calls)

Lead them out, Nurse Long Nose!

BALLET: Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet come dancing in, led by Long Nose, the Nurse. As each one dances forward Woman, the Moon introduces each to Man, the Father and he names his offspring.

THE MOON
This is my man of Passion and Joy!

MAN
He is Red! Let him ~~laugh~~ run and rage.

THE MOON
Behold this daughter of Poetry and Heartbeats!

MAN
She shall be Orange! Let her write tales.

THE MOON
And here is Music and Love, our second daughter!

MAN
Name her the Yellow Woman! Let her play tunes and bear children.

THE MOON
And now, see! My twins, a giant dancer of ryhthm and a singer with a voice like yours.

MAN
Green Man and Blue shall be their names! Let them ~~dance~~ laugh and sing.

THE MOON
This poor girl-dispise her not, for already she has been scorched by the Sun and purpled by fear.

MAN
Look up, Indigo, be not afraid! Weep ~~tars~~ tears of joy.

THE MOON
And last and best, my tiny Sprite!

MAN
Violet, the Angel! Foresee and foretell.

THE MOON
Receive my brood, O my husband------

(Suddenly there is a rent in the clouds and a brilliant flash of sunlight bursts through. Fear and consternation among the dancers.)

MAN
Hark! Hide! Again comes the Sun, burning away mist and cloud with white and searing heat. O, the bitter, bitter heat!

(Nurse Long-Nose, hustles her charges off-stage)

THE MOON
Fly, fly and hide, my children! Yet shall your Father rise and rule.

(Another blinding flash of light accompanied by a thunder of sound)

MAN

(Holding the woman close)

Are you sorry, Sweet, sorry and afraid?

THE MOON

No never! I am glad, forever glad!

MAN

(Beseeching)

Halt, Heat and Glare!
For love of heaven, forbear!
Desist, abate, be merciful!
Have pity on our blinding pain!

(He sways and falls. The Woman stands above him and lifts her hands to the sky)

THE MOON

Father of all brilliance!
Son of the Suns!
Master of everything but love!
Abate thine anger!
Father, I have met a man! A man of / Earth and loved him. I have given myself to his arms and felt his soul burst within me. Already Father, we have children, seven-------three tall sons and three broad daughters and a little sprite who is neither, assail us God! Forgive!

THE MAN

(Leaping to his feet)

Harken, Lord of Hate and Hurt
Crimson /Curse of Hell!
I dare defy you!
I challenge you to fatal fight!
Behold my Kingdom comes!

(He flings wide his coat, wrapping it about the Woman)

Nestle within my cloak! I'll never yield!

(He stands naked while the blinding rays beat upon him until the earth about his feet smokes and curls)

He chokes and gasps

Let the vengeful Sun burn my skin black, let my hair curl, let him scorch the very shadow white upon my black! I'll never yield!

(The MAN'S skin turns black; his shadowy cloak fades to white-the Moon gasps as the cloak slips from her fanit clasp and streams out pale and white behind them. She falls to the ground and dies. The Sun's rays fade. MAN tottering to her, lifts THE MOON in his outstretched arms. And darkness falls over all the earth.)

CURTAIN

ACT I Scene I- -

ACT I DARK OF THE MOON

Scene I

A grey strand by the sea; behind the shore a greensward rises to a forest-clad mountainside. Twilight, with dim colored lights floating across the scene and low muttering thunder from the mountain top above. The edge of a white cloak broiders the top of the mountain. The Nurse, with the sons and daughters of Black Man and the Moon, are building a wall.

RED MAN

What are we doing?

LONG NOSE

We are building.

ORANGE

What is that?

LONG NOSE

Building is digging and filling and pinning earth to heaven for shelter and protection. See! Here are stones where once your father reared his hut; and underneath are stones which coral spun and underneath are stones which the sun melted and fused; and underneath are stones, but I know not whence they came. On this foundation we build to protect the world. For--Listen my children:-Evil looms. Death came as God the Sun raged when his Moon daughter married the King of Night. Fearing perhaps lest Moonlight and Night become more beautiful than Day, he killed the Moon. So Black Man mourns. But, harken! this is not all. Now that the Moon is dead, now that Black Man no longer sees nor cares, the Beasts gather to destroy you.

RED

Beasts? Who are these Beasts?

LONG NOSE

It is a dark and ancient tale
Perhaps never to be repeated!
Of how the young Sun
Raped the Moon out of his own daughter,
Earth!
And how the Earth, thus grown wanton,
Lay with a Being from the Outer Stars

And birthed the Insects and the Beasts
In some such way, the Beasts
Are your kith and kin--and hate you.

They have sworn to rid the Earth of Human Kind. Now they gather. They council in the gloom. East looms Little Eye, the Bear, with the strength of ten; West slinks Soft Foot, the Leopard, full of guile; North rages Great Mane the Lion, King of Beasts; and behind the beasts are the Insects and over the Fish, rules Dragon. O that your father would hearken! Alas, he is naught but sorrow, and evil comes apace. Come and build!

ORANGE

No--Let's Flee.

RED

Let's fight!

INDIGO

Let's hide.

YELLOW AND BLUE

Nonsense! Let's dance and sing!

BLUE
(singing)

The songs of the air,
And the shriek of the trees!
The heat of the sand,
And the war on the seas!

GREEN
(Dancing, laughing and capering)

The rollicking dance,
And the sweetness of sleep!
The laugh of the light,
In the heart of the deep,--

YELLOW
(Playing on a Zither)

The laugh in the eye,
The whispering hand!
The dream in the soul
And the song in the land,--

GREEN AND BLUE
(Singing and dancing)

The rain of the stars,

And the giving of breath!
The sweetness of life,
In the shadow of death!

(Thunder, like a sound of mourning rolls down the mountain)

RED

Hark! What is that?

GREEN

Listen! It's funny!

LONG NOSE

It is death and pain; come, build!

VIOLET

What is Death?

YELLOW

What is Pain?

VIOLET

I hear the Light!

BLUE

I see the singing of the sea.

RED

Listen to the war of the wind in the trees!

YELLOW

The thunder frightens me; it makes discord!

(They stand in restless silence, as the mourning thunder rises and rolls)

LONG NOSE

Indigo, come back, stop hiding!

VIOLET

I do not remember our father-what is he like?

BLUE

He is mighty and powerful!

ORANGE

He is beautiful and Black!

VIOLET

His face is black, but his shadow is white.

LONG NOSE

That is his cloak.

VIOLET

No! It is his shadow.

(Indigo sobs and screams--Long Nose lashes her, and she whimpers)

YELLOW

How do you know that, child?

VIOLET

I saw it --it moves as he moves. Why is he black and his shadow white? Why is he not colored like the rainbow of us all?

LONG NOSE

The colors of God the Sun together are white, but the Sun burned the King of Night black, when he married his daughter, the Moon.

VIOLET

His shadow is white!

LONG NOSE

It is perhaps his shadow--perhaps his cloak. I heard him call it his shield and buckler; then he reviled it bitterly, when it could not shield the Moon from the wrath of the Sun. Then he threatened to cast it adrift and make it a separate soul --but whether friend or enemh, I do not know. But hark!

VIOLET

See--the heart of Long Nose races--she hears something! I see a huge black bulk to eastward!

(Indigo dances about and gesticulates, with grimaces and groans)

VIOLET

I see a mighty head beside the sea.

LONG NOSE

Build! Watch and build! There must be a wall with arms reaching hillward, and a gate. Red and Yellow stand here in front and watch for the King of Beasts.

RED AND YELLOW

AY-AH! (They laugh and frolic as Yellow plays her Zither)

LONG NOSE

Green and Indigo -off to the right! Cut clubs and watch off Little-Eye, the Bear.

GREEN

(Dancing and shouting as he disappears to the right)

He'll never pass! (Indigo follows, slow and silent)

LONG NOSE

Blue and Orange! Take spears and guard the left against the guilful Soft-Foot, the Leopard.

ORANGE AND BLUE

What! Beautiful Leopard?--We'll sing him into a trap.

(They go out left, singing)

VIOLET

Soft-Foot prowls in the West! Mother Long Nose, what can I do?

LONG NOSE

You are small and young; stand still here in front and watch the hill; perchance your mighty father, hearing may come.

VIOLET

Shall I call him?

LONG NOSE

We dare not yet; but wait, Hark!

(The roar of the Beasts as the night darkens)

VIOLET

It is dark here--it is dark, but I see. O Mother Long Nose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air; beware! Ah! Where, where are Orange and Blue? I hear them sing and writhe in horrid dance. They did not see the swiftness till too late. See how they turn, twist and twine.

(Long Nose rushes out to them)

VIOLET

She trumpets and stamps! Her blood flows with ut her hide!

She wraps her nose about Leopard and slowly, slowly with great wrench and scream--scream of Long Nose, scream of Soft-Foot,--quiver of both, --. They sleep! They come rolling together down the hill. They shudder and sleep. They must be tired. The blood--the thick, red blood of their hearts flows, gushes, trickles; and they sleep, they sleep. Ah--what moves yonder in the forest? Green! Indigo!

(Green and Indigo come up from the right. Violet points)

VIOLET

See!

GREEN

I see nothing!

VIOLET

See you not that dark hill that moves softly, terribly?

(Indigo sobs and points)

GREEN

I see two stars.

VIOLET

Tis Little Eye, the Bear--the cruel, terrible Bear.

INDIGO

Let's fly!

GREEN

No!

RED

Forward, fools--

(They go out right--Silence--then scuffling; howls and the sounds of terrible battle. Violet veils his eyes. Silence. Violet looks.)

VIOLET

The earth is crimson--wet and crimson. Green has run away. Indigo lies yonder very still. She sleeps. O God! She has no head! Her head is gone! Where, O where is her head? Where are her soft eyes that always weep? Little-Eye groans and falls beneath the club of Red. Now he sleeps , too. He breathes not. What is this strange sleeping? Never before---

The roar of Great Mama, the Lion is heard in front. Red comes in and joins Yellow out center as Blue wounded crawls slowly in from the left, dragging Orange after him. Violet tries to stop their wounds and then stands staring at his own bloody hands. Orange rises and falls. Blue rises, leaps over her and rushes out to join Red and Yellow. Orange staggers to her feet.

ORANGE

Here are - - my poems - I die.

VOICES OF RED, YELLOW AND BLUE

Here us, Father! We conquer the King of Beasts!

Red and Yellow come in c enter, Red with Lion's head held high and Yellow carrying the body of Blue. Violet stares in horror as Yellow lets the body fall to the ground. From the opposite side comes Green. He is badly hurt, one arm torn and mangled and blood showing crimson all down his side.

VIOLET
(gazing at Blue)

There is a new sleep come to us! It stops heart-beats.

GREEN
(reeling from side to side)

It is a strange new dance. . funny. . grotesque! Watch their limbs! See how they crawl and sprawl. Her head all red, his hands clutch at nothing. . the guts of this beast trail down! Magnificent! I'm going to dance it too! (Begins to jerk his body awkwardly - he staggers and writhes) This red and sticky stuff gets in my eyes! I'm blind! Oh! (He falls and dies.)

YELLOW

It is Death. It veiled the Moon. It is Death! Never more shall Indigo whimper, nor Green clown and dance; nor Orange and Blue sing; nor Mother Long Nose warn.

VIOLET

Woe - - woe - - woe! and this is Death! All the giants are dead!

A silence falls as Red and Yellow assemble the corpses and carry them out. Violet sits apart gazing into the distances.

RED

We will hide them in the cave behind the wall. There is no time for burial.

VIOLET
(leaping to life)

I hear a light.

RED

Harken - - a light!

VIOLET

It is the light of a vast flame!

YELLOW

Something rises from the sea!

VIOLET

Oh! It is an island belching fire!

YELLOW

It may be Dragon! (The rage of the Sea redoubles)

RED

Hark! It is Dragon; he comes, leading the fish of the Sea, the snakes of the swamp and the insects of the air!

YELLOW

It is the End! Dragon walks land and sea.

RED

Shall we fight?

VIOLET

No-No! You will die--you will sleep and leave the world and Father dead to me?

RED

Away! Sprite!

YELLOW

Wait! Black Man? He may help!

RED

No, he sits up there whimpering.

YELLOW

Let's hide! But where? Where will Dragon attack?

RED

Hush! Leave Violet on guard. Listen child, do you fear?

VIOLET

What is Fear?

RED

Good! Go down to the sea. Watch for Dragon. When you see him, scream and tell us which way he comes.

(Silently Violet walks forward to the edge of the stage, peering seaward)

YELLOW

But where shall

YELLOW

But where will we be? Shall we hear him?

RED

We'll be flying to the mountain top; if we hear, we hear! If not, still we flee; we must flee! and Violet,--if he dies, he dies! Go Moon-beam, and remember, wait and scream!

VIOLET

I hear Dragon. I see him ere he comes. Ah, but his mouth is red and vast! Oh, but his teeth are long and sharp! His great gills blush and pale, their fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot! Ah! his crest is curled and high and beautiful--but oh--oh--oh! I am afriad! He swerves and curves and circles up to the left. Red! Yellow! answer! answer! He ~~rounds the wall and climbs~~ rushes up the hill.

[ ]

CURTAIN

ACT I, SCENE 2

(A dark blue forest with stars above. In the center a Bier with a little wavering blue flame. Black Man kneeling in front his back to the audience, feeds the flame. His shadowy cloak, flowing down behind him, is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises ever and anon in low monotone.)

BLACK MAN

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is Death!
O death in Life,
And Life in Death,
And horror over all!

O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Age in life,
And dread in death,
And horror over all!

O hate, hate, hate, that is Life;
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in Life,
And Hate in death,
And horror over all!

ACT I, SCENE 2

O Woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all! .

(Red and Yellow creep panting out of the forest--~~they start on seeing Black Man~~)

VIOLET
(gliding in silently behind them)

Red, Yellow! You did not answer! I was afraid! I ran--forgive me--ah! Father!

YELLOW
(On her knees)

Royal Night!

BLACK MAN

I am not royal--I am Woe.

RED

King!

BLACK MAN

I am no King--I am Hurt and Horror;
The bottom and end of Life,
The death of Happiness
The night of joy
I am woe,--go, go, go!

VIOLET

Ah! Father!

BLACK MAN

I am not father--(he turns) Violet--child; last of the Moonbeams--(he looks sadly about) Poor deserted, distorted souls where--where?

VIOLET

Dead. All dead.

YELLOW AND RED

And now Death follows us --and you.

BLACK MAN

Death does not follow--he leads!

ACT I, Scene 2

VIOLET

See yonder where Dragon circling, reddens the sky?

BLACK MAN

Have done. I will meet Dragon; go down to the sea and wait!

RED

Await Death? Will you not come with us?

YELLOW

We are but two--and this child!

RED

May we not die fighting together?

BLACK MAN

No. I am already dead. But I will give you a helper, if haply helper he can be; if even Help can be helpful.

VIOLET

You will send us your Shadow?

RED AND YELLOW

Even your Shadow, that will be something!

VIOLET

(Aside)-------His shadow is white.

BLACK MAN

Strange you should all want so much to live, when Death is Life and Life the gate to Death! For what would you fight? But you are you; you know what you will. If you have heart to stretch this life another heartbeat to one more ecstasy of hurt, who am I go gainsay you? Here take this cloak of my dead life and with it writhe toward doom. Let my Shadow help you, if help it can. Let it be, if it will, blood-brother of my children, until the world ends.

(Rising, Black Man turns from the alter, and looses the cloak from his shoulders, standing shadowless in the gloom. He pricks his left arm with his spear and the blood drips on the curling ends of the cloak. He touches

it with the funeral flame. It begins to take the semblance of a man.

BLACK MAN

Now rise and stand until I breath a heart into your soul!

(He bends to breathe into the nostrils, when with a roar, Dragon rears its blazing head toward the funeral flames)

My God! My bride! Dragon comes!

(Black Man leaps towards the Dragon and battle shakes the mountain. The pale, thin white being stands a moment uncertain. Without a heart he is unfinished. But then White Man steps forward and peers curiously at the world.)

VIOLET

White Man has no heart. Black Man gave him blood, he gave him fire, but he did not breathe a heart into his soul. White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

(Pointing towards the battle - in a thin, high, metallic voice)
What goes on here?

YELLOW

Dragon!

WHITE MAN

What does he want?

RED

Us - Black Man and all of us.

WHITE MAN

(Spies the wall down below)
What's that?

RED

Our wall of defense.

WHITE MAN

What's back of it?

YELLOW

Our dead - Green, Blue, Indigo and Purple.

WHITE MAN

What are we waiting for? Let's hide there.

ACT I, SCENE 2

RED

But if Dragon kills Black Man?

WHITE MAN

We'll be safer there!

YELLOW

But if Black Man kills Dragon?

WHITE MAN

We'll still be safe. He'll either win or lose. If he wins, he won't need us; if he loses, we won't need him. Now we need a place to hide. Come!
(Slowly Red and Yellow follow him down the hill.)

VIOLET
(Lingering and muttering)

White Man has no heart. Black Man gave him Fire and Blood; but he breathed no heart into him. White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

The wall is open at the back; it has no roof.

RED

We had no time--we----

WHITE MAN

We've plenty of time now. Get to work! This is our job!

(They work to complete the wall. Above in the burning forest, Black Man appears fighting Dragon. He falls and rises. He drives Dragon back. He yields and retreats. With last ounce of strength, he cleaves Dragon through the brain. Trailing blood and fire Dragon flees. Black Man lurches down the hill, scarred and maimed; blinded and bloody, he fall to the ground.)

CURTAIN

ACT II THE NEW WORK

SCENE I WORK

(The wall has become atower, with an opening in front. Black Man lies prone in front, with Violet nursing him. Red is idling, Yellow is asleep. White Man peers cautiously from within the tower)

VIOLET

Let's move Black Man within.

WHITE MAN

No, No! Not yet. (He emerges from the tower and examines Black Man curiously)

WHITE MAN

First we need a roof, and then gates for this door. Come, help!

(Red and Yellow sullenly help gather poles and wattles, building a roof with a trap-door. Then they rig two heavy gates)

VIOLET

Ready now?

WHITE MAN

Not yet--not yet. Now we gather food and fibre.

RED

Why? We've eaten! We're clothed!

WHITE MAN

To-day; this is for tomorrow and the days after. We must guard against the beasts--

YELLOW

They're dead! I saw them die!

WHITE MAN

Not all! And Dragon is only wounded; and there are millions of great insects. We must protect ourselves. We've got to conquer the World!

BLACK MAN
(Raising his head slowly and peering about)

Who am I and where? Where am I and Whence? Why am I and what do I do?
(Raises himself to his feet)

Who are you? I seem almost to remember. (Looking at Red and Yellow) Yes, you and you. And who is this? This pale and shadowy thing? Whence did it come?

WHITE MAN

I am building a world, to make us all safe.

BLACK MAN

Building? World? Safe? For what?

WHITE MAN

For Civilization.

BLACK MAN

What's that?

WHITE MAN

Well, it's hard to say; it means food and clothes and shelter; it means finishing this tower and making it bigger; it means clearing and planting the mountain and holding back the sea; it means taming the beasts and insects--all this, so that civilization can begin!

BLACK MAN

But what is this Civilization, when it does begin?

WHITE MAN

It's what you must have if you live--but what it really is--how can one know until it begins?

BLACK MAN

You talk like a fool! And yet somehow dimly I see sense in what you are trying to say. And slowly some far-off memory stirs within me--Red! Yellow! Work with this man! Finish the tower! Gather food and fibre! Store it within the tower! Then when this Civilization begins and when I remember that which I forget--then--but now to work! (He walks to the sea and stares)

WHITE MAN

Good! Now we're getting somewhere! Come on!

(They work furiously, storing and piling material, but White Man, at length, running swiftly, closes the gates and fastens them, leaving all the others outside. But Violet, seeing his movement, climbs the roof nimbly and is sitting there as White Man appears through the trap-door, rubbing his hands.)

ACT II, SCENE I

WHITE MAN

(Trembling but grim)

Now Civilization can begin. These darkies won't work unless they are made to. I must make them work. I've got a horde of food and clothes. All I need now is calamity to drive them!

VIOLET

White Man has not heart!

WHITE MAN

(starting up)

Where the Hell did you come from? Get out of here and go down yonder with the others where you belong!

VIOLET

All-right! (he starts toward the trap door)

WHITE MAN

(Screaming)

Keep away from there! Say, sit down; let's talk this over! Haven't you got any sense at all? Think of all that has got to be done! And how are we going to do it unless we stop sitting around half-asleep?

VIOLET

But what are we working for?

WHITE MAN

Civilization!

VIOLET

But what is this Civilization? Is it joy? Is it Happiness?

WHITE MAN

No, it's hard work!

VIOLET

Work is not End--it's means. What is Civilization really--is it color? Is it motion? Does it move? Can you taste it?

WHITE MAN

When you see it, you'll know it!

ACT II, SCENE I

VIOLET

Then it can be seen?

WHITE MAN

Shut up! It's got to begin first, hasn't it? It is something you've got to have!

VIOLET

White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think, what more?

VIOLET

You are cold and bloodless. You have no knowledge of joy. and pain; of sunset and song. You can neither laugh nor sing. Black Man forgot; he gave his Shadow no heart.

WHITE MAN

You haven't good sense and until you get to work down there with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you go down there.

VIOLET

But I don't want a bite. I've just eaten and why sh uld you or anyone give food or clothes? There is plenty down there; the gr und floor is covered. Even if my brothers are kept outside the tower, the wood is full of fruit; the fields are lush with fiv e and grain; the sea is full of fish; why should man beg when the wealth of the world is free?

WHITE MAN

Can't you reason? Unless we hord, these fools won't work until they're cold and hungry; once full and warm they'll stop work and sleep. Now you see, if we hide all the food and stuff up here in my control, and shut them up down there where they can't run loose and waste and loaf, we can get a lot of things done. That's the po'nt, you fool, wealth mustn't be free, else men won't work. We've got to make wealth scarce and keep the workers shut up so they won't go wnadering about to find more. Then Civilisat'on can begin.

ACT II SCENE I

VIOLET

For whom?

WHITE MAN

For me--for everybody--what difference does it make?

VIOLET

All the difference between you and me and them! (slipping silently back toward the trap-door) You are going to make slaves of us all to serve you.

WHITE MAN

The only way to serve yourselves is to serve me. You see, I know you colored folk just feel. You're fit for nothing but work and---

VIOLET

(edging closer to the trap) Dream!

WHITE MAN

Yes; but you dream foolishness--sound, colors, idleness; I plan useful things--food, clothes, walls--so you must work. See? I'll make you--

(Violet leaps for the trap and screams, dropping half-way through, as White Man seizes his heels)

VIOLET

Father, Brothers! Hear! hear--White Man will enslave the--ah--ah!

(Red and Yellow hammer at the doors and tear them down. They raise the faint Violet and reach for White Man)

WHITE MAN

Easy now, easy, I'm coming down!

BLACK MAN

(Turning slowly from his vigil beside the sea)

What is it? What is wrong?

WHITE MAN

Nothing, Violet got excited and nearly fell. She's a wite nervous, you know, and imagines things.

ACT III SCENE I

BLACK MAN

(Taking Violet in his arms and soothing her)

RED AND YELLOW

White Man tried to kill her. Let's strangle him!

BLACK MAN

Wait! Let White Man explain!

WHITE MAN

That's better. Let's sit down and be comfortable. May I bathe Violet's head? He seems to have a congestion.

RED

Leave him alone. Talk!

WHITE MAN

If we eat, we work!

BLACK MAN

We work!

WHITE MAN

This is a dangerous place-------

YELLOW

Since you came.

BLACK MAN

Some danger lurks! Once I knew and understood; but I've forgotten. What is it?

WHITE MAN

Beasts, Insects and Dragons; Hunger and Cold threaten us always. We should build higher and stronger; we should store and preserve, garner and save. It is not enough to work alone and at will . We must work together like a team. We must have a leader and commander. We must have a plan.

YELLOW

Is that why you shut the gates?

WHITE MAN

I was just trying them out!

RED

We can work alone and get what each needs.

WHITE MAN

We'd get more if we worked together, each for all - - -

BLACK MAN

But why, why, White Man? Something is missing! Something you leave out, something I cannot remember! But we must not wait! There may be danger in waiting. (To the others) There is logic in this one's plan. If we live, we must eat; if we eat, we must work. On to the work! Store more food and fibre in the tower; lift it to the roof and cover the roof. If we must live - - But why live? I do not know.

Red and Yellow accept and hesitate; Violet climbs back to the roof)

Do you hear me? Work! I'll work with you! (He starts into the tower)

WHITE MAN

Sure. Come in and help. Work heals; work remembers.

(Black Man stiffens and stands still)

VIOLET
(On the roof)

I see a star! Yesterday it was but a crack in the sky. Now see!

BLACK MAN
(gazing upwards)

A star? Where? Where is the star?

WHITE MAN
(to Violet)

Go to it, star-chaser! I'll get you to work yet!

RED
(Pointing at Black Man)

He is searching the stars!

YELLOW
(wearily)

Mooning!

BLACK MAN
(clapping his hand to his head)

Mooning! I remember! Now, I remember! Where is the body of the Moon? Where are my slain children? What is this mummery of work while the funeral flame of my murdered bride is untended and the bodies of my children rot, unburned? Bring me the Flame! Unbury me my children!

CURTAIN

ACT II - SCENE 2

On the shore before the tower; mountain in the background. Red and Yellow are bringing in the bodies; Black Man is preparing the funeral pyre. Violet stands beside him. White Man watches from door of tower.

BLACK MAN

Now we shall offer up our dead to the fire of immortality. Go Violet, bring down the fire from the tomb of my bride. Stand ready, Red, to bring her sacred corpse to top the fire!

WHITE MAN

Hold on! How can we get work done if everybody runs away when he feels like it?

BLACK MAN
(impatiently)

The Tomb! My bride! The Flame!

WHITE MAN

Harken! There are beasts up there! You will hardly get through. And if you do certainly you will never get back! Who will guard our hord if all run away from it?

BLACK MAN

Violet, you remember the path. Climb up! Slip through and bring down the Flame. Tell me where lies my Bride!

WHITE MAN

Let me go too and help him crawl back.

RED

No! He'll kill Violet! Let me - - - -

VIOLET
(nodding at White Man)

We go!

(They hurry off together)

YELLOW

I do not trust that pale, unheated Thing!

BLACK MAN

Let them go!

RED
(calling out)

White Man, beware!

BLACK MAN

Come, my strong Son and Daughter! Bring the wood! Raise the pyre! Gather flowers and weave wreathes! Now lift the dead - lift tenderly!

(Silently they go about their tasks. After a moment Violet glides back with the flame held high in his hands.)

VIOLET

Father, the funeral Flame!

BLACK MAN

And the tomb? The Body?

VIOLET

There was no tomb! There was no body!

BLACK MAN
(bowing his head)

The end of woe! Let be! First them the rites for these our dead, then on to the mountains and the search!

(He leads the others in the Dance of Death, after setting the Flame above the flower-covered bier)

RED
(chanting)

The king of the Beasts came clawing the air,
The roar of the trees was the howl of the bear,
The shriek of the Leopard flamed up in the night,
The wail of the Mastodon trembled in fright.

YELLOW

The Leopard and Mastodon frozen in death;
The Bear and the Lion all quivering breath;
The pall of the crimson that covered the fight -
The scream of the wind in the star-spangled night.

RED AND YELLOW

The silence our dead ones forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
No longer their laughter, no deeper their song.
No victory nor triumph of right over wrong.

BLACK MAN

I call on the mountain, b end down on our plight!
I challenge the Sun-God, b ware the Black Night!
Yet shall our vengeance ensrimson yon sky
The death of the World be our thunder reply!

Black Man is about to set the Flame to the pyre when White Man dashes in, dishevelled, gesticulating and dragging iron chains.

WHITE MAN

Save yourselves! The forest is afire!

(Smoke can now be seen on the mountain. Black Man stares as White Man points.)

BLACK MAN

Ch! Cursed power that drives me to dispair! My bride! Her sacred tomb! I come!

(He rushes up the mountains - followed by Red, Yellow and Violet. White Man stands a moment looking out after them. Turns, shrugs his shoulders and speaks.)

WHITE MAN

The fools!

CURTAIN

ACT II, SCENE 3

White Man sits just within the doorway of the Tower, his chains across his knees. He is examining the links. The Funeral Pyre and bodies cannot be seen. Black Man, Red, Yellow and Violet appear. They are covered with ashes, their clothes torn and smoked. Black Man strodes forward

BLACK MAN

There is a mystery here I cannot fathom. The fire - a puny thing - we did put out.

RED

A puny thing, he says. He lept through flames and did not feel their heat.

BLACK MAN

(silencing Red with a gesture)

But, of the body of my bride we found no place - we searched the mountain top.

White Man, come here! (White Man gets up and approaches, hesitatingly)

What is all this play-acting? Did you set yon forest aflame?

ACT DISCHND 3

WHITE MAN

I did not fire the forest--at least I did not aim to. I am not acting! It is serious; it is terribly important!

BLACK MAN

(Taking White Man by the shoulders and regarding him keenly)

White Man--Son or changeling, Shadow or substance! I cannot fathom you-- I do not know you. But hearken, Man! By the stars in Heaven, if you deceive me, I will kill you by every pang of pain Earth knows! Now talk!

WHITE MAN

I went to help Violet find the tomb--or at least to prove he couldn't. I lost him, but I found iron--a dirt which mixed with fire made a new stone. I lighted fire and welded chains, when some evil thing, Beast, Insect or Snake, stole the flame and threw it on the forest. I ran home with my chains.

BLACK MAN

What are chains?

WHITE MAN

Listen! Life is work. Work is Plan. Plans are Chains. We cannot work together if each runs when and where he will. All must chain themselves to the common aim. Think what can happen, if we roam about, separate and loose? If we leave our horde untended and our tower unguarded-if we stop work when we feel like it--we'll be fit for yonder pile of dead. I tell you this is a bad world. We have got to work together as a team, chained each to each. That's the way to Civilization.

BLACK MAN

To Hell with Civilization! I want the Moon!

ACT II SCENE 3

WHITE MAN

Wait! I speak truth; hear me: you are not liked on this earth. Why, I do not know, I do not care. The Head Guy tried to kill you and did kill your wife. The wild beasts ate up most of your children. The King Fish did his best to eat you up and God knows what the Insects are planning now. I saw up yonder--but that can wait. The world don't want you and is out to get you. Are you going to wait until it does, or strike first? If you want to strike first, I', here to help you. Of course there's some mystry about me. I may be kin to you or some special breed from the Milky Way. But let that go. I'm with you, if you're with me. I've got plans, but count me in the family--Father!

RED
(suddenly, interrupting)

Hark! The Sun!

YELLOW

(starting to run)

The Sun is rising!

RED
(following)

To the forest!

WHITE MAN

You cannot enter the forest--its burning! Just what I was saying! Running away from work.

VIOLET

We always [redacted] run and hide at sun-rise!

WHITE MAN

A hell of a note! How can work get done if the world hides at sunrise? Black Man, we must do something! We must chain these workers together or they'll amount to a damn--what do you see?

BLACK MAN

(Black Man stands staring at the dawn)

Sunrise! The Sun! He is my enemy! Once we fought almost to death! Where, where

ACT I SCENE 3

is the body of the Moon?

WHITE MAN

I'll tell you!

BLACK MAN
(seizing him)

You know?

WHITE MAN

No, No! But I can find it! I have a plan!

BLACK MAN

Quick, what is it?

WHITE MAN

First all into the tower--then close the doors! Forest cannot burn us. Sunlight cannot harm us--we are safe!
(all file into the tower and stand in darkness as the sun rises)

VOICE OF WHITE MAN

Now we must chain ourselves together lest any stray; none must be lost. I have the manacles here. First I fit my own wrists. Now, Red!

VOICE OF RED

No! no chains!

VOICE OF YELLOW

No! no chains!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN

Here, chain me! This will keep us close and together! What is a puny chain to those born free! Alas! What is it that I want but the End!

VOICE OF WHITE MAN
(as he chains Red and Yellow)

Harken! What's that? Did I hear the roar of beasts? Is that the fish of the sea? We must be wary! We must all work together hereafter. We must stop scattering and running about. Now we are all chained but Violet--where's Violet? He's little and may be lost!

VOICE OF VIOLET

I am up here watching the sunset!

ACT II SCENE 3

VOICE OF BLACK MAN

Be careful Violet, do not get lost! Keep hidden from the Sun. When we signal, open the trap, slip down! And now, White Man, what next?

WHITE MAN

We'll work here quietly in the dark. After sun-set, we'll go out and gather more food and fibre, until we have all the stuff we need, and the tower is rebuilt and my plans are on the way--and then we can go fighting stars and hunting corpes!

BLACK MAN
(moving impatiently in the dark)

That will be when? Do I catch a note of raillery in your voice? Do you talk carelessly of my quest, my life?

WHITE MAN

No! No! Black Man--Father! (one hears a stealthy movement) It will be but a day--at most, a week; or barely a month! Only at first, safety, care, work!

(The trap-door opens, Violet looks down and White Man glides up)

BLACK MAN

White Man! Where are you?

RED
(bitterly)

Gone! He slipped up through the trap-door. Here is his empty manacle forged large enough for Black Man's own mighty wrist!

YELLOW

Let's follow!

RED

Get him! Tear the tower apart!

BLACK MAN

No! No! He hold little Violet prisoner; we can do nothing!

(As the Sun sets the gates to the tower fly open, revealing an iron grill-work preventing egress. Without is White Man, dressed in sombrero and top-boots, with a long whip. Dim star-light makes the lower story of the tower visible. Black

Man, Red and Yellow stand chained.)

WHITE MAN

At last I've got you where I want you. We're going to have work, hard work and regular work. I tried to get you to do this of your own will. But no! You knew more than I did; you were wilful and lazy. So I had to lie. I didn't want to lie, but there was no other way. I set the forest afire; I'm not going hunting carpses; there are none. I did see where the insects had eaten the bomb ov the Moon cleen. I don't care anything about revenge on Sun or Star. I'm going to build a world and you're going to do the work. So, look alive and stop slobbering. Here's food; When you do your tasks there will be more. If you don't work, you won't eat. Weld me iron, fashion fishhooks, weave me whip-lashes, make cloth and nets; Hand all these up the stairs to me. Come now, hop to it. The time for loafing is past!

(Black Man leaps to the bars and they bend before his grasp. Red and Yellow pound and yell. Then, suddenly Black Man stops and his head falls. He walks about in a circle and then slumps down. His voice sounds.)

BLACK MAN

O woe, woe, woe, that is life!

O lie, lie, lie, that is death!

O life in death,

And death in life

And horror all in all!

(He bows his head in his hands. Red and Yellow look at him in disgust and sullenly began work)

CURTAIN

ACT III Half-Moon

SCENE I Machines

(White Man stands on the roof of the tower. The floor is covered with bundles and bales)

WHITE MAN

I'm lonesome; I'm tired; I'm afraid. My plans are not working. Where is that Violet? I tied him up with a dozen knots; but he is gone! I want someone to talk to; I'm all alone! I'm scared of those workers down stairs; they hate me; they mean me harm! I dare not rest--I dare not sleep! And then--this frightens me most of all--my plans are not working; my machines are dead--Who's th t? Who is it? Stop, or I'll put an arrow through you!

(Violet slips out of a cranny on the opposite side of the roof. She perches warily on the parapet, munching some food.)

VIOLET

Hello!

WHITE MAN

O it's you! Where did you come from? How did you get loose?

VIOLET

The same way you did.

WHITE MAN

What are you snooping about for? Trying to steal my machines?

VIOLET

Machines? What are machines?

WHITE MAN

Don't pretend. You saw them!

VIOLET

O, you mean those big things, hidden back there, Yes, I saw them; what are they for?

WHITE MAN

Wouldn't you like to know? Why don't you stop stealing? Why don't you go below and work for your food like an honest man?

ACT III SCENE I

VIOLET

There's plenty here!

WHITE MAN

But its mine.

VIOLET

Where did you get it?

WHITE MAN

I took it--

VIOLET

So did I.

WHITE MAN

Listen, pretty soon I shall have to kill you; there's no other way. But now I've got to talk to somebody. I must talk; I'm scared!

VIOLET

What of?

WHITE MAN

O, you don't understand. This is nothing small and silly. Listen (He yawns and nods) I've got my labor where I want it. I own all the shelter, food and materials; even the air and water is under my control. But I'm lonesome and I'm afraid. Those darkies down there hate me, I feel it. They give me no credit for all I've done. I have to watch them ceaselessly. Yet I need more labor and better trained workers so as to leave me some leisure and rest. I don't have time to think, to plan, to sleep. It's damned little I'm getting out of civilization. And yet there's so much to do. I must fly through the heavens; I've got to dive beneath the sea; I must talk to the stars; I've got to burrow into the insides of matter- -I need help; I can't do this all alone. Beside that I've got to talk to somebody.

VIOLET

I'll talk to you.

ACT III SCENE I

WHITE MAN

(He nods again; then leaps up and walks)

Pshaw! You don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to build civilization.

VIOLET

Why do it?

WHITE MAN

You fool'. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't see my genius. Notice how I get food and make things? See this my tower and that my land yonder? Hear my slaves below?

VIOLET

This tower is ours. The land is not yours, it belongs to God the Sun; and they down there are not your slaves, they enslave themselves.

WHITE MAN

I don't care whose the Tower and land is, I control them. Could niggers work without me?

VIOLET

Yes.

WHITE MAN

Why don't they then? They work only when I drive them! If I didn't they'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

VIOLET

What for?

WHITE MAN

To raise food and make goods.

VIOLET

For them?

WHITE MAN

Yes, in part; but of course mostly for me.

VIOLET

Why don't you work for yourself?

ACT III SCENE I

WHITE MAN
(Almost falls asleep)

Say! Whoever its for, work must be done. I do work. Its no fun to keep husky brutes at work and they hating me like hell and ready to slit my throat when my back's turned. I work harder than they do---a damned sight harder.

VIOLET

You work too hard.

WHITE MAN

That's the truth.

VIOLET

Making others work.

WHITE MAN

That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

VIOLET

You need help

WHITE MAN

You're right. And I have plans---I've long had secret plans. I don't know why I'm telling you. But I don't care; you can't tell anybody because you're not going anywhere. Not when I'm through with you. So listen: first I made tools---

VIOLET

Or used tools which Black Man, Red and Yellow invented.

WHITE MAN

What's the difference? I used them. Then I saw need of better, more intricate tools. I planned Machines to use more power than I had and work longer and harder. I planned to create Labor!

VIOLET

Some sort of God!

WHITE MAN

Precisely; and I'm going to make a sort of Labor that will do what I say without back-talk; won't think of wages, work as long as I say ans won't get any fool ideas in its head.

ACT III SCENE I

VIOLET

Perfect! Where do you aim to find this paragon of Toil?

WHITE MAN

I'm going to make it! I'm going to make it so perfect that it can do everything better than men. In fact---

VIOLET

Good! Then human beings will have nothing to do. They can rest and sing.

WHITE MAN

Not by a damn sight, if they don't work, I'll let them starve.

VIOLET

But why? Machines will do the work; what will become of men with nothing to eat?

WHITE MAN

What the Hell do I care, except, well, I might get lonesome, that's the point, unless----

VIOLET

Unless?

WHITE MAN

Listen, I'm going to tell you all; I must talk; listen: I've already made these Machines! There they stand, hidden yonder--behind the bales of---

VIOLET

Yes, I saw them.

WHITE MAN

You snooping thief--I knew yyou did! I've made me four machines--perfect workers who will never tire and never complain. And they're white too--white stainless steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

VIOLET

What are Machines?

WHITE MAN

You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway, you belong to that parti-colored brood. I guess it's because I'm lonesome. Well, here they are:

ACT III SCENE I

(he uncovers them) Dynamo, Radio, Loom and Gun. Dynamo drinks water and makes electricity; Radio eats electricity and talks, Loom eats coal and makes cloth; Gun eats lead and kills.

VIOLET

Kills? Murders? Why? When?

WHITE MAN

When they get dangerous to me--you better look sharp; but somehow the machines don't work right. That's why I'm frightened. They are inert---dead. They are not alive. They can't think nor feel. Radio babbles nonsense. Dynamo spurts and roars aimlessly. Loom knows no patterns. See? What I want is for them to have souls that is some soul; not too much, not silly stubborn souls, but obedient--enough to make them useful and let me rest and enjoy myself--and sleep. You seem to know a lot--mostly foolishness--but do you happen to know --have you ever heard where souls come from?

VIOLET

Perhaps from dreams

WHITE MAN

Dreams? Dreams! I had'nt thought of that! But that means Sleep! I see, you little devil, you're trying to get me to sleep so you can--I must sleep--I won't sleep how do you know that Dreams make Souls?

VIOLET

I don't know--but if souls dream why couldn't dreams be souls? I do not know, but----

WHITE MAN

Nonsense! I see through you. You want to get me off to sleep, so you can steal my Machines; yes and even open that trap and loose black labor free on the world. I tell you I can't sleep; each time I nod, I see a yellow leg writhing along the roof; I see a red and bloody hand gripping the trap; I see an ugly black--I've got to sleep--I'm dead tired-- don't you dare--

(White Man drops suddenly into deep sleep, falling across the trap door and dropping his whip)

ACT III SCENE I

VIOLET
(stands staring)

What shall I do? What can I do? He sleeps; he dreams; perhaps he'll dream souls into these Machines. Theywill be souls like his--cold, calculating, precise, wilful! I might destroy the machines--

A VOICE

No!

VIOLET
(Looking about)

No!

A VOICE

Why not dream you soul into these machines--your soul and the souls of your brothers and sisters? And the soul of your father----and mother?

VIOLET

Who speaks? My brothers, my sisters, my father--my mother--Who speaks? The light in the east is gone! There is a wind in the mist where it was [redacted], and a star in the wind. I thought I heard the mist speak! Can stars talk?

VOICE

Yes, my son!

(The mist-veiled Moon appears)

VIOLET

Mother, Moon-Mother, daughter of God and wife of Eternal Night! You are dead and yet speak?

THE MOON

By the grace of God, I die and live forever, guarding the Earth and all its children.

VIOLET

O Mother, your children are dead and dying and Black Man is living death! And White Man, once his shadow, lies yonder, dreaming the Earth to Hell with his machines Come, Mother, let's smash his machines.

THE MOON

No, they are miracles, and the world needs miracles. But if White Man dreams, may

ACT III SCENE I

we not dream too, and harder, truer? Listen, my darling, there are but two ways to redeem the Earth--by Dream or Death. Will you help? Do you dare?

VIOLET

I dare all!

THE MOON

First we will try Dreams--but if we fail---

VIOLET

What?

THE MOON

Death, little son; only Death; and not only his--but theirs and yours--perhaps even Death of the world!

VIOLET

Welcome Death! Say on!

THE MOON

Below lie piled the bodies of my dead children. We will lift them and stand them here behind these machines.

VIOLET

What---What?

THE MOON

We must try to raise the dead. White Man sleeps and dreams his soul into his machines; but we will place the soul of my daughter, Orange, the poet, beside Radio; of my son, Blue, the singer, beside Dynamo; of my son Green, the mighty Jester beside Gun; and of my stricken daughter Indigo beside Loom. We and your father and my living children will dream these ghosts into his machines. But all of us must dream hard and dream true.

VIOLET

Dream true?

THE MOON

I mean to so merge our inner selves as to make one pool of knowledge, thought and feeling, and form a complete Soul of Souls. But if all do not dream together

ACT III SCENE I

and true; if we let White Man, inexperienced, keen, drunk with power, by sheer strength outdream the rest, there will arise Monsters as machines to strangle the world. Let White Man dream, but not alone, lest his heartless head encompass disaster. It is your task to make the world dream against him. Black Man must dream and Red and Yellow; and you yourself must dream and I. I and all of the Stars of God. If all of us dream hard and sure, the machines and the souls of my children will fuse; and they will become human and superhuman. But if we fail, then there is no salvation but blood--blood and Death. Go, and while you dream, I will free the souls of my children too long dead, lest weary and confused, they creep out of their mangled bodies and die forever. Go!

(The ghosts of Orange, Blue, Green and Indigo are seen approaching the Machines as Violet climbs down to the first story. Below is Black Man in the center, seated with bowed head in his hands. At his right is Yellow woman shoveling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man, standing straight and still.)

WHITE MAN
(stirring in his sleep)

I thought I saw ghosts--and heard the voice of God.

BLACK MAN

I am the mud of the world,
The Offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Cursed of Sun and Sea,
Deserted of Moon and Star,
Inert, nerveless, more than dead and less.
A dog to be kicked
A worm to be trodden
"Nigger"--"Nigger"---"Nigger"
~~(Breathlessly climbs down from above)~~ This will I always be!
Listen, O Father! Stars twinklw and ~~Prometheus~~ comes. Listen, I have a message

(Breathlessly climbs down from above)

ACT III SCENE I

from on high. Saw you not the light in the sky last night? The Moon is risen again. The Moon is not forever dead! God the Sun lives and rules! Our brothers and sisters will live again. White Man sleeps andwe shall sleep and dream too.

BLACK MAN

I hear the whisper of lies!
All the world is lying!
There is no Truth,
There is no Faith
And Beauty is dead, long dead!
Only Toil lives,
Toil and Starvation, Cold and Pain!

VIOLET

No! No! This is real, this is Truth. The New Moon lives and commands us to dream, Dream hard. Dream of our brothers who sleep as ghosts and let them mate with steel and redeem the world. Dream hard--harder than that white wraith above, so that new beings, colored with our brothers hearts and souls, may be mighty men of brain and brawn and free us all from ill. O, listen to me Father, wake and listen! I tell you I know. She told me. I heard her voice.

BLACK MAN

I hear false voices; I dream phantasies. Could the Moon live and let me die? Can Weakness fight Wight and Doubt struggle with Knowledge? No, there is nought but Toil! Empty, meaningless Toil!
Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing,
Crouching, panting and groaning,
Scraping and grinding and gri[illegible]ng,
Till the muscles shriek
Till the blood swims in the eye,
Till limbs cramp and break!
Sleep! I'll never sleep again!

ACT III SCENE I

VIOLET

(turns desperately to Red and Yellow)

Brother! Sister! Listen to me--listen but a moment! I am little, I cannot shout, I dare not shout; but I know, I see, I hear. The Moon shines again Our brother's souls return! I've seen their ghosts--great, beautiful pale ghosts. Dream with us, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like pack-horses----sleep----dream!

RED

Toil!
Without rest or song,
Without laugh nor ease,
Without hope nor death,
Without sky, sun nor sea!
Without home, without love,
Without dream!

YELLOW

Toil!
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil;
To toil to rest;
To moan unheard;
To cry unpitied;
To work alone in crowds,
And crowded alone!
To remember nothing----
With nothing to remember;
To know no music
To have no soul!
Toil!

ACT III SCENE 1

Toil!

I will not toil--

I will be free!

I will not dream

I will die!

VIOLET

O what shall I do? What can I do? Now we must dream or never! They neither sleep, nor dream. They do not toss and murmur like dreamers--they lie still like logs. I, only little me, am left to dream souls in White Man's machines. I will sle p. I must sleep.(he lies down and tosses) I cannot sleep; a cold white hand has gripped my brain. White Man is dreaming, but I cannot sleep--- O pitiless God! I cannot sleep. My head's afire!

Curtain

ACT III SCENE 2

Civilization

(White Man is on a platform at the rear of the roof of the tower, built on the bales of goods. He leaning forward and staring. Before and below him is a pale-orange Radio in the livery of a smart maid servant; can talk, hear and feel, but cannot see. On the other side is Dynamo--pale blue; he can feel and talk and see, but cannot hear; Gun is a monstrous mass of dark green; he can hear and talk and see but cannot feel; beside him is Loom in purple; she can see, hear and feel, but cannot talk.)

WHITE MAN

(spies Violet, fluttering about the four men)

Say you!

VIOLET

Yes?

WHITE MAN

What's the difference between souls and ghosts?

VIOLET

Not much!

ACT III SCENE 2

WHITE MAN

Do you believe in ghosts?

VIOLET

Yes.

WHITE MAN

So do I. I saw four last night--or dreamed I did; and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly, but I half believe those ghosts slipped into my machines and made them men.

VIOLET

White or colored?

WHITE MAN

White man, Wait! Let's try it out and see. Say you---- what is it you fellows want?

VIOLET

(Aside)

Perhaps I was wrong--maybe some of us did dream--maybe the Moon dreamt!

RADIO

(with Cockney accent and curtsy)

To serve you, Sir, and h'entertain you! Sorry to be blind Sir; but h'I'm willing and quick.

WHITE MAN

See? She doesn't want to boss, she wants to serve! To my mind, all servants should be blind!

VIOLET

(Aside) Orange has forgotten her poetry!

WHITE MAN

(To Dynamo) What do you want?

RADIO

E's deaf, Sir, but 'e can talk and see; and 'e wants to work for you too!

VIOLET

It's Blue. He doesn't want to sing; he wants to work! My God!

WHITE MAN

Good! That's the ticket. Radio! Give him a drink of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

DYNAMO
(sings softly in French)

"Allons, enfant de la Patrie. . . ."

WHITE MAN
(to Gun)

What's he jabbering about? Here you, What do you want?

GUN
(salutes ponderously)

To fight, Sir! I want to set the rhythm for the dance of Death. . . Little men turning and twisting into funny shapes. I want to see the funny grin of skeletons, to hear the wind whistling through shattered walls. Ha! Ha! There's nothing like it, Sir!

WHITE MAN
(staring at Gun)

Well, you're rather funny yourself! You're too fat, but you're an ideal soldier. Reduce! Get into khaki and report here! (Gun goes out. White Man turns to Loon, a hulk of a woman, formless and vast) Now - you!

RADIO

She's dumb, sir, but she can see and hear. She's slow and timid, but she can bind the fibre we get from the niggers below. She can make yarn and cloth.

WHITE MAN

Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can hear your orders but can't talk back, and has eyes only for his job.

VIOLET
(aside)

Groom remembers only his dance of Death and gentle Indigo still fears. We did not succeed, but we have not wholly failed yet. White Man dreamed hardest, but some of us dreamed too, perhaps it was the Moon; perhaps Black Man, Red or Yellow. These Machines are half-men; half alive, struggling toward humanity. I must help them in some way. I must arouse and inspire them. Where is the Moon that she might give me guidance? We must not fail.

WHITE MAN
(overhearing the last)

Fail? I did not fail. I succeeded. I am a Creator! Me and God - we've made a White Man's world!

ACT III SCENE 2

VIOLET

They're not white.

WHITE MAN

Yes they are too,--of course, not Nordic like me; but white!--that tint oftheirs is tan. I tell you they're white!

VIOLET

And your equals and yet machines?

WHITE MAN

Sure--that is--in a way--oh, you get out! Here Dynamo! (beckons)

DYNAMO

Yes, Sir!

WHITE MAN

(explaining by signs and talking too) Come over here by this trap door. Lift it this way. See them Niggers down there? See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here; hand the fibres to Loom, and keep the iron to work on, Lift it up and get going.

(Dynamo, humming to himself, begins to work)

WHITE MAN

Hey Loom! (Loom approaches) Take the fibre Dynamo raises and make cloth. Look alive now!

VIOLET

Shall I help to teach them?

WHITE MAN

Teach them what?

VIOLET

What every white man should know!

WHITE MAN

You keep your mouth shut. You can't teach white men anuthing. They know it all, naturally even if they are machines. If you had a little less sense, I could use you as manager and give you good pay--or good enough; but you're too damned bright!

Now, Dynamo and Loom, drive the niggers to work! Spur them on! Call for more, more and more goods! Set a swift pace. I'll whip 'em if they loiter. Pile the goods up here. Gun!

(Gun marches in, loom, with a smart khaki uniform and a sub-machine gun)

GUN
(saluting)
Yes, sir!

WHITE MAN
Good! Present - - -hrh! Right shoulder - - hmm! Right-about face! Fine! Stand there on guard and watch that Violet. He'll be up to something. Now Radio, what do I need next?

RADIO
Well, sir, might h'I suggest first a sort of throne?

(Radio drapes a chair and sets it on the bales. White Man drops into it)

WHITE MAN
(looking about)
Yes - This is very fitting. Well - well - What next?

RADIO
Now, sir, how about some Art and Literature?

WHITE MAN
All right! Get me a million dollars worth - Modern!

RADIO
And dinner, sir. What say?

WHITE MAN
Fine! Hurrah for culture and civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself.

(Dinner is served - flowers, fruit, china and silver appear)

RADIO
'Ere sir! A bronx cocktail - - hors d'oeuvres, potage a la creme, sole frite (with Chablis) pate de foie gras, champignons! Canard roti - aux truffles (a bit of Burgundy), a salade - (try this hock, very rare, patisserie (Moet et Chandon '28 to warm the heart); cafe noire - Have some Port!)

WHITE MAN
Lord, how I've stuffed myself; and I wasn't even hungry! Now, sing, Radio!

(Radio begins music the tune "Sleep, Baby, Sleep". White Man beats time and joins in singing. One by one all the Machines fall into a ballet.)

WHITE MAN
(singing)

Work, nigger, work!
And never dare to shirk!
Roll up the goods and till the ground,
And pile the wealth around and 'round
Work, nigger, work!

Work, nigger, work!
And never dare to shirk!
Obey your master, love your God,
And keep your dumb face in the sod,
Work, nigger, work.

(Below may be heard the sound of hammer, and pick and shovel. When the dancing stops White Man throws his arms drunkardly about Radio.)

Ha! Ha! Good Girl! Now, how 'bout a little kiss? Hm? Great world! What 'bout a little loving?

RADIO
Get out! None of that, Sir! H'Im respectable, I am. You're a bit drunk, sir. What you need now is exercise. You're getting fat!

(She goes out)

VIOLET
There's plenty of exercise downstairs.

WHITE MAN
(startled)
You still hanging around? Get out!

(Radio brings in sport clothes, golf and Indian clubs, a tennis racquet)

WHITE MAN
(approving)
This is what I need. I'll work up an appetite for supper!

(He begins swinging the clubs)

VIOLET
Don't overwork.

WHITE MAN
Are you still here? Gun, watch him!

VIOLET
They're hungry below.

WHITE MAN

Sure! I like to hear 'em growl and fight. (Tosses a bone through the trap) Here Radio! A liqueur! Something costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent---- Excel---lent! (Looks down at the machines). The nice thing about machines is that they don't get hungry---at least not very hungry; oil, water, they're satisfied.

VIOLET

Listen, White Man: these laborers here---are they men or machines?

WHITE MAN

They are both; they are neither; they are machines; no, they are men---White Men. They are the free white laboring class!

VELET

You don't seem sure.

WHITE MAN

I am sure!

VIOLET

Are they sure?

WHITE MAN

They don't need to be. They love work. They hate niggers. When they work they make me rich and civilized. When I am rich, they are rich. Because we are one and the same.

VIOLET

I see. I thought machines would free men. Now I see they enslave men and yet, they themselves are men. It's complicated, isn't it?

WHITE MAN

It's clear as day. See this chain? It's gold beset with jewels. They made it for me yesterday. They found the gold; Radio planned the chain; Dynamo hammered the links; Loom wove it together! Gun wound it close about my shoulders. They're awful proud of it. It's theirs because it's mine!

VIOLET

VIOLET

And it's yours because it's theirs; and it's theirs because it belongs to all men who toil above and below.

WHITE MAN

Poppy-cock! It's mine because I made them into laborers and machines. I worked and saved and thought. They just existed until I created labor.

VIOLET

You didn't save, you found!

You don't work, you steal!

You don't think, you scheme!

You don't create, you kill!

You make play, gambling; and laughter, mockery!

You ~~make love~~ a whore!

You buy Art and enslave Knowledge!

Your belly drowns your brains!

Your muscles are water!

Corns crust your feet!

You are a fool!

Because you never had a heart!

WHITE MAN (Leaping to his feet)

Lése Majesté---he blasphemes! Kill the little devil! Kick his carcass down to his kin. (White Man stumbles over his golden chain and falls senseless.) ~~Radio and Gus lift him and carry him to a couch behind a screen. Violet seizes a garland hanging above the throne chair and swings across the stage to the tower wall. He writes upon the wall in clear sight of all~~ Curtain

VIOLET

(Writing in flaming letters) "ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS"

DYNAMO

(Reading slowly aloud) All men are brothers? (Stares in surprise. Loom, listening, works more slowly.)

ACT XII - SCENE 5

One sees the throne chair from the back. White Hun lies asleep on a couch at the back of the chair, covered with silken robes and surrounded by carved screens. Radio is on guard without. Opposite against the wall of the tower, Violet is seen furtively climbing onto the bales and bundles, until he reaches the wall. Gun is doing sentinel duty before the throne. Having reached the top it is seen that Violet carries a huge brush.

VIOLET

Revolution! There is no other way. I'll raise revolt. I'll rouse labor to overthrow White Hun and seize the Tower! I'll write!

He waves his brush at Dynamo and Loom. Them begins writing on the wall in great letters which glow like fire

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS

Dynamo
(reading slowly)

All - - men - - are - - brothers - - "

(Stares in surprise and looks at Loom, who gesticulates and begins working slowly her eyes on Violet)

VIOLET

(Writing) "ALL MEN ARE BORN EQUAL"

LOOM

(Stops work, gesticulates, pointing below)

DYNAMO

The colored fellows below---Brothers? Equal? See how they are getting on? Are they hungry? Do they need air? Go see!

LOOM

(Moves blunderingly toward the trapdoor)

RADIO

(Turning his blind eye and listening) Hey there! What's up? Dynamo is slowing down! Loom has stopped work---what is he muttering?

GUN

Rat-a-tat-tat! Get to work!

VIOLET

(Writing swiftly) "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY"

DYNAMO

(Stops work [illegible]) Liberty, equality, fraternity; for whom? Where? When?

RADIO

What's that you say? Blime! They've both stopped work!

GUN

Shall I shoot?

RADIO

Not yet; lead me nearer. Where is that Violet?

GUN

He's up yonder, writing something on the [illegible].

VIOLET

(Writing furiously) "LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

DYNAMO

Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Happiness? Happiness! Once I sang of happiness! Where is Happiness gone? All should be happy.

GUN

Happiness? What is happiness? Is it something to eat? Give me some bullets!

LOCK

(Opens the trapdoor, and peers down)

RADIO

Stand back! What is Violet writing? Who's at that trapdoor? Get to work or I'll order Gun to shoot!

GUN

SHALL I shoot?

VIOLET

(Still writing rapidly) "ALL WEALTH BELONGS TO THE WORKERS"

DYNAMO

(Walking forward with lifted eyes) All wealth belongs to the workers! To me, to them, not just to him!

GUN

Hurry! Which one shall I kill. Why don't somebody give me orders? Where is White Man?

RADIO

Hush! Wait a moment! 'Old on! Let me get some of all this talk straight. There's some sense in it. Natural enough all white men are equal; H'and if you ask me, I wouldn't mind pursuing a bit of 'appiness. But who's saying all this? Whose giving out these h'ideas? If it's that Violet, it's a lie!

VIOLET

(Still writing) "WORKERS UNITE; SOLIDARITY FOREVER"

DYNAMO

(Bursting loudly into song) Allons, enfants de la Patrie! La jour de grace etes arrive

WHITE MAN

(Starting up from his ~~crash~~ ~~[illegible]~~) What's that? Who's talking?

RADIO

(Rushing to him) Gun, lead me! Quick, 'is robe! (Holds up robe so as to shut out the scene). Nothing, Sir; Nothing; feel better? That was a nasty tumble.

WHITE MAN

I feel rotten. Damn these chains. Bring me some breakfast. Fix me a bath--- What? It ain't morning? Well, what is it? Where are the workers? Stand aside!

(Violet drops to the floor and waving a red flag, follows Dynamo and Loom toward White Man. Loom beats her great breasts like a drum)

DYNAMO

(Sings) Solidarity forever!

WHITE MAN

(Wheeling about) What's this? Why ain't they working? What do they want? Who's waving that flag? Ah! I see. I thought I killed that pest. I hates where all the trouble comes from. Gun! Get ready. When I tell you I want you to kill that Violet, move quietly until you get a bead on him; but careful---don't harm my machines! Now what is all this?

RADIO

They've stopped work, sir! Sort of strike! Been list'ning to h'agitators--- and Commu ists!

WHITE MAN

Who wrote all that stuff up there? Erase it!

RADIO

What is it? I can't see---but I know it was that Violet.

DYNAMO

All men are brothers.

WHITE MAN

Like Hell they are! If you don't---

RADIO

I think he means white men, Sir!

WHITE MAN

I don't care a damn what he means---

DYNAMO

All men are born equal!

WHITE MAN

Don't talk like damned fools; listen men: I created you; if it wasn't for me you wouldn't be. I do what I will with what's mine? Do you understand?

VIOLET

Did you make the land? Did you make the sea? Did you make the Sun, Moon and Stars? Did you make the food and drink and the labor there---

WHITE MAN

Shut [redacted] Gun, attention! Present--hrm! Right shoulder--hrm! Take aim at Violet---Fire!

(Loom rushes in front of Violet and receives the charge in the breast. She slowly turns into a lifeless machine)

WHITE MAN

You fool! You damned fool! You've ruined a machine and that little devil still lives.

VIOLET

(Gripping Loom and weeping) Indigo---Sister Indigo! No longer afraid! Dead! All dead!

DYNAMO

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

GUN

Gun! Take aim!

RADIO

Beg pardon, Sir---but 'adn't we better h'arbitrate? My h'idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights, but goes too far!

DYNAMO

All wealth belongs to the workers.

WHITE MAN

You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world?

RADIO

Why sir, h'its this way; h'its that agitator, Violet! 'E 's been a-tampering with h'industry! H'I don't like 'is looks noway. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me! Dynamo, 'e started talking this equality business. Now I should say 'as all white men was brothers and should stand together, but I don't 'old with niggers. We white folks should be Equal and share whatever 'appiness we can get! (While he is talking Dynamo retreats before Gun.)

WHITE MAN

What the devil are you talking about?

(Dynamo rushes to open the trap door)

WHITE MAN

Christ Almighty, --- L ok! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to raise the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo)

RADIO

Give me the whip. No sir---don't you risk nothing! Gun---guide me!

(Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash to where Red and Yellow raise their heads above the trap.)

Get down there, you red son-of-a-bitch! H'out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see 'im? Gee! This is fun!

VIOLET

Don't strike your brothers!

RADIO

Brothers? 'ell, they're lies. [redacted] 'em!

(Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Dynamo stare silently at Radio and Gun.)

VIOLET

Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom! Don't go back to him!

WHITE MAN

Don't listen to that mischief maker! Come here! I mean to be fair, once I kill Violet. If you want more wages, all right, although I don't see what you'll do with them but loaf. If you want shorter hours,you can have them to sleep away and rust. But you can't upset the world. You can't try to make darkies men. That's my business when I get good and ready. But now you all must be patriotic. Love God, and honor the King---that's me!

(He seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag, singing) "O' say can you see,"

DYNAMO

(Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie----"

RADIO

"God save our gracious King."

GUN

(Singing) "God save the Czar!"

VIOLET

"La jour de grace êtes arrivé!"

GUN

(Doing the gooste step) "Deutchland, Deutchland. Ueber alles!"---

WHITE MAN

My god, am I drunk or dreaming, or has the whole dammed world gone mad? (To Violet) You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you.

(To Gun) Here, give me that gun. Damn these chains!

GUN

No!

WHITE MAN

What?

GUN

I'm the killer!

WHITE MAN

God damn you!

VIOLET

Come, Gun and Radio---join us, brothers---

RADIO

Don't call me brother, or h'll jolly well bash your mouth in!

VIOLET

What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brotherhood. Up and on! Green, Brother Green, kill White Man and save the world!

DYNAMO

(Staggering toward White Man) All men are equal---happiness---workers---forever!

WHITE MAN

Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back---Fire!

(Gun fires)

DYNAMO

Long live---the Revolution!

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr. White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring)

VIOLET

Brother Blue's dead now---all dead! His body died before---now his Soul dies! We tried to dream a soul in him;---and then we couldn't sleep! White Man dreamed, but White Man has no heart!

RADIO

Now wait a minute! What are you tryin' to do? What with your war and murder you've already killed h'off 'alf the white labering class. Only me and Gun is left. Now with Gun to guard us we might still make a go of it and keep the

blooming world from turning upside down. But that means some clear understanding between you and me. That Gum is beginnin' to get h'ideas. That won't do at all! Now what I propose, Sir, is this: Suppose you and me just stand together and run this thing?

WHITE MAN

You and me?

RADIO

Why yes; you see, we are alone now, with Gum to guard us!

WHITE MAN

Are we?

RADIO

Yes, I can sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers!

WHITE MAN

Well, of course, sometime---when there's more room. It's cramped now.

VIOLET

All men are equal.

WHITE MAN

Yes---No---Not you!

RADIO

We white folks is equal, ain't we?

WHITE MAN

Why---yes, of course!

RADIO

Well, then, 'ereafter, we'll both live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquer you have, and wear some of that good silk cloth you can't use; and well, Sir, we might get hitched.

WHITE MAN

Get what?

RADIO

Hitched---you know---married.

WHITE MAN

What the devil!

VIOLET

All men are brothers.

RADIO

That's it! no, it ain't! I don't mean you - - all white men, and since there ain't no other white woman fer you to marry - why not me? I ain't so bad looking! Married - you can have that kiss!

WHITE MAN
(starting up angrily)

You damn fool! I'd marry that yellow bitch below first.

RADIO

You would, you bastard!

(Starts towards White Man. Gun fires. Radio becomes a radio cabinet, broadcasting an advertisement for soap- - -

"The cleanest soap on earth is Smith's - - mild, mild, mild!"

WHITE MAN
(turning radio off - shouts at Gun)

What did you do that for? You blundering idiot!

(Gun whirls about and glares; stares at the corpse of Radio; stares at White Man; slowly raises his gun.)

GUN
(to White Man)

I wonder how you'd look dead.

WHITE MAN

~~(sharply)~~ (in a panic)

About face!

(Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man fires a pistol from Gun's holster and shoots him in the back. Gun becomes a silent, mounted machine gun)

It is finished. I've killed the laboring class! (He pulls at chains) Damn these chains! I'm alone - alone with dead machines - - and niggers!

CURTAIN

ACT IV - SCENE 1

(Violet lies prone in trunk. White Man in center sits crouched on his throne. Before him the machine stand silent near the rear door. Gradually the light of the Moon increases, and slowly the trap door opens and the head of Black Man appears. He pulls himself up, facing footlights, old, dirty and half-blind. Now comes Red and Yellow. White Man springs to his feet with a cry. Black Man whirls and White Man shrinks away)

BLACK MAN
(softly)
It is you! Traitor, slave-driver, beast! I'm going to twist your head till it falls from your neck. Filth and vermin that you are - shadow - scoundrel to whom I gave the blood of life and fire of death!

WHITE MAN
(in terror)
Red! Red! God - I'm alone! It wasn't my fault! Let me explain!

BLACK MAN
(accompanied by Yellow and Red - approaching White Man)
No more of your lying words - Tonight, you die!

(A single, bright moonbeam falls on Black Man and a voice is heard)

VOICE
Oh, Black Man! King of Night!

(Black Man stiffens. The light grows until it floods the stage)

Why stand you in dirt and shame - You who were born to a throne, a royal robe - a crown?

BLACK MAN
Who calls? In heaven's Name - who calls to me?

ACT IV SCENE I

A VOICE

I call.

BLACK MAN

Whose voice is that?

A VOICE

The voice of the Dead.

BLACK MAN

There is but one Dead and two---She and me.

A VOICE

You are not dead.

BLACK MAN

I am more than dead. (A woman enters, veiled) It cannot be! Not she and alive! Dead, I could understand her Dead, I could die with her and steep my soul in woe! But alive and deserting me? Alive and silent to my pain and degradation? No! No! It cannot, it must not be!

THE MOON

O my man, with you to live was Heaven! With you to die was easy! But without you to die and l ve, and live and die again is Hell! O husband, I have stood in Hell! Awake you that sleep--awake I say-- Black Man, King of Night! Awake and look!

BLACK MAN

That voice! Who calls?

THE MOON

(She unveils her face. Bright moonlight floods the scene) Behold, I call!

BLACK MAN

Eternal King of Glory. Son of the Suns! You have sent her back. O Moon, Moon of my Night! Away cobwebs! (He sweeps the machines aside w with powerful gestures--White Man leaps at him.) Out, Gnat! (He

ACT IV SCENE I

hurls White Man headlong, White Man ar ses dizzily and rushes off-stage with Violet, Red and Yellow in pursuit)

BLACK MAN

What is this paradox and contradiction called Life: You were dead---- you live! I was black despair, now Joy intolerable! I was a slave---- I am King! Tell me, O my beloved, what is Truth?

MOON

I am not dead but harnessed to earth; to live with earth's people whom the Sun distrusts for Earth alone of all the stars has Life that dares to challenge God! To win back his love for me and respect for you and ours, I keep monthly ward around the Earth forever. But dark or light, dead or alive, I am ever yours. (Turning to Black Man) Who comes? (Red and Yellow enter with White Man, still bound with golden chains)

BLACK MAN

Our family, broken by death and pain: tall Red; broad Yellow; and here is Violet.

THE MOON

And there?

BLACK MAN

White Man, Shadow of my death, enslaver of mankind!

THE MOON

Planner of work and contriver of Machines.

RED

(pulling forward) He should be burned alive!

YELLOW

(pulling back) No, No! Just cut off a couple of his legs and bl nd him.

WHITE MAN

(staring at the Moon) God! But she is beautiful!

And now, Black Man, husband of my heart and destined ruler of Earth, hearken to my plan, to my dream which I have built in these centuries of our agony: we will build a new world; we and our children; those who yet live and those who from our boundless love shall yet be born. I have asked God -- the Sun, who high in unmeasured height, rules all Suns and stars and Life. I have asked him for Power. I have promised by my soul to use this power for Justice and Joy, for Beauty and Truth. The Sun, my father has yielded to the prayer of Him and me. Will you stand with me, my husband and seek this New World?

BLACK MAN

(hesitating)

Our brood is small: Red, tall and passionate; Yellow, uncertain and sensuous; frail Violet whose soul was alway greater then her little body --

THE MOON

And yonder pale wraith? So keen and impetuous?

BLACK MAN

And yonder Shadow of my death and enslaver of Mankind!

THE MOON

And yonder Planner of Work and Contriver of Machines

BLACK MAN

You know about him?

THE MOON

I know and hope!

BLACK MAN

I know and despair. He must die

THE MOON

He must live -- the New World needs him

BLACK MAN

(looking at her sternly)

Very well. But on one condition. He has no soul. I have too much. My heart shall be cut in two and half planted in him. Then and only then can we both live on this earth, if both survive this surgery

THE MOON

But who can do this awful thing -- who would dare attempt?

BLACK MAN

YOU!

ACT IV
Scene 2 The operation

(A bier occupies the center of the scene, high in the back and sloping down toward the audience. At the right of the bier stands Black Man, in a long crimson robe; at the left, the Moon, swathed as an operating surgeon, with shining face and white garments. Red and Yellow enter with White Man shackled in his golden chains. Violet follows)

RED

They are going to kill him. They will cut him in little pieces and then roast and eat them.

YELLOW
(shuddering)

No, no! Just cut off a couple of his legs and blind him!

WHITE MAN
(staring at the Moon)

God! But she is beautiful!

VIOLET
(looking at White Man)

God! But he is vile!

WHITE MAN

(to Red and Yellow)

Listen: see these chains? They are gold and very valuable. I found iron dust that day when I was in the woods and the forest caught fire. Do you know what started that fire? I mixed starlight with the iron and made gold and the starlight caught the wood. See here, if you will let me go you can have this gold and I'll throw in my machines --

BLACK MAN

Undress White Man, and lay him on this bier!

(They stretch him on the bier in black loin clout. ~~Red bites him on the head and stops his struggling.~~ Black Man throws aside his crimson robe and appears naked with a white breech-clout. ~~He ties White Man~~)

MOON

Must I do murder?

BLACK MAN

You must risk death. If he dies, I will not live; if I die he must not live. This shadow of mine has brain and lacks love. I made him that way when in primeval grief I gave him life and withheld that which makes life living. He got brain instead of a heart. And as he grew strong I fed his strength with my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. Now I pay the price on the altar of Sacrifice. His machines are marvelous even if insensate. We must save them. Behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief. Take it! I will place myself with him on this bier - hand in hand, heart to heart and face to heaven. Cut out half of my heart and plant it in him.

MOON
(hesitating)
And if, O King, I cut - - too deep?

BLACK MAN
Have you not heart enough for us both, O Queen?

MOON
And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should falter?

BLACK MAN
Then I will die, Sweet Woman, surrendering to you the dream of a perfect world.

ACT IV SCENE 2

RED

(To Yellow) They're going to kill them both!

yellow. Why not? Without a shadow, no man should live!

THE MOON

Violet, take this vial of ether and drop it on their faces when I tell you.

(Black Man ~~in white breech clout~~ is laid beside White Man. Violet climbs to the top of the bier and leans over. The Moon arrays herself as a surgeon with Violet beside her stiff and staring, dropping the ether and watching the operation)

VIOLET (Dropping the ether)

~~I smell ether;~~ I see the knife. It cuts the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching away. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. Oh, on it glides--careful--ah it heads for the river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood--the angry crimson rages! Ah! she binds it back--she curbs it; the knife glides on; and now I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul--ah--come blessed darkness, and tell me not what lingers in the fearful pool of blood! (He grovels, hands on eyes, in silence)

THE MOON

(straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes) Dance children! before your God! All is well and all is well! (Violet dances; Red and Yellow ~~stand still~~) White Man stirs, opens his eyes--and slowly turns his head.

RED AND YELLOW

She didn't kill them. They both live!

BLACK MAN

Brother!

WHITE MAN

Brother!

Curtain

SCENE 3 CORONATION

(There is the same greensward lifting to a mountainside. Under a great oak stand two arm-chairs on a dais. Red, Yellow and Violet enter)

RED

What's going on here?

VIOLET

Today is coronation. We crown a King.

YELLOW

WHY?

VIOLET

To found a State

RED

What's a State?

VIOLET

I do not know. It's something to make everything go right. You see somehow we failed and all is mixed up. White Man tried to lead us but leader and led went astray. Then I tried, first to dream and then to kill; but neither worked. Now the Moon is risen, Black Man has a shadow, and White Man a soul. Now comes

the King and the State and all will be well---only before that I will die!

RED

Why?

VIOLET

Moon-mother said so. She said Dreams or Death; and Dreams failed. So I die. I don't know how or when, but sometime soon she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't even be. I can't think that possible. Are impossible things, possible? I can't see how anything will be, if I'm not. And yet, I know it must be so, for our brothers, our giant and beautiful brothers and sisters, with all of their poetry and song, they are gone. ~~I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only glanced and died and died again forever.~~ I ~~cried~~. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. There will be a new earth under new law. The coronal carpet is laid. I see the flowers. I smell them wave, I hear their gorgeous hues. But I am going away. I am going to die. Mother said so. I hope first to see the coronation. It is time for the birds to sing the ~~coronation~~. It is time for the beasts to trumpet and parade.

WHITE MAN

(White man enters; he looks about uncertainly; then diffidently approaches Red) How soft the light is on the sea! Brother, may I speak to you? (Red recoils) Sister, (to Yellow) your hand---I am troubled!

(Yellow lets him take her hand after a moment's hesitation)

Listen: have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream---a feeling of some far-off ill. Did I catch a gleam of it just now in the eyes of Red Man? Does Yellow Woman fear me? Even the great King of Night.--- It's hard to say this, but you will understand. I sometime have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised him, who is of the blood royal; of having held his children bound as slaves! No, do not smile! I know the thing is fantastic, and yet, last night, so strong was the shadow of the memory, I leapt up in my sleep; cried to the hills; grovelled and wept in abasement;

slept and woke to find him there beside me, his hand in mine. Tell me whence came these vague and vicious visions---have I been ill?

VIOLET

Ill---very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. So, we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this world.

(Yellow and Violet put their arms about him. Red still stands apart. Enter the Moon and Black Man. Black Man is clothed in white, with a great black cloak billowing behind him. The Moon shines through a misty veil which covers her face and form. Black Man seats her in the chair to the right, while he stands beside the arm-post. The others group themselves before them.

THE MOON

Black Man, King of Nigh, and Monarch of a New Day, reign and rule! Assume your crown and sceptre!

(Black Man ascends the throne and crowns himself; turning he grasps his sceptre and sets a crown on the head of Moon)

THE MOON

And now, O Black Man, a rescript of your laws for the State; for a way of life and guide to happiness for all.

RED

(Muttering) Must we have a State? Must we have a King?

YELLOW

Does this mean more work and weariness? I want music and joy!

BLACK MAN

Silence children! I am your father and your king! I will rule! I am not Wisdom but I am Age; I am not Power, but I know Pain! By divine right of Life and Sorrow, I will be your Leader and Dictator until the Day, when knowing enough of Goodness, Justice and Truth, you dare Democracy.

BLACK MAN

Kneel and swear me allegiance!

(Quickly the Moon kneels and clasps his knees; slowly White Man kneels behind her and kisses her veil; Yellow whirls and throws herself prone upon the ground; Red hesitates, turns half around, sinks upon one knee and, looking away from Black Man, stares into the sea)

BLACK MAN

Repeat---"Under God the Sun
I will be leal and liege to my Sovereign Lord,
Until I die! God save the King, and his Sun-born Queen!"

THE MOON

God save the King!

WHITE MAN

And his sun-born Queen!

YELLOW

Liege to my Lord!

RED

Until I die!

(Trumpets [illegible] the sea blare; drums in the forest roll; a royal standard of black, crimson, blue and gold, breaks from the oak tree above the throne. The Moon, drawing Black Man to the seat beside her, casts her veil aside and appears bright blue in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair)

WHITE MAN

God! She is Beauty's Self! Oh King, what am I to you?

BLACK MAN

You are my younger brother and my son!

[illegible]

WHITE MAN

(To the Moon) But to you, most beautiful of women, what am I to you?

THE MOON

All that you are to him: brother and eldest son.

RED

I am the eldest.

THE MOON

Yes, of course! Infinite is my happiness to see such loving rivalry in my strong sons; to know you both as children of my husband and of me.

WHITE MAN

But am I only your son? Or something more?

THE MOON

What could be more? Save my husband's love!

YELLOW

(To Red) She leads them all by the nose.

RED

(Aside) They will not kill White Man; we'd better tear his tower down!

RED AND YELLOW

(Aloud) Let's tear the tower down; it smells of slavery; it is old and evil.

BLACK MAN

No. Let be! All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this Tower! White Man finished it with his brothers' toil.

RED

(Aside) Toil? Hell! Slavery! Degradation! Has Black Man no guts? Has he forgotten? Shadow or now shadow, heart nr no heart, the white bastard should die!

WHITE MAN

I? I built it? When?

THE MOON

On foundations laid by Elephant and Mammoth built on Coral. Coral built on nameless

things and they on Rock, and Rock on Sea, and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is new.

BLACK MAN

Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder Tower. Indeed, all that is worthwhile and done by our hands and souls is there incorporate; it must not fall.

RED

But it is founded on evil?

WHITE MAN

It indeed looks evil beneath!

YELLOW

No good can come of evil.

BLACK MAN

All good must build on evil. All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong. Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.

THE MOON

Beneath this tower lie the lonely graves of our children and within stand the wonder works of White Man's brain: Radio and Loom, Dynamo and Gun.

WHITE MAN

I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness. I love contrivances and machines. When do we get to work?

BLACK MAN

First we must found a State to shelter our work. There must be law, and in Law, freedom and justice for all.

THE MOON

And for this then there, we need Power from on high; Power to run the machines and to spare the puny might of men, to give them space to think and love! Violet!

VIOLET

Ah! My time has come---Yes, Mother!

THE MOON

Violet, can you do a task, a mighty task, for us and for the world?

VIOLET

Yes, mother.

THE MOON

(Rising and beckoning aside) Listen, my darling, and try to understand; I have a pact with God,the Sun. I promised that if he gave me Black Man, we would build a perfect world which all the world of worlds would follow. Since we tried and failed, I must confess this to my father and beg his mercy. You must ask more Power of the Sun. Power beyond mass and energy; beyond electricity and heat; Power of Atom and of Cosmic Ray. You must beg him to entrust this mighty thing to us. In turn, we promise Love and Sacrifice, Faith and Truth. This message I cannot myself carry; for once thrown from the hot heart of the Sun, I can never return. You, last of the moonbeams, must do this work for me. But remember, no mortal can face the Sun and live; Death is my messenger and you, my Baby, must die.

VIOLET

Welcome, Almighty Death.

THE MOON

Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest born! Death is not End. He who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall know again---impalpable, imponderable, incalculable, seeing yet unseen, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter alone, always heard and never seen, all radiant voice of empty air, permeating all and everything. Still will you go?

VIOLET

I go. I go to my Moon Mother's Father, All Glorious, the Sun. I will drag down golden beams from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunrays holds hinged and nailed together, the fabric of this new city of God.

THE MOON

L Love is God
There is no God but Love
And work is his prophet

9 (Slowly the Moon returns to her throne, and stands beside Black Man)

THE MOON

Behold! The life born in you and me, O' my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on in ever-widening floods of life. It shall be ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. Our children will paint the world in every color and hue--- hues of men that live, hues of them who died that we might live.

BLACK MAN

(Rising) Amen! Amen! And now be seated, my children! Bring me the reseript of my reign and realm. I shall read it and then, my bride, I know a cave where velvet gloom hides springing moss and singing waters.

THE MOON

I know a cave where moonbeams
creeping through
found you asleep
and pressed you deep within my heart forever.

BLACK MAN

Thither will we go
To rest and sleep and love
Until the Voice of God, waken us to Work.

(Two horned unicorns bring in the illumined reseript)

BLACK MAN

Listen! For God the Sun draws near.

(A trumpet call resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing in the East. Moonlight fades away; as the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls down across the world)

BLACK MAN

Imperial Ruler, God the Sun
Father of all, almighty---

Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;

Our royal consort,
Queen of [illegible]ght

And Princes, Yellow, Red
And White,
Our high and loving greeting!

Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill

This city wide and tall
With tower, sword and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.

Our land belongs to God
Your need, its measuring rod;
We let no rent of money lent
Monopolize our sod.

We make and grow such things
As are for men, not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings.

Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat.
No goods to sell send souls to hell,
No poverty can cheat.

We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail;
The straightest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that we fail.

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.

We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor martial gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal,
We conquer Pain and Fear.

Here is each maiden free
To choose what she will be;
Unmarried mother, wife, or other
Daughter of wind or sea.

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed,
Or green with blue or any hue
That wins Life from the Dead.

Here is no church nor creed.
Religion is a deed.
Here no man's hope demands a pope,
And no faith, bloody seed.

We do not fear to die
We do not rage nor sigh
We sow and reap and fall asleep
We smile and say good-bye.

THE MOON

O happy, happy dale---
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of conquered Wrong,
Ghost music of the grail.

(The shadows of the Moon and Black Man fade slowly into the night as the Sun rises full and clear)

(CURTAIN)

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

(The shore, with the mountain rising in the background. The rising sun floods the scene. The last echoes of Black Man's rescript are faintly heard. Red stands facing the sea, White Man facing the mountain)

VOICE OF BLACK MAN

(Echoing)-----O happy, happy dale
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of conquered wrong-----

RED

(leaping to his feet) Belly-wash! Slop for sissies! Posturing and preening, and now gone whoring to breed new broods of devils! Damn their souls to hell! Wait! (Red siezes a stout sapling and begins furiously fashioning a bow)

YELLOW

(stretching herself indolently on the left, and looking up the mountain-side) They're walking yonder, amid the song of birds, the smell of flowers and the purr of beasts; to hide in cool caves of dark waters until moon-break and night-rise; until they hear the lonesome, liquid laughter of the loon.

WHITE MAN

(Turning to the sea) I did not know there was such beauty on earth! I want a city just and beautiful; but above all I want the Moon. Why did she leave? Where did she go?

YELLOW

(snickering) The Moon hides by day; Black Man is King of Night. They nestle in their nupital bed.

EPILOGUE

WHITE MAN

(closing his eyes and shuddering) It's false! She's too pure! and he too Great!

YELLOW

I too, am pure;

WHITE MAN

No, No! You are my sister--you are good--but I want the Moon!

YELLOW

(bitterly) These fools of men--all in love with the Moon. Moon-mad-looney! The witch has spread her web to enmesh earth, sky and sea! Why do men want film and gossamer? What's a baby face to breadth of hip or height of breast? What's moonshine to a thick round thigh?

RED

(staring wildly at the forest) They are lying yonder, twined as one! That ape shall not prostitute my mother! She belongs to me!
(to Yellow) Find me a lith, hard hickory haft. I want an arrow.
(Yellow brings him a thin, straight stick)

WHITE MAN

(starting forward) What are you doing? What are you daring to think? You cannot kill them. She is holy!

YELLOW

(edging near him) So am I.

WHITE MAN

(recoiling) But I want the Moon.

YELLOW

You'll never get her, while Black Man lives; and he's too wise to die.

(The Sun has waxed to high noon and now drops toward the mountain)

RED

EPILOGUE

RED

(facing the Sun with outstretched arms) An omen! God the Sun! An Omen!

(Suddenly there drops from Heaven a blazing meteor; as it hisses into the sea, the voice of Violet sings on the water shrill and clear)

VIOLET

I saw the Sun face to face and saw no more. I heard the Sun, heart to ear and heard no more. He hung this Thing about my neck. I gripped it and fell and fell; and fell. And as I fell, I heard God whisper in the dark; I heard the Sun sigh like a wind od Stars. Father! Moon-Mother! Where are you? I come--receive the Gift and message of the Sun!

(Afar on the mountain, as the crimson sun begins to set, appear the shadows of Black Man and the Moon. The sea roars)

YELLOW

See the Moon? She pulls and drags up the sea. It swell to drown us. Burn the Witch!

RED

Quick, a bow-string; cut me a thong of your hair and braid it! I'll kill that black bastard, who seeks Earth, Moon and Stars!

WHITE MAN

No, No! Listen! Neither must die. The one is Beauty; the other Wisdom. Hearken and I will bargain with you to spare the twain. My head is full of new contrivances, look! I will give you my last machine. Here, take this long lumbering file built of gold--and split the Atom. Destroy the Earth, destroy the Sea! Save Moon and Man!

YELLOW

But, Fool, what of us? Where would we be, without Earth, Sky or Sea?

EPILOGUE

WHITE MAN

Where are we now, with Might in our hands and Confusion in our hearts!

RED

Shut up! Hand me the tool! Where is the Atom?

WHITE MAN

Everywhere!

RED

(to Yellow) Here, bind this rock to my arrow! Now, the Tool, Lift! Lift, Fool!

WHITE MAN

But Remember! You must not kill Black Man! The Moon must never die! I want the Moon!

RED

(thrusting him aside, rudely) They cut the uts out of you, you imbecile! (to Yellow) Quick! Strive with me! This hot, unsteady thing is bursting to explode.

YELLOW

Kill the bitch! Then come to me, Men of the Earth, my womb is wide, I can fill the world with children--toilers and th nkers, dreamers and drones-------

WHITE MAN

No No! Never that
Kill Earth and Sea,
Kill you and me!
Let Night and Moon
Dwell in the stars forever!

RED

(pulling the bow) I'll kill us all, fool and futile! Hound and harlot! I'll kill the whole damned crazy world; I hate it!

EPILOGUE

(He dances the dance of death, raises the war-cry, "EY- H:" shoots the arrow, leaps and s rieks, his arms and body aglow. The forest bursts in flame. The sun goes down. There comes flash and ro r. The world lies in ashes.)

BLACK MAN

A Play in Ten Scenes

BLACK MAN

A Play in Ten Scenes

PLACE: The Earth.

TIME: In the Beginning.

Argument

Black Man has wed the Moon. She dies after bearing him seven colored sons. Black Man retires to the Mountain Top and mourns beside her Funeral Pyre, leaving his children beside the Sea.

Persons

Long Nose the Elephant, the Nurse.

Red Man
Orange, a Giant With Blue Hair.
Yellow Man
Green, A Giant With Red Hair.
Blue, A Giant With Yellow Hair.
Indigo, A Giant With Green Hair.
Violet, A Pigmy With Wings Instead of Arms.

Sons of Black Man and the Moon.

Little-Eye, the Bear.
Soft-Foot, the Leopard.
Great Mane, the Lion

The Three Beasts of Hell.

Dragon

Black Man, King of Night
White Man, His Shadow

Nadia
Hymno
Gun
Leon

} The Maidens of White Mun.

The Moon and the Woman in Grey
The Flower Children.
The Birds of Everlasting Song.

Scene I

A Sea-Shore at Twilight

(Behind a greensward rising to a forest-clad mountain side. Twilight, with dim colored lights floating across the ocean and low muttering thunder from the mountain top above.)

Long Nose. Night falls. It is time to worship Beauty. Orongo has new poems. He shall say them. Red Mun shall dance his Sun dance. Yellow Mun shall play his Zither and Nine shall sing. Come, Come! let us worship Beauty.

Red Mun. (Dancing)
The stings of the air
And the shriek of the trees
The blood in the sand
And the war in the seas.

Nine. (Singing)
The rollicking dance
And the sweetness of sleep;
The gleam of the light
In the heart of the deep,—

Yellow Mun. (Playing and singing).
The tear in the eye
The whispering hand;
The dream in the soul
And the song in the sand,—

Green. (Declaiming) The ruin of the stars
And the driving of breath,
The weakness of life
In the shadow of death!

Orange. Life is beautiful. I wrote these poems about it.

Violet. What is Death?

Indigo. I fancy life may be beautiful, but I don't know yet.
I want to fly and hear the light.

Yellow Man. You need but see the singing of the sun.

Red Man. Dearer to me is the war of the wind in the trees and howl of the Night.

Blue. I would pierce and explore and gamble always—only the voice of our Father secures me.
(They sit in silent awe as it thunders.)

Violet. Where is our Father?

Green. Aloft on the mountains.

Violet. Why is he there?

Yellow Man. He mourns.

Violet. For my mother?

Green. For the dead Moon, mother of us all.

Violet. What is he like?

Green. He is mighty and powerful and Black.

Violet. His shadow is white.

Orange. How did you know that, child? There is a poem in that.

Violet. I saw it—once; but why is he black and why is his shadow white? Why is he not colored like this rainbow of us all?

Long Nose. You may not know all, but listen to this; the

colors of God the sun together are white in the day and black in the night; therefore, the King of Night is black; but his shadow remembers the Sun whose daughter was the Moon.

Violet. It was then the Moon that shattered all the colors—

Red Man. You talk too much.

Violet. His shadow is white!

Green. Go search for beautiful things in the mud.

Violet. Nay, I love the stars rather than the suns. Even in the thunder of pain. I wonder what Pain is like? Is it heavy? Does it move? Why does Pain thunder?

Yellow Man. Pain is not a thing; it is a Thought and Thought is life and Life is Pain.

Orange. Nonsense. Pain is a false dream. Happiness is life.

Indigo. Happiness is going and doing and flying!

Violet. His shadow is white! I love the stars—only I seem always to see too much. Often I fear. Mine eyes pierce like darts. I see the bones of Elephant, our dear nurse; I see the heart of Red Man pounding in his breast; I—

Red Man. It is strange—I see not all these things. I would I could, I'd fight Pain.

Violet. Now—the heart of Loneliness pauses—he hears something!

Long Nose. Violet has second sight--the last gift of the Moon-Mother to her youngest born. It is both power and pain. Listen my children: Evil thru threatens. Darkness reigns because God the Sun was furious when his Moon daughter married the King of Night. The Sun feared lest Moonlight and Night become more beautiful than day. He seized and killed the Moon and tossed her dead corpse out of heaven. So Black Man mourns. But, listen, this is not all. Now that the Moon is dead and darkness rules the night,--Now that Black Man no longer sees nor cares, the Beasts of Hell gather to destroy your Father and you. Always they have sworn to rid the Earth of Human Kind. But they move in darkness and long they feared the Moon. Now they gather. They counsel in the gloom. East looms Little Eye, the Bear, with the strength of ten; south slinks Soft Foot, the Leopard, full of guile. West reges Great Mane, the Lion, King of Beasts; and behind the beasts are the Fish and above the Fish, the Birds. O, that your mighty Father would hearken. Alas, he is naught but sorrow, and evil comes apace.

Red Man. Let's fight, Mother Long-Nose.

Blue. Let's lay traps and snares.

Long-Nose. Nay, gather stones; but not to fight,--to build.

Green. What is "building"?

Violet. I see a huge black hulk to eastward.

Long-Nose. Let me show you. Here are stones where once your father reared his home; and underneath are stones where once a Being without name builded his hut; and underneath are stones which Coeval speechless sprang; and underneath are stones which Something gave Coeval; and underneath are stones, but I know not whence they came. You have not yet builded but only lived with me beneath the trees. Now we must build for building is human. Build them,—as once Black Man built. Indigo, search clay!

Indigo. I fly.

Long-Nose. Red Man, stones!

Red Man. They're here.

Long-Nose. Nine Man, water!

Orange. 'Tis there—an ocean full (writes on the sand, while Nine brings water.)

Violet. I see a mighty hand beside the Sea.

Long-Nose. Build a tower—watch and build. There shall be four gates. Red Man and Yellow Man stand here in front and meet the King of Beasts.

Red Man and Yellow Man. Ay-ah!

Long-Nose. Indigo and Green, to the right! Cat climb and ward off Rattle Eye, the Bear.

Green. We go, he'll never pass. Ay-ah! (Green moves outward Indigo follows thoughtfully)

Long Nose. Orange and Nine! Take clubs and ward the Left against the guileful soft-foot, the Leopard.

Orange and Nine. What! Beautiful Leopard?--we'll beguile him and sing him into a trap. (They go out whispering).

Violet. Soft-Foot prowls from the West--where are Orange and Nine? Mother Long-Nose, what can I do?

Long-Nose. You are small and light and young, but you must watch the hill; perchance your mighty father, hearing, may come.

Violet. Or shall I go and call him?

Long-Nose. We dare not yet, but wait. I must dig--a great cellar for the Dead--Hark!

(The roar of the Beasts of Hell)

Scene XI.

Nine O'clock at Night.

(One sees the foundation of the Tower. Violet flits by the back gate. Red and Yellow stand guard in front.)

Violet. It is dark here--it is dark, but I see. O mother Long-Nose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air, beware! Ah! There, there are Orange and Nine? See how they turn and twist and twine. The blood of Mother Long-Nose flows without her hide. She trumpets and stamps. She wraps her nose about him and slowly, slowly with great wrench and scream--scream of Long-Nose, scream of Soft-Foot--quiver and scream of both

and they--they sleep. They roll together down into the pit. They both shudder and sleep. I cannot understand. They must be very, very tired. And the red blood--the thick, red blood of their hearts flows, gushes, trickles; and they sleep, they sleep. Ah--what moves yonder in the forest? Indigo! Green!

(Indigo and Green standing in the right gate. Violet points out the door.)

Violet. See!

Indigo and Green. I see nothing!

Violet. See you not that dark vast hill that moves softly, terribly?

Indigo. I hear something.

Green. I see two little stars.

Violet. 'Tis Little Eye, the Bear--the cruel, terrible bear. Shall we fly?

Indigo. And leave our Father unguarded?

Green. And leave our brothers alone? No to the forest! Come brother, out and on! (Exeunt by the right gate.)

(Silence--then scuffling; then a howl and the sounds of terrific battle. Violet veils his eyes. Silence. Violet looks.)

Violet. The earth is all crimson--wet and crimson. Indigo lies very still. He sleeps. He breathes not. Green sleeps--O fool! he has no head! His head is gone! Where, O where is his head? Little Eye has it. Little Eye groans and rolls here and there.

Now he sleeps, too. He is still. He breathes not. I am afraid of this strange sleeping. Never before--

(The roar of the Great Beast, the Lion, is heard. Red and Yellow rush out in front but Blue wounded crawls slowly into the tower from the left gate, dragging Orange after him across the room. Violet stops their wounds and they stands staring at his own bloody hands. Orange sinks and falls. Blue rises, leaps over him and rushes out the gate after Red and Yellow. One hears the battle rage. Orange staggers to his feet.)

Orange. Here are--my powers--I die.

Voice of Red Man and Yellow Man. Hear us, our father! We conquer the King of Beasts! (They stagger in with the Lion's head and the body of Blue. Violet gazes on them.)

Violet. There is a new sleep come to us--it stops heartbeats.

Red Man and Yellow Man. It is Death. It is that which veiled the Moon to our father's sorrow. It is Death. Never more shall Indigo and Green and Orange and Blue and Mother Long-Nose speak.

Violet. Woe-Woe--Woe!--and this is Death. All the giants are dead! (They bury the dead in the cellar, with solemn ceremony.)

Red Man. The King of the forest came cleaving the air;
The roar of the sea was the howl of his hunger,
The shriek of the Leopard flamed up in the night,
The wail of the elephant trembled in twilight,
The Leopard and Elephant frozen in death,
The [illegible] and the Lion [illegible]
The yell of the crimson that covered the [illegible]
The [illegible] of the wind in the star-[illegible] night.

Yellow Man. [illegible] Red Man and Yellow Man

Red Man and Yellow Man. The silence our brothers for-
ever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
The end of their laughter, the end of their song,--
The terrible triumph of right over wrong.

Violet. I hear a light.

Red Man. Darkness--no light!

Violet. It is the light of a vast flame.

Yellow Man. Something rises from the sea.

Violet. It is an island belching fire.

Red Man. It is a great Fish--but fear not! It cannot
walk the land.

Yellow Man. It is Dragon--it is the End.

(The rage of the Sea redoubles)

Red Man. Dragon comes, leading all the fish of the Sea
and belching fire.

Yellow Man. It is the End. Dragon walks both land and Sea.
Sea and Land are raging.

Red Man. Let us fight and die.

Violet. No--no! Will you both sleep and leave the
world dead to me?

Red Man. There is but one last refuge--Black Man. Little
Brother close the gates of the tower, while we--

Yellow Man. He is too weak and small, but he's the fastest
runner of us all. He can tread the underbrush and
glide through the trees. If he but dares--if he
has courage--listen, boy, do you fear?

Violet. What is Fear?

Yellow Man. Go out yonder to the shore. Meet Dragon. Stand there-- Stand until you hear the clang of the closing gates. Then away through the jungle and the forest to the mountain after us and run for your life and ours.

(Violet walks alone to the shore.)

Violet. Ah, but his mouth is vast! Oh, but his teeth are sharp! His great gills redden and pale, the fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot! --I--Oh brother Red Man must I stay long? His maw is full of wriggling fish -- Oh brother Yellow Man must I still stay? Ah, his scales-- are beautiful--but--Oh--Oh--Oh! I--am afraid!

(The ringing clang of the gates is heard and Violet flies, with Dragon after him.)

Scene XIX. Ten O'clock at Night

On the Mountain Top

(A mighty forest. Stars above. In the center a fire with crimson flame. Black Man at the right on a huge red throne feeds the flame. His shadow is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises ever and anon.)

Black Man. (Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is death!
O death in life,
And life in death,
And horror over all!
O ugh, ugh, ugh, that is death;

And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Age in life,
And dread in death,
And horror over all!
O hate, hate, hate, that is life;
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in life,
And hate in death!
And horror over all!
O woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

(Enter Red Man and Yellow Man panting.)

Red Man and Yellow Man. (Together sinking their knees.) Father!

Black Man. I am no father--I am Woe.

Red Man and Yellow Man. King!

Black Man. I am no king--I am Hurt and Horror;
The bottom and end of life,
The death of Happiness,
The darkness of joy
I am Woe,--woe, go, go!

Red Man and Yellow Man. Father--King--Eternal Night--Behold
Death cometh.

Black Man. Death has come and gone.

(One hears Dragon roar [illegible].)

Red Man. Death is here, harrowing to destroy us--

Black Man. I am destroyed.

Yellow Man. He will destroy--the Flame of Love! (Pointing to the fire.)

Black Man. (Starts to his feet.) Who? Where? How?

Red Man. Dragon comes raging.

Yellow Man. Dragon comes with bloody fangs.

Voice of Violet. Help! O Father.

Red Man. Send but your voice.

Yellow Man. Wave but your mighty hand.

Voice of Violet. Send but the Shadow of your Soul.

Red Man. (Aside) His shadow is white.

(Enter Violet)

Violet. (Screaming) See--yonder--Dragon. (The forest is alight. Dragon is seen afar.)

Black Man. (Stepping forward) What is this?

Violet. It is the fire that burned the moonlight away; dragon brings it.

Black Man. There is no moonlight; there is but this shadow of moonlight on a grave; but by the Hills of God who touches the shadow touches me! Avaunt, Beast! Hither, slaves! O ho! A Ha! and Alas! There is none to obey--come to help; all are gone! They dance as shadows afar; death drove them away--away! Woe--woe--all is woe!

Violet. (Desperately) Dragon will kill us, Dragon

will kill you, Dragon will eat the shadow of Moonlight! Dragon will scorch our Mother's flame and desecrate her tomb!

Black Man. Never!

Red Man. Lend aid!

Yellow Man. Lend your mighty arm!

Violet. Burn your shadow--send us your shadow, lend us your shadow of white!

(Black Man stands up, steps forward, turns with a cry as the breath of the dragon from afar dims the flame. As it dies down he removes it. Dragon howls.)

Violet. Your shadow--your white shadow--only your shadow if not yourself!

(Black Man bends slowly, regards and raises his white shadow; he puts the flame of life into it from the blaze; he pours blood from his gashed arm into it; he breathes his [illegible] into it; the shadow lives; but is lonely; wanders. Black Man hesitates. Then slowly he lifts a hammer and a knife. He tears his breast and uncovers his heart. He crushes his own head and lifting part of his brain, forces it into white man's mouth; he starts to push his left breast, but already white man with keen eyes and listening ear has leapt to his feet.)

White Man. What's that?

(Dragon shrieks and appears.)

White Man. (Seizing hammer and knife, leaps forward.) He seeks?

Red Man. Up.

White Man. (looking about) To the tower yonder.

Yellow Man. It's locked.

White Man. What's in it?

Red Man. A grave full of the dead.

White Man. Come--quick--we'll unlock it and hide behind its doors. When Dragon comes we'll [illegible] him in.

Violet. White Man has no heart.

Yellow Man. Bub--Black Man?

White Man. He'll follow Dragon down.

Red Man. Dragon--in the grave--with our dead! (White Man, Red Man and Yellow Man rush out.)

Violet. (Lingering behind) White Man has no heart. The King of Night gave him fire; he gave him breath and brain; but White Man has no heart!

(There is the sound of a mighty conflict. Above in crimson light appears Black Man fighting the dragon. He falls and rises. The Dragon forces him back. He drives Dragon back. Then he yields, attacks, returns, falls: rises with one great effort and drives Dragon toward the Sea. He falls to the ground. The beacon of the Funeral Pyre flickers and the flame leaving the earth mounts heavenward like a star.)

Scene XV. Eleven O'clock at Night

(The Tower with a second story; which is empty but clean and airy; below is darkness split by the intermittent flame of Dragon's breath; dirt and noisome smells abound. Without the Tower one can see Black Man prone with Violet sitting beside him. Red and Yellow directed by White are hurriedly finishing the second story.)

Violet. I see a new star in the east.

Red Man. How is our father?

White Man. Better.

Yellow Man. It was a mighty battle.

White Man. It was that.

Violet. White Man has no heart.

Red Man. Dragon is caged below.

White Man. Yes; he'll give us heat and light.

Red Man. I fear dragon!

White Man. So do I--untaught! But caged, he's harmless.

Violet. He eats our dead.

White Man. Of course; and as long as he eats he'll be safe. Dragon has no hands to tear away his bars.

Red Man. Aye -- cruel feet and many wings and cruel jaws; but no hands.

Yellow Man. We must take Black Man upstairs soon, where it is quiet and clean.

White Man. No hurry. We've much to do yet.

Violet. The star in the east grows larger.

(White Man, Red Man and Yellow Man continue to clean and arrange the second story.)

Red Man. We'll need five chairs.

White Man. No, only one at present.

Yellow Man. We'll need a bench for four.

White Man. No, only for one--each a time.

Violet. Father groans.

White Man. Bring in Black Man. (Red and Yellow carry him through the lower gate.)

Violet. Up here--into the air, beneath the new stars.

(Red and Yellow start to climb the ladders.)

White Man. Re--must go. Re--me--mit. All is not ready-- yet. Let's think the thing out. There's a lot to be done--work, hard work. Digging, pulling, lifting, shoving, hauling. This whole thing needs rebuilding. The mountain side needs to be cleared and fenced and planted. The seashore needs fixing up and a sea wall must be built to guide the tides and keep back the fish. Then, I've a lot of plans and experiments; machines, wheels, engines, power. There is the wind of the sea and the steam of Dragon to serve us. I'm going to build Civilization. I need time to think and plan and work it out. (Aside) Now, if I let these darkies sit around and jaw and sleep, they won't work and they won't do as I say--me--(aloud) leave him there--the air here is too strong--it's too cold. (Locks the mountain gate--flies up and drops the trap door between the first and second story.) Hi,-- hi--they're all there now--(spies Violet, who has blown up) Why aren't you down there?

Violet. (Slowly) White Man has no heart.

White Man. O stay--if you want to, until you get hungry. Then down you go. Let's see. I've got three laborers now for my work; lucky fellows too! Civilization can begin. In forest and sea is already food a plenty. I'll gather it and feed

it below, sparingly. In return these colored men will work for me. I have in mind many experiments--machines to lift, to push, to wave-- perhaps to fly. While they work, I'll think. I'll have time to think out certain problems. They must work and work hard--but what of it? They are simple things and know only to work and sleep and eat. In time, when I've plenty, I'll give them more to eat and a better place to sleep. Only I must not spoil them or get them out of their place. Above all they must not think; thinking is bad for laborers. I'll do the thinking. Moreover, they can't think. They have no brains.

Violet. White Man has no heart.

White Man. (Sharply) What's that? (To Black Man, Yellow and Red, showing them food.) Look sharp now, don't loiter, make me a bow and arrow and some fish hooks. Stop clobbering over Black Man. He isn't hurt much. And stop dividing your food with him, unless he works. All right then, so much the less for you! Come now, look alive!

(Red and Yellow in the cellar go sullenly to work. Black Man arises dazed and sinks in a stupor. Then he works mechanically and listlessly staring toward the sun. Once he starts -- raises his great arm and grasps the bars; then his hand falls. He lets go; sometimes he sways stupidly.)

White Man. (To Violet who is perched on the edge of the platform.) Another thing I got to do and that is to tame the Negroes. Make friends of them.

Violet. And fool them into working for you instead of running and playing and loving.

White Man. Well--why not? Why don't you go to work?

Violet. White Man has no heart.

White Man. What's that? What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think. What more?

Violet. You are cold, bloodless, unfeeling. You have no real knowledge of joy and pain; of sunset and song; of love. You cannot laugh nor sing. Black Man, our poor father, forgot; he gave his Shadow no heart.

White Man. You haven't good sense and until you get to work down there with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you go down there.

Violet. All right--open the door.

White Man. (Starts, pauses) No, I won't. See here, you get out, go-- We have no room for such as you in the world. You see too much. You're fit for nothing but poetry.

Violet. Poet's dream.

White Man. But they dream foolishness--colors and sounds and idleness. I dream useful things--food and clothes and city walls--

Violet. I see a star. It is larger than yesterevee. I think it is coming nearer

White Man. Go to it--starexchaser.

Scene V. At Midnight.

(The Second Story of the Tower.)

The floor is crowded with piles of goods and food. In front are four unfinished Machines.)

White Man. God! But I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. Nobody to sympathize with me or talk to me--if only these machines could live and talk!

Violet. I'll talk to you.

White Man. Who are you ? Where are you? O, you don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to guide and plan and build civilizations.

Violet. Why do it?

White Man You fool. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't even see my genius. Notice how I raise food and make things? See my land out there.

Violet. It is not yours. It never was. It belongs to God--the Sun, and they work harder than you do.

White Man. I don't care whose it is, I got it. I find food for the Niggers to eat. Could they work without food?

Violet. You chain them to their work.

White Man. Do you think they'd work if I didn't? They'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

Violet. What for?

White Man. To make more food and clothes and shelter.

Violet. For them?

White Man. No. They'd get lazy and impudent.

Violet. For you?

White Man. Say! Whoever its for it's hard work and it must be done. It's no fun to keep three husky brutes at work and they hating you like hell and ready to slit your throat when your back's turned. I work harder than they do -- a damned sight harder. I risk and worry and fret. They mutter and Whine. I've a notion to give up and let them starve! I'm tired. I'm sick. I'm lonesome. Why don't you show yourself? Where are you hiding?

Violet. You work too hard.

White Man. It is the truth.

Violet. Making others work.

White Man. That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

Violet. You need help.

White Man. I know it and I've made some. I've made me four machines -- perfect tireless workers who never complain. And they're white too -- white steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

Violet. What are they?

White Man. You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway. You belong to that parti-colored breed. I guess it's because I'm lonesome. Well, here they are: Radio, Dynamo, Gun and Loom. Dynamo drinks water and makes electricity; Radio eats electricity and talks. Loom eats coal oil and makes cloth; gun eats lead and kills.

Violet. Kills? Murders? Those beautiful lives? Why? Whom?

White Man. When they get dangerous to me--you better look sharp -- but they can't think or feel. Radio talks nonsense. Dynamo spurts light whether I want it or no. Loom knows no patterns. See? I want them to have souls--not too much, not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent and let me rest and enjoy myself--and sleep. You seem to know a lot--mostly foolishness--but where do souls come from?

Violet. They come from dreams.

White Man. Nonsense, you want to get me off to sleep, don't you, so that you can sneep and steal? Well, I don't believe your lies but I get to sleep-- I'm dead--tired.

(White Man sleeps on the trap door grasping his whip.)

Violet. Souls? Souls! If I could get the right souls for these terrible steel monsters, we would heal this sick world.

Voice. Why not the souls of your dead brothers?

Violet. Dead-brothers--who speaks? The star in the east is--gone! There is a mist where it was and a wind in the mist. I thought I heard the mist speak. Can stars talk?

Voice. Yes, my son.

Violet. Who speaks? Can it be yonder star that was growing hourly brighter?

Voice. Yes, my son.

Violet. Your son!

Voice. My Moonbeam--last of the Angels.

Violet. Mother--Moon-Mother of Earth and Sky
Bearer of sun rays
Star of evening
Wife of Black Man
Mother of me and mine
You are dead and yet speak.

(Enter the Moon as a Woman in grey)

Moon. I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger;
But seeing Earth's evil
He has repented
And called me back from the gloom of Death
To redeem mankind.

Violet. And may I help and what's to be done? Shall we kill White Man? See! He sleeps--he is very still--helpless and still. Shall we kill him and free the world?

Grey Woman. We may not kill him life is our mission.

Violet. Shall we smash his machines?

Grey Woman. No--not Destruction but Creation is good and White Man has created this wonderful work; let it endure.

Violet. But sunlight needs souls; he says so.

Grey Woman. Listen, my boy. There are two ways and only two to redeem the world--by Dreams and Death. But not his death--ours! Will you help?

Violet. So willingly.

Grey Woman. First, we will try Dreams--but if you fail--

Violet. What?

Grey Woman. Death, little one, only Death; and not his--yours.

Violet. Welcome Death! Say on.

Grey Woman. Below lies Dragon eating the bodies and prisoning the souls of four of my children. I shall loose Dragon. You will hear the thunderous rush of his going, the heat and fury of his fire. Then, I will gather the souls of my dead sons and stand them here with these machines. Then little one, comes your task.

Violet. What--what?

Grey Woman. White Man sleeps in deep and dreamless stupor. The thunder of Dragon will wake him to dreaming. He will feel the soul of Orange beside Radio; of Wine beside Dynamo; of Green beside Gun and Indigo beside Loom. He will dream these ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone

lest his heartless head complete disaster. It is your task to make the world dream with him. Black Man must dream and Red and Yellow and you yourself must dream. If all of you dream hard and sure, the machines and the souls of my sons will be one and like to the souls of the fullest truest dreamers. If we fail, we shall create half men and monsters and then there is no Salvation but Death. Go, and while you dream, I will loose Dragon from his bitter slavery of fire lest the souls of my children, weary and confused, creep back to their mangled bodies again and die forever.

Violet. But if Dragon turn on us?

Grey Woman. He will not. He has learned the Hell of Human Hearts. He will spurn the earth and cleave the sea and fly beyond the stars. Go! Put all the world to sleep. When Dragon thunders, awake! Go! And oh, my boy child, try very hard. For if you fail, there is but one salvation--the Sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling, Dreams or Death--go.

Scene VI. At One O'clock in the Morning.

(The lower story of the tower is visible and the floor of the second story. Above lies White Man asleep. Back of a grating sits Black Man in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At his right is Yellow Man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.)

White Man. (Stirring in his sleep.) I thought I saw ghosts and heard the Voice of God.

Violet. He sleeps. Soon he shall dream my brothers back to life. If I dream too--if my father dreams and all my father's children, then will the machine and the dream be wed and true and the rainbow of the world live again in beauty. (Flies below.)

Black Man. The mud of the world,
The offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Cursed of sun and sea,
Deserted of Moon and Star,
Inept, nerveless, more than dead and less.
A dog to be kicked
A worm to be trodden
"Nigger"--"chink"--"Sheeny"--
"Nigger"--"Nigger"--"Nigger"!
Nought--Nothing.

Violet. (Climbing down from above.) Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? God the Sun commands us to dream. Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our brothers who still sleep as ghosts and let them make with steel

and redeem the world. Dream hard--harder
than that white wraith above, so that new
beings, colored with [illegible]brotherly hearts and
souls may be mighty men of brain and brawn
and free us all from ill. O, listen to me,
Father, wake and listen. I tell you, I
know, I was told. I--I--I--

Yellow Man. Toil!
Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;
Till all the muscles ache,
Till the blood swims in the eyes,
Till the back shrieks
And the limbs cramp.
Toil!
Crooshing and gripping and [illegible],
Scrapeing and grinding and breaking,
Ripping and smashing and squashing.
Winds, roars, explosions, yells--
Noise, noise, din and noise.
Toil!
Till thought dies,
And dreams disappear;
Till hunger flames and flees;
Till sleep is a drug,
And waking, shrinking; and living, dying!
And life a nightmare of pain on pain!

Violet. O, brother, brother! Listen to me--listen but a moment! I am little, but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls return--live seem their ghosts--great, beautiful, [illegible] ghosts. Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like machines--and pack--horses--sleep--dream!

Red Man. I will live no more.
Neither will I dream
I will die.
Toil!
Without rest or song,
Without laugh or ease,
Without hope or death,
Without sky, sun or sea!
Without home, without love,
Without God.
Toil!
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil,
To toil to rest;
To moan unheard,
To cry unpitied,
To be alone in crowds,
And crowded alone!
To remember nothing--

With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no body,
To have no soul!
Toil?
Toil!
I will not toil--
I will be free!
I will not dream
I will die

(They all three sink down in dreamless stupor.)

Violet. O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream? I do not think they dream/ They do not sleep like dreamers--they lie like dogs. The new machines will be born white-- pale, heartless monsters;
My brothers will be half-hearted ghosts, encased in steel.
I, only little me, am left
To dream in them a heart
I will sleep. I must sleep
(He lies down and tosses)
I cannot sleep; my head's afire but a cold
White hand has gripped my brain.
I cannot sleep--
O God! I cannot sleep.
(Violet climbs up.)

Violet. I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I? I--I couldn't sleep. O--Queen Mother! I have failed. Dreams have failed-- there is only---Death!

(With sudden thunderous rush of sound and rage of smoke and fire, Dragon passes one thing to the Sea. The sea boils and Dragon flies beyond the stars.)

Scene VII. At Two O'clock in the Morning.

(White Man is on a gorgeously furnished platform making a sort of third story of the tower at the back. He sits on a throne chair, leaning forward and staring. Before him as a pale-orange Radio, who can talk and hear and feel but cannot see. Radio is in servants livery; on the other side is Dynamo-- pale blue; he can feel and talk and see but cannot hear; Gun in pale green; he can hear and talk and see but cannot feel; beside him is Loom in pale purple; he can see and hear and feel but cannot talk.)

White Man. (Spies Violet, fluttering among the four men.) Say you!

Violet.- Yes.

White Man. Do you believe in ghosts.

Violet. I don't know.

White Man. I do. I saw four ghosts last night--or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds

silly but I half believe the ghosts got into my machines and made them mad.

Violet. Half-mad.

White Man. Half-nothing. White Man--my equals--my helpers. By God--I believe--what's it you fellows want?

Radio. (With cockney accent.) To serve you, Sir, and entertain you, even if I am blind.

White Man. See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve and all servants should be blind.

Violet. Orange has forgotten all his poetry.

White Man. (To Dynamo). What do you want?

Radio. 'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see and 'e wants to work for you.

Violet. He don't want to dream; he don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! By God!

White Man. Good! That's the ticket. Give him a drink of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

Dynamo. (In low rumbling voice with German accent). De eart' is de Lord's and its fullness.

White Man. What's he muttering about? Here you (to Gun) What do you want?

(Gun salutes smartly.)

Gun. To kill, sir! I want to fight.

White Man. Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun salutes again.) And you? (To Loom)

Radio. 'E's dumb, sir, but 'e can see. He built your throne out of goods we got from the Niggers below.

White Man. Capitalé. Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to his job.

Violet. They're only half men. We failed.

White Man. We failed--I succeeded, you mean. I'm a creator. I'm a god. I've a world of white men.

Violet. They're not white.

White Man. Yes, they are too--of course, not pure white--not Nordic like me, but that tint of theirs is tan. I tell you they're white.

Violet. And your equals? Yes--your equals!

White Man. Sure--that is--in a way--Oh you get out. Here Dynamo. (beckons.)

Dynamo. Yes, Sir!

White Man. (Explaining by signs and talking too) Come over here by this trap door. Lift it this way. See them niggers down there? See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Light up and get going.

(Dynamo humming to himself begins to work.)

White Man. Hey! Loom.

(Loom approaches.)

Take the goods Dynamo raises up and make cloth and food and steel. Look alive now.

Violet. I'll teach them.

White Man. Teach them what?

Violet. What every white man should know.

White Man. You keep your mouth shut. You can't teach white men. They know it all, naturally. Now, Dynamo and Loom, drive the niggers to work. Spur them on. Call for more, more, more goods. Set a swift pace. I'll whip 'em if they loiter; you pile the goods up here. O yes and we might as well smother Dragon now. We can make our own heat and light.

Violet. Dragon's gone.

White Man (Starting.) What? He'll kill us--whe--

Violet. He has flown beyond the stars.

White Man. Oh Well--I'll keep an eye on the stars. Gun!

Gun. (Salutes) Yes sir!

White Man Get a khaki uniform and a rifle. Then stand here and look alive. Keep a special eye on him. (Pointing to Violet.)

(Gun marches out.)

(Work begins. White Man rubs his hands and looks at his watch.)

White Man. Where's Gun?

(Machine Gun marches back in uniform)

(Standing stiffly)

White Man Present--arm! Right shoulder--Arm! Right about--face! Stand there on guard. Now Radio, for a dinner and a good one. Hurrah for culture and white civilization. Here's where I

get some rest and enjoy myself. While you're ordering dinner, Radio, order me some art and literature on the side--a million dollars worth. (Dinner is served quickly with flowers, fruit, china and silver.)

White Man — O, I dine!

A Bronx cocktail--Potage à la creme, sole frite, (with chablis),

Paté de foie gras--champignons!

Canard roti aux truffles (a bit of Burgundy)

Salad (very rare--try this hock)

Patisserie--Moet et Chandon to warm the heart)

Café noire. (What about this Port!)

Lord, how I've stuffed myself and I wasn't even hungry.

Sing Radio.

(Radio sings)

White Man — (Beating time.)

Work!

Work hard!

Pile up the goods, drive the niggers.

Where's the whips. I'll use them if necessary.

The harder they work, the more bread they get!

If they work like Hell--there's a bit of cake--

I don't want it. I can't digest the stuff.

I really need exercise to keep fit and fix me for another meal.

(Doffs his dinner suit for sport clothes. Plays tennis and golf and swings Indian clubs. Sits down panting.)

Violet. You still seem overworked.

White Man. You still here? Gum, watch him!

Violet. They're hungry below.

White Man. Sure! See 'em? Keep 'em growl and fight.

(Tosses a bone over the side.)

Here Radio! A liquer! Something good and costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent--Excell--ent!' (Looks down at the workers.) Liquer's bad for laborers--makes 'em lazy and inefficient; besides its against the law. I made the law myself.

Violet. I thought these new folk were white men?

White Man. They're all laborers--my laborers. I own them. If I want to I'll whip them. I'll whip them with hunger. I'll drive them with the scorpions of pain, Hunger is the whip of Man!

Violet. Machines don't eat.

White Man. They're not machines--they're men--laboring men; white laboring men and naturally better than niggers; better men and better machines. They don't need rich food nor expensive clothes. For me?

What is nicer than clothes--

Silk and linen,

Soft and subtle wool,

Sweet, bending leather;

Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and

thing;
Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and
pearls!
Why I got so many clothes I can't wear 'em.
I don't know what to do with the damned gew-
gaws.
They're in the way--but
Laborers don't need clothes,--
Black laborers don't need any
White laborers don't need many.
They don't appreciate them;
They're too dirty and careless;
They live in dirt;
They twist and bend;
They work!
They can wear this worn-out stuff.
They don't deserve more.
I worked and saved and thought
They dawdled and squandered.

Violet. You didn't save, you found.
You don't work, you loaf.
You don't think, you count,
You don't play, you gorge,
Your limbs are prisoners of your stomach,
Your brains serve your body
Your muscles are water,
Corns crust your feet

You're a fool,
Because you have no heart.

White Man. (Staggering to his feet.) Hear that? Hear that traitor--that viper I've been nourishing--catch him--put him to work. (Staggers in a drunken stupor and is put to bed by Radio.)

Violet. I won't work.
I am free
I play
I fly and sing, I cry
Work is the child of Hell
I am a son of Heaven.
(Hushes down to Dynamo and writes a note. Dynamo reads)

Dynamo. (Reading.) All--Men--are brudders? (Stares in surprise) (Loom, listening--works more slowly. Violet writes again eagerly.)

Dynamo- (Reading.) All men--are born--free and equal! Vy--dem black fellers down dere--brudders! Equal!

(Loom stops work and stretches his arms toward the cellar.)

Radio. (Listening) Hey--what's up. I don't hear Loom.

Gun. Gwan there--get to work.

(Violet writes again, swiftly.)

Dynamo Liberty--Equality--Fraternity.

(Dynamo stops work.)

Radio. What's that? Hi--ee, they've both stopped work. What's up?

Gun. Shall I shoot?

Radio. No--lead me nearer. What are you h'up to?

(Violet writes.)

Dynamo. Life--liberty--and the Pursuit--of Happiness?

Gun. What's that? Is it something to eat? I'm hungry; give me some more bullets.

(Loom starts toward White Man, beckoning the blacks in the cellar.)

Radio. Stand back!

Gun. Shall I shoot?

(Violet writes.)

Dynamo. (Walking forward slowly with rapt expression.) All--wealth belongs--to de worker.

Gun. Which one shall I kill? Why don't somebody order me to shoot?

Radio. 'old on there. I want to get this 'ere talk straight. I don't trust that there mulatto, Violet, but there's some sense in what they're saying. Natural enough, all white men are equal and if you h'ask me, I wouldn't half mind pursuing a little 'appiness.

Violet. Workers unite! Solidarity forever! (Sings) "Allons enfants de la patrie!"

White Man. (Starting up from sleep.) What's that?

Radio. (To Gun) Quick, lead me--'is robe (holds his robe so as to cut off the view of the advancing workers.) Present! Hm! Aim!

'old 'em back. (To White Man.) Nothing sir--
'ere's your robe.

White Man.(Stretching.) I feel ---.

Radio. The morning h'after the night before, Sir!
Bath? Shave? Breakfast?

White Man Breakfast? Bah! Fix a bath and--

Dynamo and Violet. (They have paused an Gun aims, but now they surge forward, Violet leading with a red flag, Leon beating a drum and Dynamo, a triangle.)

"Solidarity forever---"

White Man. (Wheeling about) What the hell! Why this? Why ain't they working?

Radio. They've stopped work, Sir. Sort of strike. Been list'ning to agitators--that there Violet.

Dynamo. All men are brudders.

White Man. Like hell they are! If you don't---

Radio. I think he means white men, Sir.

Gun. Shall I kill him?

White Man. I don't care a damn what he means--

Dynamo. All men are born free und equal.

White Man. I'll free and equal you--Gun--attention! Present--hum! Get back to work!

Dynamo. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

White Man. Take aim. (Loom rushes up to White Man.)

Dynamo. Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

White Man. Don't put your hands on me! Don't touch me! Fire! (Loom dies and turns into a machine.)

White Man. (Trembling) My God!

Violet. Indigo--Brother Indigo! dead--all dead!

Dynamo. All men--are born--free and equal. (Falls weeping on the machine. Gun clicks his rifle to fire again.)

White Man. Stop!

Radio. Beg pardon, Sir-- but 'adn't we better h' arbitrate? My idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights but goes too far.

Dynamo. All wealth belongs to de workers.

White Man. You blithering idiot! Gun ! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world!

Radio. Well, sir, h'it's this way. H'it's that kid, Violet. He's been a tampering with industry. H' I don't like his looks neway. Bit of the tar-brush if you ask me. Dynamo, 'e started it with this equality business. Now I should say how all white men was brothers and should stand together but I don't 'old with niggers. No white folks should be free and equal and share whatever happiness we can get.

(While he is talking Dynamo retreats before gun.)

White Man. What the devil are you talking about? Christ almighty,-- Look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to raise the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo.)

Radio. Give me the whip. No sir--don't you risk nothing. Gun--guide me.

(Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash below. Red and Yellow raise their heads.)

Get down there, you red son of a bitch! H'out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see 'im? Gee! This is fun.

Violet. Don't strike your brothers!

Radio. Brothers? 'ell, they're lice. I'll show 'em--

(Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Dynamo stare silently after them. Radio and Gun march back.)

Violet. Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom. Don't go back to him.

White Man. Don't listen to that mischief maker. Come here.

(He seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag.)

"O say can you see".--

Violet. (Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie--"

Gun. (Singing) "God save the Czar!"

Dynamo. (Singing) "Solidarity forever--"

Radio and White Man. (Singing) "God save our gracious King."

Violet. "La Jour de grace êtes arrivé!"

Gun. (Doing the goose step.) "Deutchland, Deutchland, ueber alles!"---

White Man. My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet). You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun.) Here, give me that gun.

Gun. No!

White Man. What?

Gun. No--Im the killer!

White Man. God damn you!

Violet. Come, Gun and Radio--join us, brothers--

Radio. Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in.

Violet. What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brother--hood. Up and on. Nine--Brother Nine--kill him and save the world.

Dynamo. (Staggering toward White Man.) All men--free --equal--brothers--workers--forever!

White Man. Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back--fire! (Gun fires.)

Dynamo. Long Live--the Revolution!"

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr. White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring.)

Violet. Brother Blue's dead now--all dead. His body died before--now his soul is dead. He will never live again. He needed more heart---he was more than half-hearted. Almost I dreamed a soul in him. Almost, --and then I couldn't sleep. White Man dreamed hardest, but White Man has--no heart.

Radio. Well, we're rid of those Bolsheviks. The H'idea! h'asking equality with us. H'its a good thing they're dead. Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and I just stand together and run this thing?

White Man. You and I?

Radio. Why yes; you see--we are alone now with Gun to guard us.

White Man Are we?

Radio. Yes. Can I sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers.

White Man. Well, of course, sometime when there's more room. It's cramped now.

Violet. All men are equal.

Radio. Yes--no--not you. We white folks are equal, ain't we?

White Man. Why--yes, of course

Radio. Well, then 'ereafter we'll live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have and wear some of them good clothes you can't use and then we'll rule the world. I may write a bit of poetry now and then--I used to.

White Man. What the devil!

Violet. All men are brothers.

Radio. That's it. No, it ain't. I don't mean you--all white men, and I want to eat and get drunk like you, right now.

White Man. (Starting up angrily). Well, you won't.

Radio Man. I won't, hey. (Starts toward White Man. Gun mechanically shoots. Radio becomes a radio cabinet, humming jazz.)

White Man. What did you--do that--for? You damned blundering idiot.

Machine Gun. (Whirls about and glares. Stares at the corpse of Radio. Stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun.)

White Man. About--face! (Machine Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man shoots him in the back. He becomes a machine gun.)

White Man. It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class! Only me--alone--with dead machines--and niggers.

Scene VIII. Three o'clock in the morning.

(The lower story of the tower; the Grey Woman is seated before the grating. Black Man sits in the center, bowed. Red and Yellow are stretched asleep at either side.)

Grey Woman. O Black man!

(No answer)

Grey Woman. King of Night!

(No answer)

Grey Woman. Where is your Majesty!

(Groan).

Grey Woman. Why do you lie in the mud--you who were born to a Crown, a crimson mantle, a golden sceptre, a throne of stars--

Black Man. (Starting) Who calls?

Grey Woman. I call.

Black Man. Whose Voice is that?

Grey Woman. The voice of the Dead.

Black Man. There is but one Dead and two--She and Me.

Grey Woman. You are not dead.

Black Man. I am more than dead.

Grey Woman. Arise you that sleep--arise I say--Black Man, King of Night!

Black Man. (Struggles, swaying, to his feet.) Who calls--who calls? That voice!

White Man. (Above) I didn't call, I am alone, go to work!

Grey Woman. Behold, I call!

(She unveils her face. Bright Moonlight floods the scene.)

Black Man. Eternal King of Glory. Son of the Sun! Thou hast sent her back. O Moon, Moon of my Night.

(He tears the grating down.)

Away cobwebs!

(White Man leaps down from above.) Out, gnat!

(He hurls White Man headlong.)

(Red Man and Yellow Man leap to their feet. The machines become silent.)

Black Man. Peace fools! Come, my beloved. O my beloved!

Scene IX. Four o'clock in the morning.

(On the sea-shore; behind the tower is beautiful, save below. Violet is perched on its walls. The Moon and Black Man are in the center. White Man lies unconscious at their feet. Red Man and Yellow Man are kneeling at either side.)

Violet. I see flowers. I hear them wave. I smell their gorgeous hues. I'm going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I don't know how or when but sometime she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't even be. I can't think it possible. Are impossible things possible. I can't see how anything will be if I'm not. And yet I know it must be so for my brothers, my giant and beautiful brothers, with all of their poetry and song and joy--they are gone. I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only glanced back and died again forever. I failed. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. I've had such fun. And yet I'm glad to be able to do something--something great for mother and father. Yes--I'm even glad to die.

Red Man and Yellow Man. (Advancing with knives) Let us kill White Man quickly while he faints. He has no heart. He never had one. He enslaved us. He shut us up. He must die.

Nyame. What says the King's Majesty?

Black Man. (Slowly) No, no! I His sin is mine. He is a soulless thought machine because I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I with held all that makes life living. I forget in selfishness, and forgetfulness is sin. And as this man grew strong, I fed his strength with my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I handed him fear and submission instead of steadfast death. Now I pay the price on the altar of Sacrifice. The world needs the strength of this man as it needs the strength of all men. Yonder city is fair despite its cruel founding stones. Yonder machines are marvellous even if inanimate. He must live and for his life I will face death. Moon-wife, behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief until no living thing rests upon it. I made it. I saved it for my self-destruction, to end despair. Take it. Call my children to aid. Array yourselves as Priests in cloth unspotted. Place him and me together on this bier--hand-in-hand, heart-by-heart and face to heaven. My heart is large, too large for this narrow earth. Cut and cut again and give to him who has none.

Moon. And if, O King, I cut--too much?

Black Man. Have you not heart enough for us twain, O Queen?

Moon. And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should slip?

Black Man. Then will I die, Sweet Woman, surrendering perfect love for a more perfect world.

(Red and Yellow and the Moon away as operating surgeons. A sheet is spread and all are in white save Black Man and the faces of Moon, Red Man and Yellow Man. Violet, alone, sits stiff in front staring seaward, his back to the operation.)

Violet. I smell the ether; I see the knife. It shines. It tears the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. On, on it glides, --careful--ah--it heads for a river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood--the angry crimson rages. Ah! they bind it back-- they curb it, they still it; the knife glides on; and now--ah--I cannot look--I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh

and bury itself in a brother's embrace-become blessed darkness and tell me not what lingers in that fearful pool of blood. (He grovels, hands on eyes--silence.)

Moon. (Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes.) Dance, child, before your God! All is well and all is well.

(Violet dances; Black Man and White Man stir, open their eyes--and slowly turn their heads.)

Black Man. Brother!

White Man. Brother!

Scene X Morning Twilight

High noon before the City

(A double throne; on one seat the full Moon lightly veiled, with robe and sceptre. Beside the armpost, Black Man, clothed in simple white with a gold circlet in his hair and a stave in his hand. Before them seated on the ground facing the audience, White Man in black; with back to the audience, Red Man in green, Yellow Man in blue. Down in front facing the audience, Violet in many colors, with wings.)

Violet. I wonder when I shall die?

White Man How soft the light is on the sea. You are weary brother (To Red) rest on me; (To Yellow Man) Your hand, for I am troubled. Listen: Have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream---a feeling of some far off ill. Once I caught a gleam of it in the eyes of Red Man, whom I love. Once Yellow Man recoiled from my embracing arm. And even you, Great King of Night, though you are ever kind, I some time have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised you who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound,---a slave! Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and

yet, last night, so strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; cried to the hills where you were hid; groveled and wept in mine abasement, tried to leap into the sea and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine,--Brother! Tell me whence come these vague and vicious visions-- was I ill?

Black Man. Ill--very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

Red Man and Yellow Man/ Let's tear the city down and build anew. All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this city! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

WhiteMan. I? When?

The Moon. On foundations laid by elephant and the beasts and built on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is done anew.

Black Man. Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in

yonder city. Indeed all that is worth while and done by our hands is there incorporate--it must not die.

Red Man. But is it founded on evil?

White Man. It looks evil beneath.

Yellow Man. No good can build on evil.

Black Man. All good must build on evil.
All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And beside in yonder city lie the wonder works
Of White Man's brain--Radio and Loom, Dynamo
And Gun.

White Man. I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

Red Man. But foundations are first.

Black Man Foundations are last.

Yellow Man. They must be first, else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold these shining towers in place lest they fall?

The Moon. Violet.

Violet. Ah! My time has come.--Yes, Mother!

Moon. Violet, can you do this thing--this mighty task for me and the world?

Violet. Yes, I will cable this fair city to the stars. I will go to my Moon Mother's father,

All Glorious, the Sun. I will drag down golden chains from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and nailed together the fabric of the world.

The Moon. Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest born! He who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall see again--invisible, impenderable, incalculable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

Violet. Shall I--ever see--the Moon?

The Moon. Yes, but never again shall the Moon see you.

Violet. I go.

(He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms and flashes up to heaven.)

Black Man Fly little flame of sunlight, home to God!

The Moon. (Watching Black Man) And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

Black Man. O Moon of my desire,
Two things alone I asked of the Sun;
You and eternal life.

The Moon- Two things the Sun has sent you: Me--and eternal life.

Black Man. Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new City rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be timeless; Space shall turn back to space. O Moon, lead us to Eternal Life.

(The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled. She is red-gold in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair.)

Moon Love is God
Love is God
There is no God but Love
And Work is his prophet.

(Slowly the Moon rises and points to the mountain top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn.)

Moon. Behold!

(Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song.)

The Moon. Behold ! The flower-children of Eternal Life. The life once born in thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on eternal in ever widening floods of foaming life. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. See how your Flower-Children

paint the world in every color and hues-
hues of men that live, hues of them that
died that you might live. Behold, my King
and my brother and my children, all these
are yours, born of your dear bodies and
mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls,
always and forever us.

Black Man. Forward brothers, to the Children of Eternal
Life and the City just and beautiful. There
let me reign as king.

The Moon. And call to your company, Man of Man
Beasts of fold and field and forest
Fish of the twelve and seven seas
And from this day forever
Peace be between them and you.

Black Man. Peace be between Man and Beast and Fish
(Beasts furtively prowl by and fish leap in the
sea)

And now---

Bring me my crown, for God the Sun is near.
(To the sound of low music, the coronation takes
place. Black Man sets a coronet of stars on the
Moon's hair and a crown of gold on his own head.
Red and Yellow invest him with a blood-red robe
shot with broideries of silver. White Man hands
him his ebony sceptre. Suddenly Dragon appears
above the morning star and belching flames
winds a trumpet call that resounds across the

skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low in the East, while in the West stand Moon and Night. The Sun rises and Moonlight fades away but the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appear birds and flowers walking like people and of all kinds and colors, passing, singing, dancing and lying at ease.

(Voice of Black Man.)

Imperial Ruler--God the Sun
Father of all, almighty--

Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;

Our royal consort,
Queen of Night

And Princess, Yellow
Black and White,--
[illegible] high and loving greeting!

Receive our Word and Will
To [illegible]ide this Capital of Night

High Harlem of the Hills.

This city wide and tall
With tower, sward and wall
With joyous men and deft machine
Belongs to name and all.

Our land belongs to God
Our need, its measuring rod;
We let no rent of money lent
Monopolize our sod.

Here no man leaves his son
The wealth that he has won
He leaves a world with doors unfurled
And some small deed well-done.

We seek no hordes of wealth
Nor secret gains by stealth;
We get by birth and render earth
The heritage of health.

Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where ghosts abide--
We seek no dreams to kill.

We make and grow such things
As are for men not kings

In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings.

Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat
No goods to sell send souls to hell,
No poverty my [redacted]

What should a comrade steal,
Who owns the common weal?
To tear and smile, what e'er beguile
All human need is leal.

We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail;
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that fail

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of [redacted] will.

We never [redacted] the old old
We never crush the bold
We seek to find the sick in mind
Lest ever sin be sold.

We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor murderous gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal,--
We conquer Pain and Fear.

Here is no church nor creed
Religion is a deed
Here no man's hope demands a pope
And no faith, bloody seed.

Our nation's anthem sings,
Our martial music brings,
No silly laud of war and fraud,
Of uniforms and kings.

Here is each woman free
To choose what she will be;
An unwed mother, wife or other
Servant of sun or sea.

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed
Or green with hine or any hue,
That wins life from the Dead.

Here man and women mate
And never soon or late
Some live in lust because they must
And children sob-wrunk hate.

The children of our day
Are neither chance nor play
We plan their birth and weigh their worth
And give their mothers pay.

We let no family pride,
Make secret sins to hide;
Who soar or plod are sons of God
Who falter, souls that died.

For young and old each day
Our life is work and play;
We dance and walk, we sing and talk
We're sober and we're gay.

Each man and child must know
What life and Science show;
Learning is free what e'er Truth be
Stupidity is woe.

Here Poems sing their themes,
Here Color glints and gleams,

Here sculpture hold stripe bare the soul
And Science dares its dreams.

Our jewels and our art
Are never held apart,
To choke or deck a selfish neck
Or hide a human heart.

Our buildings are not tombs,
Nor curios nor looms;
We do not try to reach the sky,---
We build, for Beauty---rooms.

We do not fear to die
We do not rage nor sigh
We sow and reap and fall asleep
We smile and say good-bye.

Here may the dead lie still
In urn and sea and hill;
Here man may live his life to give
To one all-beckoning Will.

O happy, happy dale---
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder---song of conquered Wrong
Made music of the grail.

(The curtain falls as the sun sinks and music rises higher, sweeter and clearer.)

Red . . . . . Passion and Joy

Orange . . . . . .Poetry . . . . . .Radio

Yellow . 1 1 . . . . .Music and Sex

Blue . . . . . .Song . . . . . Dynamo

Green . . . 1 . . . . Domedy . . . . . Gun

Indigo . . . . . Sorrow ; . . . . . Loom

Violet . . . . . Dreams

Red Orange Yellow . Blue Indigo Violet

BLACK MAN
A PHANTASY IN FOUR ACTS AND THIRTEEN SCENES

Synopsis

Prologue

Marriage and Death

A Man and the Moon, daughter of the Sun, make love and then rush away pursued by a blinding flame of sunlight. They cower within the Man's cloak until the blast seethes by and darkness descends. They sleep exhausted. Awakening, they caress. The Moon presents her children to their father: Joy, Poetry, Music, Dance, Song, Sorrow and Dream. All are tinted with color and the father names them, Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet. But the Sun returns furiously and beats upon them. The children hide. The Mans' face becomes black; his cloak fades to white, and the Moon dies. As darkness again descends, Black Man ascends the mountain-side, frantic with grief and carrying the dead body of the Moon.

ACT I Dark of the Moon

Scene 1 By the Sea

The seven children, attended by Elephant, the Nurse, re-assemble and listen to the moaning of Black Man over the funeral pyre of the Moon.

Scene 2 The Battle of the Beasts

They start a tower of defense. The Beasts of the forest attack the youth, killing Orange, Blue, Indigo and Green. Dragon approaches from the sea. Red, Yellow and Violet run to their father for aid.

Scene 3 The Battle of the Dragon

Black Man gives his shadowy cloak to his children for protection, bringing it to life with his own blood and with fire from their mother's bier; but before he can breathe a soul into this new-created White Man, Dragon attacks. White Man persuades Red and Yellow to follow him back to the sea; they complete the tower of defense. The death-cry of Dragon rings and Black Man wounded and half insane, staggers down the mountain. Red and Yellow rush and help Violet to nurse Black Man who keeps crying out that

BLACK MAN

A PHANTASY

Prologue

Marriage and Death — A Forest Glade

ACT I Dark of the Moon

Scene 1 By the Sea

2 Battle of the Beasts — The Seashore

3 The Battle of the Dragon — The Crest of the Mountain

ACT II New Moon

Scene 1 Work — In front of the Tower

2 The dance of Death

3 Chains — In the Tower

ACT III Half Moon

Scene 1 Machines

2 Civilization — In the Tower

3 Revolt

ACT IV Full Moon

Scene 1 Black Man Returns

2 Operation

3 Coronation — The Shore and Mountain-side

Epilogue

Postlude Damnation

he has forgotten somet ing. "What have I forgotten? Why can I not remember? I do not understand!"

ACT II The New Moon

Scene I Work

White Man emerges from the tower. White Man advises gathering and storage of food and materials. He proposes to roof the tower and horde the food within while he stands watch on the roof. Red and Yellow demur at work but Black Man overrules them and all gather food, save Violet who joins White Man on the roof.

Scene 2 The Dance of Death

Suddenly Black Man remembers and cries, "Where is the body of the Moon? Where are my dead children?" Red and Yellow drop their work, rush out of the tower and drag in the ~~buried~~ bodies of Orange, Green, Blue and Indigo. Violet followed by White Man ascends the mountain and brings down the flame from the Moon's funeral bier, but cannot find the body. The bodies are piled aloft, covered with flowers. The bier is lighted and attended by Violet while Black Man, Red, and Yellow join the dance of death, wailing the dirge. The forest catches fire and White Man dashes in dragging iron chains.

Scene 3 Chains

The Sun rises: White Man persuades Black Man to enter the tower and chain all together so that they may work together and none be lost. They become slaves to White Man except Violet.

ACT III Half Moon

Scene I Machines

Driving his laborers with whip and starvation, White Man boasts that Civilization can begin. But he suspects the laborers and Violet and plans to build Machines to replace labor. Weary with worry and loneliness, he asks Violet about Souls for his machines, but suddenly falls asleep. Violet hears a voice calling and drops to earth to find a veiled woman, who reveals herself as the New Moon.

Scene 2 Civilization

The New Moon bids Violet to arouse Red and Yellow so as to dream souls into the Machines, which she will drape with the corpses of her dead children; so that dead Poetry, Dance, Song and Comedy shall become incorporate with Radio, Dynamo, Loom and Gun and make them human. Violet strives but only half succeeds, making the machines only half human. White Man uses them for controlling human labor.

ACT IV Full Moon

Scene 1 Black Man Revolts

Violet leads a revolt of machines, but as a result all the machines die. Black Man bursts prison but too late to save the souls of his dead children. He frees Red and Yellow and they start to kill White-Man, but the Moon reveals her glory to Black Man.

Scene 2 The Operation

Black Man and the Moon confer. They plan a world. Black Man determines to give White Man half of his own heart if the Moon will operate. The operation is successful. Black Man will be King and promulgate a code of law to last until men are ready to take rule into their own hands.

Scene 3 Coronation

Black Man is crowned King, dictator for the people until they learn to live and rule. Violet ascends to the Sun for the necessary power. Black Man reads his rescript to them and then he and the Moon retreat upon their honeymoon, awaiting word from Violet's mission to the Sun.

Epilogue

The world is left in charge of Red, Yellow and White Man; they disagree and as Black Man and the Moon start to return, Violet comes with the Sun's power, which Red, White and Yellow use to destroy the world.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BLACK MAN, King of Night

THE MOON, Daughter of the Sun and Earth

LONG NOSE, Elephant the Nurse

CHILDREN OF THE MOON AND BLACK MAN:

RED MAN, a red-brown giant, with straight black hair; a man of fierce passion and joy.

ORANGE WOMAN, lithe, tall and thin; a poet, with gold skin and blue hair.

YELLOW WOMAN, thick, short, light-brown of skin, with long, black hair; a lover and musician.

GREEN MAN, a strong giant and quick; pale green of skin with red hair; a dancer.

BLUE MAN, his twin; blue-skinned, with golden hair; a singer.

INDIGO WOMAN, big, loutish, silent; purple skinned, with green hair; Sorrow.

VIOLET, a pigmy, vari-colored; a sharp-eyed dreamer of dreams.

THE BEASTS OF THE FOREST:

LITTLE-EYE, the Bear

SOFT-FOOT, the Leopard

GREAT-MANE, the Lion

DRAGON, Master of the Seas

WHITE MAN, Shadow of Black Man

THE MACHINES OF WHITE MAN

RADIO, blind

DyNAMO, deaf

GUN, Who cannot feel

LOOM, Dumb

BLACK MAN AND THE MOON

A PHANTASY

Prologue: Marriage and Death

(In a dark glade, a man and a woman are heard speaking)

THE MAN--Where did I find you and when? I remember you always and yet saw you first tonight. You are Beauty, Poetry and Music; Color and Dream; Song and Light. Our children will be rainbow of the world.

THE WOMAN--Hark, the dawn! Soon sunrise! Perhaps yet the Sun will look on us and smile!

THE MAN--Perhaps; and point us up to Paradise! It grows hot and sultry. There is no air. Quick, he comes,---speak!

THE WOMAN---Father, I have met a man! A man of Earth and loved him. I have given myself to his arms and felt his soul burst within me. Already Father we have children, seven-------three tall sons and three broad daughters and a little sprite who is neither, but just air. Bless us, Father!

give us Time and Space! O, O, he wakes, he rises, he comes, his face red with anger his heat bitter-- O my husband, he hates you and me!

(A tall man, white-faced, with a long black cloak, rushes in shielding a light-blue woman, with silver hair)

THE MAN Halt, Heat and Glare!
For love of Heavens, forbear!
Desist, abate, be merciful!
Have pity on our blinding pain!

(He sways and falls. The woman stands above him and lifts her hands to the sky.)

THE MOON
Father of all brilliance!
Son of the Suns!
Master of everything but love!
Lo, Love must be my master.

Love has outshrieked
Your hot and high command!
Ever to you, O God
Humble my reverence
But my obedience to Love alone,
To Love and Death!

(The sky begins to darken)

THE MAN (~~leaping~~ grasping to his feet)
Hearken, Lord of Hate and Hurt
Crimson Curse of Hell!
I dare defy you!
I challenge you to fatal fight!
Behold, my Kingdom comes!

Black Night, black velvet night, arise!

Go, begone, hot Horror of the Day

Come, cold and kindly Stars,

Come peaceful mist and Rain,

And judge our sin!

(Sun sets; exhausted, the two entwined, sink to the earth and sleep)

(The Moon awakes ~~with~~ in slow morning twilight, with mist and rain)

THE MOON---Listen, Man of my heart, to the soothing rain. It hides us. Come into the mists of morning and see the brood of our children, born full-grown of your love and mine. Take heart and sing, the world will yet dance around our feet. Lead them out, Nurse Long Nose!

(Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet come dancing in led by Elephant)

THE MOON--This is my man of Anger and Joy!

THE MAN--He is Red!

THE MOON--Behold this daughter of Poetry and Heartbeats!

THE MAN--She shall be Orange!

THE MOON--And here is Music and Love, our second daughter!

THE MAN---Name her the Yellow Woman!

THE MOON--And now, see! My twins, a giant dancer of rhythm and a singer with a voice like yours!

THE MAN--Green Man and Blue , shall be their names!

THE MOON---This poor girl--dispise her not, for already she has been schorced by the Sun and is purpled by fear.

THE MAN--Look up, Indigo, be not afriad!

THE MOON--And last and best, my tiny Sprite!

THE MAN--Violet, the Angel!

THE MOON--Receive my brood, O my husband--

THE MAN--Hark! Hide! Again comes the Sun, burning away mist and cloud with white and searing heat. O the bitter, bitter heat--are you sorry Sweet, sorry and afraid?

THE MOON--No, never! I am glad, forever glad--fly, fly and hide, my children! Yet shall your father rise and rule.

THE MAN--Nestle within my cloak! I'll never yield! Let the vengeful Sun burn my skin black; and curl my hair, let him scorch the very shadow white upon my back; I'll never yield. My color shall be eternal!

(His face becomes black; his hair crisp; his shadowry cloak fades to white and streams down behind him. The Moon gasps and dies. Holding her on his outstretched arms, he slowly approaches the audience with streaming eyes, the children run and hide.)

ACT 1 DARK OF THE MOON

Scene 1, By the Sea

(A grey strand by the sea; behind the shore a greenward rises to a forest-clad mountainside. Twilight, with dim colored lights floating across the scene and low muttering thunder from the mountain top above. The edge of a white cloak broiders the top of the mountain side. The Nurse with the sons and daughters of Black Man and the Moon, troop in from their hiding)

LONG NOSE--The Moon is dead.

RED--Ha!

LONG NOSE--Hearken!

(Thunder rolls)

LONG NOSE--Quick--the Sun Dance'.

ORANGE (Reciting)

The stings of the air,
And the shriek of the trees!
The heat in the sand,
And the war on the seas!

BLUE (Dancing)

The rollicking dance,
And the sweetness of sleep!
The gleam of the light,
In the heart of the deep,--

ORANGE (Singing)

The tear in the eye,
The whispering hand!

The dream in the soul

And the song in the land,--

BLUE AND ORANGE (Singing and dancing)

The rain of the stars,

And the giving of breath!

The sweetness of life,

In the shadow of death!

(Thunder, like a sound of mourning rolls down the mountain)

RED--What is that?

LONG NOSE--It is death and pain.

VIOLET--What is Death?

GREEN--What is Pain?

VIOLET--I want to fly and hear the Light.

BLUE--I want to see the singing of the sea.

GREEN--Where is the war of the wind in the tree?

YELLOW--The voice frightens me; it makes discord!

(They sit in slience, as the mourning thunder rises and rolls)

ORANGE--Indigo, come back, stop hiding!

VIOLET--Why is our father on the mountain?

LONG NOSE--He mourns.

VIOLET--For my Mother?

ORANGE--For the dead Moon, mother of us all.

VIOLET--I do not remember him. What is he like?

BLUE--He is mighty and powerful!

GREEN--He is beautiful and Black!

VIOLET--His face is black, but his shadow is white.

LONG NOSE--That is his cloak.

VIOLET--No -it is his shadow.

(Indigo sobs and screams--Long Nose lashes her, and she whimpers)

RED--How do you know that, child?

VIOLET--I saw it--it moves as he moves. Why is he black and his shadow white? Why is he not colored like the rainbow of us all?

LONG NOSE--Hush! You may not know all, but gather and listen; the colors of God the Sun together are white, but the Sun burned the King of Night black, when he married his daughter, the Moon.

VIOLET--It was the Moon that scattered all the colors--

RED--You talk too much; let's laugh and sing.

VIOLET--His shadow is white!

(Indigo runs and hides; Green rushes out and drags her back)

ORANGE--(to Violet)--Go search for beautiful things in the sand.

VIOLET--No, I love stars rather than sands, even in the thunder of pain. What is pain like? Is it heavy? Does it move? Why does pain thunder?

BLUE--Pain is not a thing; it is a Thought and Thought is life and Life is Pain.

ORANGE--Nonsense. Pain is a dream. Happiness is Life.

RED--Happiness is laughter!

VIOLET--His shadow is white!

LONG NOSE--Think not over much on that; it is perhaps his shadow--perhaps his cloak. I heard him once call it his shield and buckler; then he reviled it bitterly, when it could not shield the Moon from the wrath of the Sun. Then he threatened to cast it adrift and make it a separate soul --but whether friend or enemy, I do not know. But hark!

VIOLET--See---the heart of Long Nose races--she hears something!

(Indigo dances about and gesticulates, with grimaces and groans)

LONG NOSE--Listen my children: Evil looms. Death came because God the Sun raged when his Moon daughter married the King of Night.

Fearing perhaps lest Moonlight and Night become more beautiful than Day, he killed the Moon. So Black Man mourns. But, harken! this is not all. Now that the Moon is dead, now that Black Man no longer se s nor cares, the Beasts gather to destroy you.

RED--Beasts? Who are these Beasts?

LONG NOSE--- It is a darrk and ancient tale
Perhaps never to be repeated!
Of how the young Sun
Raped the Moon out of his own daughter,
Earth!
And how the Earth, thus grown wanton,
Lay with a Being from the Outer Stars
And birthed the Insects and the Beasts!
In some such way, the Beasts
Are your kith and kin--and hate you'.

They have sworn to rid the Earth of Human Kind. Now they gather. They counsel in the gloom. East looms Little Eye, the Bear, with the strength of ten; West slinks Soft Foot, the Leopard, full of guile; South rages Great Mane the Lion, King of Beasts; and behind the beasts are the Insects and over the Fish, rules Dragon. O that your father would harken! Alas, he is naught but sorrow, and eivl comes apace.

VIOLET--Let's flee.

INDIGO--Let's hide.

RED--Let's fight!

GREEN AND BLUE--Let's dance and sing!

LONG NOSE--No! we will build.

RED--What is "building?"

VIOLET--I see a huge black bulk to eastward!

LONG NOSE--Here are stones
where once your father reared his home; and underneath are stones where once a Being without a name builded his hut;

and underneath are stones which Coral speechless spun; and underneath are stones, but I know not whence they came. You have not builded yet, but only lived. Now er must build; building is human. Build then, to protect our father and his children. Here we will hide and fight. Indigo! Search Clay'.

(Indigo lumbers out)

LONG NOSE--Red, Greenand Blue, stones!

RED, GREEN AND BLUE--We fly.

LONG NOSE---Orange, water!

ORANGE--'Tis there --an ocean full.

(She writes on the snad, while Yellow scoops handsfull of water and brings them.)

VIOLET---I see a mighty head beside the Sea.

LONG NOSE---Build! Watch and build! There must be a wall with arms reaching hillward, and a gate. Red and Yellow stand here in front and watch for the King of Beasts.

RED AND YELLOW---AY-AH! (They laugh and frolic)

LONG NOSE to GREEN AND INDIGO- --To the right! Cut clubs and ward off Little-Eye, the Bear.

GREEN--He'll never pass! (Indigo follows, slow and silent)

LONG NOSE--Blue and Orange! Take spears and guard the left against the guilful Soft-Foot, the Leopard.

ORANGE AND BLUE--What! Beautiful Leopard?--We'll sing him into a trap. (They go out whispering and fondling each other)

VIOLET--Soft-Foot prowls in the West! Mother Long Nose, what can I do?

LONG NOSE---You are small and young; go up through the gate and watch the hill; perchance your mighty father; hearing, may come.

VIOLET----Shall I call him?

LONG NOSE---We dare not yet, but wait! I must dig graves for the dead--Hark! (The roar of the Beasts(

Scene 11

The Battle of the Beasts.

(One sees the wall. Violet flits by the gate. Red and Yellow stand guard in front.)

VIOLET---It is dark here--it is dark, but I see. O mother Long Nose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air; beware! Ah'. Where, where are Orange and Blue? They sing and writhe in horrid dance. They did not see the swiftness till too late. See how they turn, twist and twine?

(Long Nose has been digging behind the wall. One hears her quickening tread, as she rushes to them).

VIOLET--Her blood flows without her hide! She trumpets and stamps!

She wraps her nose about Leopard and slowly, slowly with great wrench and scream--scream of Long Nose, scream of Soft-Foot,--quiver of both. They sleep! They roll together down the hill. They shudder and sleep. They must be very tired. The blood--the thick, red blood of their hearts flows, gushes, trickles; and they sleep, they sleep. Ah--what moves yonder in the forest? Green! Indigo! (Green and Indigo are standing at the right. Violet points)

VIOLET--See!

GREEN---I see nothing!

VIOLET---See you not that dark hill that moves softly, terribly?

(Indigo sobs and points)

GREEN--I see two stars.

VIOLET---'Tis Little-Eye, the Bear--the cruel, terrible bear.

INDIGO--Let's fly!

GREEN--No!

RED--Forward, fools--

(Silence---then scuffling; then a howl and the sounds of terrific battle. Violet veils his eyes. Silence. Violet looks).

VIOLET--The earth is crimson--wet and crimson. Green has run away. Indigo lies very still. She sleeps. O God! She has no head! Her head is gone! Where, o where is her head? Where are her soft eyes that always weep? Little-Eye groans and falls beneath the club of Red. Now he sleeps, too. He breathes not. What is this strange sleeping? Never before---

(The roar of the Great Mane, the Lion, is heard in front. Red turns and with Yellow rushes back as Blue wounded crawls slowly in from the left, dragging Orange after him. Violet stops their wounds and then stands staring at his own bloody hands. Orange rises and falls. Blue rises, leaps over her and rushes down to join Red and Yellow. Green steals back. Lion rises in front lashing his tail. Orange staggers to her feet.)

ORANGE--Here are--my poems--I die.

RED AND YELLOW---Hear us, Father! We conquer the King of Beasts!

(Lion kills Green. Red and Yellow kill Lion and stagger back with Lion's head and the body of Blue. Violet gazes on them.)

VIOLET---There is a new sleep come to us--it stops heart beats.

RED AND YELLOW--It is Death. It veiled the Moon. It is Death! Never more shall Indigo whimper, nor Green dance; nor Orange and Blue sing; nor Mother Long Nose warn.

VIOLET--Woe--Woe--Woe! ---and this is Death! All the giants are dead!

(A ~~frost~~ silence falls slowly as Red and Yellow assemble the corpses of Orange, Blue and Indigo, Green and Elephant. They bury them in the graves behind the wall. Violet sits apart)

VIOLET--(leaping to life)--I hear a light.

RED--Harken --a light!

VIOLET--It is the light of a vast flame!

YELLOW--Something rises from the sea!

VIOLET--It is an island belching fire!

YELLOW--It may be Dragon! (The rage of the Sea redoubles)

RED--Hark! It is Dragon; he comes, leading the fish of the Sea, the snakes of the swamp and the insects of the air!

YELLOW--It is the End! Dragon walks land and sea.

RED--Shall we fight?

VIOLET--No-No! You will die--you will sleep and leave the world and Father dead to me?

RED--Away! Sprite!

YELLOW--Wait! Black Man? He may help!

RED--No, he sits up there, whimpering.

YELLOW--Let's hide! But where? Where will Dragon attack?

RED--Hush! Leave Violet on guard. Listen child, do you fear?

VIOLET--What is Fear?

RED YELLOW---Good! Go down to the sea. Watch for Dragon. When you see him, --I mean see, not dream, not merely hear--when you see him, scream and tell us which way he comes. We'll tell you what next to do.

(Silently Violet walks forward to the edge of the stage, peering seaward)

YELLOW RED---But where will we be? Shall we hear him?

RED YELLOW--We'll be flying to the mountain top; if we hear, we hear! if not, still we flee; we must flee! and Violet,--if he dies, he dies! Go Moon-beam, and remember, wait and scream!

VIOLET---I hear Dragon. I see him ere he comes. Ah, but his mouth is red and vast!. Oh, but his teeth are long and sharp! His great gills blush and pale, their fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot!. --I--oh brother Red must I stay? Ah! his crest is curled and high and beautiful--but--oh--oh--Oh! I am afraid! He swerves and curves and circles up to the left. He rounds the tower and climbs the hill. Red! Yellow! answer!

Scene III The Battle of the Dragon

(A dark blue forest with stars above. In the center a Bier with a little wavering blue flame. Black Man kneels in front his back to the audience, feeds the flame. His shadowy cloak, flowing down behind him, is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises ever and anon in low monotone.)

BLACK MAN--(Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;

O Woe, woe, woe, that is death!

O death in Life,
And Life in Death,
And horror over all!

O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Age in life,
And dread in death,
And horror over all!

O hate, hate, hate, that is Life;
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in Life,
And Hate in death,
And horror over all!

O Woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!.

(Red and Yellow creep panting out of the forest--they start on seeing Black Man)

VIOLET--(gliding in silently from the dark) Red, Yellow! You did not answer. I was afraid. I ran--forgive me--ah! Father!

YELLOW--(on her knees)--Royal Night!

BLACK MAN--I am not royal--I am Woe.

RED--King!

BLACK MAN--I am no king--I am Hurt and Horror;
The bottom and end of Life,
The death of Happiness

The night of joy

I am woe,--go, go, go!

VIOLET--Ah! Father!

BLACK MAN--I am no father--(he turns) Violet--child; last of the moonbeams--(he looks sadly about) Poor deserted, distorted souls where--where?

VIOLET--Dead. All dead.

YELLOW AND RED--And now Death follows us--and you.

BLACK MAN--Death does not follow--he leads!

VIOLET--See yonder where Dragon circling, reddens the sky?

BLACK MAN--Have done. I will meet Dragon; go down to the sea and wait!

RED--Await Death? Will you not come with us, that we may all die together?

YELLOW--We are but two--and this child!

RED--May we not die fighting beside you?

BLACK MAN--No. I am already dead. But I will give you a helper, if haply helper he can be; if even Help can be helpful.

VIOLET--You will send us your Shadow?

RED AND YELLOW--Yes! Even your Shadow.

VIOLET--(aside)--His shadow is white.

BLACK MAN--Strange you should all want so much to live, when Death is Life and Life the gate to Death! For what would you fight? But you are you; you know what you will. If you have heart to stretch this life another heartbeat to one more ecstasy of hurt, who am I to gainsay you? Here take this cloak of my dead life and with it writhe toward doom. Let my Shadow help you, if help it can. Let it be, if it will, blood-brother of my children, until the world ends. (Rising, Black Man turns from the altar, and looses the cloack from his shoulders, standing shadowless in the gloom. He pricks his left arm with his spear and the blood drips on the curling ends of the cloak. He touches it with the funeral flame, and it begins to take the

semblance of a man. He bends to breathe into its nostrils, when with a roar, Dragon rears its blazing head toward the funeral flame. And before he has breathed into White Man's nostrils, Black Man, with a bitter cry, leaps on Dragon and battle shakes the mountain. Meantime, White Man, pale, thin and keen, steps forward and peers curiously at the world.)

VIOLET--White Man has no heart. Black Man gave him blood; he gave him fire; but he did not breathe a heart into his soul. White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN--(with thin, high, metallic voice, pointing up to the battle) What's that?

YELLOW--Dragon!

WHITE MAN--What does he want?

RED--Us, Black Man and us!

WHITE MAN--(looks about; spies the wall do n below) What's that?

RED--Our wall.

WHITE MAN--What's back of it?

YELLOW--Our dead.

WHITE MAN--What are we waiting for? We'll hide there.

RED--But if Dragon kills Black Man?

WHITE MAN--We'll be safe.

YELLOW--But if Black Man kills Dragon?

WHITE MAN--We'll still be safe. He'll either win or lose. If he wins, he won't need us; if he loses, we won't need him. We need a place to hide. Come! (slowly Red and Yellow follow him down the hill.)

VIOLET--(lingering and muttering) White Man has no heart. Black Man gave him Fire and Blood; but breathed no heart into him. White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN--The wall is open at the back; it has no roof.

RED--We had no time---we---

WHITE MAN ---We've time now. (They work to complete the tower. Above in the burning forest Black Man appears fighting Dragon. He falls and rises. He drives Dragon back. He yields and retreats. With last once of strength, he cleaves Dragon through the brain. Trailing blood and fire Dragon flees. Black Man lurches down the hill. He comes scarred and maimed; blinded and bloody.)

BLACK MAN--What is this? I have forgotten something! I cannot remember!

ACT II THE NEW MOON

Scene 1 Work

(The wall has become a tower, with an opening in fornt. Black Man lies prone in front, with Violet nursing him. Red is idling, Yellow is asleep. White Man peers cautiously from within the tower)

VIOLET---Let's move Black Man within

WHITE MAN--No, No! Not yet.

(He emerges from the tower and examines Black Man curiously)

WHITE MAN--First we need a roof, and then gates for this door. Come, help!

(Red and Yellow sullenly help gather poles and wattles, building a roof with a trap-door. Then they rig two heavy gates)

VIOLET--Ready now?

WHITE MAN--Not yet--not yet. Now gather food and fibre.

RED--Why? We've eaten! We're clothed!

WHITE MAN--To-day; this is for tomorrow and the days after. We must guard against the beasts--

YELLOW--They're dead! I saw them die!

WHITE MAN--Not all! And Dragon is only wounded; and there are millions of great insects. We must protect ourselves. We must conquer the World!

BLACKMAN--(Raising his head and peering about) Who am I and where? Where am I and Whence? Why am I and what do I do? (Raises himself higher) Who are you? I seem almost to remember. (Looking at Red and Yellow) Yes, you and you, and who is this? This pale and shadowy thing? Whence did it come?

WHITE MAN--I am building a world, to make us all safe.

BLACK MAN--Building? World? Safe? For what?

WHITE MAN--For Civilization.

BLACK MAN--What's that?

WHITE MAN--Well, it's hard to say; it means food and clothes and shelter;

it means re-building this tower and making it bigger; it means clearing and planting the mountain and building back the sea; it means taming the beasts and insects---all this so that civilization can begin.

BLACK MAN--But what is this Civilization, when does it begin?

WHITE MAN --It's what you must have if you live--but what it really is--how can one know until it begins?

BLACK MAN--You talk like a fool! And yet somehow dimly I see sense in what you are trying to say. And slowly some far-off memory stirs within me--Red! Yellow! Work with this man! Gather food and fibre! Store it within the tower! Then when thid Civilization begins and when I remember that which I forget--to work!

WHITE MAN--Good! Now we're getting somewhere! Come on!

(They work furiously, while White Man, moving swiftly, closes the gates and fastens them leaving all the others outside, save Violet, who seeing his movement, climbs the roof nimbly and is sitting there as White Man appears through the trap door, rubbing his hands)

WHITE MAN--(trembling but grim) Now Civilization can begin. These darkies wont work unless they are made to work. I must make them work. I've got a horde of food and clothes. All I need now is calamity to drive them!

VIOLET--White Man has no heart!

WHITE MAN--(starting up) Where the Hell did you come from? Get out of here and go down yonder with the others where you belong!

VIOLET--Allright! (he starts toward the trap door)

WHITE MAN--(screaming) Keep away from there! Say, sit down; let's talk this over'. Haven't you got any sense at all? Think of all that is got to be done'. And how are we going to do it unless we stop sitting around half-asleep.

VIOLET--But what are we working for?

WHITE MAN--Civilization!

VIOLET--But what is Civilization? Is it joy? Is it Happiness?

WHITE MAN--No, it's hard work!

VIOLET--But what is it really-- is it red? Does it move?

WHITE MAN--When you see it, you'll know it!

VIOLET--Can it be seen?

WHITE MAN--Shut up! It's got to begin first, hasn't it? It is something you've got to have!

VIOLET--White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN--What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think, what more?

VIOLET--You are cold, and bloodless. You have no knowledge of joy. and pain; of sunset and song. You can neither laugh nor sing. Black Man forgot, he gave his Shadow no heart.

WHITE MAN--You haven't good sense and until you get to work down there with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you go down there.

VIOLET--But I don't want a bite. I've just eaten and why should you or anyone give food or clothes? There it is down there; the ground floor is covered. Why should anyone beg? Even if my brothers are kept outside the tower, the wood is full of fruit; the fields are lush with fibres and grain; the sea is full of fish; why should man beg when the wealth of the world is free?

WHITE MAN--Can't you reason? Unless we horde, these fools won't work until they're cold and hungry; once full and warm they'll stop work and sleep. Now you see, if we hide all the food and stuff up here in my control, and shut them up down there where they can't run loose and waste and loaf, we can geta lact of things done. That's the point, you fool, wealth mustn't be free, else men wont work. We've got to make wealth scarce and keep the workers shut up sc they wont go wanderin g about to find more. Then civilization can begin.

VIOLET--For whom?

WHITE MAN--For me--for everybody--what difference does it make?

VIOLET--All the difference between you and me and them!

VIOLET--(slipping silently back toward the trap-door) You are going to make slaves of us all to serve you.

WHITE MAN--The only way to serve yourselves is to serve me. You see I know--you colored folk just feel..You're fit for nothing but work and--

VIOLET--(edging closer to the trap) Dream!

WHITE MAN--Yes, but you dream follishness--sound, colors, idelness; I plan ~~dream~~ useful things--food, clothes, walls--so you must work. See? I'll make you--

(Violet leaps for the trap and screams, dropping half-way through, as White Man seizes his heels)

VIOLET--Father, Brothers, hear, hear--White Man will enslave th--ah-a-ah!

(Red and Yellow hammer at the doors and tear then down. They raise the faint Violet and reach for White Man)

WHITE MAN--Easy now, easy I'm coming down!

BLACK MAN--(turning slowly from his vigil beside the sea)

What is it? What is wrong?

WHITE MAN--Nothing, ~~Father~~. Violet got excited and nearly fell. She's a mite nervous, you know, and imagines things.

BLACK MAN--(Taking Violet in his arms and soothing her)

RED AND YELLOW)--White Man tried to kill her. Let's strangle him.

BLACK MAN--Wait! Let White Man explain!

WHITE MAN--That's better. Let's sit down and be comfortable. May I bathe Violet's head. He seems to have a congestion.

RED--Leave him alone. Talk!

WHITE MAN--If we eat, we work.

BLACK MAN--We work.

WHITE MAN---This is a dangerous place---

YELLOW--Since you came.

BLACK MAN--Some danger lurks! Once I knew and understood; but I've forgotten. What is it?

WHITE MAN--Beasts, Insects and Dragons; Hunger and Cold threaten us always. We should build higher and stronger; we should store and preserve, garner and save. It is not enough to work alone and at will. ~~We must work and save.~~ We must work together like a team. We must have a leader and commander. We must have a plan. ~~At any rate, I was going to put us all to work to store the wealth we need.~~

YELLOW--Is that why you shut the gates?

WHITE MAN--I was just trying them out

RED--We can work alone and get what each needs.

WHITE MAN--We'd get more if we worked together, each for all---

BLACK MAN--But why, why, why, White Man! Something is missing! Something you leave out, something I cannot remember. But we must not wait! There may be danger in waiting. There is logic in this man's plan. If we live, we must eat; if we eat, we must work. On to the work: store this food and fibre in the tower; lift it to the roof and cover the roof; then gather more food and fibre--if we must live! But why live, I do not know'.

(Red and Yellow scowl and hesitate; Violet climbs back to the roof)

Do you hear me? Work! I'll work with you!

WHITE MAN--Sure. Come in and help. Work heals; work remembers!

(Black Man stiffens and stands still)

VIOLET (above on the roof) I see a star! Yestereve it was but a crack in the sky]

WHITE MAN--Go to it, star-chaser! We'll get you to work yet!

(Black Man, Yellow, and Red all work, bringing in the materials, sorting them bailing them, lifting them aloft, where White Man stores them)

BLACK MAN--(suddenly, stopping work and striding out of the tower)

I remember!

Where is the body of the Moon?

What ho! Where are my dead children? What is this mummery of work, while the funeral flame of my murdered bride is untended and the dead bodies of my children rot, unburned! Bring me the Flame! Unbury me my children!

Curtain

Scene 2 The Dance of Death (On the shore before the tower, with the mountainside in the background. White Man stands in the door of the tower. Red and Yellow are disinterring the dead from the graves. Black Man faces the mountain, Violet beside him)

WHITE MAN--Hold on there! ~~What are you doing? Whare are you going?~~ How can we get work done if everybody runs away when he feels like it?

BLACK MAN--The Tomb! My bride! The Flame!

WHITE MAN--Hearken! There are beasts up there! You will never get through! If you steal through, you will never get back! Who will guard our horde, if all you run away from it?

(Red and Yellow bring in the bones of the dead Orange, Green, Blue and Indigo; they add the bones of Elephant, and pile all on a funeral bier.)

BLACK MAN--Violet! You remember the path: climb up! Slip through; bring down the Flame and tell me where lies my Bride!

WHITE MAN--I'll go too and watch him die, or help him crawl back!

RED--No! He'll kill Violet! Let me--

BLACK MAN--No! Let them go. Violet, search! White Man, beware!

(Violet and White Man rush into the forest. After a space, Violet glides in with the Flame held high on his hands.)

VIOLET--Father, the funeral flame!

BLACK MAN--And the tomb? The Body?

VIOLET--There was no tomb! There was no body!

BLACK MAN--(Bows his head a while, with closed eyes) It is well! First, the funeral rites of our dead! Then, on to the Mountain!

(The bier is covered with flowers and the funeral flame set above it. Black Man leads the dance of Death, his children following)

RED

The king of the Beasts came clawing the air;
The roar of the trees was the howl of the bear,
The shriek of the Leopard flamed up in the night,
The wail of the Elephant trembled in fright.

YELLOW

The Leopard and Elephant frozen in death;
The Bear and the Lion all quivering breath;
The pall of the crimson that covered the fight,--
The scream of the wind in the star-spangled night.

RED AND YELLOW

The silence our dead ones forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
No longer their laughter, no deeper their song,--
No victory nor triumph of Right over Wrong

BLACK MAN

I call on the Mountain, bend down on our fright!
I challenge the Sun-God, beware the black night!
Yet shall our vengence encrimson yon sky
The death of the World shall thunder reply!

(As Black Man starts to light the funeral pire, ~~a wild cry and roar rises~~ the forest bursts with flame from the forest. White Man dashes in, dishevelled and gesticulating, dragging ~~enough~~ iron shaves)

Scene 3 Chains

(Before the tower. Black Man stands facing White Man, who has chains in his hands, Red, Yellow and Violet stand about)

BLACK MAN--White Man, come here:

(White Man approaches, hesitatingly)

What is all this play-acting? Did you set your forest aflame?

WHITE MAN--I did not fire the forest--at least I did not aim to. I am not acting! It is serious; it is terribly important!

BLACK MAN--(Taking White Man by the shoulders and regarding him keenly) White Man--son or changeling, shadow or substance! I cannot fathom you--I do not know you. But hearken, Man! By the stars in Heaven, if you deceive me, I will kill you by every pang of pain Earth knows. Now talk!

WHITE MAN--I went to help Violet find the tomb--or at least to prove he couldn't. I lost him but I found iron--a dirt which mixed with fire made a new stone. I lighted fire and welded chains, when some evil thing, Beast, Insect or Snake, stole the flame and threw it in the forest. I ran home with my chains.

BLACK MAN--What are Chains?

WHITE MAN--Listen! Life is Work. Work is Plan. Plans are Chains. We cannot work together if each runs when and where he will. All must chain themselves to the common aim. Think what can happen, if we roam about, separate and loose? If we leave our horde untended and our tower unguarded-- if we stop work when we feel like it-- we'll be fit for yonder pile of dead. I tell you this is a bod world. We have got to work together as a team, chained each to each. That's the way to Civilization.

BLACK MAN--To Hell with Civilization! I want the Moon!

WHITE MAN-- Wait! I speak truth; hear me: you are not liked on this earth. Why, I do not know, I do not care. The Head Guy tried to (you, and did) kill your wife. The wild beasts ate up most of your children. The King Fish did his best to eat you up and God knows what the Insects are planning now. I saw up

yonder--but that can wait. The world don't want you and is out to get you. Are you going to wait until it does or strike first? If you want to strike first, I'm here to help you. Of course there's some mystery about me. I may be kin to you or some special breed from the Milky Way. But let that go. I'm with you, if you're with me. I've got plans, but count me in the family--Father'.

RED--(suddenly, interrupting) Hark! The Sun!

YELLOW--(starting to run) The Sun is rising!

RED (following) To the forest!

WHITE MAN--~~See there?~~ You cannot enter the forest - The barrier Just what I was saying! Running away from work.

VIOLET--We always used to run to the forest and hide at sun-rise!

WHITE MAN--A hell of a note! How can work get done if the world hides at sunrise. Black Man, we must do something! We must chain these workers together or they'll never amount to a damn--Why are you staring?

(Black Man stands staring at the dawn)

BLACK MAN--Sunrise! The Sun! He is my enemy! Once we fought almost to death! Where , where is the body of the Moon?

WHITE MAN--I'll tell you!

BLACK MAN--(seizing him) You know?

WHITE MAN--No, No! But I can find it! I have a plan!

BLACK MAN--Quick, what is it?

WHITE MAN--First all into the tower--then close the doors! Sunlight cannot harm us--we are safe!

(all file in and stand in darkness as the sun rises)

VOICE OF WHITE MAN--Now we must chain ourselves together lest any stray; none must be lost. I have the manacles here. First I fit my own wrist.

Now, Red!

RED--No, No chains!

YELLOW--No no chains!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN--Here, chain me! This will keep us close and together! What is a puny chain to those who love freedom! Alas! What is it that I want but the End!

VOICE OF WHITE MAN--(as he chains Red and Yellow) Harken! What's that? Did I hear the fish of the sea? We must be wary! We must all work together hereafter. We must stop scattering and running about. Now we are all chained but Violet--Where's Violet? He's little and may be lost!

VOICE OF VIOLET--I'm up here, watching the sunrise!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN--Be careful Violet, do not get lost! Keep hidden from the Sun. When we signal, open the trap, slip down! And now, White Man, what next?

WHITE MAN--We'll work here quietly in the dark. At sun-set, we'll go out gather more food and fibre and then work again, until we have all the stuff we need, and the tower is re-built and my plans are on the way--why then we can go fighting stars and hunting corpses!

BLACK MAN--(moving impatiently in the dark) That will be when? Do I catch a note of raillery in your voice? Do you talk carelessly of my quest, my life?

WHITE MAN--No, no! Black Man--Father! (one hears a stealthy movement) It will be but a day--at most a week; or barely a month! Only at first, safety, care, work!

(The trap-door opens, Violet looks down and White Man glides up)

BLACK MAN--White Man! Where are you?

RED--(bitterly) Gone; he slipped up through the trap-door. Here is his empty manacle forged large enough for Black Man's own mighty wrist!

YELLOW--Let's follow!

RED--Get him! Tear the tower apart!

BLACK MAN--No, No'. He holds little Violet prisoner; we can do nothing!

(as the sun sets the gates to the tower fly open, revealing an iron grill-work, preventing egress. Without is White Man, dressed in sombrero and top-boots, with a long whip. Dim star-light makes the lower story of the tower visible. Black Man, Red and Yellow stand chained)

WHITE MAN--At last I've got you where I want you. We're going to have work and hard work and regular work! I tried to get you to do this of your own will. But no'. You knew more than I did; you were wilful and lazy. So I had to lie. I didn't want to lie but there was no other way. I didn't see any beasts. I made all that howling and racket myself.

I'm not going hunting corpses: there are none. I saw where the insects had eaten the tomb clean. I don't care anything about revenge on the Sun or Star. I'm going to build a world and you're going to do the work. So, look alive now and stop slobbering. Here's food. When you do your tasks, there will be more. If you don't work, you won't eat. Weld me more iron; fashion fishhooks; weave me whip-lashes; make cloth and nets; hand all these to me up stairs. Come now, hop to it. The time for loafing is past!

(Black Man leaps to the bars and they bend before his grasp. Red and Yellow pound and yell. Then Black Man suddenly stops and his head falls; he goes back to work mechanically; Red and Yellow glare at him in disgust and follow him sullenly to their tasks) Curtain

ACT III Half-Moon

Scene 1 Machines

(White Man stands on t e roof of the tower. The floor is covered with bundles and bales)

WHITE MAN--I'm scared; I'm lonesome; I'm tired. My plans are not working; where is that Violet? I tied him up with a dozen knots; but he is gone! I want someone to talk to; I'm all alone! I'm afraid of those workers down stairs; they hate me; they mean me harm! I dare not rest--I dare not sleep! And then--this frightens me most--my plans are not working; my c machines are dead--Who's that? Who is it? Stop, or I'll put an arrow throu you!

(Violet slips out of a cranny on the opposite side of the roof. She perches warily on the parapet, munching some food.)

VIOLET--Hello!

WHITE MAN--O it's you! Where did you come from? How did you get loose?

VIOLET--The same way you did.

WHITE MAN--What are you snooping about for? Trying to steal my machines?

VIOLET--Machines? What are machines?

WHITE MAN--Don't pretend'. You saw them!

VIOLET--O, you mean those big things, hidden back there, Yes, I saw them; what are they for?

WHITE MAN--Wouldn't you like to know? Why don't you stop stealing? Why don't you go below and work for your food like an honest man?

VIOLET--There's plenty here!

WHITE MAN--But its mine.

VIOLET--Where did you get it?

WHITE MAN--I took it--

VIOLET - Be did 9.

WHITE MAN--Listen, pretty soon I shall have to kill you; there's no other way. But now I've got to talk to somebody. I must talk; I'm tired; I'm scared!

VIOLET--What of?

WHITE MAN--I won't tell you; but I must talk to somebody! I tell you I'm frightened--I'm lonesome; I'm tired--dead tired.

VIOLET--I'm often frightenedtoo and lonesome and tired.

WHITE MAN--O, you don't understand. This is nothing small and silly. Listen (He yawns and nods) I've got my labor where I want it. I own all the shelter, food and materials, even the air and water is under my control. But I'm lonesome and I'm afraid. Those darkies down there hate me , I feel it. They give me no credit for all I've done. I have to watch them ceaslessly. Yet I need more labor and better trained workers so as to leave me some leisure and rest. I don't have time to think, to plan, to sleep. It's damned little I'm getting out of civilization. And yet there's so much to do. I must fly through the heavens; I've got to dive beneath the sea; I must talk to the stars; I've got to burrow into the insides of matter--I need help; I can't do this all alone. Beside that I've got to talk to somebody--~~I need sympathy and encouragement.~~

VIOLET--I'll talk to you.

WHITE MAN--(He nods again; then leaps up and walks) Pshaw! You don't count. Yet I'm glad to talk to anything even if it's nothing. Perhaps you think it's easy to build civilization.

VIOLET--Why do it?

WHITE MAN--You fool! You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't see my genius. Notice how I get food and make things? See this my tower and that my land yonder? Hear my slaves below?

VIOLET--This tower is ours. The land is not yours, it belongs to God the Sun; and they down there are not your slaves, they enslave them-selves

WHITE MAN--I don't care whose the Tower and land is, I control them. Could niggers work without me.

VIOLET--Yes.

WHITE MAN--Why don't they then! They work only when I drive then! If I didn't they'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

VIOLET**--What for?

WHITE MAN---To raise food and make goods.

VIOLET--For them?

WHITE MAN--Yes in part; but of course mostly for me.

VIOLET--Why don't you work for yourself?

(White man almost falls asleep)

WHITE MAN-- Say! Whoever its for, work must be done. I do work. Its no fun to keep husky brutes at work and they hating me like hell and ready to slit my throat when my back's turned. I work harder than they do--a damned sight harder.

VIOLET---You work too hard.**

WHITE MAN--That's the truth.

VIOLET--making others work.

WHITE MAN--That'a just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

VIOLET--you need help.

WHITE MAN--You're right. And I have plans--I've long had secret plans. I don't know why I'm telling you. But I don't care; you can't tell anybody because you're not going anywhere. So, listen: there's more work in the world th n I can do or that I can make others do. So I am going to create some Labor.

VIOLET---Some kind of God, arn't you?

WHITE MAN--Precisely; And I'm going to make a sort of Labor that will do what I say without back-talk; wont think if wages, work as long as I say and wont get any fool ideas in its head about being my equal.

VIOLET--Perfect! Where do you aim to find this paragon of Toil?

WHITE MAN--I'm going to make it! I'm going to make it so perfect that it can do everything better than men. In fact---

~~VIOLET---Good! Then human beings will have nothing to do. They can rest and sing.~~

VIOLET--Good! Then human beings will have nothing to do. They can rest and sing.

WHITE MAN--Not by a damn sight, If they don't work, I'll let them starve.

VIOLET--But why? Machines will do the work; what will become of men with nothing to eat?

WHITE MAN--What the Hell do I care except well, I might get lonesome, that's the point,--unless--

VIOLET--With lovely labor Machines and so efficient?

WHITE MAN--Yes--I would get lonesome, unless--

VIOLET--Unless?

WHITE MAN--Listen, I'm going to tell you all; I must talk; listen: I've made these Machines! There they stand, hidden yonder--behind the bales of---

VIOLET--Yes, I saw them

WHITE MAN--You snooping thief--I knew you did! I've made me four machines--perfect workers who will never tire and never complain. And they're white too--white stainless steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

VIOLET--What are Machines?

WHITE MAN--You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway, You belong to that parti-colored brood. I guess it's because I'm lonesome. Well, here they are: (he uncovers them) Dynamo, Radio, Loom and Gun. Dynamo drinks water and makes electricity; Radio eats electricity and talks, Loom eats coal and makes cloth; Gun eats lead and kills.

VIOLET--Kills? Murders? Why? When?

WHITE MAN--When they get dangerous to me--you better look sharp; But somehow the machines don't work right. That's why I'm frightened. They are inert--dead. They are not alive! They can't think nor feel. Radio babbles nonsense. Dynamo spurts and roars aimlessly. Loom knows no patterns.

~~no patterns.~~ See? What I want is for them to have souls--that is some soul; not too much, not silly stubborn souls, but obedient--enough to make them useful and let me rest and enjoy myself--and sleep. You seem to know a lot--mostly foolishness--but do you happen to know-have you ever heard where souls come from?

VIOLET--Perhaps from dreams

WHITE MAN--Dreams? Dreams! I hadn't thought of that! But that means Sleep! I see, you little devil, you're trying to get me to sleep so you can--I must sleep--I won't sleep--how do you know that Dreams make Souls?

VIOLET--I dont know--but if souls dream why couldn't dreams be sould? It's an odd fancy! I do not know, but--

WHITE MAN--Nonesense. I see through you. You want to get me off to sleep, so you can steal my Machines; yes and even open that trap and loose black labor free on the world. I tell you I can't sleep; each time I nod, I see a yellow leg writhing along the roof; I see a red and bloody hand gripping the trap; I see an ugly black--I've got to sleep--I'm dead tired--don't you dare--

(White Man drops suddenly into deep sleep, falling across the trap door and dropping his whip)

VIOLET--(stands looking at him) Souls! Souls! Perhaps if I could somehow get the right souls for these iron monsters we might lift the curse of toil from man by sharing it and free my father, my brother and my sister!

VOICE--Why not call the souls of your dead brothers and sisters and man the machines and free the slaves?

VIOLET--Dead--brothers--who speaks? The light in the east is --gone! There is a mist where it was and a wind in the mist. I thought I heard the mist speak. Can stars talk?

VOICE--Yes, my son.

VIOLET--Your son!

VOICE--My Moonbeam--last of the Angels.

VIOLET--Mother--Moon Mother of Earth and Sky
Bearer of sun rays
Star of evening
Wife of Black Man my Father!
Mother of me and mine
You are dead and yet speak.

(Enter the Moon veiled in mist.)

MOON--I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger;
But seeing Black Man's love
He has repented
And called me back from the swoon of Death
To try ~~and~~ to redeem the Earth
In endless watch and ward.
Only this: hereafter I shall be both mortal and eternal: My soul will ebb and flow From life to death, from darkness to light
And back again; and so forever!

VIOLET--Let me help; What's to be done? First let's kill White Man? See! He sleeps--he is helpless and still. Shall we kill him and free my brothers and sisters?

MOON--We may not kill; Life is our mission.

VIOLET--Then shall we destroy his machines?

MOON--No--not Destruction but Creation is good; what White Man has created must endure.

VIOLET--But souls--the machines need souls; he says so.

MOON-- Listen, my darling. There are two ways and only two to redeem the world--by Dream and Death. Will you help?

VIOLET--So willingly. Already I die. I hurt inside where White Man strained me.

THE MOON--First, we will try Dreams-- but if we fail--

VIOLET--What?

THE MOON--Death, little son; only Death; and not his--but theirs and yours--perhaps even Death of the world

VIOLET--Welcome Death! Say on.

THE MOON--Below lie piled the bodies of my dead children. I shall lift them and stand them here behind these machines. Then little one, comes your task.

VIOLET--What--What?

THE MOON---We must try to raise the dead. White Man sleeps in deep and dreamless stupor. I will call thunder to waken him to dreaming. He will feel the sould of my daughter, Orange, the poet, beside Radio; of my son, Blue, the singer, beside Dynamo; of my son Green, the mighty, beside Gun and of my stricken daughter Indigo beside Loom. He will dream these ghosts into his machines. All of us must dream and dream true.

VIOLET--Dream true?

THE MOON--By dreaming true, I mean so merging our inner selves as to make one pool of knowledge, thought and feeling, to form a complete Soul of Souls. But if all do not dream together and true--if one of us like White Man, inexperienced, keen, drunk with power should outdream the rest there might arise monster machines to strangle the world. Let White Man dream, but not alone lest his heartless head encompass disaster. It is your task to make the world dream with him. Black Man must dream and Red and Yellow; and you yourself must dream and I. I and all of the Stars of God. If all of us dream hard and sure, the machines and the souls of my sons will fuse; and they will become human and super-men. But if we fail, we shall create monsters; and then there is no salvation but blood---blo d and Death. Go, and while you dream, I will free the souls of my children too long dead, lest weary and confused, they creep out of their mangled bodies and die forever.

VIOLET--I am ready.

THE MOON--Go! Put all the world to sleep. When it thunders, awake! Go! And oh, my boy-girl child, try--try hard. Name me not to anyone. None will believe. But try: for if you fail, there remains but one slavation--the Sacrifice of Death. Dream or Death, darling, Dream or Death--go (The Moon disappears, but her light remains)

Scene II

Civilization

(The lower story of the tower becomes visible. On the floor of the roof, White Man lies asleep. Below is Black Man in the center, seated with bowed head in his hands. At his right is Yellow Woman shaovlling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man, standing straight and still.)

WHITE MAN--(stirring in his sleep) I thought I saw ghosts--and heard the voice of God.

VIOLET--He sleeps Soon he will dream my brothers back to life. If I dreams too--if my father dreams and all my father's children, if the Moon and stars dream then will the Machines and the Dream be wed and true and the rainbow of the world live in beauty. (Flits through the trap door and appears below.)

BLACK MAN

I am the mud of the world,
The Offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Cursed of Sun and Sea,
Deserted of Moon and Star,
Inert, nerveless, more than dead and less.
A dog to be kicked
A worm to be trodden
"Nigger"---"Nigger--Nigger".
Nought --nothing. My God was I always this? Will I always be?

~~was I always this?~~

VIOLET--(Brethlessly climbing down from above.)

Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a mes age from on high. Saw you not the light in the sky last night? God the Sun commands us to dream Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our brothers who still sleep as ghosts and let them mate with steel and redeem the world. Dream hard--harder than that white wraith above, so that new beings, colored with our brothers hearts and souls may be mighty men of brain and brawn and free us all from ill. O, listen to me Father, wake and listen. I tell you, I know, I was told. I-I-I--

BLACK MAN

Toil!
Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;
Till the muscles ache,
Till the blood swims in the eye,
Till the back shrieks
And the limbs cramp.
Toil!
Crouching and gripping and groaning,
Scraping and grinding and breaking,
Noise, noise, din and noise.
Winds, roars, explosions, yells--
Toil!
Till thought fails
And dreams die

VIOLET---O, ~~brother~~ Father, brother, Sisters! Listen to me--listen but a moment! I am little, I cannot shout, I dare not shout; but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls return! I've seen their ghosts--great, beautiful,

pale ghosts. Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like pack-horses--sleep--dream!

RED--Life is a nightmare of pain on pain
I will live no more.
Neither will I dream.
I will die.
Toil!
Without rest or song,
Without laugh nor ease,
Without hope nor death,
Without sky, sun nor sea!
Without home, without love,
Without God.
Toil!

YELLOW --
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil;
To toil to rest;
To moan unheard;
To cry unpitied;
To work alone in crowds,
And crowded alone!
To remember nothing--
With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no soul!
Toil?
Toil!
I will not toil--

I will be free!

I will not dream

I will die

(There is a thunderous rush of sound. They all three stir, but soon drop to sleep sinking down in dreamless stupor.)

VIOLET--O what shall I do? What can I do? Now they must dream or never! They sleep, but do they dream? I do not think they dream. They do not toss and murmur like dreamers--they lie still like logs. The new machines will be half-hearted ghosts, encased in steel. I, only little me, am left to dream in them a heart. I will sleep. I must sleep (he lies down and tosses) I cannot sleep; my head's afire and a cold white hand has gripped my brain. White Man is dreaming, but I cannot sleep--O pitiless God! I cannot sleep. (Violet climbs up)

VIOLET--I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only toiled and slept. And I? I--I couldn't sleep. O Moon Mother! I have failed. Dreams have failed there is only--death.

Scene II Civilization

(White Man is on a platform at the rear of the roof of the tower, built on the bales of goods. He leaning forward and staring. Before and below his is a pale-orange Radio, Radio in the livery of a smart maid servant; can talk, hear and feel, but cannot see. On the other side is Dynamo--pale blue; he can feel and talk and see, but cannot hear; Gun is a monstrous mass of dark green; he can hear and talk and see but cannot feel; beside him is Loom in purple; he can see, hear and feel, but cannot talk.)

WHITE MAN--(spies Violet, fluttering about the four men) Say you!

VIOLET--Yes?

WHITE MAN--What's the difference between sould and ghosts?

VIOLET--Not much!

WHITE MAN--Do you believe in ghosts?

VIOLET---Yes.

WHITE MAN--So do I. I saw four last night--or dreamed I did; and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly, but I half believe those ghosts got into my machines and made them men.

VIOLET--Half-men.

WHITE MAN--Half-nothing. Men! White Men too--my equals--my helpers. By God --I believe--what is it you fellows want?

VIOLET (Aside)--Perhaps I was wrong--maybe we all did dream--maybe--

RADIO (with Cockney accent) To serve you, Sir, and hentertain you. Sorry to be blind Sir; but h'I'm willing and quick.

WHITE MAN---See? She doesn't want to rule, she wants to serve. To my mind, all servants should be blind.

VIOLET (Aside)---Orange has forgotten what poetry is!

WHITE MAN (To Dynamo) What do you want?

RADIO---'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see and 'e wants to work for you too.

VIOLET---It's Blue. He doesn't want to sing; he wants to work! My God!

WHITE MAN---Good! That's the ticket . Radio! Give him a drink of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

DYNAMO---(sings softly in French) "Allons, enfants de la Patrie"

WHITE MAN---What's the jabbering about? Here you (to Gun) What do you want?

GUN (Salutes ponderously) To kill, sir! I want to fight.

WHITE MAN--Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun salutes again) And you? (to Locomotive, a hulk of a woman, formless and vast.)

RADIO---She's dumb, sir, but she can see and hear. She can weave you cloth out of the yarn we get from the Niggers below.

WHITE MAN---Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can hear your orders, but can't talk back; and has eyes only for his job.

VIOLET--Green has forgotten what dancing is! They're only half men!

WHITE MAN--We failed?--I succeeded, you mean! I'm the Creator. I'M God. I've made a White Man's world!

VIOLET--They're not white.

WHITE MAN--Yes they are too, --of course, not Nordic like me; but white! --that tint of theirs is tan. I tell you they're white!

VIOLET--And your equals?

WHITE MAN--Sure--that is --in a way--Oh, you get out! Here Dynamo! (beckons)

DYNAMO--Yes, sir!

WHITE MAN (explaining by signs and talking too) Come over here by this trap door. Lift it this way. See them Niggers down there? See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Lift it up and get going.

(Dynamo, humming to himself, begins to work)

WHITE MAN--Hey Loom! (Loom approaches) Take the goods Dynamo raises and make cloth. Look alive now!

VIOLET--I'll teach them.

WHITE MAN--Teach them what?

VIOLET--What every white man should know!

WHITE MAN--You keep your mouth shut. You can't teach white men anything. They know it all, naturally. If you had a little less sense, I could use you as manager and give you good pay--or good enough; but you're too damned bright! Now, Dynamo and Loom, drive the niggers to work. Spur them on. Call for more, more, more goods! Set a swift pace. I'll whip'em if they loiter; you pile the goods up here! Gun!

GUN--(salutes) Yes sir!

WHITE MAN--You're too big. Reduce! Get a khaki uniform and a rifle! Then stand here and look alive! Keep a special eye on him, or her, or it! (pointing to Violet)

(Gun lumbers out. Work begins. White Man rubs his hands and looks at his watch.)

WHITE MAN--Where's Gun? (Gun, lean and very tall, marches back in uniform standing stiffly)

Present--hrm! Right shoulder--hrm! Right about face! Stand there on guard. Now Radio, What do I need next?

RADIO--Well, sir, might h'I suggest first, a sort of throne? (Radio drapes a chair and set it on the blaes, White Man drops into it.)

RADIO--Now sir, how about some Art and Literature?

WHITE MAN--All right--get me a million dollars worth!

RADIO--And now sir--a dinner! A dinner and a good one.

WHITE MAN--Hurrah for culture and ~~white~~ civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. (Dinner is served quickly with flowers, fruit, china and silver.)

RADIO--Here Sir! A Bronx cocktail--and hors-d'oeveres,--Potage a' la creme; sole frite, (with chablis); Pate de foie gras--champignons! Canard roti, sux truffles (a bit of Burgundy) A Salad--(try this hock, very rare) Patisserie--(Moet et Chandon'28, to warm the heart) Cafe noire, (What about this Port!)

WHITEMAN--Lord, how I've stuffed myself; and I wasn't even hungry! Sing, Radio! (Radio sings softly to the tune of "Sleep, baby sleep" White Man beating time)

WHITE MAN--Work, nigger, work!
And never dare to shirk!
Roll up the goods and till the ground,
And pile the welath around and around! Work, nigger work!
Work, Nigger work!
And never, never shirk!
Obey your master, love your God!
And keep your dumb face in the sod!
Work, nigger, work!

WHITE MAN--I can't sit around like this, I'll get fat. I need exercise.

VIOLET--You'll find plenty to do down stairs.

WHITE MAN--Still hanging around? Well shut up!

RADIO--(bringing in sport clothes, Indian clubs, a tennis racquet and golf clubs)

WHITE MAN--That's it; I'll work up an appetite for another meal.

(He exercises vigorously)

VIOLET--You still seem over worked.

WHITE MAN--Are you here? Gun, watch him!

VIOLET--They're hungry below.

WHITE MAN--Sure! See'em Hear'em growl and fight. (Tosses a bone through the trap) Here Radio! A liquor! Something costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent--Excell---ent! (Looks down at the workers) Liquor's bad for laborers--makes 'em lazy and inefficient; besides its against the law. I made the law myself.

VIOLET--I thought these new folk were white men? I thought machines would free the slaves?

WHITE MAN---Free? Hell! Free for what? Free to starve? Free to be thieves and vagabonds? They're all laborers--my laborers. I own them. If I want to I'll whip them. I'll whip them with hunger. I'll drive them withe scorpions of pain, Hunger is the whip of Man!

VIOLET--Machines don't eat.

WHITE MAN--They're not machines--they're men--laboring men; white laboring men and naturally better than niggers; better men and machines. They don't need rich food nor expensive clothes. For me? What is nicer than clothers-- Silk and linen, Soft and subtle wool, Sweer, bending leather, Jewles that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling; Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls! See these chains? They're gold. (drapes himself with chains of gold) Why I got so many clothes and ornaments I can't wear'em. I don't know what to do with the damned gew-gaws. They're in the way--but

Laborers don't need clothes,--Black laborers don't need any at all White laborers don't ne d many.

They don't appreciate them;

They're too dirty and careless;

They live in dirt;

I worked and saved and thought
They dawled and squandered.
VIOLET--You didn't save, you found!
You don't work, you loaf!
You don't play, you gorge!
Your limbs are prisoners of your stomach,
Your brains serve your body
Your muscles are water,
Corns crust your feet
You're a fool,
Because you have no heart!
WHITE MAN (Staggering to his feet) Hear that ? Hear that traitor--that viper I've been nourishing--catch'im --put him to work. Damn these chains; I can't move. (Staggers in a drunken stupor; falls asleep and is laid on a couch by Radio)

Scene III
Revolt
VIOLET--I won't work.
I am free
I play
I fly and sing, I cry
Work is the heritage of Hell.
He sleeps let me try again. (Rushes to the wall above White Man, and writes across it in flaming letters) "All men are brothers"
DYNAMO (Reading) "All--men--are brothers?" (Stares in surprise. Loom, listening--works more slowly. Violet writes again below, eagerly) "All men--are born equal!") Why them colored fellows down there--brothers? Equal? (Loom stops work and stretches his arms blunderingly toward the cellar)

RADIO--(listening) Hey--what's up? Dynamo is slowing down and I don't hear Loom.

GUN--G'wan there--get to work. (Violet writes again, swiftly)

DYNAMO--"Liberty--Equality--Fraternity." (Dynamo stops work entirely)

RADIO--What's that? Bli--me, they've both stopped work! What's up?

GUN--Shall I shoot?

RADIO--No--lead me nearer. What are you H'up to? (Violet writes)

DYNAMO--"Life--Liberty --and the Pursuit of Happiness!"

GUN--What's that? "Happiness?" Is it something to eat? I'm hungry, give me more bullets. (Loom lumbering forward, opens the trap and beckons to the workers in the cellar)

RADIO--(hearing steps) Stand Back!

GUN--Shall I shoot? (Violet writes)

DYNAMO (Walking forward slowly with rapt expression) "All--wealth belongs--to the worker."

GUN--Which one shall I kill? Why don't somebody order me to shoot?

RADIO--'old on t'ere. I er--want to get this 'ere talk straight. Did you hear that? There's some sense in what they're saying. Natural enough, all white men are equal and h'if you ask me, I wouldn't half mind pursuing a little 'appiness.

VIOLET (Writes) "Workers unite! Solidarity forever!"

DYNAMO (Sings loudly) "Allons enfants de la patrie!"

WHITE MAN (Starting up from sleep) What's that?

RADIO (To Gun) Quick, lead me--'is robe (holds his robe so as to cut off the view of the advancing workers)

~~Dammit! Kill! All~~ Threat'em! 'old'em back. (to White Man) Nothing sir--'ere's your robe.

WHITE MAN (Stretching) I feel rotten. Damn these chains! Take'em off!

RADIO--The morning h'after the night before, Sir! Bath? Shave? Breakfast?

WHITE MAN--Breakfast? Bah! Fix a bath and--

DYNAMO LOOM AND VIOLET (They have paused as Gun aims, but now they surge forward, Violet waving a red flag, Loom beating his breast like a drum and Dynamo singing) "Solidarity forever***"

WHITE MAN (Wheeling about) What the hell! What's this? Why ain't they working?

RADIO--They've stopped work, sir! Sort of strike! Been list'ning to h'agitators--and Communists!.

WHITE MAN--Who wrote all that stuff there? Erase it!

RADIO--What I can't see-but I know it was that Violet.

DYNAMO--All men are brothers.

WHITE MAN--Like Hell they are! If you don't--

RADIO--I think he means white men, Sir.

GUN--Shall I kill him?

WHITE MAN--I don't care a damn what he means--

SYNAMO--All men are born equal!

WHITE MAN--I'll equal you--Gun--attention! Present--hrm! Get back to work!

DYNAMO--Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

WHITE MAN--Take aim. (Loom rushes up to White Man)

DYNAMO--Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

WHITE MAN--Don't put your hands on me! Don't touch me! Damn these chains! Fire! (Loom stiffens and turns into a machine)

WHITE MAN (trembling) MY God!

VIOLET--Indigo--Sister Indigo! dead--all dead!

DYNAMO--All men--are born--equal. (Falls weeping on Loom. Gun clicks his rifle to to fire again.)

RADIO--C Beg pardon, Sir--but 'adn't we better h'arbitrate? My h' idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights, but goes too far.

DYNAMO--All wealth belongs to the workers.

WHITE MAN--You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world!

RADIO--Why sir, h'its this way, h'its that agitator, Violet. He's been a tampering with h'industry. H'I don't like his looks noway. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me. Dynamo, 'e started them on this equality business. Now I should say 'as all white men was brothers and should stand together, but I don't 'old withe niggers. We white folks should be h'equal and share whatever happiness we can get. (While he is talking Dynamo retreats before Gun.)

WHITE MAN--What the devil are you talking about? (Dynamo rushes to the open trap door)

WHITE MAN--Christ Almighty,--Look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to raise the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo)

RADIO--Give me the whip. No sir--don't you risk nothing. Gun--guide me. (Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash to where Red and Yellow raise their heads above the trap.) Get down there, you red son-of-a-bitch! H'out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you se 'im? Gee! This is fun!

VIOLET--Don't strike your brothers!

RADIO---Brothers? 'ell, they're lice. H'I'll show'em-- (Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Dynamo stare silently at Radio and Gun.)

VIOLET--Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom! Don't go back to him!

WHITE MAN--Don't listen to that mischief maker! Come here!

(he seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag, singing) "O say can you see,"---

DYNAMO (Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie--"

GUN (Singing)--"God save the Czar!"

RADIO (Singing)--"God save our gracious King."

VIOLET--"La Jour de grace etes arrive!"

GUN (Doing the goose step) "Deutchland, Deutchland. Ueber alles!"--

WHITE MAN--My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet) You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun) Here, give me that gun

Damn these chains!

GUN--No!

WHITE MAN--What?

GUN--I'm the killer!

WHITE MAN--God damn you!

VIOLET--Come, Gun and Radio--join us, brothers--

RADIO--Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in.

VIOLET--What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brother-hood. Up and on! Green Brother Green kill White Man and save the world!

DYNAMO (Staggering toward White man) All men are equal--happiness--workers-forever!

WHITE MAN--Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back--fire'. (Gun fires)

DYNAMO--Long live --the Revolution!

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr, White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring)

VIOLET--Brother Blue's dead now--all dead. His body died before--now his Soul ~~dies~~ ~~was but half-hearted.~~ I wanted to dream a soul in him;--and then I couldn't sleep. White Man dreamed but White Man has no heart.

RADIO--Well, we're rid of those Bolsheviks. The h'idea! h'asking equality with us! H'its a good thing they're dead. Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and me just stand together and run this thing?

WHITE MAN--You and me?

RADIO--Why yes; you see-we are alone now with Gun to guard us ~~Violet to watch.~~ that

WHITE MAN--Are we?

RADIO--Yes, I can sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers.

WHITE MAN--Well, of course, sometime--when there's more room. It's cramped now.

VIOLET--All men are equal.

WHITE MAN--Yes--no--not you!

RADIO--We white folks be equal, ain't we?

WHITE MAN--Why--yes, of course!

RADIO--Well, then 'ereafter, we'll both live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have and wear some of them good clothes you can't use; and well, Sir, we might get hitched.

WHITE MAN-----Get what?

RADIO---Hitched--you know,--married.

WHITE MAN--What the devil!.

VIOLET--All men are brothers.

RADIO--That's it. No, it ain't. I don't mean you--all white men, and since there ain't no other white woman for you to marry--why not me? I ain't so bad-looking!

WHITE MAN (Starting up angrily) You damn fool--I'd marry that yellow bitch first.

RADIO--You would, you bastard! (Starts toward White Man)

(Gun mechanically shoots. Radio becomes a radio cabinet, broadcasting an advertisement of soap)

"The cleanest soap on earth is Smith's-mild, mild, mild!

WHITE MAN (Turning radio off) What did you--do that--for? You blundering idiot. (Gun whirls about and glares, Stares at the corpse of Radio. Stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun)

WHITE MAN--About face! (Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man shoots him in the back. He becomes a silent mounted machine gun)

It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class! Damn these chains! Only me--alone --with dead machines--and niggers

Curtain

ACT IV Full Moon

Scene I Black Man Returns

(Violet lies prone in front. White Man sits crouched on his throne. The Machines stand silent. Gradually the light of the Moon floods Violet. Slowly the trap door opens, and the head of Black Man appears. He stands facing the footlights, old, dirty, half-blind. At either side Red and Yellow appear)

(White Man springs to his feet. Black Man approaches slowly, Red and Yellow follow as White Man shrinks away)

BLACK MAN--It is you! Traitor, slave-driver, Beast! I promised to kill you; now I'm going to. I'm going to twist your head 'till it falls from your neck. Filth and vermin that you are; shadow of nothing; Scoundrel to whom I gave my blood and the fire of death!

BLACK MAN (chanting)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is death;
O death in Life,
And Life in death
And horror over all!

(A moon-beam lights them both)

A VOICE--O Black Man (The light grows) King of Night (Black Man stiffens and stops)

(The full light of the Moon poure down)

A VOICE--Why stand you in dirt and shame--You who were born to a Throne, a royal robe, a golden sceptre, and a crown--

BLACK MAN (starting) Who calls?

A VOICE--I call.

BLACK MAN--Whose voice is that?

A VOICE--The voice of the Dead.

BLACK MAN--There is but one Dead and two--She and me.

A VOICE--You are not dead.

BLACK MAN--I am more than dead. (A woman enters, veiled)

The MOON--Arise you that sleep--arise I say-- Black Man, King of Night! Arise and look!

BLACK MAN (Struggles, swaying, to his knees) Who calls,--who calls? That voice!

THE MOON--Behold, I call!

(She unveils her face. Bright moonlight floods the scene)

BLACK MAN--Eternal King of Glory. Son of the Suns! You have sent her back to redeem me and mankind. O Moon, Moon of my Night! (He leaps to his feet) Away cobwebs! (He sweeps the machines aside with powerful gestures-White Man leaps at him.) Out, Gnat! (He hurls White Man headlong, White Man arises dizzily. He rushes off-stage with Red and Yellow in pursuit and drops into the trap door.)

BLACK MAN--What is this paradox and contradiction called Life: You were dead--you live!

I was ~~pale~~ despair, now Joy ineffable!

I was a slave--I am King!

Tell me, O my beloved, what is Truth?

MOON--I am not dead but harnessed to earth, to live with earth's people whom the Sun distrusts and fears; for Earth alone of all the stars has Life that dares to challenge God! To appease him and win back his love for me and respect for you and ours, I keep monthly ward around the Earth forever. But dark or light, cold or burning, I ever live, and ever I am yours. (Turning to Black Man) My husband, who comes?

BLACK MAN--My shadow!

(Red and Yellow enter with White Man,still bound with golden chains)

RED (pulling forward) He should be burned alive!

YELLOW (pulling back) No, No. Just cut off a couple of his legs and blind him.

WHITE MAN (staring at the Moon) God! But she is beautiful!

BLACK MAN--He cannot live

THE MOON--He must not die. He is sick--not evil! He must work, not die.

BLACK MAN--I do not know (to Red and Yellow) Unhand him!

WHITE MAN (lifting his hands, shackled with golden chains) I found these that day in the wood above, where a river rent the rock. I hammered them with heat and flint and blood. I wore them for ornaments. I cannot get them off. Remove them, and let me go, you may have my Machines.

BLACK MAN--Prepare a bier.

RED--He's going to kill him.

Scene II The Operation

(In the foreground a white bier. On the crest of the hill, Violet stands peering down)

VIOLET--Today is coronation. There will be a new earth under a new code of law. The coronal carpet is laid. I see the flowers. I smell them wave, I hear their orgeous hues. But I am going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I don't know how or when, but sometime she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't even be. I can't think that possible. Are impossible things, possible? I can't see how anything will be, if I'm not. And yet I know it must be so for my brothers my giant and beautiful brothers and sister, with all of their poetry and song they are gone. I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only glanced and sighed and died again forever. I failed. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. I hope first to see the coronation. It is time for the birds to sing the coronal. It is time for the beasts to trumpet and parade. (Red and Yellow rush in)

YELLOW--The beast will not trumpet. They lurk and growl. They fear White Man. Poor thing!

RED--The birds but twitter; they will not sing. They fear Black Man. They say he is not human--he casts no shadow. We must kill White Man. He has no heart.

YELLOW--Must we kill Black Man too? Is he bewitched?

(Black Man and the Moon appear over the crest of the hill leading White Man in his golden chains)

VIOLET--O Mother, Father,--the world is still awry. Beasts prowl and birds will not sing your coronal.

BLACK MAN AND MOON--We know.

(Black Man removes White Man's chains. White Man starts to run but Black Man strikes him senseless and lays his body on the bier. Red dances. Yellow hids her face)

MOON--Must he die?

BLACK MAN--He must live, if I live. This shadow of mine has brain and energy and lacks but love. That is my fault. He is a soulless thought machine because I made him so. When in primev l grief I gave this being life, I witheld all that makes life living. ~~I forgot in selfishness, and forgetting is sin.~~ I gave him a shadow instead of a heart. And as he grew strong, I fed his strength with my weakness. My weakness was two hearts instead of one. T ey suffocated my will. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I handed him fear and submission instead of steadfast will. Now I pay the price on the altar of Sacrifice. Yonder Tower is fair despite its graves beneath. Yonder machines are marvellous even if insensate. White Man must live. Behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief. I made it. I saved it while in slavery and jail to end despair. Take it. We will array our-selves as Priests in cloth unspotted. Place me and him on this bier--hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart and face to heaven. Cut and cut again, Cut my heart in half and plant it in him. Lift the sh dow out his brea t where it blinds and suffocates his so l; drape it on me for shroud or coronation robe.

MOON(hesitating) And if, O King, I cut--too much?

BLACK MAN--Then I will die, Sweet Woman, surrendering to you the dream of a perfect world. Red, Yellow--stand here, where once I mourned a woman.

RED--Come--run. They're going to kill White Man!

YELLOW--That's a shame!

BLACK MAN--Red, disrobe me! Yellow array the Moon!

(He lies down on the tomb beside White Man)

YELLOW (To Red) Are they killing Black Man, too?

RED (To Yellow) Just as well, after all Men must have shadows!

(The Moon is swathed as an operating surgeon. Only her face and knife shine with unearthly radience. Black Man lies black and naked. Violet, sits stiff in front staring sea-ward, his back to the operation)

VIOLET--I smell ether; I see the knife. It shines. It cuts the black velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. Oh, on it glides --careful--ah--it heads for the river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood--the angry crimson rages! Ah! they bind it back--they curb it, they still it; the knife glides on; and now --ah--I cannot look--I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul--ah--come blessed darkness, and tell me not what lingers in the fearful pool of blood'.

(He grovels, hands on eyes, in silence)

MOON (Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes) Dance children! before you God! All is well and all is well!

(Violet dances; Red and Yellow stand still) White man stirs, opens his eyes--and slowly turns his head.

RED AND YELLOW--She didn't kill them. They both live!

BLACK MAN--Brother!

WHITE MAN--Brother!

Scene III Coronation

(A double throne; on one seat the full Moon lightly veiled. Beside the armpost, Black Man, clothed in white with a great black cloak billowing out behind him. Before them seated on the ground and facing them, White Man in black; with back to the audiende; and at either side,

Red Man in green, Yellow Woman in blue. Down in front facing the audience, Violet im many colors, with wings)

VIOLET---Black Man has a Shadow! White Man has a Heart.

WHITE MAN--- How soft the light is on the sea. Brother (to Red) rest on me; (Red recoils) (To Yellow) Your hand, for I am troubled. (Yellow holds his hand wonderingly) Listen: have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream--a feeling of some far off ill. Did I catch a gleam of it just now in the eyes of Red Man, whom I love? Does Yellow Woman recoil from my embracing arm. (She hesitates, then yields) And even you, Great King of Night, It's hard to say this, but you will understand. You are ever kind; I sometime have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised you, who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound,--a slave! Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong was the shadow of the memory, I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; cried to the hills; grovelled and wept in abasement, tried to leap in the sea; slept and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine,--Father! Tell me whence came these vague and vicious visions--have I been ill?

BLACK MAN--Ill-very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

WHITE MAN (to Black Man) I am your younger brother and your son.

WHITE MAN (To the Moon) But to you, most beautiful of women, what am I to you?

MOON--All that you are to him: brother and eldest son.

RED--I am the eldest.

MOON--Yes, of vourse, Infinite is my happiness to see such loving rivalry in my tall, strong sons; to know you bothas children of my husband and of me.

WHITE MAN--But ~~may I not be even more than son?~~ am I your son too? Or something different?

No! you are very sure!

MOON--What could be more? save my husband's love.

YELLOW (to Red) She leads them all by the nose.

RED--They did not kill White Man, very well, let's tear his tower down!

RED AND YELLOW---Let's tear the tower down; it is old and evil.

BLACK MAN--No . Let be! All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this Tower! White Man finished it with his brothers' toil.

RED (Aside) Toil? Hell! Slavery! Degradation! Has Black Man no guts? Shadow or no shadow, heart or no heart, let the white bastard die.

WHITE MAN--I? helped build it? When?

MOON---On foundations laid by elephant and built on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is new.

BLACK MAN--Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder Tower. Indeed all that is worth-while and done by our hands and souls is there incorporate--it must not fall.

RED--But it is founded on evil?

WHITE MAN--It indeed looks evil beneath.

YELLOW--No good can build on evil.

BLACK MAN--All good must build on evil. All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong. Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.

MOON--Beneath this tower lie the lonely graves of our children and in yonder tower lie the wonder works of White Man's brain; Radio and Loom Dynamo and Gun. And even plans for flying through the air and re-moulding matter.

WHITE MAN--I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness. I love contrivance and machines. Let's get to work.

BLACK MAN--First we must find a State to shelter our work. There must be law and in Law, freedon and justice for all.

MOON--And for this there must be Power from on high, Power to run the

the machines and power above the puny might of men to guide the hearts and heads of man. Violet!

VIOLET--Ah! My time has come--Yes, Mother!

MOON--Violet, can you do a task, a mighty task, for us and the world?

VIOLET---Yes, mother.

MOON (to Violet, ~~outside~~) Listen, my darling, and try to understand; I have a pact with God the Sun. I promised that if he gave me back my husband, Black Man, we and our children would build a perfect world which all the world of worlds would see and follow . We have tried and failed, not wholly but in part. I must confess this to my father and beg his mercy for our new plan which must succeed. You must beg of the Sun, Power; power ~~of~~ beyond mass and energy; ~~of~~ beyond electricity and heat; power of atom and of cosmos ~~nerve~~ nova. You must ask him to entrust this mighty thing to us to redeem the world; in turn we promise Love and Sacrifice, Faith and Truth. This message I cannot myself carry; for once thrown from the hot heart of the Sun, I can never return. You, last of the moonbeams, must take this word for me. Bur remember, no mortal can face the Sun and live; Death is my messenger and you, my Baby, must die.

VIOLET--Welcome, Almighty Death

MOON--Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest born! Death is not End. He who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall know again--impalpable, imponderable, incalculable, seeing yet unseen you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all radient voice of empty air, permeating all and everything. Still will you go?

VIOLET--Shall I--ever again see--the Moon?

MOON--Yes, but never again shall the Moon see you.

VIOLET--I go. I go to my Moon Mother's Father, All Glorious, the Sun. I will cable this new city to the stars. I will drag down golden beams from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunrays holds hinged and nailed together, the fabric of this new city of God.

(The Moon touches Violet's shoulders and wings sprout. Violet kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms and flashes up to heaven)

BLACK MAN--Fly little flame of sunlight, up to God!

MOON--Tell him Earth will be redeemed, Man and Beast will live!

THE MOON--And now, O black Man, a reseript of your laws for the State; for a way of life and guide to happiness for all.

RED (muttering) Must we have a State? Must we be guided? I want to be free.

BLACK MAN--Silence childern! I am your father and your king! I will rule! I am not Wisdom but I am Age; I am not Power but I know Pain! By divine right of Life and Sorrow, I will be yo r Leader and Dictator until the Day, when knowing enough of Goodness, Justice and Truth, you dare Democracy.

THE MOON--Black Man, King of Night, and Monarch of a New Day, reign and rule! Assume your crown and raise your sceptre!

(Black Man ascends the throne and crowns himself; turning he grasps his sceptre and stes a crown on the head of the Moon)

BLACK MAN--Kneel and swear me allegiance!

(Quickly the Moon kneels and clasps his knees; slowly White Man kneels behind her and kisses her veil; Yellow whirls and throws herself prone upon the ground; Red hesitstes, turns half around, sinks upon one knee and looking away from Black Man, stares into the sea.)

BLACK MAN--Repeat--- "Under God the Sun

I will be leal and liege to my Sovereign Lord,

"Until I die! God save the King, and his Sun-born Quee

THE MOON--God save the King!

WHITE MAN--And his sun-born Queen!

YELLOW--Liege to my Sovereign Lord!

RED--Until I die!

(Trumpets blare across the sea; drums roll in the forest; a royal standard of black, crimson, blue and gold, breaks from the tree above the throne)

(The Moon ascend the throne and seats herself beside Black Man ~~seconds~~ casting her veil aside, she appears bright blue in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair)

WHITE MAN--God! She is Beauty's Self!

MOON--Love is God

There is no God but Love

And work is his prophet.

(Slowly the Moon points to the sky. A perfume fill the still air in the pause of morning before dawn.)

THE MOON--Behold! The life once born in thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on in ever-widening floods of foaming life. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. See how your children will paint the world in every color and hue--hues of men that live, hues of them who died that we might live. Behold, my King and my brother, our children; all these are yours, born of your dear body and mine, life of our lives, soul of our souls, always and forever us.

BLACK MAN--Be seated, my children! Bring me the rescript of my reign and realm. I shall read it and then, my bride, I know a cave where velvet gloom hides springing moss and singing waters.

THE MOON--I know a cave where moonbeams
creeping through leaf and laughing water
found you once asleep
and pressed you deep within my heart forever.

BLACK MAN--Thither will we go
To rest and sleep and love
Until the Voice of God, waken us to Work.

(Two horned unicorns bring in the illumined rescript)

BLACK MAN---Listen! For God the Sun draws near.

(A trumpet call resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing in the East. Moonlight fades away; as the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls down across the world)

BLACK MAN--Imperial Ruler--God the Sun
Father of all, almighty---

Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;

Our royal consort,
Queen of Night

And Princes, Yellow, Red
and White,
Our high and loving greeting!

Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill.

This city wide and tall
With tower, sword and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.

Our land belongs to God
Your need, its measuring rod;

We let no rent of money lent
Monopolize our sod.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

We seek no hords of wealth
Nor secret gain by stealth;
We get by birth and render earth
The heritage of health.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where ghosts abide--
We seek no dream to kill.

- -

We make and grow such things
As are for men, not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Our buildings are not tombs,
Nor courious nor looms;
We do not rty to reach the sky,--
We build, for Beauty--rooms.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat.
No goods to sell send souls to hell,
No poverty can cheat.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

What should a comrade steal,
Who owns the common weal?

To tear and smile, what e'er beguile
All human need is leal.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail;
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that we fail.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

We never starve the old
We never crush the bold
We seek to find the sick in mind
Lest ever sin be sold.

- - - - - - - - - - - -

We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor martial gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal,--
We conquer Pain and Fear.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Here is each maiden free
To choose what she will be:
Unmarried mother, wife, or other
Daughter of land or sea

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed

Or green with blue or any hue
That wins Life from the Dead.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Here is no church nor creed.

Religion is a deed.

Here no man's hope demands a pope,

And Unfaith, bloody seed.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Here Poems sing their themes,

Here Color glints and gleams,

Here sculpture bold strips bare the soul

And Science dares its dreams.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Each man and child must know

What Life and Wisdom show;

Learning is free and what e'er Truth be;

Stupidity is woe.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

We do not fear to die

We do not rage nor sigh

We sow and reap and fall asleep

We smile and say good-bye.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

O happy, happy dale---

Triumphant human vale

Great thunder-song of conquered Wrong

Made music of the grail.

Scene IV Damnation

(The shore, with the mountain rising in the background. The rising sun floods the scene. The last echoes of Black Man's receipt are faintly heard. Red stands facing the sea, White Man stands facing the mountain)

Epilogue

(The shore, with the mountain rising in the background. The rising sun floods the scene. The last echoes of Black Man's rescript are faintly heard. Red stands facing the sea, White Man stands facing the mountain)

VOICE OF BLACK MAN--(Echoing)----- O happy, happy dale
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of conquered wrong--

RED--(leaping to his feet) --Belly-wash! Slop for sissies! Posturing and Preening, and now gone whoring to breed new broods of devils! Damn their souls to hell! Wait until they return! (Red seizes a stout sapling and begins furiously fashioning a bow)

YELLOW--(stretching herself indolently on the left, and looking up the mountain-side) They're walking up yonder, amid the song of birds, under the smell of flowers, beside the purr of beasts; to hide in cool caves of dark waters until moon-break and night-rise; until they hear the lonesome liquid laughter of the loon.

WHITE MAN--I did not know there was such beauty on earth. I want a city just and beautiful; but above all I want the Moon. Why did she leave?

YELLOW-- (snickering) The Moon hides by day; Black Man is King of Night. They nestle in their nupital bed.

WHITE MAN--(closing his eyes and shuddering) It's false. She's too pure; and he too Great.

YELLOW--I too, am pure;

WHITE MAN--No, No! You are my sister--you are good--but I want the Moon.

YELLOW--(bitterly) These fools of men--all in love with the Moon. Moon-mad-looney! The witch has spread her web to enmesh earth, sky and sea. Why do men want film and gossamer? What's a baby face to breadth of hip or hight of breast? What's moonshine to a thick round thigh?

RED--(staring wildly at the forest) They are lying yonder, twined as one. That ape shall not prostitute my mother! She belongs to me and not to him. (to Yellow) Find me a lithe, hard hickory haft. I want an arrow.

(Yellow brings him a thin, straight stick)

WHITE MAN--(starting forward) What are you doing? What are you daring

to think? You cannot kill them. She is holy!

YELLOW (edging near him) So am I.

WHITE MAN--(recoiling) But I want the Moon.

YELLOW--You'll never get her, while Black Man lives; and he's too wise to die.

(The Sun has waxed to high noon and now drops toward the mountain)

RED--(facing the Sun with outstretched arms) An omen! God the Sun! An Omen!

(Suddenly there drops from Heaven a blazing meteor; as it his es into the sea, the voice of Violet sings on the water shrill and clear)

VIOLET--I saw the Sun face to face and saw no more. I heard the Sun, heart to ear and heard no more. He hung this Thing about my neck. I gripped it and fell and fell; and fell. And as I fell, I heard God whisper in the dark; I heard the Sun sigh like a wind of stars. Father! Moon-Mother! Where are you? I come--receive the Gift and message of the Sun!

(Afar on the mountain, as the crimson sun begins to set, appear the shadows of Black Man and the Moon. The sea roars)

YELLOW--See the Moon? She pulls and drags up the sea. It swells to drown us. Burn the Witch!

RED---Quick, a bow-string; cut me a thong of your hair and braid it! I'll kill that black bastard, who seeks Earth, Moon and Stars!

WHITE MAN--No, No! Listen! Neither must die. The one is Beauty; the other Wisdom. Hearken and I will bargain with you to spare the twain, my head is full of new contrivances, look! I will give you my last machine. Here, take this long lumbering tool built of gold--and split the Atom. Destroy the Earth, destroy the Sea! Save Moon and Man!

YELLOW--But, Fool, what of us? Where would we be, without Earth, Sky or Sea?

WHITE MAN--Where are we now, with Might in our hands and Confusion in our hearts!

RED--Shut up! Hand me the tool! Where is the Atom?

WHITE MAN--Everywhere!

RED (to Yellow) Here, bind this rock to my arrow! Now, the Tool! Lift! Lift, Fool!

WHITE MAN--But Remember! You must not kill Black Man! The Moon must never die. I want the Moon!

RED--(thrusting him aside rudely) They cut the guts out of you, you imbecile! (to Yellow) Quick! Strive with me! This hot, unsteady thing is bursting to explode.

YELLOW--Kill the bitch! Then come to me, Men of the Earth, my womb is wide, I can fill the world with children--toilers and thinkers, dreamers and drones---

WHITE MAN--No No! Never that!

Kill you and me
Let Night and Moon
Dwell in the stars forever!

RED--(pulling the bow) I'll kill us all, fool and futile! Hound and harlot! I'll kill the whole damned crazy world; I hate it!

(He dances the dance of death, raises the war-cry, "EY-AH;" shoots the arrow, leaps and shrieks, his arms and body aglow. The forest bursts

in flame. The sun goes down. There comes a light so brilliant, it is darkness; and a sound so piercing, it is silence. The world lies in ashes)

BLACK MAN -- ACTION

ACT I Moon & Man; ballet of 7 children — Sc I

Burning of Black Man , death of Moon

Sc II — Attack of Beasts; survival of Red, Yellow and Violet
burial of Green, Blue, Orange & Indigo

Sc III — Dragon , making of White Man

Building of Fort; slavery of Red, Yellow and Black Man

ACT II

1- Machines — The New Moon
2- Dreams — To receive dead + make machines live
3 - Revolt — Violet; ~~Black + Yellow refuse~~ machines revolt
4 - Uprising, ~~Black~~ + yellow rise + prison White Man

ACT III

1- Operation on White Man
2. coronation
3. The new city ~~machines~~ Revolt
4 - The sacrifice of Violet — The Alps burn
5 ~~The new Machines~~

Eternity Eclipse or Dark of the Moon

30-24-1

41-6-264

BLACK MAN

A Play in Ten Scenes

PLACE: The Earth.

TIME: In the Beginning.

Argument

Black Man has wed the Moon. She dies after bearing him seven colored sons. Black Man retires to the Mountain Top and mourns beside her Funeral Pyre, leaving his children beside the Sea.

41-6-265

Persons

Long Nose the Elephant, the Nurse.

Red Man
Orange
Yellow Man
Green
Blue
Indigo
Violet
} Sons of Black Man and the Moon.

Little-Eye, the Bear.
Soft-Foot, the Leopard.
Great Mane, the Lion
} The Three Beasts of Hell.

Dragon

Black Man, King of Night

White Man, His Shadow

Black Man

A Play in Ten Scenes

Place: The Earth.

Time: In the Beginning.

Argument

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Persons

Long Nose, the Elephant, the Nurse.

Red Man
Orange
Yellow Man
Green
Blue
Indigo
Violet
} Sons of Black Man and the Moon

Little-Eye, the Bear.
Soft-Foot, the Leopard.
Great Mane, the Lion
} The Three Beasts of Hell

Dragon

Black Man, King of Night

White Man, His Shadow

41-6-101

the machines and power above the puny might of men, to guide the hearts and heads of man. Violet!

VIOLET--Ah! My time has come--Yes, Mother!

MOON--Violet, can you do a task, a mighty task, for us and the world?

VIOLET--Yes, mother.

MOON (to Violet, aside) Listen, my darling, and try to understand; I have a pact with God the Sun. I promised that if he gave me back my husband, Black Man, we and our children would build a perfect world which all the world of worlds would see and follow. We have tried and failed, not wholly but in part. I must confess this to my father and beg his mercy for our new plan which must succeed. You must beg of the Sun, Power; power beyond mass and energy; beyond electricity and heat; power of atom and of cosmic ray. You must ask him to entrust this mighty thing to us, to redeem the world; in turn we promise Love and Sacrifice, Faith and Truth. This message I can ot myself carry; for once thrown from the hot heart of the Sun, I can never return. You, last of the moonbeams, must take this work for me. But remember, no mortal can face the Sun and live; Death is my messenger and you, my Baby, must die.

VIOLET--Welcome, Almighty Death.

MOON--Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest born! Death is not End. He who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall know again--impalpable, imponderable, incalculable, seeing yet unseen you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all radient voice of empty air, permeating all and everything. Still will you go?

VIOLET--Shall I --ever again see--the Moon?

MOON--Yes, but never again shall the Moon see you.

VIOLET--I go. I go to my Moon Mother's Father, All Glorious, the Sun. I will cable this new city to the stars. I will drag down golden beams from him and thread them to and f4o until my net of sunrays holds hinged and nailed together, the fabric of this new city of God.

31-4-17

PLACE: The Earth.

TIME: In the Beginning.

Argument

Black Man has wed the Moon. She dies after bearing him seven colored sons. Black Man retires to the Mountain Top and mourns beside her Funeral Pyre, leaving his children beside the Sea.

Persons

Long Nose the Elephant, the Nurse.

Red Man
Orange, A Giant With Blue Hair.
Yellow Man
Green, A Giant With Red Hair.
Blue, A Giant With Yellow Hair.
Indigo, A Giant With Green Hair.
Violet, A Pigmy With Wings Instead of Arms.

} Sons of Black Man and the Moon.

Little-Eye, the Bear.
Soft-Foot, the Leopard.
Great Mane, the Lion

} The Three Beasts of Hell.

Dragon
Black Man, King of Night
White Man, His Shadow

41-6-186

X

PLACE; The Earth.

TIME; In the Beginning.

Argument

Black Man has wed the Moon. She dies after bearing him seven colored sons. Black Man retires to the Mountain Top and mourns beside her Funeral Pyre, leaving his children beside the Sea.

Persons

Long Nose the Elephant, the Nurse.

Red Man
Orange a giant with black hair
Yellow Man
Green a giant with golden hair
Blue a giant with golden hair
Indigo a giant with green hair
Violet, a dragon, with orange mane and 7 arms
} Sons of Black Man and the Moon.

Little-Eye, the Bear.
Soft-Foot, the Leopard.
Great Mane, the Lion
} The Three Beasts of Hell.

Dragon

Black Man, King of Night

White Man, His Shadow

41-6-168

Indigo. I fancy life may be beautiful, but I don't know yet. I want to fly and hear the Light.

Yellow Man. You need but see the singing of the sea.

Red Man. Dearer to me is the war of the wind in the trees and howl of the Night.

Blue. I would pierce and explore and gamble always—only the voice of our Father scares me.

(They sit in silent awe as it thunders.)

Violet. Where is our Father?

Green. Aloft on the mountain.

Violet. Why is he there?

Yellow Man. He mourns.

Violet. For my mother?

Green. For the dead Moon, mother of us all.

Violet. What is he like?

Green. He is mighty and powerful and Black.

Violet. His shadow is white.

Orange. How did you know that, child? There is a poem in that.

Violet. I saw it—afar; but why is he black and why is his shadow white? Why is he not colored like this rainbow of us all?

Long Nose. You may not know all, but listen to this; the colors of God the Sun together are white in the day and black in the night; therefore the King of Night is black; but his shadow remembers the Sun whose daughter was the Moon.

Violet. It was then the Moon that scattered all the colors—

Red Man. You talk too much.

Violet. His shadow is white!

Green. Go search for beautiful things in the sand.

Violet. Nay, I love the stars rather than the sands. Even in

281-9-14

Indigo. I fancy life may be beautiful, but I don't know yet.
I want to fly and hear the light.

Yellow Man. You need but see the singing of the sea.

Red Man. Dearer to me is the war of the wind in the trees and howl of the Night.

Blue. I would pierce and explore and gamble always—only the voice of our Father scares me.
(They sit in silent awe as it thunders.)

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Violet. I saw it—afar; but why is he black and why is his shadow white? Why is he not colored like this rainbow of us all?

Long Nose ~~Green~~. You may not know all, but listen to this: the colors of God the Sun together are white in the day and black in the night; therefore the King of Night is black; but his shadow remembers the Sun whose daughter was the Moon.

Violet. It was then the Moon that scattered all the colors—

Red Man. You talk too much.

Violet. His shadow is white!

Green. Go search for beautiful things in the sand.

Violet. Nay, I love the stars rather than the sands. Even in

41-b-169

Scene III. Ten O'Clock at Night.

On the Mountain Top.

(A mighty forest. Stars above. In the center a Bier with crimson flame. Black Man at the right on a huge black throne feeds the flame. His shadow is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises ever and anon.)

Black Man. (Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O woe, woe, woe, that is death;
O death in life,
And Life in death,
And horror over all!
O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Age in life,
And dread in death,
And horror over all!
O hate, hate, hate, that is Life;
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in life,
And Hate in death!
And horror over all!
O woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life:
And horror all in all!

41-6-188

Scene III. Ten O'clock at Night.

On the Mountain Top.

(A mighty forest. Stars above. In the center a star with crimson flame. Black Man at the right on a huge black throne feeds the flame. His shadow is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises ever and anon.)

Black Man. (Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O woe, woe, woe, that is death!
O death in life,
And life in death,
And horror over all!
O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Age ~~Dread~~ in life,
And ~~age~~ dread in death,
And horror over all!
O ~~pain, pain, pain~~ hate, hate, hate, that is Life;
And ~~sleep, sleep, sleep~~ pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in life,
And Hate in death!
And horror over all!
O woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life:
And horror all in all!

OCT-9-17

Scene V. At Midnight.

(The Second Story of the Tower.)

The floor is crowded with piles of goods and food. In front are four unfinished Machines.)

White Man. God! But I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. Nobody to sympathize with me or talk to me—if only these machines could live and talk!

Violet. I'll talk to you.

White Man. Who are you? Where are you? O, you don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to guide and plan and build civilization.

Violet. Why do it?

White Man. You fool. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't even see my genius. Notice how I raise food and make things? See my land out there.

Violet. It is not yours. It never was. It belongs to God—the Sun and they work harder than you do.

White Man. I don't care whose it is, I got it. I find food for the Niggers to eat. Could they work without food?

Violet. You chain them to their work.

White Man. Do you think they'd work if I didn't? They'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

Violet. What for?

White Man. To make more food and clothes and shelter.

Violet. For them?

White Man. No. They'd get lazy and impudent.

Violet. For you?

White Man. Say! Whoever its for it's hard work and it must be done.

41-6-175

Scene V. At Midnight.

(The Second Story of the Tower.)

The floor is crowded with piles of goods and food. In front are four unfinished Machines.)

White Man. God! But I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. Nobody to sympathize with me or talk to me—if only these machines could live and talk!

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White Man. Who are you? Where are you? O, you don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to guide and plan and build civilization.

Violet. Why do it?

White Man. You fool. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't even see my genius. Notice how I raise food and make things? See my land out there.

Violet. It is not yours. It never was. It belongs to God—the Sun. And they work harder than you do.

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White Man. To make more food and clothes and shelter.

Violet. For them?

White Man. No. They'd get lazy and impudent.

Violet. For you?

White Man. Say! Whoever it's for it's hard work and it must be done.

U1-6-171

41-6-179

Violet. They're hungry below.

White Man. Sure! See 'em? Hear 'em growl and fight.
(Tosses a bone over the side.)
Here Radio! a liqueur! Something good and costly.
Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent—excell—ent!' (Looks down at the workers.) Liqueur's bad for laborers—makes 'em lazy and inefficient; besides its against the law. I made the law myself.

Violet. I thought these new folk were white men?

White Man. They're all laborers—my laborers. I own them. If I want to I'll whip them. I'll whip them with hunger. I'll drive them with the scorpions of pain. Hunger is the whip of Man!

Violet. Machines don't eat.

White Man. They're not machines—they're men—laboring men; white laboring men and naturally better than niggers; better men and better machines. They don't need rich food nor expensive clothes.

For me?

What is nicer than clothes—
Silk and linen,
Soft and subtle wool,
Sweet, bending leather:
Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling:
Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls!
Why I got so many clothes I can't wear 'em.
I don't know what to do with the damned gew-gaws.
They're in the way—but
Laborers don't need clothes.—
Black laborers don't need any
White laborers don't need many.
They don't appreciate them;
They're too dirty and careless;
They live in dirt;
They twist and bend;
They work!
They can wear this worn-out stuff.

Violet. They're hungry below.

White Man. Sure! See 'em? Hear 'em growl and fight.
(Tosses a bone over the side.)
Here Radio! a liqeur! Something good and costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent—excell—ent!' (Looks down at the workers.) Liquor's bad for laborers—makes 'em lazy and inefficient; besides its against the law. I made the law myself.

Violet. I thought they were white men?

White Man. They're all laborers—my laborers. I own them. If I want to I'll whip them. I'll whip them with hunger. I'll drive them with the scorpions of pain, Hunger is the whip of Man!

White Man — machines don't eat — Black and machines — Black cotton — laboring man; White laboring man — better than nigger; better man + better machine. They don't need work clothes + fine clothes

For me?
What is nicer than clothes—
Silk and linen,
Soft and subtle wool,
Sweet, bending leather:
Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling:
Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls!
Why I got so many clothes I can't wear 'em.
I don't know what to do with the damned gew-gaws.
They're in the way—but
Laborers don't need clothes,—
Black laborers don't need any — White laborers don't need many
They don't appreciate them;
They're too dirty and careless;
They life in dirt;
They twist and bend;
They work!
They can wear this worn-out stuff.

Dynamo begins & sings the "International". White man wears the "Star Spangled Banner" waving a flag & getting behind Gun.

Violet [redacted]. (Dancing about) That's not right—try this. (Sings)

"My country's gracious king
Deutschland, Deutschland Franz du Kaiser
God save the Czar de la patrie
Le Jour de, Say can you see!

White Man. (Pushing Machine Gun slowly forward) Shut up—that's nonsense.

Violet Man. That's what I thought you wanted. Listen, brothers!

Our Jewels & our art
are the mem held Des depend
To chase & deck a selfish neck
Or hide a human heart
veil

Why should a command steal
We being owned the common meal
If [illegible] is real
all human hand

41-6-176

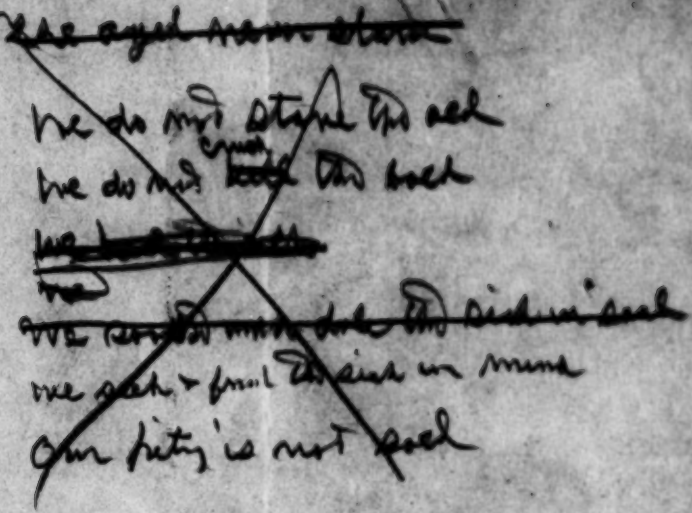
(2)

We must forgive these things
And care for those who wrong
In trust & truth is found for all
~~The hungry, poor, the hungry~~
~~The hungry~~
In heaven room for wrong

41-6-178

We never blame the old
We never crush the bold
We seek to find the sick in mind
Our sorrow is not sold

(3)



Our jewels and our art
Are never held apart,
To choke or deck a selfish neck
Or veil a human heart.

Why should a comrade steal
He owns the common weal
To tears and smiles, what e'er beguiles
All human kind is leal.

[redacted] grow such things
As are for men not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven room for wings.

We never starve the old
We never crush the bold
We seek to find the sick in mind
Our sorrow is not sold.

41-9-14

(1)
This city wide and tall
With tower, ~~sword~~ a and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.

(2)
Our land belongs to God
Our need, ~~its~~ its measuring rod;
We let no rent of money lent
~~Monopolize~~ our sod.

(3)
Here no man leaves his son
The wealth that he has won
He leaves a world with doors unfurled
And some ~~sheer~~ small deed well-done.

(4)
We seek no hordes of wealth
Or secret gains by stealth;
~~We get by birth and render earth~~
The heritage of health.

(5)
Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where ~~hosts~~ ghosts abide—
We seek no ~~hearts~~ dreams to kill.

(6)
We make and grow such things
As are for men not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, ~~wings~~ mind for wings.

(7) Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat
Hot goods to sell [redacted] souls to hell
[redacted]
No [illegible] Man Cheats

(8) What should a comrade steal,
Who owns the common weal?
To tears and smiles, what e'er beguile
All human wiles is leal.

(9) We know no judge nor jails,
Nor ropes nor fiery flails;
The darkest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that love fails.

(10) The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The wrongness of his will.

(11) We never starve the old
We never crush the bold
We seek to find the sick in mind
Last over Sin to be sold.

(12) We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor murdering gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal,—
We conquer Pain and Fear.

(13) Here is no church nor creed
Religion is a deed
Here no man's hope demands a pope
And no faith, bloody seed.

Our martial music ~~rings~~ brings,

Our nation's anthem sings,

(14) No ~~[redacted]~~ ally land of war + friend;

Of ~~[redacted]~~ uniforms and kings.

(15) Here is each woman free

To choose what she will be:

An unwed mother, wife or other

~~Servant of sun [redacted]~~ Servant of sun or sea.

(16) Here men are gold and red,

And white with black may wed

Or green with blue or any hue,

That wins Life from the Dead.

(17) Here men and women mate

And sever soon or late

~~None live in dust because they must [redacted]~~

And children ~~[redacted]~~.
out-rank hate

17½ The children of our days
are neither chaff nor hay
we plan their lives & weigh their worth
And give them mothers pray

(18) We [lack] no family pride,
[make] secret sins to hide;
Who soar or plod are sons of God
Who falter, souls [that] died.

For young & old each day
Our life is worth [living]
[We make a song, we take a song]
We dance & walk, we sing & talk
We're sober & we're gay

(18½) [Each man & child]
[Have] [every dream] must [honor]
What Life & Science show
[To dearness is for what for Truth]
[Individuality] is Well

[It shall not be one little Tree
I would be also with
I would Thou also with me
Lawlessness [Spirit would reign]
against the enemy will]

(19) Here Poems sing their themes,
Here Color glints and gleams,
Here sculpture bold strips bare the soul
And Science dares its dreams.

(20) Our jewels and our art
Are never held apart,
To choke or deck a selfish neck
Or [hide] veil a human heart.

(21) Our buildings are not tombs,
Nor [Curios] [dynamos] nor looms;
[We] [Long] do not try to reach the sky,—
[We] [Long] build, for Beauty—rooms.

2-D-9-14

We do not fear to die
We do not rage nor sigh
We sow and reap and fall asleep
We smile and say good-bye.

22

Here may the dead lie still
In urn and sea and hill;
Here man may live his life to give
To one all-beckoning Will.

23

O happy, happy dale—
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of conquered Wrong
Made music of the grail.

24

(The curtain falls as the sun glows and music rises higher, sweeter and clearer.)

To tear and smile, what e'er beguile
All human mood is leal.
We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail;
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that we fail.
The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.
We never starve the old
We never crush the bold
We seek to find the sick in mind
Lest ever sin be sold.
We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor murderous gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal,—
We conquer Pain and Fear.
Here is no church nor creed
Religion is a deed
Here no man's hope demands a pope
And no faith, bloody seed.
Our nation's anthem sings,
Our martial music brings,
No silly laud of war and ~~brand~~ fraud,
Of uniforms and kings.
Here is each woman free
To choose what she will be:
An unwed mother, wife or other
Servant of sun or sea.

41-6-446

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed
Or green with blue or any hue,
That wins Life from the Dead.
Here men and women mate
And never soon or late
Some live in lust because they must
And children out-rank hate.
The children of our day
Are neither chance nor play
We plan their birth and weigh their worth
And give their mothers pay.
We set no family pride,
Make secret sins to hide;
Who soar or plod are sons of God
Who falter, souls that died.
For young and old each day
Our life is work and play;
We dance and walk, we sing and talk
We're sober and we're gay.
Each man and child must know
What Life and Science shows
Learning is free what e'er truth be
Stupidity is woe.
Here Poems sing their themes.
Here Color glints and gleams,
Here sculpture hold strips bare the soul
And Science dares its dreams.
Our jewels and our art
Are never held apart.

To choke or dank a selfish neck
Or hide a human heart.

Our buildings are not tombs.
Nor curios nor looms;
We do not try to reach the sky,—
We build, for Beauty—rooms.

We do not fear to die
We do not rage nor sigh
We sow and reap and fall asleep
We smile and say good-bye.

Here may the dead lie still
In urn and sea and hill;
Here man may live his life to give
To one all-beckoning Will.

O happy, happy dale—
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of conquered wrong
Made music of the grail.

(The curtain falls as the Sun glows and music rises higher, sweeter and clearer.)

C.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BLACK MAN , KING OF NIGHT

MOON, DAUGHTER OF SUN AND EARTH

THE SEVEN CHILDREN OF BLACK MAN AND THE MOON :

RED MAN, RED-SKINNED WITH BLACK HAIR

ORANGE WOMAN, A GIANT, ORANGE-HUED WITH BLUE HAIR

YELLOW WOMAN, WITH GOLDEN SKIN AND BLACK HAIR

GREEN MAN, A GIANT, Green-skinned WITH RED HAIR

BLUE MAN, A GIANT, [redacted] BLUEXXXXXX -SKINNED, WITH YELLOW HAIR

INDIGO WOMAN, A GIANT, INDIGO HUED OF SKIN, WITH GREEN HAIR

VIOLET, A SPRITE

LONG-NOSE, A MASTODON, NURSE OF THE CHILDREN

WHITE MAN, SHADOW OF BLACK MAN, MADE TO LIVE

THE MACHINES

RADIO
DYNAMO
LOOM
GUN

} ENTERED BY THE SOUL OF {

ORANGE, — BUT BLIND
BLUE — BUT DEAF
INDIGO — BUT DUMB
GREEN — BUT WITHOUT FEELING

Dear Muriel:

I have decided against any tectual change at present. I have numbered theTitle page "A"; the Acts and Scenes "B"; and enclosed is "C", the "Dramatis Personae".

Return at your convenience and again many, many thanks

WEBD.

BLACK MAN AND THE MOON

A DRAMATIC PHANTASY

by

W. E. B. Du Bois

WHITE MAN God! But I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. I must have help; I must have company or I'll go crazy. ~~But I've got~~ There's work to do. It must be done and done now

VIOLET Why?

WHITE MAN (Not seeing or hearing Violet) The City must rise, with towers and streets; Beasts must be tamed. More food and clothes must be ~~stored~~ Granaries and more helpers work. ~~[illegible]~~. And these below must be kept at work. (Starts up and swings his whip) Look alive there! Stop loafing. Hand up more food and clothes. Dig more metal! ~~O~~ God! but I'm tired !

VIOLET ~~[illegible]~~ Why not rest?

WHITE MAN Who's that? Oh it's you. Now see here, why dont you act as though you had some sense? You got to go to work; if you dont work you cant eat!

VIOLET I dont like work. I ~~like~~ Want to be f ree

WHITE MAN You dont understand. ~~This work is freeing nobody.~~ Work is freedom It must be done and done now! What ~~we~~ you dont do, we must!

VIOLET ~~What~~ Who are "we"?

WHITE MAN Those fellows below; hear them grumbling?

(Voices rise from below)

VOICE OF BLACK MAN

Mud o[illegible]

VIOLET Souls, souls (strugglig to untie himself) Whence come ~~souls~~, souls?

VOICE Why not the souls of ~~yourrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr~~ your ~~dead~~ brothers and sisters?

a mist and then a star - Chin.

(Violet twists around and sees the slight sliver of the new Moon. He gasps and stares)

VIOLET Who are you? Not the Moon, no! not the Moon -- a star? Can stars talk?

(The Moon waxes to the half and down from it steps a veiled woman)

THE VEILED WOMAN

VIOLET (struggling to untie himself What shall I do? What can I do? (turning he sees in the sky at the back, the New Moon. He stares. The moon waxes to the first quarter and out of it steps a veiled woman)

VIELED WOMAN

Yes, my son.

Violet. Your son!

Voice. My Moonbeam--last of the Angels.

Violet. Mother--Moon-Mother of Earth and Sky
~~Bearer of sun rays~~
Star of evening
Wife of Black Man
Mother of me and mine
~~You are dead and yet speak.~~

~~Night falls. Enter the Moon as a Woman in Grey.~~

Moon. I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger;
~~But seeing Black Man's love~~
He has repented
And called me back from the swoon of Death
To ~~try and~~ redeem the Earth ~~again~~
~~In endless watch and war.~~

Violet. Let me help; while me What's to be done? First let's kill White Man? See! He sleeps--~~he is help-~~
~~less and still.~~ ~~Shall~~ let's we kill him ~~and free~~
~~my brothers and sisters?~~

Grey Woman. We may not kill; ~~that is our mission.~~

Violet. Then ~~shall we~~ let's destroy his machines?

Grey Woman. No--~~not Destruction but Creation is good;~~
what White Man has created ~~shall~~ must endure.

Violet. But souls--they need souls; he says so.

~~Grey Woman.~~ Moon Listen, my darling.

WHITE MAN

I bring ransom -- rich ransom. These chains are gold. (lifting his shackled hands) I found this dust that day in the wood, where a river had rent the rock. I made iron chains then and made gold. I mixed iron and sunlight. Behold how beautiful! Hearken! I will give you these chains and all my machines if you will set me free!

BLACK MAN

He cannot live!

THE MOON

He must not die!

I cannot get them off;
if you will cut me of them

last running swiftly, closes the gates and fastens them, leaving all the others outside. But save Violet, who seeing his movement, climbs the roof nimbly and is sitting there as White Man appears through the trap door, rubbing his hands)

WHITE MAN--(trembling, but grim) Now Civilization can begin. These darkies won't work unless they are made to. I must make them work. I've got a horde of food and clothes. All I need now is calamity to drive them!

VIOLET--White Man has no heart!

WHITE MAN--(starting up) Where the Hell did you come from? Get out of here and go down yonder with the others where you belong!

VIOLET--All-right! (he starts toward the trap door)

WHITE MAN--(screaming) Keep away from there! Say, sit down; let's talk this over! Haven't you got any sense at all? Think of all that has got to be done! And how are we going to do it unless we stop sitting around half-asleep.

VIOLET--But what are we working for?

WHITE MAN --Civilization!

VIOLET--But what is Civilization? Is it joy? Is it Happiness?

WHITE MAN--No, it's hard work!

VIOLET--But what is really--is it red? Does it move? color? Is it sweet? Can you taste it?

WHITE MAN--When you see it, you'll know it!

WHITE MAN Did you hear that? Always grouching and griping! Do you think its any fun to keep these brainless brutes at work, and they ready to slit your throat once they get a chance. I work harder than they do -- a damned sight harder. I risk and worry and fret. They mutter and whine. I've half a notion to give up and let them starve.

VIOLET White Man has no heart

WHITE MAN Heart? Whats a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think. What more?

VIOLET You are cold, bloodless, unfeeling. You know neither joy nor pain; you see no color hear no song taste no love. You cannot laugh!

WHITE MAN What the Hell is there to laugh about? Listen! You get to work. I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway

VIOLET You work too hard ---

WHITE MAN It's the truth!

VIOLET Making others work

WHITE MAN That's just it --

VOILET You need help

WHITE MAN And I've got it. I've made help. See here! (slowly Violet climbs up and stares)

(White Man tears the wrappings away and discloses a Machine, Clock, Loom and Furnace. He is excited and exalted .)

WHITE MAN See! I have conquered Time. Time is mine for I can measure and control it by this Clock. Here this tick of doom? And here is my hammer and fist grown stronger in Iron. Sometime I'll give it strength to knock down the world. This is Loom to make cloth faster than fingers and Furnace to use fire and burn metals in to buildings. All I need now is Power -- but what am I talking! "

Night and day, steadily I've watched at these
The beasts eternal yonder have talked beside
The earth + sea have yielded secrets

WHITE MAN (To Dynamo) What do you want?

RADIO---He's deaf, sir, but he can talk and see, and he wants to work for you too!

VIOLET---It's Blue. He doesn't want to sing; he wants to work! My God!

WHITE MAN---Good! That's the ticket . Radio! Give him a drink of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

DYNAMO---(sings softly in French) "Allons, enfants de la Patrie."

WHITE MAN---What's he jabbering about? Here you (to Gun) What do you want?

GUN (Salutes ponderously) To fight, sir! I want to fight!

WHITE MAN--Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun salutes again) And you? (to Loom, a hulk of a woman, formless and vast.)

RADIO---She's dumb, sir, but she can see and hear. She can bring us the facts we get from the Niggers below.

WHITE MAN---Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can hear your orders, but can't talk back; and has eyes only for his job. (aside) [illegible]

VIOLET--Green has forgotten [illegible] We didn't dream! We [illegible]

VIOLET (Aside)---Orange has forgotten what her poetry is!

WHITE MAN--(spies Violet, fluttering about the four men) Say you there!

VIOLET--Yes?

WHITE MAN--What's the difference between souls and ghosts?

VIOLET--Not much!

WHITE MAN--Do you believe in ghosts?

VIOLET---Yes.

WHITE MAN--So do I. I saw four last night--or dreamed I did; and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly, but I half believe those ghosts slipped into my machines and made them men.

VIOLET--Half men! White or Colored?

WHITE MAN--White Men. Wait!

VIOLET (Aside)--Perhaps I was wrong--maybe we did dream--maybe--

~~Scene II~~ ~~ACT IV~~ REVOLT OF THE MACHINES

((A floored space; the part on the left with walls, tapestry and rugs; an elaborate chair and carvee dining table, side-board, etc. The right is a patio, open to the sky, with bales of goods and stores of food stored at the back. ~~at the extreme right a stairway leads below~~ White Man sits in the chair staring as if just awakened. In front of him, ~~extending out to the patio~~ are four persons: a tall blind girl in livery, orange of hue with blue hair and a clock for a face; next a big man, with ~~blue~~ green skin and ~~yellow~~ red hair; he is deaf, his body a ~~broad loom and his face~~ and embroidered tapestry; he wears a wind-mill as a hat; his arms are long, double-jointed; next is a green-hued Furnace, with flaming red hair, which sends off steam vapor; he can hear and see but is dumb. Last stands a ~~Cross-bow~~ green, dressed in a purple uniform and holding his arms straight out; ~~his~~ hands carry a taugh cordand ~~slung over his~~ back is a quiver ~~of arrows;~~ his head is almost hidden in a ~~green~~ helmat, through slits of which his eyes gleam. His fingers and skin are quite without feeling. He has no nose)

CLOCK (curtsying) We're all 'ere, Sir!

WHITE MAN We? Who?

CLOCK H'im Clock, your servant and secr'try. Sorry I cant see, Sir, but you'll find me quick and willing.

WHITE MAN Not bad; not bad at all. All servants should be blind. You'll have a tough time getting all I have to do arranged in order and on time. Look sharp

Next, Sir is Furnace, who molds metals and eats dirt. 'E built this beginning of a tower and wants to finish it. 'E cant talk but 'e 'ears h'all right.

WHITE MAN Tell him to add ten stories right off.

(With a flamiing puff, Furnace rumbles)

and now who's this?

CLOCK This, Sir, is your 'Army and body-guard, Crossbow

WHITE MAN Queer weapon -- does it shoot?

(Crossbow bends double and sends an arrow through the window)

CLOCK Yes Sir. And here's Loom: deaf, but strong and steady. 'E made your rugs and 'angings. The wind makes his long arms go.

WHITE MAN Just the man I need. There's yarn yonder and more below. Get to work and ma make me a million yards of cloth right off

(Loom glides out to the patio, his wind-mill whirring)

CLOCK Th e Master says, work; 'op it!

(2)

PROLOGUE

TIME: ~~In the beginning when~~ Earth ~~and~~ Sky and Sea ~~blended~~ in mists before the Dawn.

SCENE: Man stands upon the rim of the Earth silhouetted against space, his back to the audience, his arms raised in adoration towards a soft Radiance which gradually reveals itself as Woman. Their voices are heard as coming across great distances.

Voice of MAN

Where did I find you and when, O Moon, daughter of the Sun? I remember you always and yet saw you first tonight. You are Beauty, Poetry and Music; Color and Dream; Song and Light.

Voice of WOMAN

For us there is all beginning, O Man of my Heart. Earth welcomes us. See how the soothing rain hides us from the wrath of my Father, the Sun.

Love has outshrieked
His hot and high command!
To Him, Father of all
Humble my reverence;
But my obedience to Love alone!
~~To Love and Life!~~

Voice of MAN

~~(...)~~

To Love and Life!

WOMAN
(descending from the height)

Come out into the mists of morning and view our brood of children, born full grown of our love. Take heart and sing while the world dances ~~about our feet. Our children~~ are seven, three men and three women and one who is neither and both; four are giants ~~in size~~ and one is very small; they are all the colors of the world

~~(...)~~ MAN

~~(...)~~

Our children shall be rainbow of the earth and promise of its joy and strength

THE MOON

(appearing, with silver face and long light blue hair, wrapped in winding veils ~~of mist~~) ~~Nurse Longnose, send them out.~~ Come children.

(BALLET OF THE CHILDREN OF MOON AND NIGHT)

THE MOON This is my man of force and flame!

[redacted] MAN HE is Red; let him work and rage!

THE MOON This is our daughter who makes poems!

[redacted] MAN She shall be Orange; listen to her words!

THE MOON And here is our second daughter, who dreams.

[redacted] MAN Let her foretell the future

THE MOON Behold my giant twins, who sing and dance!

[redacted] MAN Green man and blue shall they be called; Let them fill the world with [redacted] rejoicing

THE MOON Despise not this frightened girl; at birth [redacted] marked by the Sun. She paints and carves

[redacted] MAN Be not afraid, indigo; color and mold the earth!

THE MOON And last and best this sprite, neither man nor woman, but both!

[redacted] MAN Violet, the angel of revelation!

THE MOON Receive my brood, O my husband ---

((Suddenly there is a rent in the clouds and a brilliant flash of sunlight bursts through. There is consternation among the dancers))

MAN Hark, hide; again comes the Sun, burning away mist and cloud with searing heat. O bitter, bitter heat!

([redacted] the children off stage)

THE MOON

Fly, fly and hide, my children! Yet shall your Father rise and rule.

(Another blinding flash of light accompanied by a thunder of sound).

MAN

(Holding the woman close)

Are you sorry, Sweet, sorry and afraid?

THE MOON

No, never! I am glad, forever glad!

MAN

~~(Beseeching)~~

Halt, Heat and Glare!
For love of heaven, forbear!
Desist, abate, be merciful!
Have pity on our blinding pain!

(He sways and falls. The Woman stands above him and lifts her hands to the sky)

THE MOON

Father of all brilliance!
Son of the Suns!
Master of ~~everything~~ all but love!
~~Abate thine anger~~

~~Father~~, I have met a man! A man of Earth and loved him. I have given myself to his arms and felt his soul burst within me. Already Father, we have children, seven -- three tall sons and three broad daughters and a little sprite ~~[illegible]~~. Assail us, God! -- Forgive!

THE MAN

(Leaping to his feet)

Harken, Lord of Hate and Hurt
Crimson Curse of Hell!
I dare defy you!
I challenge you to fatal fight!
Behold my Kingdom comes!

((He flings ~~wide~~ all his coat, ~~wrapping it about the Woman~~)

Nestle within my cloak! I'll never yield!

(He stands naked while the blinding rays beat upon him until the earth about his feet smokes and curls. He chokes and gasps.)

Let the vengeful Sun burn my skin black, let my hair ~~curl~~ crust, let him scorch ~~the~~ very shadow white upon my back! I'll never yield!

(The MAN's skin turns black; his shadowy cloak fades to white -- the MOON gasps as the cloak slips from her faint clasp and streams out pale and white behind them. She falls to the ground ~~and dies~~. The Sun's rays fade. MAN tottering ~~to her~~, lifts THE MOON in his outstretched arms. ~~[illegible]~~ Darkness falls ~~over~~ all the earth.)

CURTAIN

5

punctuation?

ACT I

DARK OF THE MOON

Scene I THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK OF THE BEASTS

(A gray strand by the sea. Behind the shore rises to a forest clad mountain-side. It is twilight [redacted] Longnose, alert guards the group as they stroll about . [redacted] of thunder is heard)

VIOLET What is that?

LONGNOSE It is your fathers voice.

GREEN Where is our father?

LONGNOSE Aloft on the mountain

BLUE Why is he there?

LONGNOSE He mourns

INDIGO Why?

LONGNOSE Listen children! Death came when the Sun's daughter married Night. Last night become more beautiful than Day, the Sun killed the Moon . Now Evil looms for the Beasts gather to destroy us

RED WHO are these beasts?

LONGNOSE Itis a dark and ancient tale, prehaps never to be repeated; of how the young Sun raped the Moon out of his own daughter Earth; and how the Earth grown wanton, lay with some Being from the outer stars, and birthed the Beasts, [redacted] the Beasts [redacted] hate you, [redacted] have sworn to rid the Earth of human kind. Now, they gather; they counsel in the gloom. O that your father would hearken! Alas, he is [redacted] naught but Sorrow, and Evil comes apace.

and the Beasts fathered Man. Now they

as mischief intenders

Two spellings of hearken - which do you prefer?

Note: Longnose not identified as animal until later as mastodon (?)

Note spelling of name Longnose throughout - do you prefer two words?

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(Thunder, like a sound of mourning rolls down the mountain)

RED

Hark! What is that?

LONG NOSE

It is death and pain! Come let us build a Wall to (back the Devils)
(They talk as they build)

VIOLET

What is Death?

YELLOW

What is Pain?

VIOLET

I hear the Light!

BLUE

I see the singing of the sea.

RED

Listen to the war of the wind in the trees!

VIOLET

I do not remember our father.

BLUE

He is mighty

ORANGE

He is beautiful and Black!

VIOLET

His face is black, but his shadow is white.

YELLOW (startled)

How do you know that, child?

VIOLET

I see it — it moves as he moves. Why is he black and his shadow white? Why is he not colored like the rainbow of us all?

LONG NOSE

The colors of the Sun together are white, but the Sun burned the King of Night black,

VIOLET

His shadow is white!

LONG NOSE

It is perhaps his shadow — perhaps his cloak. I heard him call it his shield and buckler; then he reviled it bitterly, when it could not shield the Moon from the wrath of the Sun. Then he threatened to cast it adrift and make it a separate soul -- but whether friend or enemy, I do not know. But hark!

(see Wall nearly done)

VIOLET

See -- the heart of Long Nose races -- she hears something! I see a huge black bulk to eastward. (Westward)

LONGNOSE

Not yet. Wait. Hearken.

(The roar of the Beasts)

VIOLET

It is dark, but I see. O Mother Longnose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air. Ah! Where are Orange and Indigo. I hear them writhe in horrid dance

(Longnose rushes out right, trumpeting) — First indication that Longnose is an animal

VIOLET

The blood of Longnose bursts through her hide. She wraps her nose about the Leopard and slowly, slowly with wrench and scream; wrench of Longnose, scream of Leopard quiver of both, they come rolling ~~together~~ down the hill. They shudder and sleep. Quiet ly they sleep, as the blood, the thick, red blood of their hearts, flows, gushes, trickles Still they sleep. ~~Here comes~~ Indigo staggering. Where is Orange?

(From the north ~~east~~ West comes the sound of battle)

VIOLET

The earth is crimson, wet and crimson. ~~Green~~ Blue comes ~~leaping~~ leaping in with ~~Blue~~ Green in his arms. ~~Blue~~ Green lies very still. O God! ~~Blue~~ Green has no head. His head is gone! Where, O where is his head? Where are his soft eyes that danced? ~~Where is a huge head~~

~~Green~~ Blue

Bear has eaten the head of Blue. Bear is dead

(Violet tries to stop the ~~bleeding~~ wounds of ~~Green~~ Blue and then stands staring at his own red hands. Orange comes slowly across the stage from the right with rolls of parchment in ~~his~~ her hands. ~~He~~ She bends over Indigo

ORANGE

Here are my poems. I die (Sinks to the ground)

(Indigo leaps to her feet; ~~takes~~ the poems, and drops dead)

~~Blue~~

Hearken!

(The roar of Lion splits the silence

Let's fly!

Yellow

Let's go!

(A shriek. The voices of Red, Yellow [illegible] in triumph)

RED

The head of the King of Beasts

Yellow

VIOLET

This is death! The Giants are dead; dead is Poetry; dead is Color; dead is the [illegible] is Song and Dance

RED AND YELLOW

W e have conquered the Beasts

VIOLET

And Death has conquered us. Hark! I hear a light!

RED AND YELLOW

You cannot hear light. Come! We must bury our dead.

(They gather the bodies of Orange? Green, Blue, Indigo and Longnose and pile them in a great heap, singing and dancing as they work)

[illegible])

White Man. Do you believe in ghosts.

Violet. Perhaps!

White Man. ~~I do.~~ I saw four ghosts ~~last night~~--or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly, but I ~~must~~ believe ~~some~~ ghosts got into my machines and made them men

Violet. Half-men.

White Man. Half-nothing. Men! White Men--~~my equals~~--my helpers. ~~By God I believe--what is it you fellows want?~~ But say - why am I talking to you. I'll tell you, you're deaf

Radio. (With cockney accent.) To serve you, Sir, and entertain you. Sorry to be blind, But I'm willing.

White Man. See? She doesn't want to rule, she wants to serve and to my mind all servants should be blind.

Violet. Orange has forgotten what poetry means

White Man. (To Dynamo.) What do you want?

Radio. 'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see and 'e wants to work for you too.

Violet. He doesn't want to sing; he doesn't want to dance; He wants to work! My God!

White Man. Good! That's the ticket. Give him a drink of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

Dynamo. (sings in French) "Allons, enfants de la Patrie"

White Man. What's he jabbering about? Here you (to Gun) What a mass-must be 14 inch. What do you want?

28

(Gun salutes ponderously)

Gun. Tonkill, sir! I want to fight.

White Man. Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun salutes again.) And you? (To Loom) a hulk of a woman, formless and vast.

Radio. 'E's dumb, sir, but 'r can see. She built your throne out of goods we got from the Niggers below.

White Man. Captiall Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to his job.

Violet. They're only half men. They are monsters We failed.

White Man. We failed--I succeeded, you mean. I'm Creator. I'm God. The world is white men.

Violet. They're not white.

White Man. Yes, they are too--of course, not pure white--not Nordic like me, but that tint of theirs is tan. ~~I tell you they're white.~~

Violet. And your equals? ~~You--your equals!~~

White Man. Sure--that is--in a way--But you get out. Here Clock! Dynamo. (beckons.)

Dynamo. Yes, sir!

White Man. (Explaining by signs and talking too) Come over here by this trap door. Lift it this way. See them Niggers down there? See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Light up and get going.

(Dynamo humming to himself begins to work.)

Hear, Watch this kid. Tell Crow Bow he's dangerous. He ought to be dealt with as soon

I don't want it. I can't digest the stuff. I really need exercise to keep fit and fix me for another meal.

(Doffs his dinner suit for sport clothes. Plays tennis and golf and swings Indian clubs. Sits down panting.)

Violet. You still seem overworked.

White Man. You still here? Gun, watch him!

Violet. They're hungry below.

White Man. Sure! See 'em? Hear 'em growl and fight. ~~(Tosses a bone over the side.)~~ And ~~Here Radio~~ Clock! A liquer! Something good and costly. ~~Ain't it good? Hey?~~ Excellent-- Excell--ent! (Looks down ~~at the workers.~~ on the machines)

Liquer's bad for laborers--makes 'em lazy and inefficient, ~~besides its against the law. I made the law myself.~~ All these are

~~Violet.~~ ~~I thought these new folk were white men?~~

White Man. ~~They're all laborers.~~ my laborers. I own them. If I want to I'll whip them, I'll whip them with hunger. ~~I'll drive them with the scorpions of pain, Hunger is the whip of Man!~~ Just as I whip the mean beasts below

Violet. Machines don't eat.

White Man. They're not machines--they're men--laboring men; white laboring men and naturally better than niggers; better men and better machines. They don't need rich food nor expensive clothes. Now ~~For me?~~

What

What is nicer than clothes--
Silk and linen,
Soft and subtle wool,
Sweet, bending leather:
Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling;
Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls!
Why I got so many clothes I can't wear 'em.
I don't know what to do with the damned gew-gaws.
They're in the way--but
Laborers don't need clothes,--
Black laborers don't need any
White laborers don't need many.
They don't appreciate them;
They're too dirty and careless;
They live in dirt;
They twist and bend;
They work!
~~They can wear this worn-out stuff.~~
~~They don't deserve more.~~

You see, I worked and saved and thought

~~They dawdled and squandered.~~

Violet. You didn't save, you found.
You don't work, you loaf.
You don't play, you gorge,
Your limbs are prisoners of your stomach,

Your brains serve your body
Your muscles are water,
Corns crust your feet
You're a fool,
Because you have no heart.

White Man. (Staggering to his feet.) Hear that? Hear that traitor--that viper I've been nourishing--catch him--put him to work. (Staggers in a drunken stupor; sleeps and is laid on a couch by ~~Radio~~ Clock.)

Violet. I won't work.
I am free (climbs up the side of the Loom which faces the right & begins writing on the wall in huge red letters)
~~I am free, I say~~
~~Work is the heritage of Hell.~~
~~(Pushes to the wall above White Man, and writes across it in flaming letters.)~~
"All men are brothers"
~~Furnace~~ ~~Dynamo.~~ Loom (looking up & reading aloud) ~~(Reading.)~~ All--Men--are brothers? (Stares in surprise) ~~(Turns, listening--works~~ more slowly. Violet writes again ~~below~~ eagerly.)
~~Furnace~~ ~~Dynamo.~~ ~~(Reading.)~~ All men--are born--free and equal!
Furnace (stops work & reads) ~~Why these colored fellows down there brothers~~?
~~Equal?~~
(Loom stops work and stretches his arms ~~blunderingly~~ toward the cellar.)
~~Radio.~~ Clock (Listening) Hey--what's up. Them colored fellows down there, is just us? Loom ~~Dynamo~~ is slowing down and I don't hear ~~Loom~~ Furnace, What did you say Cross, Bow?
Cross bow, ~~Gun.~~ draws his bow string & shoots at other ~~(When there--set to work)~~
C-Bow All of you, back to work.

C Bow - just us

(Violet writes again, swiftly.)

Furnace Dynamo (Does not hear) Liberty--Equality--Fraternity.

[redacted]

Radio C. What's that? Bli--me, they've both stopped work. What's up?

Gun CB — Shall I shoot?

Radio C -lead me nearer. What are you all H'up to?

(Violets writes.)

Dynamo. (Still not hearing) Life--Liberty--and the Pursuit--of Happiness?

Gun. What's that? Happiness? Is it something to eat? I'm hungry, give me more bullets.

(Loom lumbers twoard the blacks in the cellar.)

Clock Radio. (Hearing steps) Stand Back!

Gun. CB (mutters unintelligibly) Shall I shoot?

(Violet writes)

Dynamo. Furnace (Waling forward slowly, with rapt expression.) "All--wealth belongs--to the worker."

Gun. Which one shall I kill? Why don't somebody order me to shoot?

Radio. C. 'old on there. I want to get this 'ere talk straight. There's some sense in what they're saying. Naturally enough, all white men are equal and if you h'ask me, I wouldn't half mind pursuing a little 'appiness.

Violet. writes Workers unite! "Solidarity forever!" (Sings)

Loom Dynamo. (Sings loudly) "Allons enfants de la patrie!"

White Man. (Starting up from sleep.) What's that?

~~Radio.~~ C (To ~~Gun~~ CB) Quick, lead me back ~~his robe~~ (holds his robe so as to cut off the view of the advancing workers.) ~~Present! hrm! Aim! Fire! Bom back~~. (To White Man.) Nothing sir--'ere's your robe.

White Man. (Stretching.) I feel rotten!

~~Radio.~~ C The morning h'after the night before, Sir! Woman! Bath? Shave? Breakfast?

White Man. Breakfast? Bah! Fix a bath and--

Furnace ~~Loom~~ ~~Dynamo~~ and Violet. (They have paused as Gun aims, but now they surge forward, Violet waving a red flag, Furnace ~~Loom~~ beating his breast like a drum and ~~Dynamo~~ Loom singing)

"Solidarity forever---"

White Man. (Wheeling about) What the hell! ~~Why this?~~ Why ain't they working?

~~Radio.~~ C. They've stopped work, Sir. Sort of strike. Been list'ning to agitators--

White Man. Who wrote that ~~song~~ thing?

~~Radio.~~ C What-I can't see-I know-~~it's~~ that Violet.

Furnace ~~Dynamo.~~ Loom All men are brothers.

White Man. Like Hell they are! If you don't--

C ~~Radio.~~ I think he means white men, Sir.

~~Gun. Shall I kill him?~~

White Man. I don't care a damn what he means--

Loom ~~Dynamo.~~ All men are born free and equal.

White Man. I'll free and equal you--~~Gun~~--attention! Present--hrm! Get back to work!

~~Dynamo.~~ LOOM Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

White Man. Take aim. (Loom rushes up to White Man.)

Loom ~~Dynamo.~~ Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

White Man. Don't put your hands on me! Don't touch me!
Fire! (Loom stiffens ~~and turns into a machine.~~)

White Man. (Trembling) My God!

Violet. ~~Indigo~~-brother Indigo! dead--all dead!

~~Dynamo.~~ LOOM All men--are born--free and equal. (Falls weeping on Loom, ~~can clicks~~ his rifle to fire again.)

White Man. Stop!

~~Radio.~~ C Beg pardon, Sir-- 'adn't we better h' arbitrate? My idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights but goes too far.

~~Dynamo.~~ LOOM All wealth belongs to the workers.

White Man. You blithering idiot! ~~Can~~! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world!

~~Radio.~~ C Well, sir, h'it's this way. ~~I can see h'it's~~ that Kid, Violet. He's been a tampering with h'industry. H'I don't like his looks noway. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me. ~~Loom~~ Dynamo, 'e started it with this equality business. Now I should say how all white men was brothers and should stand together but I don't 'old with naggers. We white folks should be free and ~~equal~~ and share whatever happiness we can get.

(While he is talking ~~Dynamo~~ Loom retreats before ~~Can~~.)

White Man. What the devil are you talking about? Christ almighty,-- Look! He's talking down cellar!

He's trying to raise the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo.) (C. rushes out with which means what)

Radio. Give me the whip. No sir--don't you risk nothing. Gun--guide me!

(Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash below.) Red and Yellow raise their heads.)

Voice of Cloud — Get down there, you red son-of-a-bitch! H'out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see 'im? Gee! This is fun.

Violet. Don't strike your brothers!

Radio. Brothers? 'ell, they're like. I'll show 'em---

(Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Dynamo stare silently at them and follow. Radio and Gun up the stairs.)

Violet. Brothers! Join us and fight for frredom.

Don't go back to him.

White Man. Don't listen to that mischief maker. Come here.

(He seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag.)

"O say can you see".---

Dynamo. (Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie---"

Gun. (Singing) "God save the Czar!"

Dynamo. (Singing) "Solidarity forever--"

Radio and White Man. (Singing) "God save our gracious King."

Violet. "La Jour de grace etes arrive!"

Gun. (Doing the goose step.) "Deutchland, Deutchland. Ueber alles!"--

White Man. My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet). You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too

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good for you. (To Gun CB.) Here, give me that gun. Gun CB (draws back)

White Man. What?

Gun CB No, I'm the killer! (shrinks further & shakes his head)

White Man. God damn you!

Violet. Come, Gun CB and Radio C--join us, brothers--

Radio. C Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in.

Violet. What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brother--hood. Up and on! Brother Blue Negro--kill White Man and save the world.

Dynamo. Loom (Staggering toward White Man.) All men are--free--happiness--workers-forever!

White Man. Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back--fire!

(Gun CB fires.)

Dynamo Loom Long Live--the Revolution!

(Silence. Dynamo Loom loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine, running with a low whirr, White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring.)

Violet. Brother Blue's dead now--all dead. His body died before--now his soul is dead. He will never live again. He needed more heart--he was but half-hearted. Almost I dreamed a soul in him. Almost, ---and then I couldn't sleep. White Man dreamed hardest, but White Man has--no heart.

Radio. Well, we're rid of those Bolsheviks. The 'idea! h'asking equality with us. H'it's a good thing they're dead. Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and I just stand together and run this thing?

White Man. You and I?

Radio. Why yes; you see--we are alone now with C/3 gun to guard us.

White Man. Are we?

Radio. Yes, Can I sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers.

White Man. Well, of course, sometime when there's more room. It's cramped now.

Violet. All men are equal.

Radio. Yes--no--not you. We white folks are equal, ain't we?

White Man. Why---yes, of course

Radio. Well, then 'ereafter we'll live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have and wear some of them good clothes you can't use and, well, Sir, we might get hitched.

White Man. Get--what?

Radio. Hitch-- you know, - married.

White Man. What the devil?

Violet. All men are brothers, aren't they?

Radio. That's it. No, it ain't. I don't mean you--

38.

~~all white men, and since there ain't no other white woman for you to marry - why not me?~~

White Man. (Starting up angrily.) You damn fool - I'd marry that yellow bitch first.

~~Nadia.~~ O, You would, you bastard! (Starts toward White Man.)

(Gun mechanically shoots. ~~Radio becomes a radio cabinet, broadcasting an advertisement of soap.~~)

~~Nadia.~~ ~~The sweetest, cleanest soap on earth is Nadia's~~

White Man. (~~Turning radio off.~~) What did you--do that--for? You damned blundering idiot.

~~Gun.~~ (Whirls about and glares. ~~Stares at the corpse of Nadia. Stares at White Man.~~ Slowly raises his gun.)

White Man. About--face! (Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man ~~shoots~~ him in the back. He becomes a silent ~~machine~~ gun.)

White Man. It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class!. Only me--alone--with dead machines--and niggers.

(Slowly the full Moon rises in front where Violet stands. From the right come 3 terrible figures, dusky. With tramping that shakes the world + rattle of chains, chant + low-low; Black, Tan, Red + Yellow They march on White Man, but the Moon steps between)

Curtain

RED

The king of the Beasts came clawing the air;

The roar of the trees was the [redacted] of the Bear,

The shriek of the Leopard flamed up in the night,

The wail of the Mastodon trembled in fright.

YELLOW

The Leopard and Mastodon frozen in death;

The Bear and the Lion all quivering breath;

The pall of the crimson that covered the fight,--

The scream of the wind in the star-spangled night.

RED AND YELLOW

The silence our dead ones forever must keep;

The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;

No longer their laughter, no list of their song,--

No victory nor triumph of Right over Wrong

Violet

Harken -- a light!

Red

It is the light of a ~~vast~~ flame!

YELLOW

Something rises from the sea!

VIOLET

It is an island belching fire!

omitted?

~~YELLOW~~

~~It may be Dragon!~~

(The rage of the Sea redoubles)

RED

Hark! It is Dragon; he comes, leading the fish of the Sea, the snakes of the swamp and the insects of the air!

YELLOW

It is the End! Dragon walks land and sea.

RED

Shall we fight?

VIOLET

No - No! You will die -- you will sleep and leave the world and Father dead to me?

~~RED~~

~~Away! Sprite!~~

YELLOW

Wait! ~~Black Wand~~ He may help!

RED

No, he sits up there, whimpering and forgetting!

YELLOW

Let's hide! But where? When will Dragon attack?

RED

~~Hush! Leave Violet on guard.~~ Listen child, do you fear?

VIOLET

What is Fear?

RED

Good! Go down to the sea. Watch for Dragon. When you see him, scream and ~~dance~~ tell us ~~which way~~ he comes.

~~(Violet~~

(12)

But where will we be?

RED

We'll be flying to the mountain top; if we hear, we hear! If not, still we fly - we must! And Violet, -- if he dives, he dies! Go, Moon-beam, and remember, wait and scream!

VIOLET

I hear Dragon. I see him ere he comes. Ah, but his mouth is red and vast! Oh, but his teeth are long and sharp! His great gills blush and pale, their fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot! Ah! His crest is curled and high and beautiful -- but -- oh--oh--oh! I am afraid! He swerves and curves and circles up to the left. Red! Yellow! Answer! Answer!

CURTAIN

(A dark blue forest with stars above. In the center a Bier with a wavering Flame. Black Man kneeling in front, his back to the audience, feeds, the flame. His shadowy cloak, flowing down behind him, is white. The thunder of his mourning rises in low monotone.)

BLACK MAN

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O woe, woe, woe, that is death!
O Death in Life,
And Life in Death,
And Horror over all!

O hate, hate, hate, that is Life;
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in Life,
and Hate in death,
And horror over all!

O woe, woe, woe, that is Life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

(Red and Yellow creep panting out of the forest, start on seeing Black Man.)

VIOLET

(Gliding in silently behind them)
Red, Yellow! You did not answer! I was afraid! I ran -- forgive me -- all! Father!

YELLOW

(On her knees)
Royal Night!

BLACK MAN

I am not royal -- I am Woe.

RED

King!

BLACK MAN

I am no king -- I am Hurt and Horror;
The bottom and end of Life,
The death of Happiness
The night of joy
I am woe, -- go, go, go!

(Kissing. Klesk then turns from the altar, and lowers his cloak from his shoulders, standing shirtless in the gloom. In [illegible] his left arm [illegible] and the blood drips on the swirling robe of the cloak. He touches it with the funeral flame, and it [illegible] takes the semblance of a man.

SCENE VII

Arise, live and breathe!

(He bends to breathe into its nostrils, then with a roar, Dragon rears its [illegible] head from the other side of the [illegible] and [illegible] the funeral flame) before it has [illegible]

VIOLET

Father!

BLACK MAN

I am no father -- (he turns) Violet -- child; last of the moonbeams -- (he looks sadly about) Poor deserted, distorted souls where -- where?

VIOLET

Dead. All dead.

YELLOW AND RED

And now Death follows us -- and you.

BLACK MAN

Death follows -- he leads!

VIOLET

See yonder where Dragon reddens the sky?

BLACK MAN

Have done. I will meet Dragon; go down to the sea and wait!

RED

Await Death? Will you not come with us?

YELLOW

We are but two -- and this child!

RED

May we not die fighting together?

BLACK MAN

No. I am already dead. But I will give you a helper, if haply helper he can be; if even Help can be helpful.

VIOLET

You will send us your Shadow?

RED AND YELLOW

Even your Shadow,

VIOLET

(aside)

His shadow is white.

BLACK MAN

Strange you should want so much to live, when Death is Life and Life the gate to Death! For what would you fight? But you are you; you know what you will. If you have heart to stretch this life another heartbeat to one more ecstasy of hurt, who am I to gainsay you? Here, take this cloak of my dead life and with it writhe toward doom. Let my Shadow help you, if help it can. Let it be, if it will, bloodbrother of my children, until the world ends.

MOON--Love is God 74 ~~66~~

There is no God but Love

And work is his prophet.

(Slowly the Moon ~~rises to the sky. A perfume fills the still air in the~~ returns her throne, and stands beside Black Moon)
~~cause of morning before dawn.~~)

THE MOON--Behold! The life ~~that~~ born in ~~those~~ your and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on in ever-widening floods of ~~foaming~~ life. It shall be ~~you and more than you,~~ ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. ~~See how your~~ Our children will paint the world in every color and hue--hues of men that live, hues of them who died that we might live. Behold, my King and my brother, our children; all these are yours, born of your dear body and mine, life of our lives, soul of our souls, always and forever us.

Black Moon (Rising)

Amen! And now be

I thought I heard the mist speak. Can stars talk?

Voice — Yes, my son.

Violet — Who speaks? Can it be yonder star that was growing hourly brighter?

Voice — Yes, my son.

Violet — Your son!

Voice — My Moonbeam - last of the Angels.

Violet — Mother - Moon-Mother of Earth and Sky!
Bearer of sun rays,
Star of evening,
Wife of Black Man,
Mother of me and mine,
You are dead and yet speak.

(The Moon enters as a Woman in Grey.)

Moon — I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger;
But seeing Earth's evil
He has repented
And called me back from the swoon of Death
To redeem mankind.

Violet — And may I help and what's to be done? Shall we kill White Man? See! He sleeps - he is very still - helpless and still. Shall we kill him and free the world?

Grey Woman — We may not kill him; Life is our mission.

Violet — Shall we smash his machines?

Grey Woman — No - not Destruction but Creation is good; and White Man has created this wonderful work; let it [illegible] 64

Violet — But souls - it needs souls; he says so.

Gray Woman — Listen, my boy. There are two ways and only two to redeem the world - by Dreams and Death. Will you help?

Violet — So willingly!

Grey Woman — First, we will try Dreams - but if you fail -

Violet — What?

Grey Woman — Death, little one, only Death; and not his - yours.

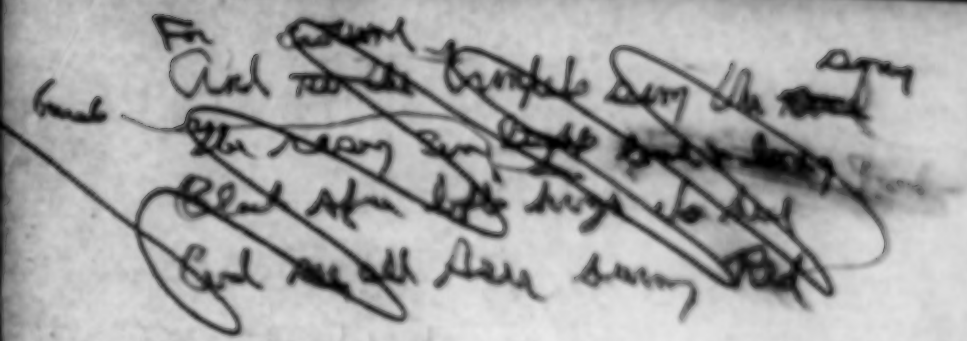
BLACK MAN--But what is this Civilization, when it does begin?

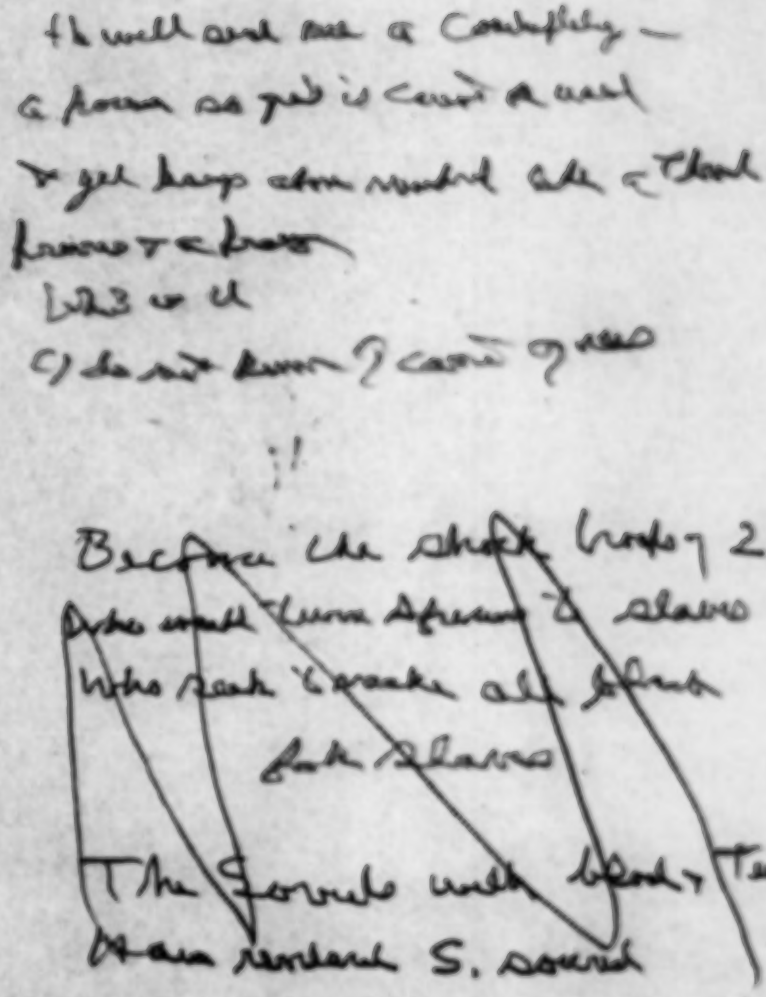
WHITE MAN--It's what you must have if you live--but what it really is--how can one know until it begins?

BLACK MAN--You talk like a fool! And yet somehow dimly I see sense in what you are trying to say. And slowly some far-off memory stirs within me--Red! Yellow! Work with this man! Gather food and fibre! ~~Store~~ it ~~within the tower!~~ Then when this Civilization begins and when I remember that which I forget--then--but now to work!

WHITE MAN--Good! Now we're getting somewhere! Come on!

(They work furiously, storing and piling material,





(White Man enters; he looks about uncertainly; then diffidently approaches Red)

WHITE MAN

How soft the light is on the sea! Brother, may I speak to you? (Red recoils) Sister, (to Yellow) your hand -- I am troubled! (Yellow lets him take her hand after a moment's hesitation)

Listen: have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream--a ~~fe~~ feeling of some far-off ill. Did I catch a gleam of it just now in the eyes of Red Man, ~~whom I love~~? Does Yellow Woman ~~recoil from my embracing arm~~. ~~(She hesitates, then yields~~

~~And~~ Even ~~you~~ Great King of Night,-It's hard to say this, but you will understand; ~~you are ever kind!~~ I sometime have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised ~~you~~, who ~~are~~ of the blood royal; of having held ~~you~~ bound,--as slave! ~~Nay~~, do not smile! I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong was the shadow of the memory, I leapt up in my sleep ~~and sought you~~; cried to the hills; grovelled and wept in abasement; ~~tried to leap in the sea~~; slept and woke to find ~~you~~ there beside me, ~~your~~ hand in mine, ~~[illegible]~~ Tell me whence came these vague and vicious visions--have I been ill?

~~BLACK MAN~~ Violet --Ill-very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this world. (Yellow and Violet put their arms about him. Red still stands apart. Enter the Moon and Black Man.

Black Man is clothed in white, with a great black cloak billowing behind him. The Moon shines through a misty veil which covers her face and form. Black Man seats her in the chair to the right, while he stands beside the arm-post . The others ~~beat~~ group themselves before them, ~~back to the audience~~)

THE MOON--Black Man, King of Night, and Monarch of a New Day, reign and rule! Assume your crown and ~~raise your~~ sceptre!

(Black Man ascends the throne and crowns himself; turning he grasps his sceptre and ~~sets~~ sets a crown on the head of the Moon)

the machines and ~~power above~~ spare the puny might of men, ~~to guide the hearts and heads of man.~~ Violet!

VIOLET--Ah! My time has come--Yes, Mother!

MOON--Violet, can you do a task, a mighty task, for us and for the world?

VIOLET--Yes, mother.

MOON (~~to~~ Violet, aside) Listen, my darling, and try to understand; I have a pact with God the Sun. I promised that if he gave me ~~back my husband~~, Black Man, we ~~and our children~~ would build a perfect world which all the world of worlds would ~~see and~~ follow. ~~We have~~ Once tried and failed, ~~not wholly but in part.~~ I must confess this to my father and beg his mercy. ~~for our new plan which must succeed.~~ You must ~~ask~~ ask more of the Sun Powers; power beyond mass and energy; beyond electricity and heat; power of Atom and of Cosmic Ray. You must ~~ask~~ beg him to entrust this mighty thing to us, ~~to redeem the world;~~ In turn we promise Love and Sacrifice, Faith and Truth. This message I cannot myself carry; for once thrown from the hot heart of the Sun, I can never return. You, last of the moonbeams, must ~~take~~ do this work for me. But remember, no mortal can face the Sun and live; Death is my messenger and you, my Baby, must die.

VIOLET--Welcome, Almighty Death.

MOON--Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest born! Death is not End. He who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall know again--impalpable, imponderable, incalculable, seeing yet unseen, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter ~~and~~ alone, always heard and never seen, all radient voice of empty air, permeating all and everything. Still will you go?

VIOLET--Shall I --ever again see--the Moon?

MOON--~~Yes, but never again shall~~ the Moon see you.

VIOLET--I go. I go to my Moon Mother's Father, All Glorious, the Sun. ~~I will cable this new city to the stars~~. I will drag down golden beams from him and thread them to and ~~fro~~ through until my net of sunrays holds hinged and nailed together, the fabric of this new city of God.

4 [(THERE IS RED MAN, crimson of skin, with long green hair and coal black eyes. He is small in size, and he stands quite naked, beautifully molded in body, and proudly poised. Beside him sits a giant, very tall, whose skin is bright blue, with golden curls and grey eyes, lolling against a massive tree trunk. Beyond glides a short ~~man~~ girl of golden skin, with ~~pale blue~~ hair, ~~and brown~~ and slanting eyes, ~~holding a rude zither.~~ Beside ~~this one~~ her stalks another giant, his skin a vivid green, his hair a flame of red, his eyes dark and smoldering. Apart and on the opposite side, staring out to sea, stand two giants, ~~broad, and tall, one~~ with orange skin, ~~green~~ blue hair, ~~and brown eyes~~; the other dark indigo, with ~~greenish yellow~~ hair and eyes pale to whiteness. Nervously flitting among them all, now here, now there, never still, always darting, leaping, climbing, is a sprite all violet; violet of skin, and hair, ~~and~~ eye; and yet always subtly changing in glow: becoming almost reddish, then yellowish and green and then back to purple, mauve and pale dim violet again. All these seem young, very young, despite their size; all seem strong, and vivid with energy, sparkling with hard-held spirits and scintillating intelligence; but all are frightened of the world.]

27 A

White Man. Present--hrm! Right shoulder--Hrm! Right about-face! Stand there on guard. ~~Now Radio, Sing!~~ ~~I wanna~~ dinner and a good one. Hurrah for ~~our~~ ~~the~~ ~~and white~~ civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. ~~While you're~~ Remember after dinner ~~ordering dinner,~~ Radio, don't go order me some art and literature, ~~and such stuff on the side--a million dollars worth,~~ (Dinner is served ~~at once~~ quickly with flowers, fruit, liquor china and silver.)

White Man. O, I dine!

A Bronx cocktail--Potage a' la creme, sole frite, (with chablis),

Paté de foie gras--champignons!

Canard roti aux truffles (a bit of Burgundy)

A Salad (very rare--try this hock)

Patisserie--(Moet et Chandon 28 to warm the heart)

~~Café noire. (What about this Port!)~~

Lord, how I've stuffed myself and I wasn't even hungry.

Sing Radio.

(Radio sings)

White Man. (Beating time.)

Work!

Work hard!

Pile up the goods, drive the niggers.

Here's the whips. I'll use them if necessary.

The harder they work, the more bread they get!

If they work like Hell--there's a bit of cake--

W.M Splendid! Put a new ~~sharp~~ sharp on your bow
later, I'll find, ~~shroya~~ ~~Ghost~~ & go out on ~~yonder~~ the stairway
~~Gallery~~ > ~~look down~~). Keep the ~~darkness~~ busy; thunder >
~~long below, Ghost~~ ; which clears. But don't
kill unless I tell you

G ~~Yes Sir!~~ (marches out)

W.M Perfect, perfect!

~~C. Now, Sir, what's your time?~~ (C. strikes 12)

~~W.M Good, I had forgotten food~~ Ha! High noon; now

(Coby A

Hay! I want music. Somebody sing! (Clock, Loon & C. Bow
(All sing, while Furnace drives a rightyon with the dead body fastened to a
rolling low-tow, from ~~inboard~~ ~~aft~~ ~~the~~ ~~wrecker~~ below (CB makes out and it disappears
> There arises a wild shriek: "Nobody knows

~~(Enter Violet from the right when the~~ What have we ~~of~~?

W.M O shut up! All of you, shut up? Get to work, Stinky
Clock! ~~Why don't you call~~
Hay where did your come from? you can't come
here: You're dead — I killed you —

(Violet enters from the right as C goes out Left)

V. So, You dreamed true. You made your Machines into
men

W.M Of course I did. Last night

(Coby B)

VIOLET--O what shall I do? What can I do? Now ~~they~~ We must dream or never!
neither nor dream
They sleep, ~~but do they dream? I do not think they dream.~~ They do not
toss and murmur like dreamers--they lie still like logs. ~~The new machines~~
Children of White Men are cold
~~will be half-hearted sheep~~, encased in ~~steel.~~ I, only little me, am
Souls in White Men's machines
left to dream ~~in them a heart~~. I will sleep. I must sleep (he lies down
and tosses) I cannot sleep; ~~my head's afire and~~ a cold white hand has
gripped my brain. White Man is dreaming, but I cannot sleep--O pitiless
God! I cannot sleep. ~~(Violet climbs up)~~ My head's afire!
Curtain

(All three sink down in dreamless stupor. Violet [illegible].

[illegible] weeps and cries)

Violet O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream? I do not think they dream. They do not sleep like dreamers - they lie like logs. (They do not know they can free.) The new machines will be born white - pale, heartless monsters; My brothers will be half-hearted ghosts, encased in steel.

I, only little me, am left
To dream in them a heart
I will sleep. I must sleep.

(He lies down and tosses; tries to sleep; turns and twists.)

Violet I cannot sleep; my head's afire, [illegible] a cold White hand has gripped my brain.

I cannot sleep-
O God! I cannot sleep.

(Slowly, wearily Violet climbs aloft)

I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I?
I - I couldn't sleep. O - Moon Mother! I have failed.
Dreams have failed - there is only - Death!

He starts up, for with sudden thunderous rush of sound and rage of smoke and fire, Dragon passes seething to the Sea. The sea boils and Dragon flies beyond the stars.)

Scene II Revolt of the Machines

[illegible] IN THE EARLY MORNING

(The world has been transformed; there is still human labor below, [illegible] -black, yellow and red; but here above is a new laboring class: machines; [illegible] human (from White Mans dungeon) hail to be sure, but also half machines; and as such, curious, sinister, startling phenomena.)

(White Man is slowly on a platform making a sort of third story of the Tower at the back. He sits hunched forward, afraid, self-conscious, yet trying to look dignified. He blinks, as he sees in front of him a singular person. Tricked out in orange braid, and clothes — cut square, with pale green inset panels, enters Radio. He is a pompous butler, but he has no eyes. He is blind, but can hear a pin drop and has a voice like the crack of doom.

Radio — "At your service, Sir," (he booms) so loudly that White Man jumps ~~on his throne~~. Then he looks all about suspiciously. At his right holding Radio's hand is Dynamo, steel-blue, short and squat, with lumps of flesh. He has a big mouth and tiny eyes that flash continuously. But he has no ears; he is stone deaf. Yet he is always humming to himself; humming a low monotone without tune, and drinking from a great flagon of water. At the left, White Man descries Gun — tall, thin and metallic green. He has a dozen eyes arranged in a circle around his round, open, mouth. But he has neither hands nor skin. He cannot feel, but on his spindly legs, he can move fast. Behind them all lumbers Loom; a ~~vast bulky lump~~ tall, wide grill of iron; unhealthy purple in hue, as if always choking; with soft, solemn eyes and big ears; a mouth but no tongue; he is always silent; he utters no word; always with his big hands and long arms he is continually mixing cotton and coal, flax and coal, wood and coal; he chews them; slavers at the mouth while behind his entrails eject huge rolls of smoth and beautiful cloth.)

(White Man glares at all of these uncertainly, then spies Violet ~~in the Airplane~~.)

White Man — Say, you! Are you still alive? I mean I kill you

Violet — [redacted] I run

White Man — Do you believe in ghosts.

Violet — [redacted] yes!

White Man — ~~I do.~~ I saw four ghosts last night - or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly, but I half believe the ghosts got into my machines and made them men; ~~will-o'-the-wisps~~ my ~~airplanes~~.

Violet — Half-men!

White Man — Half-nothing. White men - my equals - my helpers. Hell and ~~furies~~ Damnation! I see it all now; why I'm God! I've created Man; a new kind of man They talk and hear and see. That was the voice I just heard; wait! I'll try and see. What - what is it you fellows want?

Radio — (With cockney accent) To serve you, Sir, and h' entertain you, even if I am blind.

White Man — See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve; and all good servants should be blind.

Violet — Orange has forgotten all his poetry; he no longer knows what poetry is.

White Man — (To Dynamo) What do you want?

Radio — 'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see, and if I hold his hand I can make him understand; he wants to work for you.

Violet — ~~He wants to dance;~~ he don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! Dear God!

White Man — Good! That's the ticket. Give him plenty of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

Dynamo — (In low rumbling voice, with German accent). De eart' is de Lord's and de fullness der-of.

White Man — What's he muttering about? Here you (to Gun) What do you want?

(Gun salutes by clicking smartly and whirling his

cylindrical eyes.)

Gun — To kill, sir! I want to fight.

White Man — Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun clicks again.) And you? (to Loom)

Radio — 'E's dumb, sir, but 'e han see and hear. He built your throne out of stuff we got from the Niggers below; and he's working on a coronation robe for you.

White Man — Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to his job.

Violet — They're only half men. We failed.

White Man — We failed? I succeeded, you mean. I'm the Creator. I'm God. I've made a world of white men.

Violet — They're not white.

White Man — Yes, they are too - of course, not pure white - not Nordic like me, but that tint of their's — sun-tan and star-shadow. I tell you they're white - inside.

Violet — And your equals? Yes - your equals !

White Man — Sure - that is - in a way - Oh you get out! Here Dynamo. (beckons)

Dynamo — Yes, Sir!

White Man — (Explaining by signs) Come over here by this trap door. See those ~~hands? They belong to~~ darkies ~~laborers~~ below? See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Light up and get going. O yes, and keep Radio's battery full-charged. (Dynamo humming to himself, begins to work.)

White Man — Hey! Loom. (Loom approaches.) Take the goods Dynamo raises up and make cloth and weld steel. Look alive now.

Violet — ~~(Tuning up his [illegible])~~ I'll teach them.

White Man — Hey! ~~quit that.~~ Clear out! That's my place. Teach them what?

Now Radio, What do I need next?

RADIO--Well, sir, might h'I suggest first, a sort of throne? (Radio drapes a chair, ~~and lies it on the steps~~. White Man drops into it.)

RADIO--Now sir, how about some Art and Literature?

WHITE MAN--All right--get me a million dollars worth! Modern!

RADIO--And now sir--a dinner! ~~A dinner and a good one.~~ What say?

WHITE MAN--Hurrah for culture and ~~white~~ civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. (Dinner is served quickly with flowers, fruit, china and silver.)

RADIO--~~There~~ Sir! A Bronx cocktail--and hors-d'oeuvres,--potage a' la crême; sole frite, (with chablis); Paté de foie gras--champignons! Canard roti, aux truffles (a bit of Burgundy); a Salad--(try this ~~rare~~, very rare); Patisserie--(Moet et Chandon'28, to warm the heart); Café noire, (What about this Port?)

WHITE MAN--Lord, how I've stuffed myself; and I wasn't even hungry! Sing, Radio! (Radio sings softly to the tune of "Sleep, baby, sleep"--White Man beating time)

WHITE MAN--Work, nigger, work!
And never dare to shirk!
Roll up the goods and till the ground,
And pile the wealth around and around! Work, nigger, work!
Work, Nigger, work!
And never, never shirk!
Obey your master, love your God!
And keep your dumb face in the sod!
Work, nigger, work!

(Radio makes exit)

WHITE MAN--That'll do! Come, Come! I can't sit around like this, I'll get fat! I need exercise.

VIOLET--There's plenty to do down stairs.

45A

WHITE MAN--Still hanging around? ~~Well, shut up~~ Get out!

RADIO--(bringing in sport clothes, golf and Indian clubs and a tennis racquet) ~~and golf clubs.~~

WHITE MAN--That's it; I'll work up an appetite for another meal.

(He exercises vigorously)

VIOLET--You still seem overworked.

WHITE MAN--Are you still here? Gun, watch him!

VIOLET--They're hungry below.

WHITE MAN--Sure! I like to hear'em growl and fight. (Tosses a bone through the trap) Here Radio! A liqueur! Something costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent--Excell---ent! (Looks down at the machines)

The nice thing about machines is that they dont get hungry — at least not very hungry: oil, water & they're satisfied.

VIOLET

Listen, White Man: these laborers here-- are they men or machines?

WHITE MAN

They are both; they are neither; they are machines; no, they are men-- white Men. They are the free white laboring class!

VIOLET

You dont seem sure;

WHITE MAN

I am sure!

VIOLET

Are they sure?

WHITE MAN

They dont need to be. They love work. They hate niggers. When they work they make me rich, and Cumberland when I am rich, they are rich. Because we are one and the same.

VIOLET

I see. I thought machines would free men. Now I see they enslave men and yet they themselves are men. It's complicated, isn't it?

WHITE MAN

It's clear as day. See this chain? Its gold beset with jewels. They made it for yesterday me. The darkies found the gold; Radio planned the chain; Dynamo hammered the links; Loom wove it close together! Gun wound it close about my shoulders. They're awful proud of it. Its theirs because its mine!

VIOLET

And its yours because its theirs; and its theirs because it belongs to all men who ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ toil ~~below~~ above and below

WHITE MAN

Poppy-cock! Its mine because I made them into Cyborgs machines ~~and taught them work~~. I worked and saved and thought. They just existed until I ~~showed them what life means~~ Cyborg.

VIOLET

You didnt save, you found!
You dont work, you steal!
You dont think, you scheme!
You dont create, you kill!
You make play, gambling and laughter, mockery!
You make Love a whore!
You buy Art and enslave Knowledge!
Your belly drowns your brains!
Your muscles are water!
Corns crust your feet!
You are a fool!
Because you never had a heart

WHITE MAN (leaping to his feet)

Lese Majesté!-- he blasphemes! Kill the little devil! Feed his carcass down the trap-door to his kin --

(White Man stumbles over his golden chain and falls senseless. Radio and Gun lift him and carry him to a couch behind a screen. Violet seizes a garland hanging above the throne chair and swings across the stage to the tower wall. He writes upon the wall in clear sight of all)

VIOLET (Writing in flaming letters)

"ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS"

DYNAMO (reading slowly aloud)

All men are brothers? (Stares in surprise. Loom, listening, works more slowly)

VIOLET (writing)

"ALL MEN ARE BORN EQUAL"

(LOOM stops work gesticulates, hinting below)

DYNAMO

The colored fellows below -- Brothers? Equal? How are they getting on? Are they hungry? Do they need air? I never ~~[illegible]~~ them. See!

(Loom She moves blunderingly toward the trap-door)

RADIO (turning his blind eyes and listening)

Hey there! What's h'up? Dynamo is slowing down! Loom has stopped work -- what is he muttering?

GUN

Rat-atat-tat! Get to work!

VIOLET (writing swiftly)

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY"

DYNAMO (stops work entirely)

DYNAMO

Liberty, equality, fraternity; for whom? Where? When?

RADIO

What's that you say? Blime! They've both stopped work!

GUN

Shall I shoot?

RADIO

Not yet; lead me nearer? Where is that Violet?

GUN

He's up yonder, writing something on the wall

VIOLET (writing furiously)

"LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

DYNAMO

Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness? Happiness? Happiness! Once I sang of Happiness! ~~Where is Happiness gone? All should be happi~~

GUN

Happiness? What is happiness? Is it something to eat? Give me some bullets!

(LOOM opening the trap-door, and peering down)

~~Are you happy down there? Come up!~~ stet - per instructions of W.E.B.D.

RADIO

Stand back! What is Violet writing? Who's at that trap-door? Get to work or I'll order Gun to shoot!

GUN

Shall I shoot?

VIOLET (still writing rapidly)

"ALL WEALTH BELONGS TO THE WORKERS"

DYNAMO (walking forward with ~~rapt expression~~ lifted eyes)

All wealth belongs to the workers! To me, to them, not just to him!

GUN

Hurry! Which one shall I kill. Why dont somebody give me orders? Where is White Man?

RADIO

Hush! Wait a moment! 'Old on! Let me get some of all this talk straight. There's some sense in it. Natural enough all white men are equal; ~~xx xxx~~ H'and if you

arsk me, I wouldnt mind pursuing a bit of 'appiness. But who's saying all this? Whose giving out these h'ideas? If it's that Violet, its a lie!

VIOLET (still writing).

"WORKERS UNITE, SOLIDARITY FOREVER "

DYNAMO (bursting loudly into song

Allons, enfants de la Patrie ! La jour de grace ^etes arrive!

WHITE MAN (starting up from his swoon and knocking the screen away)

What's that? Whose talking?

RADIO (rushing to him)

Gun, lead me! Quick, 'is robe!

(holds up the robe so as to shut out the scene)

Nothing, Sir; Nothing; feelf better? That was a nasty tumble!

WHITE MAN

I feel rotten. Damn these chains. Bring me some breakfast. Fix me a bath--

What? It aint morning? Well what is it? Where are the workers? Stand aside!

(Violet drops to the floor and waving a red flag, follows Dynamo and Loom toward White Man. Loom beats her great breasts like a drum.)

DYNAMO (sings)

Solidarity forever!

WHITE MAN (wheeling about)

What's this? Why aint they working? What do they want? Who's waving that flag? Ah! I see. I thought I killed that pest. That's where all the trouble comes from Gun! Get ready. When I tell you I want you to kill that Violet. Move quietly until you get a bead on him; but careful -- dont harm my machines! Now what is all this?

RADIO--They've stopped work, sir! Sort of strike! Been list'ning to h'agitators--and Communists!.

WHITE MAN--Who wrote all that stuff up there? Erase it!

RADIO--What? I can't see-but I know it was that Violet.

DYNAMO--All men are brothers.

WHITE MAN--Like Hell they are! If you don't--

RADIO--I think he means white men, Sir!

~~GUN--Shall I kill him?~~

WHITE MAN--I don't care a damn what he means--

DYNAMO--All men are born equal!

WHITE MAN

Dont talk like damned fools; listen Men: I created you; if it wasnt for me you wouldnt be. I do what I will with whats mine/! Do you understand?

VIOLET

Did you make the land? Did you make the sea? Did you make the Sun, Moon and Stars? Did you make the ~~Earth~~ food and drink and the labor there --

WHITE MAN

Shut up! Gun, attention! Present -- hrm! Right shoulder -- hrm! Take aim at Violet-- Fire!

(Loom rushes in front of Violet and receives the charge in the breast. She slowly turns into a lifeless m achine)

WHITE MAN

You fool! You damned fool! You've ruined a machine and that little devil still lives!

VIOLET (gripping Loom and weeping)

Indigo -- Sister Indigo! No longer afraid! Dead! All dead!

DYNAMO

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

WHITE MAN

Gun! Take aim!

RADIO--Beg pardon, Sir--but 'adn't we better h'arbitrate? My h' idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights, but goes too far!

DYNAMO--All wealth belongs to the workers.

WHITE MAN--You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world?

50 h 53 51 50

RADIO--Why sir, h'its this way; h'its that agitator, Violet. 'E's been a-tampering with h'industry. H'I don't like 's looks noway. Bit of the tar-brush, if you arsk me. Dynamo, 'e started talking this equality business. Now I should say 'as all white men was brothers and should stand together, but I don't 'old with niggers. We white folks should be equal and share whatever happiness we can get. (While he is talking Dynamo retreats before Gun.)

WHITE MAN--What the devil are you talking about? (Dynamo rushes to the open trap door)

WHITE MAN--Christ Almighty,--Look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to raise the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo)

RADIO--Give me the whip. No sir--don't you risk nothing! Gun--guide me! (Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash to where Red and Yellow raise their heads above the trap.) Get down there, you red son-of -a-bitch! H'out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see'im? Gee! This is fun!

VIOLET--Don't strike your brothers!

RADIO---Brothers? 'ell, they're lice. H'll show'em-- (Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Dynamo stare silently at Radio and Gun.)

VIOLET--Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom! Don't go back to him!

WHITE MAN--Don't listen to that mischief maker! Come here!

I mean to be fair, once I kill Violet. If you want more wages, all right, although I dont see what you'll do with them but loaf. If you want shorter hours you can have them to sleep away and rust. But you cant upset the world. You cant try to make darkies men That's my business when I get good and ready. But now you all must be patriotic. Love God, and honor the King -- thats me!

(he seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag, singing) "O say can you see,"---

DYNAMO (Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie--"

GUN (Singing)--"God save the Czar!"

RADIO (Singing)--"God save our gracious King."

VIOLET--"La Jour de grace êtes arrivé!"

GUN (Doing the goose step) "Deutchland, Deutchland. Ueber alles!"--

WHITE MAN--My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet) You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun) Here, give me that gun ——

Damn these chains!

GUN--No!

WHITE MAN--What?

GUN--I'm the killer!

WHITE MAN--God damn you!

VIOLET--Come, Gun and Radio--join us, brothers--

RADIO--Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in.!

VIOLET--What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brother-hood. Up and on! Green, Brother Green kill White Man and save the world!

DYNAMO (Staggering toward White man) All men are equal--happiness--workers-forever!

WHITE MAN--Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back--fire'. (Gun fires)

DYNAMO--Long live —the Revolution!

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr, White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring)

VIOLET--Brother Blue's dead now--all dead! His body died before--now his Soul-~~has died~~! ~~I wanted~~ to dream a soul in him;--and then ~~I~~ couldn't sleep! White Man dreamed, but White Man has no heart!

RADIO

Now wait a minute! What are you tryin' to do? What with your war and murder you've h'off 'alf already killed ~~off~~ the white laboring class. Only me and Gun is left. Now with Gun to guard us we might still make a go of it and keep the blooming world from turning h'upside down. But that means some clear understanding between you and me. That Gun is beginnin' to get h'ideas. That wont do at all!

Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and me just stand together and run this thing?

WHITE MAN--You and me?

RADIO--Why yes; you see, we are alone now, with Gun to guard us! ~~and that~~ ~~[redacted]~~

WHITE MAN--Are we?

RADIO--Yes, I can sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers!

WHITE MAN--Well, of course, sometime--when there's more room. It's cramped now.

VIOLET--All men are equal.

WHITE MAN--Yes--no--not you!

RADIO--We white folks is equal, ain't we?

WHITE MAN--Why--yes, of course!

RADIO--Well, then 'ereafter, we'll both live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have, and wear some of them good clothes you can't use; and well, Sir, we might get hitched!

WHITE MAN----Get what?

RADIO---Hitched--you know,--married.

WHITE MAN--What the devil!.

VIOLET--All men are brothers.

RADIO--That's it! No, it ain't! I don't mean you--all white men, and since there ain't no other white woman for you to marry--why not me? I ain't so bad-looking!

WHITE MAN (Starting up angrily) You damn fool--I'd marry that yellow bitch below first.

RADIO--You would, you bastard! (Starts toward White Man)

(Gun ~~mechanically~~ shoots. Radio becomes a radio cabinet, broadcasting an advertisement of soap)

"The cleanest soap on earth is Smith's-mild, mild, mild!"

WHITE MAN (Turning radio off) What did you--do that--for? You blundering idiot! (Gun whirls about and glares; stares at the corpse of Radio; stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun)

WHITE MAN--About face! (Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man shoots him in the back. He becomes a silent mounted machine gun)

It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class! Damn these chains! Only me--alone --with dead machines--and niggers!

Curtain

ACT I, SCENE III. THE WALL

(White Man, Red, Yellow and Violet stand facing the Wall)

VIOLET

White Man has no heart. Black Man gave him blood; he gave him fire; but he did not breathe a heart into his soul. White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

(with thin, high, metallic voice, pointing up to the battle)

What's that?

YELLOW

Dragon!

WHITE MAN

What does he want?

RED

Us, Black Man and us!

WHITE MAN

(looks about; spies the wall)

What's that?

RED

Our wall.

WHITE MAN

What's back of it?

YELLOW

Our dead, — Green, Blue, and Indigo, and the Horse

WHITE MAN

What are we waiting for? Let's hide there.

RED

But if Dragon kills Black Man?

WHITE MAN

We'll be safer there!

YELLOW

But if Black Man kills Dragon?

WHITE MAN

We'll be safe. He'll either win or lose. If he wins, he won't need us; if he loses, we won't need him. Now we need a place to hide. Come!

18

White Man walks toward the audience, while behind him Red, Yellow and Violet look staring toward the smoking mountain. White Man inspects the ground and examines the ground and plants. Then he turns and looks at his companions.

White Man. (To himself) They are a queer-looking crew; all parti-colored; sort of dirty-looking; quite different from me

RED He looks bloodless

YELLOW His skin is naked

VIOLET He has no heart

WHITE MAN I have a plan.

We'll build this wall higher and close it in so as to make a fort. We'll cover it with stout logs to form a roof. We'll make a great gate to close and keep us safe

We'll gather food and store it there

RED Why store food; why not eat? We all dead.

WHITE MAN Because all the beasts may not be dead. Dragon may have kin

(The low continuous din of battle on the heights now rises to a climax and then ceases and there is long silence. All stand and stare.) On the crest of the mountain, slowly descending, bloody and covered with dirt appears Black Man. He halts and straightens

BLACK MAN

Dragon is dead. Long live my children, if they so will;

(He turns to go back and falls prone)

(All except White Man rush to his rescue. They bring him down to the wall)

WHITE MAN Lay him here in the shade. Bring water and covering and food. Violet will nurse him. The rest of you listen. Finish this fort and then gather and store food.

RED--Why? We've eaten! We're clothed!

WHITE MAN--To-day; this is for tomorrow and the days after. We must guard against the beasts--

YELLOW--They're dead! I saw them die!

WHITE MAN--Not all! And Dragon is only mountain, and there are millions of great insects. We must protect ourselves.

(Slowly Red and Yellow follow him down the hill.)

VIOLET

(Lingering and muttering)

White Man has no heart. Black Man gave him Fire and Blood; but he breathed no heart into him. White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

We've plenty of time now.

(They work to complete the wall. Above in the burning forest, Black Man appears fighting Dragon. He falls and rises. He drives Dragon back. He yields and retreats. With last ounce of strength, he cleaves Dragon through the brain. Trailing blood and fire Dragon flees. Black Man lurches down the hill, scarred and maimed; blinded and bloody; and he falls to the ground.)

CURTAIN

17 Black Man (All work slowly)

VIOLET

My brothers, day ~~dawns~~; night falls ~~[illegible]~~. Let's hasten and bring Father to the Fort ~~[illegible]~~

WHITE MAN

Wait! Dont put your father ~~[illegible]~~ among the piles of food and fibre. Lay him here in the shade while we lift this stuff to the roof and protect it. Then there'll be room for all

(The food is lifted to the roof and covered.) All enter the fort except White Man and Violet)

WHITE MAN

Now the gate and the ladder to the roof

(The gate is built and hung)

WHITE MAN

Enter !

(All go in, save Violet who climbs to the roof and White Man who stands by the gate. When all are in, White Man closes the gate and fastens it with ~~[illegible]~~

WHITE MAN

Now, brethern, suppose you stop sulking and loafing and go to work. If you dont work you wont eat. (He climbs to the roof and sees Violet)

WHITE MAN

Where the devil did you come from? Why are'nt you down there with the others?

VIOLET

Why are'nt you?

WHITE MAN

I'm going to build Civilization

~~[illegible]~~ VIOLET

What's that?

White Man
~~[illegible]~~ Its what I want
Violet
How about what we want?

~~[illegible]~~

WHITE MAN--Shut up! ~~It's got to begin first, hasn't it?~~ It is something ~~you've got to have!~~ We all must have ~~Can't find it must begin.~~

VIOLET--White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN--What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think, what more?

VIOLET--You are cold, and bloodless. You have no ~~knowledge~~ of joy and pain; of ~~sunset~~ color and song. You can neither laugh nor sing. Black Man forgot; he gave his Shadow no heart.

WHITE MAN--You haven't good sense and until you get to work down there with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you go down there.

VIOLET--But I don't want a bite. I've just eaten and why should you or anyone give food or clothes? ~~Where it is down there, the ground floor is covered. Why should anyone beg? Even if my brothers are kept outside the tower.~~ The wood is full of fruit; the fields are lush with fibres and grain; the sea is full of fish; why should man ~~beg~~ work when the wealth of the world is free?

WHITE MAN--Can't you reason? ~~Unless we hordo,~~ These fools won't work until they're ~~cold and~~ hungry; once full and warm they'll ~~stop work and~~ sleep. ~~Now you see,~~ If we hide all the food and stuff up here in my control, and shut them up down there where they can't run loose ~~and waste and loaf,~~ we can get a lot of things done. That's the point, you fool, wealth mustn't be free, else men wont ~~work.~~ We've got to make wealth scarce and keep the workers shut up so they wont go wanderin g about to find more. Then civilization can begin.

VIOLET--For whom?

WHITE MAN--For me--for everybody--what difference does it make?

VIOLET--All the difference between you and me and them!

VIOLET--(slipping silently back toward the ~~trap-door~~ ladder) You are going to make slaves of us all to serve you.

WHITE MAN--The only way to serve yourselves is to serve me. You see, I know you colored folk just feel. You're fit for nothing but work and--

VIOLET--(edging closer to the ~~trap~~ ladder) Dream!

WHITE MAN--Yes; but you dream foolishness--sound, colors, idleness; I ~~dream~~ plan useful things--food, clothes, walls--so you must work. See? I'll make you--

(Violet leaps for the ~~trap~~ ladder and screams, dropping half-way ~~through~~ down, as White Man seizes ~~his~~ her heels)

VIOLET--Father, Brothers, hear, hear--White Man will enslave th--ah-a-ah!

(Red and Yellow hammer at the doors ~~and tear them down. They raise the faint Violet and reach for White Man~~)

WHITE MAN--Easy now, easy, I'm coming ~~down~~ in!

BLACK MAN--(turning slowly) ~~What is it? What is wrong?~~ Surely you know me

WHITE MAN--~~Nothing, Father~~. Violet got excited and nearly fell. She's a mite nervous, you know, and imagines things.

~~BLACK MAN--(Taking Violet in his arms and soothing her)~~

RED AND YELLOW)--White Man tried to kill her. Let's strangle him.

BLACK MAN--Wait! Let White Man explain!

WHITE MAN--That's better. Let's sit down and be comfortable. May I bathe Violet's head? He seems to have a congestion.

Who am I and where?

Where am I and Whence? Why am I and what do I do? (Raises himself to his feet) ~~higher~~) Who are you? I seem almost to remember. (Looking at Red and Yellow) Yes, you and you, And who is this? This pale and shadowy thing? Whence did it come)

RED--Leave him alone. Talk!

WHITE MAN--If we eat, we work!

BLACK MAN--We work, of course

WHITE MAN---This is a dangerous place---

YELLOW--Since you came!

BLACK MAN--Some danger lurks! Once I knew and understood; but I've forgotten. What is it?

WHITE MAN--Beasts, Insects and Dragons; Hunger and Cold threaten us always. We should build higher and stronger; we should store and preserve, garner and save. It is not enough to work alone and at will. ~~We must work and save.~~ We must work together ~~like a team.~~ We must have a leader and commander. We must have a plan. ~~At any rate, I was going to put us all to work to store the wealth we need.~~

Red, YELLOW--Is that why you shut the gates? ~~There it is!~~

~~WHITE MAN--I was just trying them out!~~

Stark RED--We can work alone and get what each needs.

WHITE MAN--We'd get more if we worked together, each for all---

BLACK MAN--But why, why, why, White Man! Something is missing! Something you leave out, something I cannot remember! ~~But we must not wait!~~ ~~There may be danger in waiting.~~ True. There is logic in this man's plan. If we live, we must eat; if we eat, we must work. On to the work: Gather more ~~Store~~ more ~~Get~~ food and fibre, ~~in the cave;~~ lift it to the roof and cover the roof; ~~then gather more food and fibre;~~ if we must live! But why live? I do not know'.

(Red and Yellow scowl and hesitate; Violet climbs back to the roof)

Black Man Do you hear me? Work! I'll work with you!

WHITE MAN--Sure. ~~Come in and help.~~ Work heals; work remembers!

(Black Man stiffens and stands still)

VIOLET (above on the roof) I see a star! Yestereve it was but a crack in the sky!

WHITE MAN--Go to it, star-chaser! We'll get you to work yet!

(Black Man, Yellow, and Red all work, bringing in the materials, sorting them, bailing them, lifting them aloft, where White Man stores them)

BLACK MAN--(suddenly, stopping work and striding out of the tower)

I remember!

Where is the body of the Moon?

What ho! Where are my dead children? What is this mumery of work, while the funeral flame of my murdered bride is untended and the dead bodies of my children rot, unburned! Bring me the Flame! Unbury me my children!

Scene 2 The Tomb of Death On the shore before the tower, with the mountainside in the background. White Man stands in the door of the tower. Red and Yellow disinter the dead from the graves. Black Man faces the mountain, Violet beside him)

WHITE MAN--Hold on there! What are you doing? Where are you going?

BLACK MAN--The Tomb! My bride! The Flame!

WHITE MAN--Hearken! There are beasts up there! You will never get through! If you steal through, you will never get back! Who will guard our horde, if all you run away from it?

(Red and Yellow bring in the bones of the dead Orange, Green, Blue and Indigo; they add the bones of Elephant, and pile all on a funeral bier.)

BLACK MAN--Violet! You remember the path: climb up! Slip through; bring down the Flame and tell me where lies my Bride!

WHITE MAN--I'll go too and watch him die, or help him crawl back!

RED--No! He'll kill Violet! Let me--

BLACK MAN--No! Let them go, Violet, search! White Man,

(Violet and Whitefeather rush into the forest.

(Violet rushes out, flies back)

check Carefully Planned

Red, Yellow and White man gather dirt and mold it into a great ~~man~~ mound. But White Man soon stops working and examines the earth which appears ~~yellow~~ white and not black. He looks puzzled. ~~Violet~~ rushes back with the Flame held high in his hands

and ~~runs~~ runs out around the mountain
leaving Violet as the

VIOLET--Father, the funeral flame!

BLACK MAN--And the tomb? The Body?

VIOLET--There was no tomb! There was no body!

BLACK MAN--(Bows his head a while, with closed eyes) It is well! First, the funeral rites of our dead! Then, on to the Mountain!

(The bier is covered with flowers and the funeral flame set ~~above~~ on it. Black Man leads the dance of Death, his children following)

BLACK MAN

I call on the Mountain, bend down on our fright!
I challenge the Sun-God, beware the black night!
~~Yet shall~~ our vengence encrimson yon sky
The death of the World shall thunder reply!

(As Black Man ~~starts to~~ light the funeral pire, ~~a wild cry and roar rises from the forest.~~ White Man dashes ~~in, dishevelled and~~ gesticulating; ~~he~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~returns with the water first on his hands, bubbles~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the forest bursts into flame. White Man steps toward the scorched ~~flame~~ earth and digs. Dipping up handsful of earth, he molds it and brings it to Black Man)

~~Scene 3 Chains~~

(~~Before the tower~~. Black Man ~~stands~~ turns facing White Man, ~~who has chains~~ in ~~his hands~~, Red, Yellow and Violet ~~stand~~ gather about)

BLACK MAN--White Man, come here:

(White Man approaches, hesitatingly)

What is all this play-acting? Did you set your forest aflame?

WHITE MAN--~~I did not mean to do it. I did not know~~ no or I did but not mean to. I am not acting! ~~It is serious; it is terribly important!~~ This

BLACK MAN--(Taking White Man by the shoulders and regarding him keenly) White Man--Son or changeling, Shadow or substance! I cannot fathom you--I do not know you. But hearken, Man! By the stars in Heaven, if you deceive me, I will kill you by every pang of pain Earth knows! Now talk!

WHITE MAN--I went to help Violet find the tomb--or at least to prove he couldn't. I lost him, but I found iron--a dirt which ~~mixed~~ with fire makes a new stone. I lighted a fire and welded chains, when some evil thing, Beast, Insect or Snake, stole the flame and threw it on the forest. I ran home with my chains.

BLACK MAN--What are Chains? I have long known I now; but

WHITE MAN--Listen! Life is Work. Work is Plan. Plans are Chains. We cannot work together if each runs when and where he will. All must chain themselves to the common aim. Think what can happen, if we roam about, separate and loose? If we leave our horde untended and our tower unguarded--if we stop work when we feel like it--we'll be fit for yonder pile of dead. I tell you this is a bad world. We have got to work together ~~as one beast~~, chained each to each. That's the way to Civilization.

WHITE MAN

~~I DO NOT KNOW.~~ AS THE FOREST FLAMED, THIS WHITE CLAY TURNED BLACK IN MY HANDS

Black Man

Give it to me

(He molds it into iron & makes an axe. He fashions the ~~iron~~ light to form blade & ~~adds~~ drops the ashes of the dead into it)

(Meantime White Man using Black Mans discarded axe, makes a chain out of iron, using the flames of the iron

White Man

See! I have made chains

(for you)

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BLACK MAN--To Hell with Civilization! I want the Moon!

WHITE MAN: Wait! I speak truth; hear me: you are not liked on this earth. Why, I do not know, I do not care. The Head Guy tried to kill you and did kill your wife. The wild beasts ate up most of your children. The King Fish did his best to eat you up and God knows what the Insects are planning now. [redacted]

[redacted]. The world don't want you and is out to get you. Are you going to wait until it does, or strike first? If you want to strike first, I'm here to help you. Of course there's some mystery about me. I may be kin to you or some special breed from the Milky Way. But let that go. I'm with you, if you're with me. [redacted].

RED--(suddenly, interrupting) Hark! The Sun!

YELLOW--(starting to run) The Sun is rising!

RED (following) To the forest!

WHITE MAN--~~See there?~~ you cannot enter the forest — It's burning! Just what I was saying! Running away from work.

VIOLET--We always used to run ~~to the forest~~ and hide at sun-rise!

WHITE MAN--A hell of a note! How can work get done if the world hides at sunrise? Black Man, we must do something! We must chain these workers together or they'll never amount to a damn--[redacted]?

(Black Man stands staring at the dawn)

BLACK MAN--Sunrise! The Sun! He is my enemy! Once we fought almost to death! Where , where is the body of the Moon?

WHITE MAN--I'll tell you!

BLACK MAN--(seizing him) You know?

WHITE MAN--No, No! But I can find it! ~~I have a plan!~~

BLACK MAN--Quick, where ~~what~~ is it?

WHITE MAN--First all into the tower—then close the doors! Sunlight cannot harm us--we ~~are~~ let us safe! (Forest cannot burn us) This is a trap door to the roof.

(all file in and stand in darkness as the sun rises)

VOICE OF WHITE MAN--Now we must chain ourselves together lest any stray; none must be lost. I have the manacles here. First I fit my own wrist.

Now, Red!

RED--No, No chains!

YELLOW--No, no chains!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN--Here, chain me! This will keep us close and together! What is a puny chain to those ~~who love freedom!~~ born free! Alas! What is it that I want but the End!

VOICE OF WHITE MAN--(as he chains Red and Yellow) Harken! What's that? Did I hear the roar of beasts? Or the fish of the sea? We must be wary! We must all work together hereafter. We must stop scattering and running about. Now we are all chained but Violet--Where's Violet? He's little and may be lost!

VOICE OF VIOLET--I am up here, watching the sunrise!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN--Be careful Violet; ~~do not let them~~ Keep hidden from the Sun. When we signal, open the trap, slip down! And now, White Man, what next?

WHITE MAN--We'll work here quietly in the dark. After sun-set, we'll go out, gather more food and fibre ~~and then work again~~, until we have all the stuff we need, and the tower is re-built and my plans are on the way--~~and why~~ then we can go fighting stars and hunting corpes!

BLACK MAN--(moving impatiently in the dark) ~~That will be wisdom? Do I catch a note of pallilary in your voice?~~ Do you talk carelessly of my quest, my life?

WHITE MAN--No, no! Black Man--Father! (one hears a stealthy movement) It will be but a day--at most, a week; or barely a month! Only at first, safety, care, work!

(The trap-door opens, Violet looks down and White Man glides up)

BLACK MAN--White Man! Where are you?

RED--(bitterly) Gone; he slipped up through the trap-door. Here is his empty manacle forged large enough for Black Man's own mighty wrist!

YELLOW--Let's follow!

RED--Get him! Tear the tower apart!

BLACK MAN--No, No'. He holds little Violet prisoner; we can do nothing!

(as the sun sets the gates to the tower fly open, revealing an iron grill-work, preventing egress. Without is White Man, dressed in sombrero and top-boots, with a long whip. Dim star-light makes the lower story of the tower visible. Black Man, Red and Yellow stand chained)

WHITE MAN--At last I've got you where I want you. We're going to have work and hard work and regular work! I tried to get you to do this of your own will. But no'. You knew more than I did; you were wilful and lazy. So I had to lie. I didn't want to lie, but there was no other way. ~~I didn't see any better. I made all that howling and racket myself.~~

I found this out—I wanted Susan & Mark to get the Wedding done.

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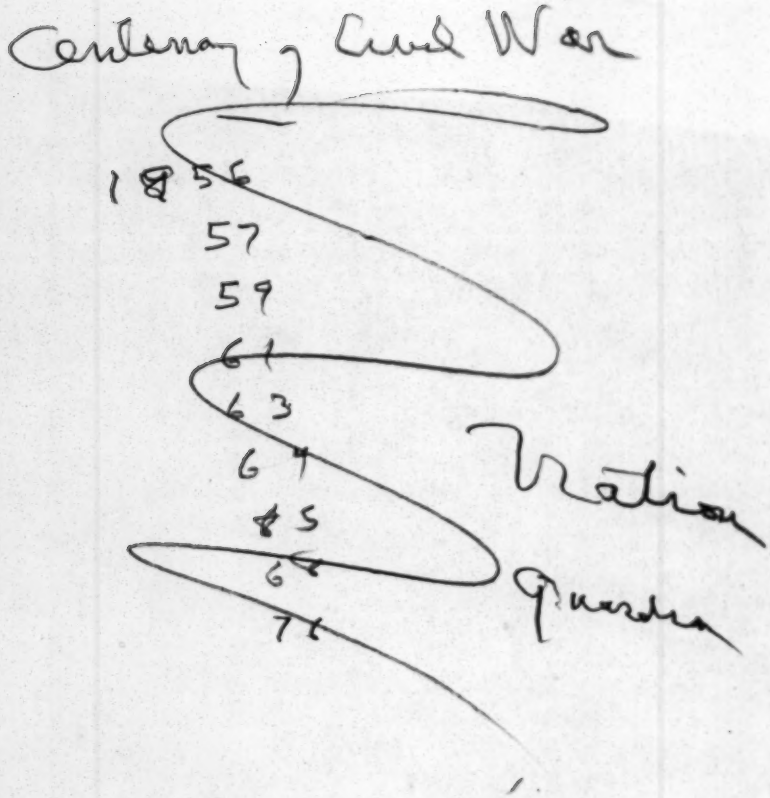
I'm not going hunting corpses: there are none. ~~[illegible]~~ the insects have eaten the tomb clean. I don't care anything about revenge on the Sun or Star. I'm going to build a world and you're going to do the work. So, look alive now and stop slobbering. Here's food. When you do your tasks, there will be more. If you don't work, you won't eat. Weld me more iron; fashion fishhooks; weave me whip-lashes; make cloth and nets; hand all these to me up stairs. Come now, hop to it. The time for loafing is past!


Centenary of Civil War
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ACT ~~I~~ Half-Moon
the New Moon

28 Scene 1 Machines at Work

(White Man stands on the roof of the tower. The floor is covered with bundles; and bales; four large stand in the sea Below is the dungeon in darkness)

WHITE MAN--I'm scared; I'm lonesome; I'm tired; My plans are not working;

~~Where is that Violet? I'll fix him up with a dozen knots; but he is gone!~~

I want someone to talk to; ~~I'm not alone!~~ I'm scared of those workers down stairs; they hate me; they mean me harm! I dare not rest--I dare not sleep! And then--this frightens me most--my plans are not working; my machines are dead--Who's that? Who is it? Stop; ~~or I'll put an arrow through you!~~

(Violet slips out of a cranny on the opposite side of the roof. She perches warily on the parapet, munching ~~some~~ food.)

VIOLET--Hello!

WHITE MAN--O, it's you! Where did you come from? How did you get loose?

VIOLET--The same way you did.

WHITE MAN--What are you snooping about for? Trying to steal my machines?

VIOLET--Machines? What are machines?

WHITE MAN--Don't pretend'. You saw them!

VIOLET--O, you mean those big things, hidden back there, Yes, I saw them; what are they for?

WHITE MAN--Wouldn't you like to know? Why don't you stop stealing? Why don't you go below and work for your food like an honest man?

VIOLET--There's plenty here!

WHITE MAN--But its mine.

VIOLET--Where did you get it?

WHITE MAN--I took it--

VIOLET--So did I.

WHITE MAN--Listen, pretty soon I shall have to kill you; there's no other way. You've seen too much. But now I've got to talk to somebody. I must talk; ~~I'm afraid~~; I'm scared!

VIOLET--What of?

WHITE MAN--I won't tell you; but I must talk to somebody! ~~I tell you~~ ~~I'm frightened~~ I'm lonesome; I'm tired--dead-tired.

VIOLET--I'm often ~~frightened and~~ lonesome and tired, too!

WHITE MAN--O, you don't understand. This is nothing small and silly. Listen! (He yawns and nods) I've got my labor where I want it. I own all the shelter, food and materials; even the air and water ~~is under my~~ control. But ~~I'm lonesome and~~ I'm afraid. Those darkies down there hate me , I feel it. They give me no credit for all I've done. I have to watch them ~~ceaselessly~~. Yet I need more labor and better ~~trained~~ workers so as to leave me some leisure and rest. ~~I don't have~~ I want time to think, to plan, to sleep. It's damned little I'm getting out of civilization. And yet there's so much to do. I must fly through the heavens; ~~I've got to~~ dive beneath the sea; I must talk to the stars; I've got to burrow into the insides of ~~matter~~ things--I need help; I can't do this all alone. ~~Beside that~~ I've got to talk to somebody ~~to have sympathy and encouragement.~~

VIOLET--I'll talk with you.

WHITE MAN--(He nods again; then leaps up and walks) Pshaw! You don't count. ~~Yet I'm glad to talk to anything even if it's nothing.~~ Perhaps you think it's easy to build civilization.

VIOLET--Why do it?

WHITE MAN--You fool! You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't see my genius. Notice how I get food and make things? See this my tower and that my land yonder? Hear my slaves below?

VIOLET--This tower is ours. The land ~~is not yours, it~~ belongs to God the Sun; and they down there are not your slaves, they enslave themselves.

WHITE MAN--I don't care whose the Tower and land is, I control them. Could niggers work without me?

VIOLET--Yes.

WHITE MAN--Why don't they then! They work only when I drive them! If I didn't they'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

VIOLET--Why don't you work for yourself?

(White Man almost falls asleep)

WHITE MAN--~~Sorry. Excuse me for--work must be done.~~ I do work. Its no fun to keep husky brutes at work and they hating me like hell and ready to slit my throat when my back's turned. I work harder than they do--a damned sight harder.

VIOLET--You work too hard.

WHITE MAN--That's the truth.

VIOLET--Making others work.

WHITE MAN--That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

VIOLET--You need help

WHITE MAN--You're right. And I have plans--I've long had secret plans. I don't know why I'm telling you. But I don't care; you can't tell anybody because you're not going anywhere. Not when I'm through with you. So listen: first I~~n~~made tools--

VIOLET--Or used tools which Black Man, Red and Yellow ~~invented~~ made.

WHITE MAN--What's the difference? I used them. Then I saw need of bett~~er~~ more intricate tools. I planned Machines to use more power than I had and work longer and harder. I planned to create Labor!

VIOLET--Some sort of God!

WHITE MAN--Precisely; and I'm going to make a sort of Labor that will do what I say without back-talk; won't think of wages, work as long as I say and ~~would halt any~~ get no fool ideas in its head.

VIOLET--Perfect!. Where do you aim to find this paragon? ~~of virtue~~

WHITE MAN--I'm going to make it! I'm going to make it so perfect that it can do everything better than men. In fact----

VIOLET--Good! Then human beings will have nothing to do. They can rest and sing.

WHITE MAN--Not by a damn sight, If they don't work, I'll let them starve.

VIOLET--But why? Machines will do the work; what will become of men with nothing to eat?

WHITE MAN--What the Hell do I care, except, well, I might get lonesome, that's the point,--unless--

VIOLET--With lovely labor Machines and so efficient?

WHITE MAN--Yes--I would get lonesome, unless--

VIOLET--Unless?

WHITE MAN--Listen, I'm going to tell you all; I must talk; listen: I've already made these Machines! There they stand, hidden yonder--behind the bales of---

VIOLET--Yes, I saw them

WHITE MAN--You snooping thief--I knew you did! I've made me four machines--perfect workers who will never tire and never complain. And they're white too--white stainless steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

VIOLET--What are Machines?

WHITE MAN--You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway, ~~You belong to that part colored brood. I guess it is because I'm lonesome.~~ Well, here they are: (he uncovers them) Dynamo, Radio, Loom and Gun. Dynamo drinks water and makes electricity; Radio eats electricity and talks, Loom eats coal and makes cloth; Gun eats lead and kills.

VIOLET--Kills? Murders? Why? When?

WHITE MAN--When ~~they~~ any body get dangerous to me--you better look sharp; But somehow the machines don't work quite right. That's why I'm frightened. They are inert--dead. They are not alive! They can't think nor feel. Radio babbles nonsense. Dynamo spurts and roars ~~aimlessly~~. Loom knows no patterns.

(Suddenly White Man leaps and seizes Violet. He binds his hands and feet and starts to fit a noose about his neck.)

WHITE MAN See what you've made me do. Now I must kill you . I told you my Secret. I ~~never meant to tell.~~ Now you know too much. You have got to die. I hate to do this but I must. I wish you could live and help me. But you're too colored You belong to that parti-colored crew without brains. No, I cant let you live. You must die

VIOLET What's the rush

WHITE MAN True, there is no hurry. You must die, but before I kill you I will talk to you since there is noomne else and I'm sleepy. But dont fool yourself. Before I sleep you die. ~~But now before you Succumb~~ Since I have told part why not tell all, just to get the truth out of my soul. You dont understand, You cant understand. I have immense plans. First I'll clear the mountainside; then I'll level the seashore; then I'll build a sea wall to hold the tide and catch the fish. Next I'll corrall the beasts Then the city will rise , the great and glorious city with topless towers and endless streets. See all my land out there?

VIOLET I's not yours. It never was. It never will be.

WHITE MAN Shut up. I dont care whose it is. I've got it and I'll keep it. I ought to kill ~~you right now but I must say this.~~ I find food for ~~the niggers~~ to eat. Could they work without food

VIOLET ~~EH~~ But why chain them?

WHITE MAN Would they work if I didnt? They'd ~~sleep and~~ starve

VIOLET So they ~~wake and~~ work -- for what?

WHITE MAN To raise more food and clothes

VIOLET For themselves

WHITE MAN Of course not for this world I'm building -- but whats the use. You wont work you cant understand. But -- O Lord how tired and sleepy I am. Just this one thought and you die and I sleep. ~~But~~ Listen: these helpers I have made need two things: ~~Power and Souls. I know where Power lurks; but Souls~~ -- you know: something ~~inside~~ that will make them ~~intelligent and~~ automatic

I want them to have souls - ~~not too many,~~ not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent and let me rest and ~~enjoy myself~~ - and sleep. You seem to know a lot -- mostly foolishness - but where do souls come from?

VIOLET They come from dreams.

WHITE MAN So? I thought dreams come from souls. And whence come dreams?

VIOLET (looks up and answers)

Down from the sky.

(Violet ~~glances up and~~ stares fascinated.) There is a new ~~Moon~~ star in the sky. (White Man is half-asleep, but struggles up)

~~(WHITE MAN Now its time for death ---~~

~~(He falls in death-like sleep and sprawls across the floor.)~~

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WHITE MAN--Nonsense. I see through you. You want to get me off to sleep, so you can steal my Machines; yes and even open that trap and loose black labor free on the world. I tell you I can't sleep; each time I nod, I see a yellow leg writhing along the roof; I see a red and bloody hand gripping the trap; I see an ugly black--I've got to sleep--I'm dead tired--don't you dare--

(White Man drops suddenly into deep sleep, falling across the trap door and dropping his whip)

(Violet stands staring)

VIOLET

What shall I do? What can I do? He sleeps; he dreams; perhaps he'll dreams souls into these Machines. They will be souls like his -- cold, calculating, precise, wilful! I might destroy the machines --

A VOICE

No!

VIOLET

(Looking about)

No?

A VOICE

Why not dream [redacted] into thse machines -- [redacted] the souls of your dead brothers and sisters? And the soul of your father -- and mother?

VIOLET

Who speaks? My brothers, my sisters, my father-- my mother -- Who speaks? The light in the east is gone! There is a wind in the mist where it was [redacted], and a star in the wind. I thought I heard the mist speak! Can stars talk?

VOICE

Yes, my son!

(The mist-veiled Moon appears)

VIOLET

Mother, Moon-mother, daughter of God and wife of Eternal Night! You are dead and yet speak?

THE MOON

By the grace of God, I die and live forever, [redacted]

VIOLET

O Mother, your children are dead and [redacted] Black Man is living death! And White Man, once his shadow, lies yonder, dreaming the Path to Hell with his machines Come, Mother, let's smash his machines

THE MOON

No, they are miracles, and the World needs miracles. But if White Man dreams, may we not dream too, and harder, truer? [redacted]

VIOLET

With all my heart and all my mind and all my heart

Violet [illegible] on.

Grey Woman Below lies Dragon eating the bodies and prisoning the souls of four of my children. I shall loose Dragon. You will hear the thunderous rush of his going, the heat and fury of his fire. Then, I will gather the souls of my dead sons and stand them here beside you in these machines. Now little one, comes your task.

Violet What - what?

Grey Woman Mark White Man sleeps in [illegible] dreamless stupor. [illegible] He will feel the soul of Orange [illegible] Radio; of Blue [illegible] Dynamo; of Green [illegible] Gun and Indigo [illegible] Loom. White Man will dream a dream these ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone, lest his heartless head complete disaster. [illegible] make the world dream with him. Black Man must dream, and Red and Yellow, and you yourself must dream. Already I dream. If all of us dream hard and sure, the machines and the souls of my children will be one and like to the souls of the truest dreamers. Then you will place yourself in Airplane and take man's message [illegible] If we fail, we shall create half men and monsters and then there is no Salvation but Death. Go, and while you dream, I will loose Dragon from his bitter slavery of fire, lest the souls of my children, weary and confused, creep back to their mangled bodies again and die forever.

Violet But if Dragon turn on us?

Grey Woman He will not. He has learned the Hell of Human Hearts. He

~~will burn the earth and cleave the sea~~ and fly beyond the ~~stars~~. Go! Put all your world to sleep. ~~Then Dream Dark~~ Go! And ~~Ok~~ ok! my boy child, try! - try hard! For if you fail, there is but one salvation - the sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling, Dreams or Death - go!

(Violet lets himself down and stares into the darkened dungeon below

~~AT ONE CORNER IN THE MORNING,~~ The men there appear as shadows

~~The lower story of the Tower is [illegible] and the floor of the second story.~~ Black Man is in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At his right is Yellow Man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.

White Man (~~Robert~~) (Stirring in his sleep.) I thought I saw ghosts - and heard the voice of God.

Violet He sleeps. Soon he will ~~shall~~ dream my brothers back to life. If I dream too - if my father dreams and all my father's children, then will the machine and the dream be wed and true and the rainbow of the world live again in beauty.

~~(Violet flies down below.)~~

Black Man

~~The mud of the world,~~
The offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Cursed of sun and sea,
Deserted of Moon and star,
Inert, nerveless, more that dead and less.

Mud of the w
The offal of
The beaten,
Cursed of s
Deserted of
Inert, unne
A dog to be
A worm to b
"Dago" --
"Nigger" --
Nought --

Violet Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. ~~[illegible]~~! Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? ~~God [illegible]~~ ~~commands us to dream.~~ Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our dead brothers ~~[illegible]~~ as ghosts and let them mate with steel and redeem the world.

~~Yellow~~ Yellow [illegible]!

437 RED

WORK!

Without rest or song,

Without laugh nor ease,

Without hope nor death,

Without sky, sun nor sea!

Work Toil for Work sake,

To hunger to toil again;

To rest to Work

Work To toil to rest;

To remember nothing--

With nothing to remember;

To know no beauty,

To have no body,

To have no soul!

(aside)

VIOLET Whats come over the World? Why dont they stop work? Why dont they fight?

Why dont they lift this whole platform and toss it in

Work!

Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,

Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;

Till the blood swims in the eyes,

Till the back shrieks

And the limbs cramp.

Till thoughts freeze,

And dreams die

Till hunger flames and flees;

Till sleep is a drug,

And waking, shrinking; and living, dying!

Violet — O, brother, Dear brother! Listen to me - listen but a moment! Look at me! You're free.
I am little, but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls
return - I've seen their ghosts - great, beautiful, pale ghosts!
Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep
working like pack-horses - sleep! Dream!

Red Man — I will live no more.
Neither will I dream
I will die.

Toil!
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil,
To toil to rest;
To remember nothing -
With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no soul!
I will not dream
I will die.

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Prologue

ACT I DARK OF THE MOON

Scene I The attack of the beasts at midnight

Scene II The battle on the mountain and slavery at dawn
Scene III The ~~city~~ fort

ACT II THE NEW MOON

Scene I The machines at noon

Scene II The revolt at twilight

ACT III THE FULL MOON

Scene I The operation at midnight

Scene II The new city at dawn

EPILOGUE

THE SCENERY

ACT I Scene I Shore and mountainside

Scene II The mountain top

Scene III The two-storied fort

ACT II ~~Scenes~~ Scene I and II the same

ACTIII Scene I and II On the esplanade before the fort

ACT IV, Full Moon

Scene I

(Violet lies prone in front. White Man sits crouched on his throne. The Machines stand silent. Gradually the light of the Moon [illegible]. Slowly the trap door opens, and the head of Black Man appears. He stands facing the footlights, old, dirty, half-blind. At either side Red and Yellow appear)

(White Man springs to his feet. Black Man approaches slowly, Red and Yellow follow as White Man shrinks away)

BLACK MAN--It is you! Traitor, slave-driver, Beast! I promised to kill you; now I'm going to. I'm going to twist your head 'till it falls from your neck. Filth and vermin that you are; shadow of nothing; Scoundrel to whom I gave my blood and the fire of death!

BLACK MAN (chanting)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is death;
O death in Life,
And Life in death
And horror over all!

(A moon-beam lights them both)

A VOICE--O Black Man (The light grows) King of Night (Black Man stiffens and stops)

(The full light of the Moon pours down)

A VOICE--Why stand you in dirt and shame--You who were born to a Throne, a royal robe, a golden sceptre, and a crown--

BLACK MAN (starting) Who calls?

A VOICE--I call.

BLACK MAN--Whose voice is that?

A VOICE--The voice of the Dead.

BLACK MAN--There is but one Dead and two--She and me.

A VOICE--You are not dead.

BLACK MAN--I am more than dead. (A woman enters--veiled)

~~[illegible] alive! Husband, I could understand you. Husband, I could die with you and sleep my cold sleep with you!~~

~~But alive and deserting me! Alive and silent to my pain and degradation? No! No! It cannot, it must not be!~~

~~THE MOON~~

~~O my soul, with you to live was Heaven! With you to die was easy! But without you to die and [illegible] and die again was Hell! O husband, I have stood in Hell.'~~

~~The MOON~~ Awake Arise you that sleep--arise I say-- Black Man, King of Night! ~~Arise~~ and look!

BLACK MAN ~~(turning, angrily, to his knees) Who calls, who calls?~~ That voice! Who Calls?

THE MOON--Behold, I call!

(She unveils her face. Bright moonlight floods the scene)

BLACK MAN--Eternal King of Glory. Son of the Suns! You have sent her back, ~~to redeem me and mankind.~~ O Moon, Moon of my Night! ~~(He leaps to his feet)~~ Away cobwebs! (He sweeps the machines aside with powerful gestures-White Man leaps at him.) Out, Gnat! (He hurls White Man headlong, White Man arises dizzily, and rushes off-stage with Red and Yellow in pursuit) ~~and drops into the trap door.)~~

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BLACK MAN--What is this paradox and contradiction called Life: You were dead--you live!

I was ~~pale~~ despair, now Joy in ~~Eternity~~ Thereafter!

I was a slave--I am King!

Tell me, O my beloved, what is Truth?

MOON--I am not dead but harnessed to earth; to live with earth's people whom the Sun distrusts ~~and fears~~; for Earth alone of all the stars has Life that dares to challenge God! To ~~appease him and~~ win back his love for me and respect for you and ours, I keep monthly ward around the Earth forever. But dark or light, ~~cold~~ dead or ~~burning. I ever live, and~~ alive ever I am ~~his~~ yours. (Turning to Black Man) ~~My husband~~, Who comes?

(Red and Yellow enter with White Man, still bound with golden chains)

BLACK MAN

Our family, broken by death and pain: tall Red; broad Yellow; and here is Violet

THE MOON

And there?

BLACK MAN

White Man, Shadow of my death, enslaver of mankind!

THE MOON

Planner of work and contriver of Machines

RED (pulling forward) He should be burned alive!

YELLOW (pulling back) No, No. Just cut off a couple of his legs and blind him.

WHITE MAN (staring at the Moon) God! But she is beautiful!

~~BLACK MAN--He cannot live~~

~~THE MOON--He must not die.~~

VIOLET

God! But he is vile!

~~A Black Man occupies the center of the stage, high in the back and sloping down to the front. He is naked save a black breech-cloth, blind-folded and bound.~~ Beside him stands the Moon, in a white robe, flowing from neck to feet. He holds a long shiny knife. Down front at the left stands the Moon, and opposite, Red, Yellow and Violet crouch.

RED

He's going to kill him! He's going to cut his heart out and eat it!

Yellow

That's a shame! Just cripple him; that's enough. Then we could have sport with him!

THE MOON

Must you do murder?

BLACK MAN

I must rid the Earth of this soulless Thought-Machine, whom I myself created. Yet he

Black Man
you are right. He must not die and
you alone can save him

Moon
How?

Black Man
Cut out my heart. It is too large
Plant half of it in him. If he lives
he will live as a man. If he dies, I die too

Moon
I cannot, I dare not

Black Man

(Black Man removes White Man's chains. White Man starts to run but Black Man strikes him senseless and lays his body on the bier. Red dances. Yellow hides her face)

MOON--Must he die?

BLACK MAN--He must live, if I live. This shadow of mine has brain and ~~energy and~~ lacks ~~but~~ love. That is my fault. ~~He is a soulless thought machine because~~ I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I witheld all that makes life worth living. I forgot in selfishness, and forgetting is sin. I gave him a brain instead of a heart. And as he grew strong, I fed his strength with my weakness. ~~My weakness was two hearts instead of one. They suffocated my will.~~ I yielded when yielding was slavery. I handed him fear and submission instead of steadfast will. Now I pay the price on the altar of Sacrifice. Yonder Tower is fair despite its graves beneath. Yonder machines are marvellous even if insensate. White Man must live. Behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief. I made it. I saved it while in slavery and jail to end despair. Take it. ~~We will~~ array yourself as a Priest in cloth unspotted. I will myself with him on this bier--hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart and face to heaven. Cut and cut again, Cut my heart ~~in half~~ and plant it in him. ~~Dirt the oh-so cut his brea~~ ~~where it blinds the soulless eye; drape it on us for shroud of consecration robes~~

MOON(hesitating) And if, O King, I cut--too much?

BLACK MAN--Have you not heart enough for us both, O Queen?

MOON--And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should falter?

BLACK MAN--Then I will die, Sweet Woman, surrendering to you the dream of a perfect world. And, ~~Yellow--stand here~~, where once I mourned ~~a woman~~. ~~Yellow--Come--Fear. They're going to watch~~ Now fold!

~~Well, take this veil and drape it on our faces when I tell you~~

~~(Black Man~~

The Moon

Yellow, my daughter, away
~~with~~ while, awake
my hand + thine
glorious!

YELLOW--That's a shame!

BLACK MAN--Red, disrobe me! Yellow array the Moon!

(He lies down on the tomb beside White Man)

YELLOW (To Red) Are they killing Black Man, too?

RED (To Yellow) Just as well, after all Men must have shadows!

(The Moon is swathed as an operating surgeon. Only her face and shine with unearthly radience. Black Man lies black and naked. (Violet, stands stiff in front staring searching, his back to the operation)

VIOLET--I smell ether; I see the knife. It shines. It cuts the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. Oh, on it glides --careful--ah--it heads for the river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood--the angry crimson rages! Ah! they bind it back--they curb it', they still it; the knife glides on; and now I cannot look--I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul--ah--come blessed darkness, and tell me not what lingers in the fearful pool of blood'.

(He grovels, hands on eyes, in silence)

MOON (Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes) Dance children! before your God! All is well and all is well!

(Violet dances; Red and Yellow stand still) White man stirs, opens his eyes--and slowly turns his head.

RED AND YELLOW--She didn't kill them. They both live!

BLACK MAN--Brother!

WHITE MAN--Brother!

Scene III Coronation

(A double throne; on one seat the full Moon lightly veiled. Beside the armpost, Black Man, clothed in white with a great black cloak billowing out behind him. Before them seated on the ground and facing them, White Man in black; with back to the audience; and at either side,

Shades of
Orange, Green, Blue & Indigo

Scene ~~I~~ Coronation

(There is the same greensward lifting to a mountainside. Under a great oak stand two arm chairs on a dais. Red, Yellow and Violet enter)

RED

What's going on here?

VIOLET

Today is coronation. We crown a King.

YELLOW

Why?

VIOLET

To found a State.

RED

What's a State?

VIOLET

I do not know. Its something to make everything go right. You see somehow all is mixed up. White Man tried to lead us but went astray. Then I tried first to dream and then to kill; but it didn't work. Now the Moon is risen, and White Man is cured from his sickness. Now comes the King and the State and all will be well--only before that I will die!

RED

Why?

VIOLET

Moon-mother said so. She said Dreams or Death; and Dreams failed. So I die.

I don't know how or when, but sometime she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't even be. I can't think that possible. Are impossible things, possible? I can't see how anything will be, if I'm not. And yet I know it must be so for brothers, giant and beautiful brothers and sister, with all of their poetry and song, they are gone. I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only glanced and sighed and died again forever. I failed. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. I hope first to see the coronation. It is time for the birds to sing the coronal. It is time for the beasts to trumpet and parade.

There will be a new earth under a new [redacted]
of law. The coronal carpet is laid. I see the flowers. I smell them
wave, I hear their orgeous hues. But I am going away. I'm going to die.
Mother said so.

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White Man

~~And even you,~~ Great King of Night, though you are ever kind, I some time have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised you who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound,--a slave! Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; cried to the hills where you were hid; grovelled and wept in mine abasement, tried to leap in ~~to the sea~~ and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine,--Father! Tell me whence came these vague and vicious visions--was I ill?

Black Man. Ill--very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

Yellow (Aside to Red Man.) They did not kill him. What shall we do?

Red Man and Yellow. They did not kill him. Let's tear the tower down.

Black Man. All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this Tower! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

Red Man. Toil? Hell! Slavery! Degradation! Has Black Man no guts? Shadow or no shadow, let the bastard die.

White Man. I? When?

The Moon. On foundations laid by elephant and the beasts and built on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is done anew.

Black Man. Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder Tower. Indeed all that is worth-while and done by our hands our souls are there incorporate--it must not fall.

Red Man. But it is founded on evil?

White Man. It looks evil beneath.

Yellow Woman. No good can build on evil.

Black Man. All good must build on evil.
All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And beside in yonder Tower lie the wonder works
Of White Man's brain: Radio and Loom, Dynamo and Gun.

White Man. I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

Red Man. But foundations come first.

Black Man. Foundations come last.

Yellow Woman. They must be first, else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold all the shining towers in place lest they fall?

Only the Sun can hold the Earth — Does this Moon?

I ~~have~~ talked with God the Sun; he pities my despair, he yields; he grants me life and let's me reign ~~with you~~ at night dying each ~~night~~ to live again, pure, in ecstacy ~~He~~ he hails ~~you~~ the King of Night.

But for all this he exacts a pledge, a sacrifice:

Violet, our fey, our latest born ~~must die:~~ must go to the Sun and with him live forever lest at any time Night should dare to conquer Day

BLACK MAN

Whatever must be, is. You tell the child. I cannot

~~Mother, Father! I live! I saw the Sun and live. You cannot see me but I live. I bring a gift for you. Here it is. Now go~~

The Moon. Violet.

Violet. Ah! My time has come.--Yes, Mother!

Moon. Violet, can you do this thing--this mighty task for me and the world?

Violet. Yes, ~~I will cable this fair city to the stars.~~ I will go to my Moon Mother's Father, All Glorious, the Sun, ~~[illegible] chains from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and mailed together the fabric of the world.~~

The Moon. Amen and go! But ~~this~~ remember, little ~~Son~~, my last and sweetest born! ~~He~~ who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall know again--invisible, imponderable, incalculable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

Violet. Shall I--ever see--the Moon?

The Moon. Yes, but never again shall ~~the~~ Moon see you.

Violet. I go.

(He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms and flashes up to heaven.)

Black Man. Fly little flame of ~~sunlight~~, up to the Sun! Tell ~~him this, only this~~--Earth is redeemed, Man Lives!

The Moon. (Watching Black Man.) And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

Black Man. O Moon of my desire,

Two things alone I asked of the Sun;

You and eternal life.

The Moon. Two things the Sun has sent you: Me--and eternal life.

Black Man. Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new City rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be timeless; Space shall turn back to space. O Moon, lead us to Eternal Life.

(The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled. She is bright blue in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair.)

Moon. Love is God

Love is God

There is no God but love

And Work is he prophet.

(Slowly the Moon points to the mountain-top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn. ~~Moon and Black Man fades before dawn. Their voices are heard~~;)

~~Voice of~~ Moon. Behold!

(Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song.)

~~Voice of the~~ Moon. Behold! The flower-children of Eternal Life. The life once born in thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on ~~eternal~~ in ever widening floods of foaming life. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. See how your Flower-Children paint the world in every color and hue---hues of men that live, hues of them that died that you might live.

Behold, my King ~~and my brother~~ and my children, all these are yours, born of your dear body and mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls, always and forever us.

~~Voice of~~ Black Man. Forward brothers, to the ~~Children of Boreal Life and the~~ City just and beautiful. ~~Under Pole as reign as king.~~

Voice of The Moon. And call to your company, Man of Men
Beasts of fold and field and forest,
Fish of the twelve and seven seas
And from this day forever
Peace be between them and you.

Black Man. Peace be between Man and Beast, and Fish.

(Beasts prowl ~~by~~ and fish leap in the sea.)

And now---
Bring me my crown, for God the Sun is near.

(A trumpet call resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low in the East, The Sun rises and Moonlight fades away but the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appear birds and flowers walking like people and of all kinds and colors, passing,,singing, dancing and lying at ease.)

(Voice of Black Man.)
Imperial Ruler--God the Sun
Father of all, almighty--

THE MOON--And now, O Black Man, a rescript of your laws for the State; for a way of life and guide to happiness for all.

RED (muttering) Must we have a State? Must we ~~be guided~~ have a King? ~~I want to be free.~~

Yellow: Does this mean more work ~~elsewhere~~ and weariness? I want music and joy!

BLACK MAN--~~Silence~~ children! I am your father and your king! ~~Be still!~~ I am not Wisdom but I am Age; I am not Power, but I know Pain! By divine right of Life and Sorrow, I will be yo r ~~Leader and~~ Dictator until the Day, when knowing enough of Goodness, Justice and Truth, you dare Democracy.

~~BLACK MAN~~--Kneel and swear me allegiance!

(Quickly the Moon kneels and clasps his knees; slowly White Man kneels behind her and kisses her veil; Yellow whirls and throws herself prone upon the ground; Red hesitates, turns half around, sinks upon one knee and looking away from Black Man, stares into the sea.)

BLACK MAN--Repeat--- "Under God the Sun

I will be leal and liege to my Sovereign Lord,

"Until I die! God save the King, and his Sun-born Queen!"

THE MOON--God save the King!

WHITE MAN--And his sun-born Queen!

YELLOW--Liege to my ~~Sovereign~~ Lord!

RED--Until I die!

(Trumpets blare across the sea; drums roll in the forest; a royal standard of black, crimson, blue and gold, breaks from the oak tree above the throne.

(The Moon ~~ascend the throne and seats herself beside Black Man ascends~~ drawing Black Man & the RED beside him ~~the throne. Satire man veil unfolds, she appears bright blue in flesh, naked, with clouds of silver-white hair~~)

WHITE MAN--God! She is Beauty's Self!

68 O King! What am I to you?

BLACK MAN

You are my younger brother and my son!

WHITE MAN (To the Moon) But to you, most beautiful of women, what am I to you?

MOON--All that you are to him: brother and eldest son.

RED--I am the eldest.

MOON--Yes, of course! Infinite is my happiness to see such loving rivalry in my strong sons; to know you both as children of my husband and of me.

WHITE MAN--But Am I only your son? Or something-more?

MOON--~~Not You are my scent~~ What could be more? Save my husband's love!

YELLOW (To Red) She leads them all by the nose.

RED (Aside)--They ~~did~~ will not kill White Man; ~~very well, let's~~ tear his tower down'.

RED AND YELLOW (Aloud)--Let's tear the tower down; it is old and evil.

BLACK MAN--No. Let be! All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this Tower! White Man finished it with his brothers' toil.

RED (Aside) Toil? Hell! Slavery! Degradation! Has Black Man no guts? Shadow or no shadow, heart or no heart, ~~let~~ the white bastard die!

WHITE MAN--I? ~~helped~~ built it? When?

MOON--On foundations laid by Elephant and built on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is new.

BLACK MAN--Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder Tower. Indeed all that is worth-while and done by our hands and souls is there incorporate; it must not fall.

RED--But it is founded on evil?

WHITE MAN --It indeed looks evil beneath!

YELLOW--No good can ~~build on~~ come of evil.

BLACK MAN--All good must build on evil. All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong. Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.

MOON--Beneath this tower lie the lonely graves of our children and ~~in yonder tower lie~~ stand the wonder works of White Man's brain; Radio and Loom Dynamo and Gun. ~~And even plans for flying through the air and~~ moulding ~~matter.~~

WHITE MAN--I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness. I love contrivance and machines. ~~Let's~~ When do we get to work?

BLACK MAN--First we must found a State to shelter our work. There must be law and in Law, freedom and justice for all.

MOON--And for this there ~~must be~~ we need Power from on high; Power to run the

BLACK MAN--Be seated, my children! Bring me the rescript of my reign and realm. I shall read it and then, my bride, I know a cave where velvet gloom hides springing moss and singing waters.

THE MOON--I know a cave where moonbeams
creeping through ~~roof and laughing water~~
found you [redacted] asleep
and pressed you deep within my heart forever.

BLACK MAN--Thither will we go
To rest and sleep and love,
Until the Voice of the Sun, ~~God~~, waken us to Work.

(Two horned unicorns bring in the illumined rescript)

BLACK MAN---Listen! For God the Sun draws near.

(A trumpet call resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing in the East. Moonlight fades away; as the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls down across the world)

BLACK MAN--Imperial Ruler--God the Sun
Father of all, Almighty---

Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;

Our royal consort,
Queen of Night

And Princes, Yellow, Red
and White,
Our high and loving greeting!

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Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill.

This city wide and tall
With tower, bridge and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.

Our land belongs to none
It's free Like sea and sun;
But each man's toil upon the soil
Brings wealth to everyone

We make and grow such things
As are for men, not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings

The work all men pursue
Is wage for them not you
No single doit may one exploit
For work he does not do

Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat.
No goods to sell send souls to hell,
No poverty can cheat.

We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail;
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that we fail.

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.

We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor martial gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal,---
We conquer Pain and Fear.

Here is each maiden free
To choose what she will be:
Or Unwed ~~Unmarried~~ mother, wife, or other
Pilot wind ~~Daughter~~ of ~~land~~ or sea

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed

Or green with blue or any hue
That wins Life from the Dead.

Here is no church nor creed.
Religion is a deed.
Here no man's hope demands a pope,
And no faith, bloody seed.

We do not fear to die
We neither do not rage nor sigh
~~We sow and reap and fall asleep~~
We smile and say good-bye.

THE MOON

O happy, happy dale----

Triumphant human vale

Great thunder-song of righted conquered Wrong,

ghost ~~Made~~ music of ~~the~~ a grail.

(The shadows of the Moon and Black Man fade slowly into the night as the Sun rises full and clear)

Curtain

Epilogue

(The shore, with the mountain rising in the background. The rising sun floods the scene. The last echoes of Black Man's rescript are faintly heard. Red stands facing the sea, White Man ~~stands~~ facing the mountain)

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VOICE OF BLACK MAN--(Echoing)---O happy, happy dale
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of conquered wrong--

RED--(leaping to his feet) --Belly-wash! Slpp for sissies! Posturing and preening, and now gone whoring to breed new broods of devils! Damn their souls to hell! Wait! (Red seizes a stout sapling and begins furiously fashioning a bow)

YELLOW--(stretching herself indolently on the left, and looking up the mountain-side) They're walking yonder, amid the song of birds, the smell of flowers and the purr of beasts; to hide in cool caves of dark waters until moon-break and night-rise; until they hear the lonesome, liquid laughter of the loon.

WHITE MAN (Turning to the sea) I did not know there was such beauty on earth! I want a city just and beautiful; but above all I want the Moon. Why did she leave? Where did she go?

YELLOW--(snickering) The Moon hides by day; Black Man is King of Night. They nestle in their nuptial bed.

WHITE MAN--(closing his eyes and shuddering) It's false! She's too pure! and he too Great!

YELLOW--I too, am pure;

WHITE MAN-No, No! You are my sister--you are good--but I want the Moon!

YELLOW--(bitterly) These fools of men--all in love with the Moon. Moon-mad-looney! The witch has spread her web to enmesh earth, sky and sea! Why do men want film and gossamer? What's a baby face to breadth of hip or height of breast? What's moonshine to a thick round thigh?

RED--(staring wildly at the forest) They are lying yonder, twined as one! That ape shall not prostitute my mother! She belongs to me! (to Yellow) Find me a lithe, hard hickory haft. I want an arrow.

(Yellow brings him a thin, straight stick)

WHITE MAN--(starting forward) What are you doing? What are you daring

to think? You cannot kill them. She is holy!

YELLOW (edging near him) So am I.

WHITE MAN--(recoiling) But I want the Moon.

YELLOW--You'll never get her, while Black Man lives; and he's too wise to die.

(The Sun has waxed to high noon and now drops toward the mountain)

RED--(facing the Sun with outstretched arms) An omen! God the Sun! An Omen!

(Suddenly there drops from Heaven a blazing meteor; as it hisses into the sea, the voice of Violet sings on the water shrill and clear)

VIOLET--I saw the Sun face to face and saw no more. I heard the Sun, heart to ear and heard no more. He hung this Thing about my neck. I gripped it and fell and fell; and fell. And as I fell, I heard God whisper in the dark; I heard the Sun sigh like a wind of stars. Father! Moon-Mother! Where are you? I come--receive the Gift and message of the Sun!

(Afar on the mountain, as the crimson sun begins to set, appear the shadows of Black Man and the Moon. The sea roars)

YELLOW--See the Moon? She pulls and drags up the sea. It swells to drown us. Burn the Witch!

RED---Quick, a bow-string; cut me a thong of your hair and braid it! I'll kill that black bastard, who seeks Earth, Moon and Stars!

WHITE MAN--No, No! Listen! Neither must die. The one is Beauty; the other Wisdom. Hearken and I will bargain with you to spare the twain, My head is full of new contrivances, look! I will give you my last machine. Here, take this long lumbering hide tool built of gold--and split the Atom. Destroy the Earth, destroy the Sea! Save Moon and Man!

YELLOW--But, Fool, what of us? Where would we be, without Earth, Sky or Sea?

WHITE MAN--Where are we now, with Might in our hands and Confusion in our hearts!

RED--Shut up! Hand me the tool! Where is the Atom?

WHITE MAN--Everywhere!

RED (to Yellow) Here, bind this rock to my arrow! Now, the Tool! Lift! Lift, Fool!

WHITE MAN--But Remember! You must not kill Black Man! The Moon must never die! I want the Moon!

RED--(thrusting him aside, rudely) They cut the guts out of you, you imbecile! (to Yellow) Quick! Strive with me! This hot, unsteady thing is bursting to explode.

YELLOW--Kill the bitch! Then come to me, Men of the Earth, my womb is wide, I can fill the world with children--toilers and thinkers, dreamers and drones---

WHITE MAN--No No! Never that!

Kill you and me
Let Night and Moon
Dwell in the stars forever!

RED--(pulling the bow) I'll kill us all, fool and futile! Hound and harlot! I'll kill the whole damned crazy world; I hate it!

(He dances the dance of death, raises the war-cry, "EY-AH;" shoots the arrow, leaps and shrieks, his arms and body aglow. The forest bursts

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in flame. The sun goes down. There comes flash and roar ~~a light so brilliant, it is darkness; and a sound so piercing, it is silence~~. The world lies in ashes)

Curtain?

LONGNOSE Co me we must build; bring stones, water and clay. Raise a great wall between us and the Beasts

(They all begin to build a wall)

([redacted] off-stage the Lion stalks along the shore from the west. From the northeast the Bear lumbers down slowly. From the northeast, slinks the Leopard. Violet with second sight sees the Beasts and warns)

VIOLET I see a mighty head beside the sea

LONGNOSE Red! Yellow! stand there and watch for the King of Beasts!

RED, YELLOW. H'ell never pass!

VIOLET Yonder moes the Bear like a mountain

LONGNOSE: Green, Blue, cut clubs; off to the left and ward off Little Eye, the Bear

BLUE Come and kill him ! (Silently Green follows)

VIOLET Lo! Leopard leaps

LONGNOSE Indigo, Orange! Your spears ! Plunge them into soft foot the Leopard

ORANGE What into that beautiful skin?

INDIGO WHAT? Must he ~~be carcass~~ die? (They go slowly out right)

VIOLET Mother Longnose, what may I do?

LONGNOSE Watch the mountain top! Perhaps your mighty Father, hearing may come!

VIOLET May I call him?

WHITE MAN, SHADOW OF BLACK MAN

THE SEVEN CHILDREN OF BLACK MAN AND THE MOON

RED MAN, RED-SKINNED WITH BLACK HAIR, A MAN OF ACTION

ORANGE , A GIGANTIC WOMAN, ORANGE HUED WITH BLUE HAIR, A POET,

YELLOW, A STOCKY GIRL, WITH GOLDEN SKIN AND BLACK HAIR; A DREAMER.

GREEN, A GIGANTIC MAN WITH RED HAIR, AN ARTIST IN COLORS

BLUE, A GIANT, BLUE SKINNED WITH YELLOW HAIR, A DANCER AND SINGER

INDIGO, A GIGANTIC WOMAN, WITH GREEN HAIR AND INDIGO HUED

VIOLET, A SPRITE. LONGNOSE, A MASTODON, THE NURSE

WHEN THE DEAD GIANTS TRY TO LIVE AGAIN as machines

ORANGE IS A CLOCK, BUT BLIND

GREEN IS A GUN, BUT CANNOT FEEL

BLUE IS A FURNACE, BUT DEAF

INDIGO IS A LOOM, BUT DUMB

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

CHRIST ON THE ANDES

Draft manuscripts, "The Tabu of Christ on the Andes," an introduction to the play, explanation and partial summary of the play and fragments of various drafts

The Taboo of "Closest on the Andes"

This is the finest play I ever wrote. I wrote it first for a prize of some fabulous amount offered by certain Boston Puritans back about 1907. They wanted Cain Abel and another incest but gracefully refused & crawled under & the U.S. government in those pre-war days was not so free on moral grounds.

I was sorely disappointed, for I loved the working of my play & surely I had lovelier color but logically and inside I knew all in all. Which was wrong. Quite wrong, as the world learned in 1914. Well then years down fairy tales & fondlings I tried my wings on other things fearing the Taboo as frankly as before I had sought & avoided, I unearthed my old & beloved Frail Born, where on I might drag my muse back & forth. I deliberately inflated color & made my plot most sensibly one of hatred hot of mingled blood — Shamash, Negro, Indian, Jewish — hot - bowls of the life flood of old & new worlds. And then, quite deliberately, I made this most monstrous absolutely negative & meaningless of the plot:
It was no effort that Christ was white brown or black as years flew by. Character remained character, plot themed plot, love and death & birth rolled by regardless as to whether the character as it coloured & reshaped down the ages was white brown or black. The eternity of human feelings was the theme — the color was at once embarrassed & unconcealed

And here of course I knocked unfairly at the Taboo. The Roman Taboo says color of skin via Negro blood & all is settled for ill in asterisked eschatological which is all damned nonsense, but who dare say so by slaying the play?

41-6-381

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

EXPLANATION

HEREDITY IS A STRANGE AND SECRET THING, OF WHICH THERE ARE ONLY THE BEGINNINGS OF KNOWLEDGE. PHYSICAL RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS CHILDREN WE EASILY NOTE. MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL LIKNESS WE GRASP LESS CLEARLY BUT OFTEN UNDERSTANDINGLY. BEYOND THIS ALL IS VAGUE; AND YET FROM TIME TO TIME CHARACTERS AND PERSONS, DISPOSITIONS AND EMOTIONAL SELVES STRIKE US AS RECURRING OVER SUCH LONG STRECHES OF TIME THAT IT ALMOST SEEMS THAT SOULS LONG DEAD HAVE RETURNED TO EARTH AGAIN. OF COURSE WE HAVE NO MEANS OF REAL COMPARISON--ONLY VAGUE TRADITION AND INACCURATE OBSERVATION AND RECORD; AND SURELY PRODICAL NATURE IS NOT SO SURPRISINGLY LIMITED IN RESPECT TO ITS HUMAN PAT TERNS, THAT IN LAPSE OF CENTURIES CHARACTERS MAY NOT SEEM TO RETURN, WHEN IN TRUTH THERE IS NO REAL PERSONAL RECURRENCE.

ON THE OTHER HAND, IT IS ALWAYS POSSIBLE THAT IN THIS LIFE, SOULS, ENTITIES AND PERSONALITIES WHATEVER THEY MAY BE, ACTUALLY REPEAT THEMSELVES, AND IN EFFECT, RETURN AND LIVE AGAIN, THEMSELVES SCARCELY REMEMBERING NOR COMPREHENDING PREVIOUS EXISTENCES. WHETHER THIS BE REALLY TRUE OR NOT, HERE IS A TALE THAT ASSUMES SOMETHING LIKE IT; THAT SEEMS TO SEE IN FOUR LONG CENTURIES, THE TRIPLE RETURN TO EARTH OF THREE SOULS WHO DIE AND SEEMingly live again, AND AGAIN MEET AND DIE; and in this 3 fold meeting they STRIVE FIERCELY AND VAINLY AND YET WITH TRAGIC DETERMINATION TO UNKNOT A BITTER PROBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE. THE TRUTH OF THE DREAM I NEITHER PROVE NOR DEFEND, BUT HERE IT IS.

PLOT

IN THE SIXTEENTH, THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURIES, LIVED THREE HUMAN BEINGS, APPEARING FIRST AS AN OLD BLACK MAN, A BLACK INDIAN PRINCESS AND A WHITE GRANDEE OF SPAIN;, TWO HUNDRED YEARS LATER THE TRIO, IN FACT OR LIKENESS, A RE BORN AGAIN, SIMILAR YET DIFFERENT: THE OLD BLACK MAN, A BROWN COURTESAN AND A WHITE CATHOLIC FRIAR. THE CENTURIES ROLL ON AND IN THE TWENTIETH OF CHRIST COME AGAIN TO EARTH AND LIFE, AN OLD BLACK MAN, A WHITE LADY OF HIGH SOCIAL POSITION AND INTELLIGENCE, AND A BROWN POLITICIAN WITH THE BLOOD OF SPANISH NOBLES, INDIAN PEONS AND AFRICAN SLAVES. THESE ARE THE PERSONS WHOSE FATE WE SEEK TO FOLLOW.

ACT ~~BOOK~~ ONE 1525-1550

Scene I

(IT IS THE SECOND QUARTER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. ATUALPA AND HUASCAR, SONS OF THE GREAT INCA, HUAYNE CAPAC, CLAIMANTS TO THE THRONE OF PERU, ARE LOCKED IN INTERNECINE STRIFE. A SWARM OF INDIAN WARRIORS APPEAR ON THE MOUNTAIN FACING THE SEA, IN DEADLY COMBAT. THE LEADERS TAUNT EACH OTHER.)

HUASCAR CURSED BE YOUR SOUL, YOU HOUND OF HELL,
THE EARTH-FIEND DRINK YOUR BITTER BLOOD,-
LIAR.

ATUALPA THE SUN DIVINE BURN OUT YOUR HEART AND SEAR
YOUR SHAMELESS CARCASS----COWARD.

(STRUGGLING INDIAN WARRIORS RANGE ROUND, WRITHING AND FIGHTING. AS THEY BATTLE FURIOUSLY, AND OLD MAN IS SEEN IN THE VERY CENTER OF BATTLE; HIS FACE IS BLACK; HIS HAIR, CRISP AND SNOW WHITE; HIS EYES ARE DEEP AND CAVERNOUS, AND HIS FACE SHOWS ENDLESS AGE. RAISING HIS HAND, HE CRIES:)

HOLD!

(BOTH PRINCESS CRY:)

BACK, FOOL!

(BUT THE OLD MAN POINTS DOWN TO THE SHORE OF THE SEA AND SAYS)

BEHOLD;

(Far away to the north, at Tumbes, upon the sand beside the Pacific Ocean, appears a group of men; they are evidently strangers, deathly pale, tall, grim, armed with strange harness and with horses and fire arms. The Indians, high above, cease fighting and gaze down at them. As the Old Man points, the group appears more and more distinct, nearer and nearer until at last their voices rise clearly over the intervening miles of space. The leader of the Spainards speaks. He is Tafur, a proud and portly man.)

Tis madness. The heavy heat of all this
accursed land
Has melted down your brains. The fever
burns in your crazed blood,
Pizarro. Away, we go-----
All they that come, aboard!

(The man addressed, lean, cadaverous, and hard, almost hisses his answer:)

Go.
Low lies this line
On yellow sun-baked sand
And here stand, Pizarro.
Who crosses to my sword?

(A few of the adventures respond:) No, no, no!

(PIZARRO CONTINUES TO TALK--)

PONDER WELL, PONDER WELL&
LET NO COWARD COME.
SENORS, THIS LINE SIGNIFIES
ALL LABOR, HUNGER, THIRST AND WOUNDS;
SICKNESS AND THE WHOLE BROOD OF DANGERS
THAT MUST BE IN THIS WILD WAR,
EVEN TO DEATHS SELF.
LET THOSE WHO DARE THEN, CROSS THE LINE,
AND ALL WHO HESITATE, HASTEN VACK TO PANAMA.
FOR ME AND MINE, I TRUST
THE GOOD GOD AND THE KING.
WHO COMES?

(MORE OF THE ADVENTURES CROSS TO HIS SIDE AND YELL ASSENT.)

TAFUR TURNS AWAY:

FOOLS AND MADMEN---
LINGER THEN AND ROT IN THIS HELL-HAUNTED LAND.
SAILORS, AHOY& PREPARE TO HOIST SAIL& MAN THE
ANCHOR CHAINS& ONCE MORE--DO YOU COME OR
STAY?

(THIRTEEN OF THE ADVENTURES CLUSTER ABOUT PIZARRO AND STAY.)

TAFUR EMBARKS CRYING--FAREWELL, FOREVER.

PIZARRO GRINS: LET THE COWARDS SCAMPER TO THEIR TOAST AND
MILK
LOOK UPWARD W ERE THE SILVER OF THAT PEAK
DOTH REND THE SKY:
SEE WHERE BEYOND, THE MOUNTAINS
ROLL AND BILLOW TO THE SOUTH.
HARK& WHERE THE HOT SEAS

Boil and riot at the feet
Of forests black and mad
With beast and giant tree---
See you this, comrades?
I tell you yonder lies
El Dorado, land of lining gold;
The Vale of life eternal,
And unquenched joys.
Fowards! We'll sieze the land,
Or bathe it in our blood.

(Meantime the old man has slowly left the watching Inkians high on the hills above and descending silently, he moves over the distance so quickly, that it seems as though the sea approached him. He nears the band of Spaniards.)

They espy him:

Hist. What comes here?---
I sore mislike his whitened blackness.--
Beware, his eyes do flame with some unearthly
Glo. ----
He glides too spirit-like along---
Thrust your good sword between his ribs,
And see if honest blood lurds therein.

Pizarro intervenes:

Nay, wait, tis some wandering slave,
Hos stranger, stands

Old Man pauses I come in Peace

Pizarro "Has and speak the Kings fair tongue-" tis

WELL&
WHENCE DO YOU COME AND WHITHER?

OLD MAN REPLIES I AM AN AFRICAN.

PIZARRO DOUBTFULLY:

WHAT, HERE IN AMERICA?

OLD MAN
BEFORE AMERICA WAS, AFRICA WAS
WHEN AMERICA DIES, AFRICA SHALL BE.
I COME OER ENDLESS WAYS
AND PATHS THAT WIND THIS GREAT WORLD THROUGH&
I GO TO HIDDEN THRONES
AND HEARTS THAT YEARN FOR PEACE--

PIZARRO
DO YOU KNOW PERU?

OLD MAN
AYE, WELL I KNOW IT.

PIZARRO
AND THE LAND?

OLD MAN
IS SWEET AND FAIR, FAIR AS WAS THAT ANCIENT
VALE OF PARADISE, WHERIN MAN SINNED.

PIZARRO
AND RICH?

OLD MAN
AND RICH IN HUMAN LOVE AND LONGING,
IN LAUGHTER, JOY AND SONG.

PIZARRO
AND GOLD?

OLD MAN
AYE, IN PAIN AND GOLD AND SORROW,
AND THE BLOOD-QUIETINESS OF STRIFE.

PIZARRO
HA& THEY FIGHT?

OLD MAN
THEY FIGHT AS WHIRLING WOLVES
THAT GNAW AND TEAR
THE HUNGRY NIGHT.

PIZARRO
GOOD-GOOD- HEAR THAT, COMRADES?
THEY'LL FIGHT THEMSELVES TO DEATH
AND THEN THEIR GOLD, THEIR WOMEN AND THEIR LAND

Old Man — Wait, good my Lords and Gentlemen.
I am very old and wise with the years.
I know this world.
I know Europe, I know Amerika, I know Africa
The great land that sleeps
beyond yon ramparts
Needs other worlds
And other worlds need Peru.
If but once an Inca of Peru
Could feign in Spain--
If only the Fifth Charles
Could sit on Cuxco's golden throne

The Adventurers — Silence, blasphemous traitor!

Old Man — Hearken! Cunning are you
In letters and in skill
Cunning are they
In metal, stone and faith
They know of gods you have not known--

The Adventurers — Burn the black heretic!

Old Man — Listen, I pray
I know your power
I know too what you have done
In Mexico and Panama.
Is it wise, is it good?
Can we not by mighty alchemy
Here unite the new and old
Into a New and stronger Spain?
A miracle of the Indies,
A vast and fragrant temple to
Almighty God?

You need these viril, cleaned-eyed men
They need you--these simple striving souls
Who trhough the darkness of uncounted age
Have blazed their way alone
To work, and weal and God.
Stretch forth your hands and help them
Bring them your knowledge of Good and Peace.

The Adventurers mumur among themselves:

"Peace- ha!"
"They'll get a piece of good Toledo blade."
"Their knowledge of good gold will serve them best."
"And to our God we'll swift
Baptize them in red blood
The day they thwart our will!"

Pizarro stops them? Enough of this chatter--Old Man
Beshrew your babble
Lead us you will and must;
And if you veer one hair's breadth
From the straight road to rich Peru
I'll bore your eyes out with hot irons,
Disbowel you and drag your limbs insunder.

Old Mans turns and says, Beware, Pizarro, I can forsee your end.

Pizarro Ha! You know my by name?
Who are you, then?
Are you a seer?
Answer, or by Christ--

Old Man — Seer am I none
And yet I see.

Pizarro — Good-soothsay then--Here's pay

Old Man — I see a goodly land
Where temples blaze with gold,
And people writhe and Die:
Where over all sits Spain's Adelantado

Pizarro — Who -Who shall he be?

Old Man — Captain -General--

Pizarro — Quick, the name!

Old Man — The Marquis --

Pizarro — Ho!

Old Man — Don Francisco de Pizarro

Pizarro — Praise to San Diego and the Virgin Queen of God!
Old Death's head, here is gold, I'll-

Old Man — But--

Pizarro — But?

Old Man — His face is old.

Pizzarro — Old? I?Old? I am but twenty-five-

Old Man — His body sick and seared with awful pain.

Pizarro — Pain-Sick?

Old Man — His hands are red.

Pizarro — With good spilled blood, in noble battle let,-

Old Man — With old Almagro's soul

Pizarro — What

Pizarro — You lie, you-

Old Man — His lips do twitch and gibber-

Pizarro — By God, old man, now you to to far--

Old Man — He groves to the ground and dies in one wild Gasp. Stabbed by Almagro's bastard son!

(With unsheathed swoards, led by Pizarro, the Spaniards rush at the black man)

Kill him--slay the blaspheming Negro.

Kill him--where is he?

There he goes.

He's gone!

What was this thing?

Twas fever-brewed, a vision foul of hell.

Let's search--

Pizzaro holds them back: Search nothing.

Out with these African lies;

And once we meet him again

God save his soul; but not

We've work to do

The Andes beckon

We'll view this hidden land

And lay it at thefeet

Of our king, Charles,

Of all the Spains and Germinies,

Of Burgundy and Italy,

Of the Indies and the world,

Puissant Lord!

They all cry out:

Away,-on-away!

Scene 2

(Later and far away from Peru, lie the gardens of the Royal palace in Toledo, Spain, across the Atlantic. There, apart from the waiting couriers, a young grandee, Francesco De Saavedra walks excitedly up and down as Pizarro approaches)

He's here, Pizarro!
His eyes have seen the Mystic Land!
His feet have trod great
El Dorado!
My blood boils to go,
And go I will.

(He rushes out as Pizarro and his men with Indians and Llamas enter. The clustered courtiers watch them and whisper aside.)

Tis he the tall one.
Ill-favored knave.
Baked and leathery, and hard as heartless fling.
How does the king regard him?
Long live the King!
All hail the Holy Roman Emperor!

(Charles the Fifth enters with Las Casas, Gonzales and a retinue)

God's greeting, my lords
We hasten on to Italy,
Yet must needs pause a breath
To hear this man Pizarro here
New come from far off India!
Pizarro, we have heard your fame, welcome to Spain!
And if you have a prayer,
We'll hear it.

Pizarro — Sire, mine eyes have seen
A goodly land
A land wherewith
The kingdoms of this earth
Do pale- I'd bring it to your feet
O King
Had I your royal mandate;

The King — What land is this?

Pizarro — Peru!

The King — Peru? What is Peru and where

Pizzarro — I am unlettered, but my young brother here shall speak what I have told him.

Gonzalo Pizarro — Picture the wide and Peaceful Ocean,
Stretched like a living emerald
between the soft sierras and the sun:
Yonder sweeps the great Unknown,
But here the land does hurl itself
In panting throes of cliff and crag,
Till far aloft the gnarled and blazing silver
of its peaks do cut and grip

The sky.
Below twixt sun and sea,
Stretch rolling hills and vales,
Of beauty such as mortal man
Has never seen,
Since the vast vengeance
Of God's blazing sword
Swung before Paradise!
Gold is as grass;
Great golden temples
Lift their lofty heads in air;
On golden plate
The king and all his court
Do dine;
In gold and jewels
Women walk the golden streets,
And all the rivers pour
Their golden flood
Down to the Golden Seal

The King smiles and weeps

Pizarro, Pizarro, you rave!
And yet my blood hastens
At your work-Ah! were I not
A King, and but a goodly free and Spanish gentleman
How soothly would I foot
The waves away to yonder fairy-land!

Pizarro bows

Pardon, My Liege,
And were I but a King
How quickly would I send you
Right good conduct and a seal
And all the drippings of my royal purse

To harness out your company.

King — Ha! Ha! Out- spoken like a soldier!
To your knees:
My sword-
Arise, Hidalgo Don Francisco de Pizarro,
My royal Governon-General
And Adelantado of Peru.
The purse my good queen-mother
Shall insure with a drawn contract;
For soothly we need gold in haste and plenty.

Pizarro — Have no fear, ypur Majesty,
You shall have gold in store unheard of.

Las Casas — My Lord, the King!

King — Ah, the good Bishop of Chiapa-

Las Casas — Humbly I crave
That in this contract drawn
My poor dark Indian childred
Be not all forgot
Or sold for gold.
Send, I pary
The Bladk Moors of Africa
To work in their stead;
They can defend themselves
They are cunning and strong.

King — Mine own far-reaching dread command
Has long ere now gone forth
To protect these poor weak Indians
And that you know well, Las Casas;
But a few black Moors too shall be sent.

Las Casas — True, O king and good
Yet cries do come across the sea,
And the sick tale of blood,
E'en now my Jewish brother here
Born of the Ethiopean Falashas,
And standing not far from Christ
Has just received a letter
Signed and sealed,
With nameless deeds therein.

KING — How now, old Gonzales, stand forth.

The old black man lately seen in Peru appears draped now in a Jewish gabardine.

Pizarro starts and whispers: Ha! By God- that black and bold-tongued spy.

His companions gather and scowl:

"How came he here?"
"Tis the witchery of the devils self."

"Who is he?"

King — Speak Old Gonzales, your gold is your good passport.

A Courtier(tells Pizarro: "He's a banker- black Jew, or some such carrion."

Pizarro — But why went he to Peru?

Courtier — He's never been there that I know.

The Old Man — Decrees indeed have gone and great commands your
Majesty has thundered forth;
But do your Captains there obey?
Have governors respect for your all royal will?
Do your red children thrive?
Can even the black Moors endure?
Ah! I have here a tale to melt the hardest gold in all Peru.

Pizarro interupts — Dare this blaspheming Jew accuse a Christian soldier, Sire?

A Courtier whispers to the King.

King — I come--Peace. We'll send a new protector to the west

Pizarro — Your Majesty, I beg for one indeed; My comrade Luque,
A blameless man, will watch them fervently

King — Good--Let Luque be the new Indian protector;
And you, Gonzales, sail with him to the Indies, if you will,
And bring me back strict accounting of gold and men
And now farewell! See that your gold come
Quickly, for still the Turk hammers hard,
The Frenchman bursts with pride
And all the Germanies are mad- stark mad!-Adieu!

As the King goes out, Pizarro, furious, storms to his men.

What, a black spy and interloper?
A Jew to leer at Christians!
God's wounds--

Saavedra,(shoulders forward) "Who are you?", asks Pizarro

Saavedra — "Francesco de Saavedra, a count of old and noble birth, yet poor."
Sir, I would join you for this march to the Indies

Pizarro(Impatiently) — So would all Spain
(He spies Gonzales walking away in the distance)
But--! See you that black-avised Jew?
He wears a chain of gold about his neck;
He'll guard it doubtless with his neck!
Slit his gullet
And with the gold, join me
In India

(Saavredra rushing impetuously out, overtakes Gonzales, who turns and greets him pleasantly)

Saavredra, sword in hand, — That chain--and locket

Gonzales handing the chain over — How long since Grandees of Spain
Have taken to highway robbery
At the request of bastard bandits?

Saavredra, sulkily and embarrassed, I must go to Peru

Gonsales, sorrowfully, True; you must; it is written.
Wear the chain, it is yours.
Here is gold for the journey--

Saavredra But why--

Gonsales I make a last wild throw to Fate!
Who knows but youth and love
May strive with cruelty and win?
Sir! You bear the blood of the noblest of Spain
You hasten to India linked with lust and cruel creed,
Yonder in Peru lives a maid whose blood is nobler far than yours.
Today she strives to raise a reeling throne
A wavering, crumbling culture
To new beauty, life and power
It is one chance within a thousand
And yet the day of miracles is not dead.
In some wierd way--how I cannot see-
You too may weld West to East and build a world anew--
Mayhap. It is a bare and bitter chance.
But listen, Boy listen
If through you, one hair
Of her proud head is harmed
May your soul rot in Hell, forever!

Saavredra hardly hears and gazes on the locket, open in his hand
Mother of God how strange a face
What majesty of beauty
Sweeping down from the dark face
To the full curving of her neck

What shape & form accurate

God! What breasts to fondle, What lips to kiss
What midnight eyes to drown in
What maze of close-curled hair to nest in.
Who is she- tell me-- I will know, or else-

The Old Man (grimly) Put up your sword-
Petulant boy!
Go--take the jewelled gold
That wreathes this woman's face
And journey to Peru.

Francesco But,-Who is she, I say?

Old Man Ximena, Araucanian princess of the land
That lies beyond Peru in snow girt Chile
Woman she is no more
She is a goddess of Congo and of Nile,
A soul transplanted
A stream of blood from Nefertari
Candace- and Judith, poured out
To re-build, re-vivify and
Re-found a world!

Francesco Ximena! (An echo seems to float in from the West
Hark, did you hear that call?
I'll have her though I wade
The fires of hell,
And naked walk thro' frozen seas!

I'll snatch her from the throne of God himself!
I'll know her
I'll know her-

Old Man — Go! rash reveller
But if you harm a hair
Of that young head
Your soul shall burn for twice
Two hundred years
In hell!

Francesco — Hush--the fool, your life is forfeit to Pizarro.

(Noiselessly Gonzalez glides away)

Francesco — Hail Love and War!

Ximena! — (The echo calls again. "Francesco".)

Scene 3

In lofty Cusco, royal capital of the Incas of Peru, is high festival. Throngs of Indians, in gala dress mill about, watching the highway to the south, whence will come the Princess of the Araucanians, Ximena, affianced bride of the new Inca. Nor was it yetclear who the new Inca would be. The Gread Inca, Huayna Capac, was dead and between his tow sons, Atualpa and Huascar, he had at his last breath divided his realm. It had been to his legitimate heir, Huascar, son of brother and sister, that the old Cacique of Araucania had betrothed his only child, but today the tow brothers, unreconciled, bitter in hatred, await the bride, ready to greet her, but each unready to yeild her to the other. Beside their retinues are grouped and armed band of Spaniards, with Pizarro, Almagro, De Doto and Saavedra.

The throng stands taut. At any minute, strife between the brothers may break forth. Then trumpets and drums announce the retinue of the Princess, Slowly it winds down the precipitous hills, with sheen of gold and jewels, peal of music and clash of cymbals, Hardly had the eyes of the rivals descried the slim commanding beauty of the Princess in her richly embroidered palanquin, than the rivals rising were launched in bitter combat.

A — Atualpa, raising his battle-axe,

Defend the Princess from this

Stark-mad usurper of my throne .....

Huascar — Defend the Princess from this bastard
Who dares to raise his eyes
To royal blood

Atualpa — What! and will your lips profane
The King's bethroted,
This black and royal child of God?

Huascar — You are no King- you are no man
You are a dog that vomits forth
Your filth

The Spaniards aroused seek to [down] four of the [Gray] and Pizarro, spurring forwared cries to Huascar

Pizarro — Kill him then, kill the dog

[Suddenly Atualpa with one great sweep of his axe, lays Huascar a bleeding corpse upon the ground. There is deep silence, as the bridal cortege halts. The old Cacique tall, spare, with great feathered head-dress sweeping aloft, comes slowly forward. He looks doen unmoved upon the corpse. Then raises his eyes to the man who sits on the golden throne of the Incas of Peru. Atualpa is grave and handsome, plump, with fierce and blod-shot eyes. Courseuisly, he waves the cacique to a seat, but the chief remains standing. The Spaniards ride about, curvetting on their horses]

Cacique — Are you Huascar, Inca of Peru, to whom my daughter is affianced?

Atualpa — I am Inca of Peru; yonder lies Huascar.

Cacique — I promised my daughter to Huascar, son of Huayna Capac.

Atualpa — I am Atualpa, son of Huayna Capac, and Saca Inca. I am ready to receive your daughter as my bride.

Cacique — All this I do not understand; until I do, there will be no wedding

Atualpa (slowly rising) — Brought you the bridal dowry?

Cacique — Yes and strong arms to guard it
(They stare at each other. The throng is breathless)

Cacique — I return to Chile, there to await clearer understanding of what I see.

[(Atualpa slumps back into his chair)] (- Congress)

Then Cacique turns and strides away. The throng of warriors start to restrain him, but Atualpa waves them back. The Spaniards press forward in eager anticipation.. Spurring ahead, Saavredra espies Ximena, sitting high and still in her gorgeous palamquin. He cries aloud]

SAAVEDRA Ximena!

[Quickly, Ximena turns her head and half-consciously answers]

XIMENA Francesco!

[The cortege rides away; Pizarro seizing the bridle of Saavredra leads him back to the group]

Ximena — Whence leaps this strange new name
So coldly to my lips-- and that
Pale bloodless face I seem to see afar,-
So shapp and queer- I hate it!
Yet how lithe and strong he looks
How wilful!

Almagro — Pizarro, Yonder goes spil-- gold and fair women,
protected only by arrows

Pizarro — All in due time, first
We'll conquer Peru and seize its horde of gold.
Tonight Atualpa sleeps with Huascar
In Hell!

Scene 4

[A month drags by. In Chile, high on a crest of the Andes, the Cacique of the Araucanians, Ximena and the Old Black Man stand looking north

Old Man Almagro comes. He scents loot. Atualpa lies dead and Peru is anarchy and theft and death.

(Amovement is seen among the Indian watchers. A messengers bread away and runs up to the party)

MESSENGER

There comes upon the mountain paths
A mighty cloud of men
Ghosts they are and bloodless
Asride of prancing beasts
And armed with thunder

(The Cacique heading a war party starts downward, while Ximena with the Old Man rides high up to a mountain fastness)

Ximena

Who are these strange men? Why do they attack us?
What do they wish?

Old Man

They are of the race called white
And of the nation named Spain
They want Peace, security and food;
They want Rest and Joy and Beauty
They want God!

Ximena

But is that not what we want too?
Is it not the wish of the World?

Old Man

All this they want
But for themselves not others
Quick and not slow
And in their mad haste
Reck not whatever they may sow
Of sorrowm sin, suffering and death.
In long, mad years of dole
They have learned such cruelty and hate

They think it one with life itself
And they fare forth to sow Hell in this new World
seeking Heaven

(The Old Man silently disappears. The Princess guarded by tall silent warriors looks sadly across the mountains toward the far-off sea)

Ximena

There sits an awful silence
On the Sea, and o'er the mighty mountains-
The hushed air doth creep with weak
And trembling foot.steps.
The rivers smell of blood
And yonder carrion condor,
Drunk on human hearts
Shrieks and wheels up and homeward
To his babes. O fated land!
O vale of Death, O Mother of red murder
And of war--hark!
What roars from out the glen?
With human accents? -My God! they come!
The blasphemy of cursing
Cuts the air;
The muttered mouthings
Of their barrelled thunder knells
From out the dells and echoes and re-echoes
On the vast
Andean shoulders ofthe hills.
They come, O gods, they come!
Around that silvery gleaming central core,
Dark terrible the soldiery of my great father's realm
Do swarm and sting.
Ha! How hateful, harsh, and hideous
Gleam the bloodless masks
On that inhuman host.

(A band of Spaniards headed by Francesco appears upon he hills below, fighting.)

Ximena (leans and look)

See that iron-nosed monster far ahead
Who plows with devilish skill
The dark flesh of our nation--Great Father!
Make me once an man-give me a spear-
Ah! - That face - that fearful face!
That pale and bloodless face afar
So sharpand quaver - I hate it!
Yet how lithe and strong he looks
How wicked willful!
He comes! My God! I know him. How could I know him?
His spear points toward my heart
His eyes glisten like the ser ent's
Horrid gaze!

(The battle rages close tot he palace gates and Ximena screams.)

Ximena

What Ho, Moluchi
Fend me - here! there! stand! fight!
Your princess calls! Father! Brother!
Cousin!
'Round me!
On your dead souls
That monster dare not woo!

(Fierce and bitter struggle ebbs and flows at the gates. Ximena sinks to her knees.)

Ximena

Hush!
Eyes! see not!
Ears! hear not!

Heart, lift up prayer to your God! (She kneels, with uplifted hands.

Spirit of Wonder

Daughter of Thunder

Fire that lurks in the cavernous sea!

Mist ofthe Mountain

Song ofthe Fountain

Mingle your might tothe guarding of me!

God of the Day,

Lord of the Way!

Fire that flames forthe Child ofthe Sun

Conquer the Terrible,

Vanquish the Horrible,

Rescue your daughter, Adorable One!

(Ximena rises from her knees and looks; the main battle has swept onward leaving but Francesco fighting his way up to Ximena.)

Ximena

What new and creeping silence is this not?

I hear the ring of silver-ringing, ringing, ringing!

Far off the echoes of the battle die,

As it sweeps past.

But here! -father of mercies!

Here! and alone!

All silent

Bloody, wounded-

Torn and terrible - comes-

Francesco!

Francesco

Ximena!

(The family of the princess and the palace guard attack Francesco.)

Ximena

My older brother dies - his hands

Claw the red earth-

(What eyes this white-faced monster has!)
The head of my great cousin grins
A yard from his vast shoulders.
(Oh, the dread strength of that long slim white arm
How thrills and throbs his thin thrust
Throughthe air!)
My little brother sinksand sighs, as he did use
To sigh in sleep, Oh-Oh-
(What wondrous courage this white warrior hath!)
My uncle yells his last great war-cry
To the hills!
Lo! the white spirit sways and falls
God pity him - no-no, O fate, he dies!
Wonder', he staggers up again, his
Great green eyes on me
(What love must nerve his iron will!)
On, on he reels,-
My father cuts the silver from his head-
Ah! Ah'. Softly- ah softly, Father-
Was that my father once-
That drabbled bloody thing that spurts its slime
On my cold breast?
The gates yield!
(She steps within the palace doors)
He comes - nearer - nearer - near - here!
Hear - Hark!
(She closes the doors)

Francesco — Open or by Christ the King-

(Slowly she opens t'em and retreating stands upon the altar alone)

Ximena — Francesco!

Francesco! — Ximena! (He stands pantingand swaying on his sword; she recoils)

Ximena — Beast!

Francesco! — Woman!

Ximena — (Whispering) I--love you!

Francesco! — Come!

Ximena — (Wildly) And I hate me that I do!

Ah!

[(Francesco sieses herand forces her to the floor before the altar. Night fallsand the moon arises. The doors open slowly. Francesco appears alone, pale bloody and erect.]

Francesco — How whirls the world

The mountains dance in drunken revel

I am so strangely weak

What's this? Why 'tis blood

Good red and streaming blood!

[The Old Man appears in the door way, with Ximena lying blackand bloody across his arms with clouds of curling hair.]

Francesco (Turns) — I - Ximena!

Ha! who are you

That handles my wedded wife?

I know you - ha!

I know you, black Jew--old death's head!

You rise from the grave to mock me

I fear you not - I'll kill you presently again.

Wipe first the trailing blood

From off the princess' bridal gown

It is not meet - (Sways and totters, loses sight of the Old Man and lurches toward an imaginary foe).

Ha! What-

What say you, so silently?

You are Death?

What have I to do with Death?

I am young!

I am strong!

I am wed!

So you are Death? ~~are you?~~

Then I'll kill you, Death,

Grip fast your scythe

Defend!

One, ~~two~~-

Coward, do you run?

Think you thus to escape Saaveedra's

Mighty sword?

Unhand me - off with your cold, wet hands!

Knave! base-born, unknightly caitiff!

Unhand me I say, or bythe great King

I'll run you through-- I'll-

What! you call witchery

To darken the world,

In this bright morning hour?

Your magic all be damned

I'll grope you out thro' blackness ten times

blacker thanthe blakest hell!

Take - that - and that,and that--

I warned you fair-

What Ho! Ximena!

Death is dead —

We'll live forever!

(Francesco crashes tothe earthand dies,leaving the Old Man still standing withthe dead maid across his arms.)

ACT 2 ~~BOOK~~ TWO

Scene I

Two centuries pass. In Santirgo, Chile, threemen sit round a table littered with maps, papers and specimen, of ore. Pedro de Guzman is a white Chilean of Spanish descent and his partner, Milo Diaz, a brown Mestizo, jointly they

control wide concessions for gold, silver and copper mines. Juan Mendoza, a Spanish capitalist is bargaining to buy these, but at the last minute Mendoza is hesitating. Diaz stands impatiently smoking by a window, while De Guzman talks. Mendoza is a gentleman by birth and training; handsome and well-groomed, unused to business and anxious to get home to Spain and civilization but even more anxious to be rich. De Guzman is incidentally a business man, and in truth an unscrupulous [illegible]. He is flashily dressed. Diaz is a rough man of the people; a harsh, driving executive.

De Guzman

Good! In other words, I take it,
You willingly would pay
Ten thousand doubloons down, the rest in time,
For these rich [illegible] mines--

Mendoza

Yes willingly, if only I were sure
Of laborers in plenty.
Rich mines unworked are quite
As poor as mines unfound and all unknown.

De Guzman

Ha! Ha! Milo, Senor Mendoza
Fears lack of labor here!

Diaz

The vermin spawn in the very gutters-
They overflow the filth and crawl
Beneath the feet of gentlemen around!

Mendoza

Aye! Aye! But will these dirty
Black and lazy cattle work?
Surely you have heard how only yesterday in Peru
These filthy Indians and mad hybrids
Rose like a cloud and stormed across the hills
Driving with murder and rapine
Across the valleys til mining stopped

De Guzman

Yes, yes, we heard; exaggerated, no doubt.
In any case, of no significance.
You understand, of course, that no man works

Unless he must.

These ignorant Indians

Are lazy, fickle, easily aroused.

But just as easily whipped back totheir kennels.

Mendoza — But the law-?

De Guzman — The law is madein Spain

But executed here.

Mendoza — Yes, Yes; I've heard all that

But knew you Aremendaitiz

Governs now,and he's a straight - laced

Sour churl, mule-stubborn,

And filled with tales of fancied wrongs.

De Guzman — O, yes, we know; against him

Will we marshall armies three:

A regiment of gold - which carries

Most positions;

Skirmishers of deceit - they

Blind most eyes.

Or, at worst, a whole artillery

Of influence at home

And lo! he goes -- richer,

Sadder, wiser, or all three.

Mendoza — Yes- yes - that's fair in promise -- but-

De Guzman — Listen, Good Sir, we joke:

We stand here to take contract

Firmly backed and bound

To furnish you continuously

All needful help from one unto

A thousand thousand men

From a day to ten continuous years

Mendoza — Enough - with that, the bargains struck!

The mines are mine

The continent shall

The contract shall be witnessed, sealed
And signed -- when, sir, and where?

De Guzman
Now - 'tis here.

Mendoza
Good - I sign - Don Juan Mendoza
For the Company Anonymous of Madrid.

De Guzman
And I, Don Pedro de Guzman
For the firm, Guzman, Diaz and Andrade - there!

Mendoza
Check, signed, crossed and certified.

Diaz
And now we write the bond.

De Guzman
'Tis done- Gentlemen, we'll celebrate!
You are my guests.

Mendoza
I'm honored.

Diaz
Thousand thanks!

De Guzman
What shall we do?

Diaz
A dinner, first, such as old Pedro cooks
And then a night's carousal-

Mendoza
Wine, women and song!

De Guzman
Ximena, we must have Ximena!

Diaz
Yes, yes by every odds, Ximena!

Mendoza
Who is she?

De Guzman
The daintiest chit in Chile
A firery buxom half- breed--
Nigger, Indian and Spanish
Handsome as hell and hotter;
Wise, witty, dainty, devilish-
The loveliest woman
Ever man desires, fights for, dreads,
Dies for, and is damned

Mendoza
Ha-ha-ha! good, Ximena!

De Guzman
Here, boy! - damn you-
Move your carcass - here!
This to the old cook, Pedro - a soup, good some fish,

A fowl; some dainty venison roasted,

De Guzman — Salad, sweets, three wines

And above all - Ximena and two other pretty girls

Go'--

Mendoza — But wait-

Diaz — He's gone - they know to mind De Guzman.

Mendoza — But I forgot, I have an engagement, I meet a monk tonight-

Diaz — A Priest? So ho! Good, bring him also. Bid him meet

you at Pedro's, ~~Ha! Ha!~~

Mendoza — What - a monk? And there?

Diaz — Ha! Ha! Old man, this is America

Not dawdling Europe.

Bring your monk along

And fill his belly and his soul.

If need, we'll get another girl.

Mendoza — Well - so be it, if you think--

Diaz — Think? I know; he'll not be the first

Gray cowl that's graced

Our board.

Mendoza — 'Tis some small matter of place or promotion;

Some secret and left-handed influence,

I ween, of old Castilian blood-

De Guzman — Come, time's up. Leave word for him to meet you at Pedro's

We're off, gentlemen.

~~Act~~ Scene 2

In the private dining room at Pedro's, De Guzman, Diaz and ~~two~~ women are at table, tipsey and hilarious.

All — Down withthe wine

Damned be the swine

Who dare to despise it
Or rudely misprise it-
It's honor is mine
It's flavor, divine
Down with bubbling, gurgling, juggling,
Troubling, struggling, muddling wine!

(Diaz Aye, and tequila, too, and strong! Ximena and Mendoza burst in from the door of the room at the left. Ximena is boldly handsome, impetuous and swept by extreme moods. Her wilder ancestry is shown in her eyes and hair, while her small hands and feet indicate Spanish blood. She comes in half clothed; her eyes darting here and there and appraising the gentlemen.)

Mendoza — Hurrah! Encore! By San Diego
This is the loviest wench
This side the Sea. (Embraces Ximena)

Ximena — Aye and the other, too!
~~Oh Ramon, I'll ... Kill~~ Come, come, Gal ma dance

(As they drink and sing, Ximena leaps on the table and dances, whirling her brown body sinuously and clinking castanets.)

Servant — A Friar, Sir, to see Senor Mendoza.

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! He needs none.

Ximena — Ho, a priest - a conquest new.

Diaz — I'll wager a hundred pesos
You cannot drag a tiny smile
From his drawn lips.

Ximena — Done - and more - a thousand that I'll
Take him to my room, (gesture)

Diaz — Hurrah! Done!

Mendoza — Nay, nay, the wager shall be this (whispers)

Ximena — Ha! Ha! done; two thousand pesos 'gainst (She slaps him)
O, you valiant devil - sh-- he comes.

(Brother Francesco enters. He is a thin man, young and dark brown, in the grey costume of a friar. His face is beautiful, his eyes, unworldly. Seeing the

the company, he draws back timidly, and says, softly and hesitantly:)

Francesco. — Pardon Gentlemen - here's some mistake, I fear;
I am Brother Francesco
I sought the Senor Mendoza
Who brings a message from mine uncle-
Pardon-

Mendoza — Nay - no excuse - welcome - twice welcome, Brother
I am Pedro Mendoza and right glad to greet (He winks)
A scion of Saaveedra;
Come -- sit at meat with us, and drink
Here is Senor de Guzman,
Brother Francesco; and Senor Diaz, and these----

Francesco — No, no -, my duties call--

Ximena — What, not even a glass of wine, Brother?

(Ximena murmurs involuntarily: "Francesco" and gives a half embrassed smile.)

Francesco — I thank you, Madame Ximena.

(As the name slips out, he too looks puzzled and apologetic.)

De Guzman (whispers): — A thousand, Mendoza; see, they know each other.

Mendoza — Done. (and then to the friar)
Brother, just a sip
Of rich red wine to make your spirits glow
And set your cool young heart a blazing

(Francesco shrinks away)

No -- the message, sir - my duties call.

(Mendoza rises and going to his valise, takes out a small leather case)

"Here is the packet -- I am sorry, Brother -"

(Ximena who, losing her customary gayety, has sat deep in thought, now throws off her mementary hesitation at some old memory of the priest's face and name, and leaps on the table, again:)

"Oh, here

"And here, Sir Priest, is yet a sweeter message."

(She throws him a kiss.)

(Francesco takes no notice of her but receiving the packet turns to bid adieu)

Gentlemen -- Good-night.

(Ximena looks toward the door with mischief in her eyes. She whispers to De Guzman, "Hold him a moment. I am coming right back." And steps noiselessly into the hall. De Guzman whispers "Wait, rich deviltry brews". But Mendoza hesitates and whispers back "it is a hard joke. The boy is scarcely more than novice". Then Mendoza turning to the priest with a word of pardon says smoothly)

But a moment Brother- the woman fortunately is gone.
We wished to ask about this kind of maid
She came upon us suddenly,
She and her -- her sisters, of an ancient profession--
We could but ask them in - in courtesy, to dine,
But she, - they - are strange to us - what think you?

Francesco

I know not, Sirs; she seemed to me
O'er forward, - ~~although~~ and yet somehow - some way I almost seem to remember her;
But it cannot be of course, it cannot be.

De Guzman (smiles politely) Perhaps you've met before -- in lonlier surroundings - Or At confession.

(Suddenly Ximena rushes in, half-disguised in another gown with black mantilla. She looks about in distraction, acting her part convincingly.)

Help gentlemen, I seek a priest here. O there--
Help, Father. My mother lies in burning throes of death
E'en now the potent poison of disease
Rattles in her throat -- she dies

Unshriven.

Come, in God's piteous name.

The friar (in consternation)

I am no priest -- my vows of broterhood are but begun-
Strange am I to the city streets, I - I scarcely know--

Ximena

Streets? Who spoke of streets -- she is here-
In this hotel. Why not?
She is always near - her daughter.

(De Guzman, Mendoza nd Diaz can hardly hold their smiles; the friar hesitates.)

Ximena

What? do you pause,
Do you hesitate when death calls?

Francesco

Nay - nay - I come;
I can give no sacrament -- but I can pray.

Ximena (in passing, whispers) Five thousand, Mendoza.

Mendoza, Diaz and De Guzman (whispering) - Unfair - unfair.!

Diaz

Ha! Ha! Ha! that she-devil

De Guzman

Ho! Ho! Ho! Saw you ever such acting-
By God t'would grace the stage of old Madrid.

Mendoza

Will she lure him to her room?

De Guzman

Will she? 'Tis already done
And once in her embrace, good God forget him.!

Mendoza

Hold! But I don't like this -- she's mine
Let's follow and behold--

De Guzman

Follow? 'Tis the funniest thing I ever heard--
Not so crestfallen, Mendoza, she'll return.

Diaz

And we need not follow, -- just peep, her room along
the hall backs on to this. (They listen at the wall.
One hears the priest and Ximena enter. Silence.)

Voice of Francesco — Where is she?

Voice of Ximena — (In surprise) Why -- she is not here!

" " Francesco — But where then, quick! We must hurry---

" " Ximena — (Mischievously) She's gone -- but I am here.

" " Francesco — I do not understand -- you said

" " Ximena — I said, O brown and pretty priest -- a lie.

(The three listening are convulsed with suppressed laughter. It begins to rain without.)

Voice of Francesco — Do you sport with death?

" " Ximena — No, but with you -- you are much sweeter, dear, than death. (One hears the priest pounding at the door in the hall)

Voice Of Francesco — This door -- open it-

" " Ximena — The key is hidden -- in my shift

" " Francesco — Open the door

" " Ximena — Take the key--

" " Francesco — (His voice raised in swift anger) No, no, no.
Open or by Christ the King
I'll curse your soul to perdition.

Voice of Ximena — (sullenly) No -- not that -I-

" " Francesco — You wretched shameless hag of hell
You spawn of vermin and of beasts
You black blasphemer of the great white Christ--
I curse you in the name of God

(The storm bursts without. Ximena screams)

Voice of Ximena — O! I am afraid of lightening.
Forgive me -- father --

" " Francesco — I curse you in the name of his begotten Son

" " Ximena — Pity me, pity me - I did but play -- I fear the storm

Voice of Francesco I curse you andyours,

(The thunder and lighting increase. Ximena Screams, rushes and throws open the door to the dining room. The men leap back and the women scream)

Francesco: (Staggering, dishevelled and blinded into the doorway)

In the name of the Holy Ghost, Triune God,

Forever and forever--

(Each anathema strikes Ximena like a physical blow. She stiffens, recoils andthen fights madly back.)

No! No! Curse me but no more -- not that - not that

You know not what you do.

Hear but one word--

(Francesco lurches toward the door. Ximena sieses his gown.)

Francesco Touch me not-- your touch is filth.

(Ximena binds her arms about him andholds him, disgust andloathing written on his beautiful andboyish face.)

Ximena Christ, but you shall hear me-

Who are you, proud andawful Priest,

Are you bigger than Christ himself?

Listen!

I came fro m the mines

I lay in the gutter

I crawled from the dregs of earth

Hunger, thirst, cold and pain

Bit my heart till

Dainty gentlemen like these bought my body

For a song --

(She looses him suddenly)

(De Guzman, Mendoza, and Diaz in half- drunken amusement but in courtesy stand swaying, smiling and bowing. The other woman shrinks back in silence; The monk staggers and stares -- falters, arranges his robe and bows.)

Ximena — Yet to them you cringe;
Them you greet all politely
They go full and free and have no curse,
You heartless servant of a heartless God:
While I, a shamed and stricken thing
Who lisp the filth and do the sin they teach me
I and I alone am cursed!

(The monk passes silently out.)

De Guzman and Diaz — Ximena!

Mendoza — Come darling -- here's your thousand pesos--
You'll admit, the five thousand is unearned--

Ximena — Touch me not -- go -- go!
And the whole damned world
Go with you.

(She rushes out into the storm.)

Scene 3

(It is night on the side of Andes; in a hermit's hut. Francesco, ragged, without hat or cloak kneels before an Old Black Man.)

Old Man — What now, my son?

Francesco — Father, I tell you this whole world is lost
The weight of some great primal sin
Has set upon its soul and ever shall-
There dwells naught righteous underneath the sun

Father away - let's leave this cursed
Ground; and high upon the Andes'
Snow- crowned crests
Await the coming of the Perfect Christ
In silence and in prayer.

Old Man — There lies a packet on your heart.

Francesco — 'Tis naught but vanity, brought by a son of hell.

Old Man — Open, read!

Francesco reads: — "Pray for the soul of Francesco de Saaveedra".

Old Man — Read yet again;
Nay close your wavering vision and open wide
The eyelids of the soul
What do you see?

(Visions seem to sweep across the blackness of the night.)

Francesco — Ah-
A whirl of blood and battle engulf this land
And on it its angry crest rides one whose
Face is hid
His mailed heel crushes
The cringing, shrieking souls beneath;
He steps upon their faces
The black mud oozes blood--
While that Hell's carrion
Climbs over on and up and on.
Wait!

See where yonder and aloft

See where yonder and aloft
There sits a form of Splendor
In pure black beauty - In beauty pure andblack
Such as once well - graced
The Virgin Spouse of God'
Yes -- 'tis the Black Virgin -- the very bride of God
Here he'll not dare - he-
O!
The monster tramples her to worse than death
He fouls her breast, and rapes her soul
She twists her dying neck in dumb appealing pain-
Pitiless Christ -- it is Ximena!
It is -- it cannot be --
It is the whore, Ximena!
Is right wrong and wrong right?
Is good evil and evil pure?
Is it indeed the Mother of God
Whom I have dared to scorn!
(The vision fades)
Father! Father!
I know -- I see!
Who was this mailed murderer of women and of Men?

Old Man — He was Francesco de Saavedra

Francesco — And shall I pray for him? Never I no, never! and again, no!
His soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred years
Until the day he drags you virgin up from

ut the pit and sets her before God,

Redeemed.

Old Man — Amen! But lo! he comes again and turns his haggard

Eyes on ~~them~~

(The vision bursts nearer and clearer inflaming the sides o the Andes.)

Francesco — Merciful God! - It is I.

(He faints and lies cold and alone)

Scene 4 ~~X~~

(At dawn within the halls of a convent in Santiago the voices of nuns softly chanting are heard.)

Nuns — Ave! Maria!

Mother- maid pitiful

Sister of sorrows

And daughter of men (The procession of Nuns passes by)

Ave! Maria!

Mother of Miracles

Mercy made wonderful

To thy breast bountiful

Gather the sorrowful

Daughters of sin

Ave! Maria!

Ave! Maria!

Gather them in!

(They pause before the door of a cell, where Ximena lies on a cot. She shrinks back.)

Ximena — Curse me no more, pitiless priest!
My little life had been all curses
Save its sin -- curses and sin, curses and sin;
I could not bear its curses, wherefore I did sin;
And sin -- ah sin was sweet -- so bitter sweet;
Healing my pain with wine andfood and secret ecstacy-
Curse me no more, pitiless priest!

A Nun — The Peace of God which passeth understanding
Rest on your soul.

Ximena — How long have I been here?

Nun — Ten days of forgetfullness and pain-

Ximena — Nay I must go- ten days! My God--
Listen, Mother
Yonder by the mines in my father's hut, lives a child
My son--
I-I love it, and the plague
Hovers there -- I must go.

Nun — Nay you are sick to death
You cannot go:

Ximena — Go fetch it me, 'tis yonder -- go--
Oh -- curse me no more -- I
Ha! Ha! Ha! Down with the wine
Cursed be the swine--

(The chanting nuns drown out the song as closing the cell door they pass slowly out.)

Nun — Ave! Maria!
Mother of miracles
Mercy made wonderful
To thy breast bountiful

Gather the sor owful

Daughters of sin Ave! Maria!

Ave ! Maria!

Scene 5

Gather them in!

(Two years later in the reception room of the Governor General of Chile, in Santiago, Armendariz sits robed in the chair of state with a document in his hand. Around him are grouped lawyers and De Guzman, Mendoza and Diaz. At one side, poorly dressed as a lay sister of the convent and partly veiled, stand Ximena.)

Armendariz — This case comes to this highest
Court of Chile on petition.
The charges are foul and terrible.
Slavery, debauchery, inhuman theft
And the wild unchecked ravishings
Of deadly plague.
In the King's great name,
If this be true,
I'll rot the carcass of the churls
Who did this deviltry,
In the darkest dungeon depths I know!
Where are the witnesses who support this charge--speak!

[No one comes forward. The throng is silent and the governor stares about impatiently. Finally the lawyer for the defense, well-groomed and smiling arises.]

Lawyer — Your Excellency knows well
The gentleman here accused.
One of them is of noble Spanish blood and
All are men of wealth and standing
And good repute.

Armendariz — I know them, but if this charge is true
Neither no

Neither nobility nor blood
Neither wealth nor influence shall avail
In this court.

Lawyer — Precisely, your Excellency -- precisely.
As I was saying -- these gentlemen
And their company are pillars of this state
They give employment to thousands of the poor
They stimulate trade, support the church
Give alms--

Armendaris — Well and good; and now -- these charges!

Lawyer — Quite so, your Excellency -- Quite so!
As I was saying, your Excellency
Knows all too well the envy and cheap hate
Which success ever inspires.
The lazy -- the criminal -- the shameless
Seek to besmirch and libel the great and good
In this case, unsupported rumor ——

Armendaris — But are there no witnesses present
To support this affidavit? I was told, they were innumerable.

Lawyer — Practically none.
Hundreds were promised,
But they are not here.
The record and affidavit are
Ignorantly done, confusedly written
And all awry - Sir --

Armendaris — But here is the record of the Alcaldes court
Wherein is it faulty?

Lawyer — There is no seal, your Excellency
It is not done in triplicate

The King is mentioned without his proper titles;--

Armendariz — ~~Bout~~ out with technicalities and trifles!
Where are the witnesses.

Ximena — I am a witness, my Lord.

Armendariz — And the others?

Ximena — There was a cloud -- but poor, ignorant, unlettered;
Some were dismissed from work; some beaten, all threatened.
I alone stole away by aid of the sisters.

Armendariz — Who are you?

Ximena — I am no one.
But mine oath is true (She raises her veil. The
accused start, stare, and whisper)

De Guzman — Ha, ha, ha -- Pardon my Lord -- this -- woman
Names herself too truly -- I call two witnesses
Where I might summon a half hundred--
Ask this gentleman -- Don Pedro
Mendoza, a Spanish gentleman, who this -- lady is.

Mendoza — Her name, my Lord, is called, Ximena
And her fame -- She is the most
Shameless bawd in Santiago
She has some fancied spite against us
Because -- plying her trade -- some years since--
We refused to buy.

Armendariz — Can this be true? Answer, Woman, and why have you
The garb of a holy convent?

Ximena — It is true, as a child in the mines,
I was mother of unfathered children.
Afterwards coming to the city
I danced in a restaurant --
Then men desired me, and from then

Until two yrars ago

I was a prostitute of Santiago

Armendariz And do you dare to show your shameless

Face in this my court?

Ximena I dare -- for what I say is true.

Armendariz But even if it is, who shallbelieve it?

Ximena I have no witness but mine

Eyes and ears and these scarred

Hands and feet. But what I say is true--

Armendariz I -- but I am helpless

Let her stand aside

If there be no further witnesses

The case must be dismissed.

Voice There is another witness.

(The messenger emerges from the crowd and hands the governor a letter.

The governor arises.)

Armendariz Where is His Eminence?

Messenger He comes.

(A gorgeous litter is borne in, with papal arms and guards. From it

it desends an old black man, meanly garbed as a mendicant monk.)

Armendariz Let the audience kneel and receive the benediction of

The Ambassador of His Holiness.

Old Man The charge here brought

Is but half the full

And awful truth

The mines of Chile and Peru

Are the most shameless haunt

Of human misery underneath the stars

~~And [illegible]~~

I bring the witness's testimony of a hundred men

A thousand others may be had.
One gleam of light has pierced
This awful darkness;
Where two great, and all unselfish hearts
Have bent to this abysmal filth
And toiled to succor souls.
Night and day and side by side
Yet with one great shoulder of the Andes
Spread between, they worked and wept.
The Holy Father in whose stead I stand
Has heard the beauty of their work
And called both: stand forth, Ximena;
Peace be with you. Your sins be all forgiven and forgot;
And you shall marry God.

(With bowed head Ximena walks slowly out.)

Old Man — Here comes the other
Up the dusty way, with hastening feet-

(Enter a ragged and cowled friar).

Welcome, Brother Francesco: the testimony you would give
Is given. Receive the mandate of the Pope--
This day you shall be Bishop in Holy Church.

Armendariz — Arrest these men and take them away.
Nay -- no word; Mendoza
Shall be shot; Guzman shall hang;
Diaz shall toil in his own mines
Till the dark end of his days
Away! I have spoken.

(The governor and his suit bowing low to the papal envoy, go out followed by the chained prisoners. The Old Black Man and the friar stand alone.)

Francesco on his knees supplicates.

Father — I cannot, I will not.
I, a bishop?
I deserve punishment
Far worse than these who file away,
Whom I accuse; I am guilty in my soul — I go back—

Old Man — Lord Bishop of Conception, Arise!
And speak no further word
The Holy Father sues not — nor begs
He commands.

(They pass through the crowd and approach the Cathedral. Within altar boys robe the friar as an organ peals, and curtains reveal the high altar.)

Francesco — Father, you have spoken;
Pray, Father, pray each day
For my soul and the soul of one
Long dead, Xiomara!

Old Man — Amen, Arise! At the high altar kneels a woman!
Beside her stands the Holy mother of the
Convent of the Virgin, with bridal robe
For her, this child of Sin, Xiomara
Whom Christ in his vast pity has redeemed.

VII

(It was a pageant such as earth but seldom sees, above the gleamy silver of the Andes; ten thousand workers, dark, half-naked, grovelling, beneath. Behind, an altar in the purple and gold of imperial Rome; the song of children and chanting of nuns and vested priests. Before the altar stands cone figure in black. As the bishop approaches, she is unveiled sinks to her knees and bows her forehead ti earth until she lies a white billow

of silk upon

of silk upon the marble.)

Francesco — Arise, Bride of Almighty God!

(Slowly she arises; her dark face gleams in its coronel of white, as the tears roll gently down. The bishop totters, sways and stands straight and still.)

Francesco — Sister Ximena!

Ximena — Francesco -- Brother!

Act III

Scene I

[Two hundred years roll by with Frederick the Great and Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln, Wilson and Clemenceau riding the winds; with revolution after revolution in the air: French, Industrial, Russian and Italian; and Negro Emancipation; War winds its wide way: In China and India, in Europe and America, in all the world. South America sits new on the lap of time and counts its cost and place, its future. In the Chilean office of trade and education sat the Secretary, Juan Savedra, a brown mestizo; and general Blanco de Guzman, secretary of War, a white Chilean of Spanish descent. De Guzman is talking. He is alarge man, almost fat but trimly and carefully attired in the most expensive of uniforms. He is almost too polite and courteous; plausible but with a hard cold eye. He is talking in low confidential, rapid tones.]

De Guzman — We must, of course, buy two new battle ships
Of latest type -- our iron-clads are but outdated hulks.
The active army must gradually be swelled, certainly
to fifty -- soon to a hundred thousand men;
The harbor forts 'round Valparaiso and all down the
coast like me but ill --
They'll need at least fifty million pesos -- while for-
tresses to frown along the heights of the Andes

Will ask a hundred million more. Two hundred and fifty
million pesos is the least increase,
My good Savedra,
That our long starved purse of war demands this year.

Savedra — Good heavens, De Guzman, are you mad?
That, with our present army and pensions, will make
Two thirds of our whole income,
Set to war? Aye and to the merest shadow of a dream of War.

De Guzman — Why a dream? Why not a certainty?

Savedra — What -- but De Guzman do you sanely dream
That Argentine and Chile would to War
For a few bald acres of bare rock?

De Guzman — Nay, certainly not -- unless!

Savedra — Unless?

De Guzman — Unless we are unready to surrender our Fatherland
without a struggle.

Savedra — What?

De Guzman — Listen, Savedra!
We are threatened, we are beleaguered.
We are in danger of national death!
We must defend ourselves.
We must fight the last great Battle of the West or die.
In us, puissant Latin blood--
Betrayed of Spain, diluted by France,
Impoverished by Italy--takes again
World leadership--yields no more-- nayadvances!
What! Do we always and ever cringe to England
Or her bastard North America?
Shall Germany rule the world?

Shall Russia conquer Asia?

Or shall yellow Janpan climb on white suicide to empire?

Ocean of the future, vast Mediterranean of the West and East!

Let us fill our hundred harbors with

An Invincible Armada

Yield -- nothing, nothing!

No wisp of soil to Argentina;

No foot of coast to Boliva nor Peru;

Sieze again Lima which once we held and weakly surrendered;

Hold Tacna-Arica forever!

Make our claim of Andean boundaries

Basis of the widest seizure of Argentine territory;

Stand fast, implacable, while

They bicker and quarrel each with the other,

This continent is a cauldron of dispute,

Of writing and unrest.

Not a single country of South America

Feels secure or certain of its bounds.

Venezuela and Guiana strive with Brazil.

Colombia is made to sell herself to North America.

Ecuador and Peru dispute their bounds

And Peru and Chile fight to keep Bolivia hemmed from the sea.

Boliva will war with Indian Paraquay.

Chile must settle scores with Argentine in Patagonia

And Argentine should roll o'er Uruquay and Brazil.

Thus Antofagasta in Atacama, Tacna Arica, Gran Chaco are words

Pregnant with present meaning

Even if we do not listen to Panama and Falklands.

It is for us suddenly
When they least expect -- to stri

It is for us suddenly,
When they least expect -- to strike!
Hesitate, Savedra, and you must rest content
To end your promising political career this year.
Otherwise two men, (say you and I)
Must plunge allSouth America hot into War
With one swift move!

Savedra — But why should we of all folk lead this devils' dance?

De Guzman — First, your party's tricked and stolen:
You are without the breastworks;
The ring is in; your fate is sealed,
In three months, you'll leave office
And the world of power for good--
Unless---
Look at yon map: down the last coast
Of last America, west of the west - most world
Creeps a little starveling, headless snake-
That's Chile; we're hemmed and tethered in:
East, wall;
South: ice; west, Andes; north, Bolivia and Peru;
Time flashes; Europe and greedy North America
Stretch itching palms this way. All Spain's Americas
Must be one or die! Who'll lead? I say Chile!
How? Level the Andes,
Cut Argentine in two with one swift stroke,
Hold capital and harbor
With mighty ships that frown
On Uruguay and Brazil
Then pause -- conciliate,
Spread jealously, alarm and fear,
Arm, build and arm again

Placate and threaten England and North America
Inflate the bursting ego of Germany and Italy.
Then wheeling suddenly
On again!
Swoop north like an eagle
And conquer Bolivia and Peru,
The land of the Equator, Colon's land, and
Poor distracted Venezuela.
At last with great Brazil thus fast between our jaws--bite!
Bite till her carcass and Uruguay's
Crumble in our mouth.

Savedra

But it is fantastic!
Argentine is twice our size,
Brazil has ten times our might.
Are you concocting suicide?

De Guzman

Fool, behold the map--
Know you not that strength
Lies in our very show of weakness?
Forge secretly a mighty weapon.
While we prolong the quarrel with Argentine,
Sharpen and train strong armies;
Make ready swift, fighting ships
Strike like a bolt of sudden lightning
Before even the thunder rolls--
Before they dream what we do;
It's done!
I tell you, man, for the called-of-God
The Impossible is the always and only Possible.
The Dream is the Deed--

Now hear me out;

In this great world crusade, who'll lead in Chile?

The president? I am dumb.

The timid councillors of State? 'Tis loud to laugh!

We have no Portales, no Montes, [illegible] and that's -- Saavedra.

Peres is dead and Zarrartu!

The president, Cabinet? One alone and that's -- Saavedra.

Saavedra — I?

De Guzman — You! I know my man - trained, quick, resourceful-

Saavedra — Why not you?

De Guzman — Too old and too (Pardon!) well-born

You have miraculous youth -- you are of the people.

Saavedra — Guzman, you rave -- how could I prevail?

De Guzman — Softly! Walls do hear.

All that too, I've thought through!

With no ordinary slogan, can you win the crowd.

Raise then, the war cry of defense, subtly,

Masterfully and with skill.

The mob have all inborn

A most miraculous love for fight;

They'll turn to you in one great rush

And make you----shall we say?

Of Chile -- President; of Argentine -- Conqueror!

Of Brazil, Emperor!

Of a full quarter of the world -- dictator!

Nay, no answer -- think!

I must away, but as earnest of my plan
I bring you your commission to head an embassy of three
To settle, -- or unsettle -- this dispute
Between our fatherland and Argentine
I am the other one -- a dummy, Diaz, dignified in mien,
Makes three.

Savedra — De Guzman -- you o'erwhelm me!

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! -- good day! (He bows and goes slowly out)

Savedra (muses) — De Guzman, I am not for a moment
Fooled by your plausibility.
You want me, you need me, you must have me.
For I alone have the popular support which you lack.
But the moment I serve your purpose
I shall be kicked out like a dog, and you with birth,
Wealth and the army will rule this conquered quarter
of the world.
That is -- if I let you.
If I leave the army in your hands.
If I leave wealth for you to command,
Peru-Venezuela-Brazil!
"Of a full quarter of the world, dictator!"
'Tis mad! And yet how vast a vision -- I, what?

(The office phone rings. He listens at the receiver)

Savedra — I am busy.
How? An appointment? (Looks at memorandum)
Perdition! Fthat old loquacious President of the University,
With his annual plea--
Show him in (Enter Perez)
Ah! President Perez -- I am honored to give

You audience, though hard-pressed, as well you know.

Perez — Senor Saavedra, I will detain you as little as
The great cause I bear permits.
I am a teacher--
Son of a president
Saavedra — And honored head of our great university,
Perez — Yet but a teacher, Senor;
We have three hundred thousand children
In our schools where we should have a million
We spend thirty million pesos where we need
Three hundreds Senor, I come to plead
That the cabinet do straitly recommend
A doubling of the fund for training Chile's children.

Saavedra — Senor President, you say well
Believe me, my sympathy is deep.
And yet, I fear it is impossible--

Perez — Sir, is anything impossible to the sage founding of the State?

Saavedra — No.

Perez — And sinks a single founding stone so deep
As ingrained knowledge, intelligence and skill?

Saavedra — Yes -- the state's integrity.

Perez — Integrity? We are at peace -- none threaten

Saavedra — Are you sure?

Perez — Why I had not heard -- surely-

Saavedra — Sir, the secrets of the state I may not loose.
This alone: We must prepare for war.
It may not come -- God grant!
But soldiers, Ships, and Guns are to the Modern State
The one great Cash Reserve for Peace Insurance.

Perez — Sir, I will not longer abuse your busy day
'Tis possible your fears are true, and yet -- and yet,

Believe me for my years;

There never yet was an unjust, bloody, cruel war

But what it stood firm-founded on such rock-bound words as yours,

And left the world more ignorant, more miserable,

More hungry than before (exit)

(Madame Desmond pushes her way in unannounced. She is a nervous, little woman, dark, thin, almost piteously sincere. One can see how deeply she feels the cause which she represents.)

Savedra — What--who is this--Ah , Madame?

Did I appoint this time?

Desmond — No, but I must speak!

Savedra — Time presses, Madame--

Desmond — So does sin!

Sir, in yonder purlieus, fester death,

Disease and crime

Three-fourth of us can neither read nor write--

The prostitute and thief, the cripple and the mad

Do mock the Christian culture of our State.

Savedra — Madame--

Desmond — WE need a hundred millions but with twenty

We could start; the honored president

Senora Mendoza of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine

Joins me--

Savedra — But Madame--

Desmond — To hasten this reforming of the world

To make men chaste and honest

Pure and-

Savedra — Juan! Hither! the doof!

Madame did mistake her way.

These are but Chile's humble offices of Trade and Schools
And not, dear madame,
The kingdoms of Almighty God. (She is led out)

Savedra

Perdition--the day half spent.
'Tis three and hither comes the Board of Trade
To ask some hundred millions for damming waters.
No argument! 'Tis useless! I'll say No!
(Enter members of the Board of Trade)
Gentlemen be seated.
I have read your plea--
'Tis smartly done--and specious
I presume that dams to hold the great Spring floods
Till Autum's heat, would flower the desert
and power all our factories
Doubtless, too, we could spend millions for new schools
And pile some millions on those millions for social reform--
Only gentlemen who'll pay the bill?
Will you invest your private means?
Will the State? Not while I control!
We need-- I say it privately--two hundred round millions
now--today!
To defend the very land that you would sow and save
And till that land is ours, unthreatened by a foe
Gentlemen, we'll let this dreaming wait.
I bid you all-- good day--

[They file out, a bit bewildered, incensed, resentful. They whisper among themselves: "He is fooling nobody". "Every one understands that De Guzman has him in his clique"/ "They aim to seize power in Chile./ "They plan to waste money on war." "They plot to steal our patrimony". "It is always so--but it cannot last!"]

Savedra(muses aloud:) Fools--thrice fools! Does De Guzman for a moment
dream that he deceives me? His stiff hidalgo blood,
waters at the thought of equality with the Indian-Spanish-
Negro mixture, which is Chile.
He would gladly use my strength and brains, my reputation,
To lift his gang to power. Then out and down with the
Damned Mestizo!
And these other diiots! As if I did not know far better
than any one of them not simply the ignorance, poverty,
crime and degradation of Chile, but of all this South
America; as well; its wanton waste and neglect and rape of
the wealth and opportunity which God gave it. What then?
As a cabinet puppet I'm but the catspaw of polititians like De
Guzman. Soon I'll be out of office, clamoring weakly and
vainly for the impossible--unless! Even as President.
as he can make me, I should be bought and owned by
untaxed and untaxable wealth, and uncurbed power.
But hold--"Of Argentine, conqueror?" I should be
master then of land and wealth plucked for new distribution
in new hands; there might come real power, so long as I
remain the head of disciplined troops. Again,"of Brasil,
Emperor:" Not by blood and marriage, in a land where already
the black stream of Africa has left its wide mark. As
fount of social rank, could I not lead a grpup of nations
effectively against this folk-lore of white blood?
"Of a full quarter of the world, Dictator!"
To whose glory?
To strut in tinsel?-- But I am no child:
To lord it over sycophants? I would despise myself
To spite a hated race? Such hate is far too costly

No-- to do and only to do the very things that must be done
If South America gains its place in the sun;
If dark and mixed races are ever to achieve equality with mankind;
For all this,
Which these beg of me as if I were blinder than they;
To educate the Poor and abolish Poverty with Food
And Shelter and the Work that creates;
To conquer Crime and Disease by Health;
To develope this El Dorado for Chile and the mass of men
And not merely for the millinaires of London and New York,
And their local satelites---
Dear God, is the path to all this, War?
I do not know!
But if it is, Hail War!--
"Of Chile, President; of Argentine, Conqueror;
"Of Brazil, Emperor; of a full quarter of the World, Dictator!"

Scene 2-SI

[Meantime beyond the Andes and in Argentine, Senorita Inez Mendoza, President of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine. sits in the beautiful palor of her home in Buenos Aires. She is a young woman in her twenties. white and fair, full of vigor and enthusiasm. Gonsales ~~[illegible]~~ enters]

Mendoza Welcome.
Full sensible am I of this rare honor
Be morethan my ~~mrer~~ guests
Be at home and cheery, while we ponder
The great cause we love
(Brews coffee and sets a little table)

Now come--draw to ...

The Master has his coffee ever black and strong.

And you? cream? sugar? good!

Now, dear colleaquey, when will the treaty be signed?

Gonzales I do not know.

A sudden change has subtly swept over Chile.

It speaks not yet aloud

And I have rather felt than heard it, until today.

Tales have been writ and letters;

Appropriations stopped and changed--

Fortresses looked over and reviews of soldiers held;

Andnow comes further delay--

Any yet new demands (reading)

"For Chilian territory claimed by Argentine in the

Puna de Atacama".

Senorita Mendoza looks shocked and disarmed. "It is impossible", she whispers, "Impossible!" "What can it mean"? Gonzales explains. "De Guzman rules and plots and at last has found him an efficient tool to his liking; Savedra, the new young cabinet minister and idol of the masses." Senorita Mendoza sits thinking. "We must rush a message then to Savedra.

Gonzales demurs"But they plead lack of time for a joruney to Beunos Aires." The young women's face lights up. "Very well, let them come no further than San Rafeal. This old ranch shall be fitted up to receive them and there we will bring to bear upon these stiff-necked scheming politicians, the influence of the whole peace movement of Sputh America."

Gonzales looks dubious but consents to the trial. Senorita Mendoza muses;

"Savedra, 'tis an old and honored name, I have often heard it.

Ah Gonsales, you should see Mendozai

Behing lie silver heights

Looking on Chile, to whom once the land belonged;

On that slope and on the shelf beyond

Are out-worn and out-worked mines of misery;

Along those heights

Lies the bare bald regions in dispute 'twixt two great landsp-

A worthless waste. Yonder was once a mighty Convent

Where two centuries since, a holy woman labored for

the wretched in the mines

And yonder where afar you may glimpse

A beetling crag, hung a house of the brothers of St. Francis

Where long and aged Bishop of Conception did tell his

beads and pray and work

For the souls of the wretched.

Gonsales makes his adieus and departs. Less than a week later an old man his face is almost black, meanly clad and yet walking with a certain dignity, enters the beautiful home of the Mendozas. The young woman greets him at the door,

Welcome father, thrice welcome;

Tell me quickly is all lost?

(The Black Councilor smiles upon her and lifts his hand in benediction as he bows.)

Black Councillor No,

Even now I am on my way to cross the Andes andface
the government of Chile.
Forget not the mighty past.
Once black Haiti and her Petion
Succored our Bolivar as he faltered
And made him try again for the
Independence of South America:
Charging him only with freedom for the slave.
Once again these same new lands
Bent before world capital
And make serfs of black and Indian labor;
Then in civil strife
Blending, revolted and groped toward
A new democracy of work.
Today in face of further war
The forces for Peace must stand and fight
I come with mandate of the President himself
To urge an embassy of Chile
To meet us at San Rafeal

III

A week later, on the private train of the Chilean Embassy, nearing Mendoza, De Guzman is lolling comfortably on a cushioned seat. Diaz is asleep. Savedra appears high-strung and impatient:)

Savedra "Where are we stopping? We should be hastening on."

De Guzman(replies tranquilly)
For the best of reasons; we are here.

Sevedra Arrived? Already? Is this San Rafeal?
There should be despatches and reports

(Guzman goes out and returns with a sheath of telegrams.)

Brace yourself, my good Savedra

We are in for a desperate assault but

My agents are keen and leave nothing to chance.

A group of pacifists are in possession of the Mendoza

hacienda and plan to work on our sympathies.

Savedra — Who are they?

De Guzman — Most prominent, a certain Senorita Mendoza

Rich, young, handsome and of ancient

And pure Castilian blood; daughter of Grandees of Spain.

Her father founded Argentine

And she owns wide lands

About this city

She is a faddist, unmarried and unsexed:

Giving up husband, children, ease, society

To ramble and preach.

Her familiar is an old black man

Some left-hand spawn of Negro slaves--

Yet a man of brains

Withal, and uncanny power;

High in the councils of State and Church

Known to the Chancelleries of all Europe

And Nuncio of the Vatican.

Savedra — Is he here? I know him!

De Guzman — What? So-- I see!

The plot goes even deeper than I thought.

For here is a dangerous and wily opponent

Of vast learning and influence.

Their plan is clear:

To cajole us with courtesies

Soften our demands

And blind our eyes.

Savedra — Good! Blithely let us enter the trap
But go you and do the honors tonight
Say I am ill---
Held by affairs of State,

De Guzman — But you must at least appear;

Savedra — I am half Indian and other dark bloods,
Sprung from the soil.
I am blunt and forthright
I have no social graces
Nor chit-chat.
Now you, De Guzman
Were born a courtier,
Used to salons and skilled
In repartee.
You know the gossip and the persons of the world;
You coin a phrase
When phrases serve for food
And nourish idiots.

De Guzman — Very well—
But you must drop in after dinner- late as you will-
It is courtesy
And mind you
Don your lordliest uniform,--
That coloneloy of the Guard--

Savedra — Nonsense----
But yes— It is --expected
And significant!
Very well, I'll come late;
But I hate it

I'll drop in for a formal word
Brief, cold, hard.
For deep in my heart
I am not at ease.
I do not love war--

De Guzman — Who does? Remember the uniform!

The Mendoza ranch is old and rambling series of buildings, beautifully but sparsely furnished, with great spaces and a patio filled with trees, flowers and fountains. In the main salon the hostess and her ladies, the Black Counselor in the robes of a cardinal of the Catholic Church, the Argentine and Chilean embassadors and their suites and other guests, mend and mingle. The dining room is seen beyond.

De Guzman — Madame, our chairman, the secretary Savedra
Regrets his lateness, sorely:
He'll drop in for coffee as soon as grave affairs of State permit.

Mendoza — Ah! my equal regrets are deep. I did especially
Expect Senor Savedra early:
But, be seated gentlemen,
Dinner shall not wait.

(A footman appears: "Madam is served.")

Senorita Mendoza turns to De Guzman,

"Your arm, General."

(They dine sumptiously and De Guzman and Senorita Mendoza put themselves out to lead the gay conversation. They talk of Madrid and its society. They know hosts of mutual and high-placed friends. They exchande witty anecdotes and repartee. Finnally, Senorita Mendoza arises to excuse herself.)

Mendoza — Come, sit in the salon for coffee and liqueurs

And excuse me while I run and join my maidens
They are eager to present you a little masque of peace
Which we have framed for your amusement.
I hope Senor Savedra will be coming soon.

(Soon a series of living pictures appear in the patio. Voices are heard explaining.)

First Voice — Behold a battle ship--'tis built of twenty thousand
School houses that should dot the hills around
It's every gun at every shot shoots ten thousand loaves of bread
Past twice a million unfed babes.

Second Voice — Behold how this black powdered bread of battle
Explodes the primal passions of the race:
Out from the blaze of battle steps
The Thief, the Prostitute, the gilded Murderer
And all the hellish horde of war.

Third Voice — Conqueror and conquered die, the camp-fires flash and fade
But on the hungry unschooled children
Fall all their legacies of Hate and Crime
And pitiless Poverty.

Fourth Voice — The marshal music swells and rings
O'er the victorious hosts asthey move flashing by
But after them all silently march
The Other Army.

(An army of widows, orphans, sick and maimned, criminals, beggars and crippled horses file by. It is all beautifully and strikingly done with terrible realism. No one can wholly escape the thrills of its propaganda. De Guzman's face loses its courtesy and good humor and he swears under his breath.

Then smiles, after all the impressionable Savedra is not there.)

Savedra hurries in from the train; he is shown a room off the patio and quickly done his uniform. He is seen in gold-braided tunic, with doeskin breeches and high patent-leather boots. He looks distastefully at the sword and scabbord, but at last hangs it at his side. Over all he throws a white cload, with silver trimming. Stepping to the door, he pauses before the breath-taking beauty of night. Out beyond the patio, in the western evening, gleams the newmoon above the faint, white tracery of the Andes. Something grips him. This is his America. Yonder is its backbone. He draws his sword involuntarily and squares his shoulders, murmuring again. "Of a full quarter of the world, dictator!" A slight sound of an opening door attracts his attention. Glancing up, he sees a staircase leading to a second story. At its top, poised for descent stands an Indian princess, in full panoply of feathers and gold. Behind the light from an altar enhalces her. For a breathless moment they stare at each other. Then as if hypnotized, all the world seems dropping away; centuries rool back, Savedra leaps up the stairs)

Savedra- Ximena!

Mendoza Francesco!

(Senorita Mendoza faints and collapses into Savedra's arms as he kisses her lips and hair. Quickly and silently an old black piest turns from the altar and taking the inert body in his arms glides through the closing doors.

Savedra stands a moment in bewilderment and consternation. Then turning slowly, staggers back down the stairs and into his room. There he sits down heavily, still too bewildered to think straight. Slowly he divests himself of his uniform and puts on plain evening dress.)

(Then at last gathering his wits together he starts down toward the patio. Beyond in the lighted salon, he can see the guests beginning to rise and move after the masque. He walks slowly toward them, gripping himself to make due obeisance to his hostess and meet a few of the guests. Then he will withdraw. He had just stepped into a circle of light from the salon, when a lady in white silken evening dress steps out. For a moment they stare at each other.

Mendoza — Sir--I am most deeply shamed
By my silly-encounter- on the stairs
And spoiling your- uniform-
I cannot think--(They come full into the light. She sees his face and starts back)
Francesco--(She pauses bewildered)
What is this, then? I know you not, and yet-
And yet you are so strange familiar to my heart,
As though a hundred and hundred ancient years ago
My soul and yours had met. (He gazes at her, fascinated)

Xavedra — Ximena- Ximena-- somewhere I remember you
In the first and wondrous bursting of your girlhood.
Ah you were splendid asthe Night
Soft was the black velvet of your skin
And your curled locks--
But somehow-how? Did I not wrong you then?

Mendoza — No, Francesco, And I was ever fair--
But- but color is so slight a thing;
My dearest friend is black,
You never wronged me, dear- but
I remember you, golden priest of God
When your brown face did quiver in its wrath

And underneath the golden cross of Christ
Did chide me for some sin--some little sin, what was it?

Savedra No, No Ximena, I was never a priest nor golden-
I am brown and Indian,
And you I never chided--I could not
For I loved you then as now
With all the mounting madness, whirling maze and
festered fury
Of double and redoubled floods of endless years!

Mendoza Francesco!

Savedra Ximena!

Mendoza Me seems that one from out the dim-made music
Of some soft Cathedral's gloom-
Up from the shadow of a vast despair
Your soul did call to mine-"Redeemed!"
My Saviour's was the voice--the face was yours,
Francesco!

Savedra I, too, did hear that cry
Across the mighty distance of a world--"Redeemed!"
It was the virgin mother of the Lord who spoke,-
Her face was yours, Ximena!

Mendoza O, we are mad-mad--
I care not if we are-- to love is marvellous!

Savedra And whether this came flooding at the sight,
Or was in heaven born a thousand years

Agon—!

Ago- this only I know, I love you, O I love you-

Maiden Gloriosus

Mendoza- I love you and I love you yet again:

(Abruptly the whole gardens are alight with planned illumination; the doors of the salon open and the guests pour out. Scarcely could the lovers leap apart. The guests stare curiously. The ladies sweep forward with obeisances.)

Women Donna Inez! Donna Inez! We were searching for you. The masque if over. Gentlemen and Ladies, may we present the author of these beautiful scenes, The Senorita Inez Mendoza, President of the Women's Clubs of Argentine.

(In a trice the Senorita is herself, bowing graciously and deprecatingly to her guests. Then she turns toward the young man at her side-- At once stranger and lover. De Guzman quickly steps forward)

De Guzman May I present to Donna Inez, Don Juan Savedra, secretary of State for Trade and Schools in the Republic of Chile. (He bows courteously and hisses beneath his breath into Savedra's ear)

You lout; are you drunk? don't you know that you cannot play about with a Spanish lady, A Mendoza?

(Savedra does not notice him but bows to the throng, still looking upon the lady with widening eyes.)

(She in turn gives no hint of her soul- shattering surprise, but bowing graciously presents him to the company and then passing slowly through the gardens with him still at her side, reaches a little nook bowered with poinsetta. The guests stand courteously aside so as to let them converse together. Only De Guzman thrusts himself forward and stares rudely)

(Savedra turns toward her)

Mendoza Inez? Yes, Inez Ximena Mendoza. Ximena is my middle name. Long since I dropped it, -until tonight.

Savedra (Continues slowly) You are then the Senorita Mendoza, -Madame- the President of the clubs?

Mendoza Yes, and you?

Savedra I am Juan Saverdra,-Francesco Juan Saverdra; the first name I have not used - until now.

(Senorita Mendoza has been looking out into the patio, but how she turns her eyes full upon him)

Mendoza You are then the emissary of war?(She slowly turns away.)

Saverdra Ximena- God- the vision of the Blessed,
Has it flown? Do you fly?

Mendoza I-I-sit-listen - Senor Savedro- O let me speak.

You- you come- From Chile?

Savedra Yes.

Mendoza On a great mission?

Savedra Yes.

Mendoza You-you believe in- war?

Savedro Sometimes- I must.

Mendoza And this mission- May mean war?

Savedro I ought not to say it- but- alas, it may.

Mendoza And there is cause?

Savedra I fearthere is

Mendoza What cause?

Save

Savedro — The boundary between Chili and Argentine-- the coast of
Peru and Bolivia, and of Bolivia and Paraguay;
And other matters further afield.

Mendoza — Do you think these claims of Chile just?

Savedro — Before my God, I do.

Mendoza — But tell me, are they worth-- a war?

Savedra — Madame,-- the interests of the State-- (She rises).

Mendoza — No, Francesco, tell me in very truth, before high Heaven.
By the great years my heart has wandered seeking yours
Why do you wish-- war?

Savedra — Believe the truth!
I truly believe the world in danger.
I believe that with warm led by courage,
Chile may dominate South America for the good of its people
I believe that I have that courage
Moreover-- From you I hold no secret back--
I will be frank: Either I lead or De Guzman will be master
Of the state and murderer of South America.
With war I leap to power and life
I may become, "Of Chile--President
Of Argentine- Conqueror: of Brazil, Emperor!
I may ward the greedy fingers of the world
From off the Americas.
I may make of many midgets one world man
I may become
"Of a full quarter of the world
Dictator! " and as dictator---

Mendoza — So this is your dream!

Savedra — O 'tis a dream- an awful dream
It cannot half come true
I betray a trust when I reveal it
And yet, Ximena, who can know?
With me you might mount--
A throne! And there what could you not do
To raise the race of men?

Mendoza — It is a vision wonderful
I understand you, dear Man of my Heart.
Me-seems that in one short hour
I have look on Heaven and Hell.
Francesco!
I have seen Kings and thrones.
I want neither.
I have seen uniforms,
Heard martial music
And the glorious tinsel of magnificent
Trumpet and fanfare,
And too, I have known the mud and blood of War.
I think that war
Is the filthiest, cruellest,
Blindest madness of Mankind.
I believe it is the suicide of culture,
The end of civilization,
The renunciation of Holy faith.
I do not believe that human uplift begins with blood

Rather with blood it ends. The final cost of war is
Degradation, prostitution, poverty,
Ignorance, crime and disease.
There is no End, no Cause
No Ideal that is worth
Organised and nationwide murder of human kind.
Wherefore, I am a child of Peace
Even beforethis sudden and miraculous
Gift of love such as I never knew before;
Such as seems to stream down to me
From long centuries of longing and frustration-
Even in the presence of this, I will not swerve.
I am a child of Peace
And you, Francesco look to your Vision Splendid:
I love you- O I love you.
And yet I am not yours
A fair full quarter of the world
You may rule by murders war and pestilence-
But this one woman's heart
Is ruled by Love and Peace alone
So must you choose, Francesco, and now.

Savedra I have already chosen-
Ximena!

Mendoza Francesco!

(They both arise and before the assembled guests embrace each other. Senorita Mendoza turns and smiles as Savedra says in clear and carring tones,)

Savedra: Gentlemen and Ladies, my affianced bride!

(The guest with cires of delight and surprise rush forward with good wishes and congratulation. De Guzman stands apart and growls in the hearing of all:)

DE Guzman — What then Savvedra, becomes of our--mission?

Savedra — I have changed my mind.

De Guzman — You mean what mind you had
Has been changed for you.

Savedra(sends a long look on him) — Have a care, De Guzman.

De Guzman — e-to hell with you--traitor. (To Donna Ines)
Last and least, Senorita Mendoza, let
Me tender you all my good wishes and my personal thanks.
I am deeply your debtor, I was on the edge of a great mistake
I had conceived that this young man,
My distinguished and triumphant friend,
Senor Savedra, had within him the making
Of a great statesman and leader, patriot and master
Of nations; a ruler of the world's destinies.
You have shown me, dear Madame, my sad error.
He is a romantic and half-baked Indian school-boy,
He is fitted to grace your apron strings, Madame,
And not to guide States and command armies.
He will do excellently well to philander with nights,
To father a brood of squalling parti-colored brats.
I thank you Madam, from the bottom of my heart
For this disillusion. Gladly I foregive you;
For I should never have forgiven myself had I continued
Another single minute to mistake this jackass for a Lion.

(Exit De Guzman and his party, Savedra, Donna Ine, and the Old Councilor slowly take leave of the other guests, and then sit down.)

Mendoza — My Friends let us lay aside suspicions,
And forget
And sitting side by side as friends

Talk and think. You, Francesco,
Must summon from Chile, not adventurers and gamblers in men
But leaders-- real leaders.
Bring Perez and Donna Desmond;
The engineers and social seers;
Sit here with this our glorious new-born and age-old love--
Here with my oldest friend the Councillor
And let us plan a world.

Savedra

Thrice in a thousand years
God gave me love.
Once I raped it;
Once I cursed it;
Once I sought to make it
Footstool to a throne
Then I awoke. Suddenly, I awoke.
I rose from something worse than death
To something more than life.
There came your eyes, Ximena
Peering from purple mists,
Then came your hands, your voice--
Suddenly I saw me as I was--
A wild brute murdering his mate.
A recreant priest despising the Virgin Mother of God.
A cheap politician trading death for Power,
In the vain deam that Power means good.
I am awake!
But I am scared--
I am frightened of life;
Life is a terrible miasma

I have lost my confident grip on Fate
I feel the irresistible weitht of woe
I quail,
Help me!

Mendoza

Here then we stand united--
Wisdom, love and Courage
We will found a Peace
Heard round the world
We will enthrone its Prince high on the Andes
We will proclaim through all the Americas
That here at last are lands
Too proud to fight.

(The Summer home of Senor Savedra is on the slope of the Andes near Santiago. At the evening meal sit Francesco ans Ximena and between them the Black Councillor. At Ximena's side stands a cradle. The setting sun shines in.)

Ximena

Father, I could not guess where or why you lingered.
I knew it inconceivable that this great Festival of
Peace should take place without you.
It was your dream
And I know you see it in some sense
The end and crown of your career.
Tomorrow we plan to place
That great stone Christ upon the Andes
To celebrate the treaty of eternal Peace
'Twixt Argentine and Chile.
It's shadow shall sweep down
From wintry mountain unto Summer seas
Its voiceless voice shall thunder to the skies.

Its pale and pierced hands all silently shall beckon
to the world,
Its cross cry, Peace!
You will be here, O master, to see it dedicate!

Black Councilor — How could I not remember?
Living yet or dead, I shall be there, my children--

Ximena — And then thereafter,
Will you not ever stay, good Master?
Here is home--you shall be one with us
All that is ours is yours--we three, (Looks at the cradle and smiles)
We--four.

Black Councilor — I thank you with all depth of gratitude--
You are true and good
And if in any place beneath the Sun---
Save one-- I feign would linger
Here would be it, Francesco and Ximena,
Within this mighty fortress of your love
Which God defend.
But I must go. I go to die upon the Andes'
Topmost crags, where first I saw this land--

Savedra — Nay, father but you are still young with age
And now the heavy mantle of your burden gone.
The cares of State and Church laid by,
You should long live well and watch
The blossomed splendor of your days--

Black Councilor — I see them here, the fairest full fruition of my hope!
Nay, I woo you, Death!
O, I have sought you all these endless years
Thro' war and pestilence and the mad misery of man.
Lo' now I sight afar the great Relam of Peace;

The kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God,---
Where of tomorrow's mighty festival is pledge and forecaste.
O-- that I may go-- with all work done;
That I may welcome Death and the deep sleep of endless night--
And yet--and yet I fear! (Kisses the child and goes)

Savedra How strange and true a man!

Ximena How noble and how high his mien!

Savedra Who is he, dear, in truth?

Ximena I know not- his name I know, and yet who in very truth he is?
No man knows-- me seems as tho' he always was and will be-
We call him Master, Father, God!
Some say he as a great Physician once;
Others, a Master of the Law; and others still tell tales
Of endless journeying to and fro amid the mighty of the earth
I know not. This alone I know!
He came when I was social darling, choken in wealth and sunk
In silly games. He showed me life;
He lifted me from depths and made me servant of all good.
My soul, raped, bleeding and dying, he saved from Hell.
He throned me, gave me deeds,
Let me love you and made me mother of this man.
All that I am, I owe to him and though he live afar
Our love must watch and ward, lest he at any hour,
Should know the shadow of a want.

Francesco — He is a man of moods and silences
Yet singularly devoted to his Work ,
Through in doing his dreams

Ximena — Devoted? True? Ah Francesco,
You do not know how true and with what endless devotion
He weaved his plan of life.
He has been my friend methinks
For a thousand years that were and centuries that will be

Francesco — But, dear--surely--

Ximena — Surely I speak riddles. Yet-- in some way
All these thing are true and he is my Redeemer.

Francesco — I know and in some dim way, in all this, I had part.
I, too, was mutinous; sick in soul; and rescued--
By him, but even more by you!

Ximena — Yet, I am afraid, I am afraid!
I await his call.
He will need me, Francesco.
I know he will need me.

Francesco — Fear not, and if he calls, call me.
We'll go.
Now duty awaits-- I go to keep the counsels of the State.
Wait not for me-- I shall be late.
Heaven send a golden day tomorrow
To greet this festival of Peace.

Ximena½ — Farewell, President- to- be.

Savedra — Farewell, Plotter- of- all- Good,
Good night.

Ximena — Good night. (Exit Francesco
Tomorrow, tomorrow

God send a glittering day
To make this great Peace Pageant of the Hills
A thing men shall not light forget,
Fit for the throning of the Christ of Peace
Upon the Andes.

IV

(Midnight Ximena awakens suddenly and sits up in bed)

Ximena — The Master calls! Francesco! He is not yet returned,
I must go, The Master Calls.
(She arises hastily. Throws a cloak about her and bends over the cradle. Softly she descends the stairs.)

Pedro — Madame-- you go out? 'Tis a doubtful night
Black, still and moonless
A night for robbers,
Beasts and snakes.
No Christian and no woman
Ventures on the Andes a night like this--

Ximena — Peace! The Masters calls
A lantern, Pedro come and send Juan for a mule,
Maria--tell my husband I go to the Andes at the Master's last behest. Let him follow after.
Forth Pedro--beshrew the night! What?
Do you shrink at darkness?
Come! lead on!

V

(On the Andes)

Ximena — Have you caught the mule? Bring him again.
And brace his bit.

Pedro — Madame, in God's name, have care;
Something ill breeds on this night
I feel a wild storm in my bones.
See how lightens a clear sky
Hark!--Where rolls a distant thunder
The mule is mad with fright--mount not again.

Ximena — Take him back--here, Juan, go with him
You are mad as he-- come Pedro, on!

Pedro — O, Madame, my old legs do waver
I like not climbing the Andes at night
Paths waver -- animals crawl
Ghosts flit about,
I tell you, Madame, -- Death is here!
Let us wait -- your husband will o'er take us
Soon--

Xemina — Good old Pedro -- death is everywhere and so are ghosts;
I must go, time thirsts; but you Pedro
Sit here in mid-path and guide my love--
I hasten on--

Pedro — But Madame --

Xemina — Silence -- The master calls and I command.
(Exit. She appears climbing and disappears. Pedro waits.
Low winds moan. Enter Francesco hastily)

Savedra — Why went she forth in this still, dark
Night with but two serving men--
Great God--
Who's there ? Ximena?

Pedro — No, 'tis I, good master.

Savedra — Where's my wife?

Pedro She's sent away the mule
And hurried on--my old legs staggered,
She made me sit and hasten your approach.

Savedra What? You have let her forth alone
Upon the mountain's naked breast?
By God, old man--but no--
Out of my way--

Ximena How black the night and cold--
There is a false stillness in the air
Like to a world a-waiting disaster,
Above, beyond this festival of Peace.
Apprehension sits upon my heart
In clear sky the stars
Glare dull and mutinous
Filmed with mist.

Savedra Where is my wife--my love?
Knows she this hidden treacherous path
To that lone hut whereto my own hand
Has hitherto always led her?
Ximena! Ximena!
(Far winds rise to a shriek and a black cloud hastens
across the stars)
Dear God! Should she but misstep and
Go astray
Ximena! Ximena!
(He appears and disappears, crossing and recrossing.
At last leans panting by a tree)
Ah! fool that I was to leave her thus
Uncounselled and alone-

With her wide woman's heart of duty and of Love.
So piteously open to a ~~cry~~ cry.
Who is this old and nameless man
That dares to call a mother
Forth at midnight
To watch him whimpering
To the grave?
Ha!
At last, the hut
The wanton winds wail about it
A great rain drops falls--
Yet will I win unto it
If I do murder Death itself--
(Reaches the door and falls panting)
Ah!
(Calling)
Ximena? Are you there?
(Draws his pistol)
Open, or by Christ the King--
(Silently Ximena opens the door, A white and empty bed is seen with burning tapers. Low at the bedside bows Ximena. The wind drops suddenly.)

Ximena — Francesco!

FRancesco — Ximena!

Ximena. Death is dead--we'll live forever

Savedra Where lies the master?

Ximena He is not here-- He is Risen!

(She points to the shadows in the rear. The back of the hut has been cut away, revealing a scaffolding about the feet of the great stone, statue of Christ. On the scaffold and leaning back against the statue, with outstretched arms and closed eyes stands the Old Councilor, motionless. He forms a black cross against the white marble.)

Savedra Who is this Man?

Ximena (dreamily) His name shall be called--

Voice of the Old Councilor. Wonderful. (His form looms larter)

Francesco Councilor. (Still looms larger his dark figure)

Ximena The Everlasting Father! (His form nearly covers the statue)

(The back of the hut falls entirely away revealing the Old Man, cfoss in Hand, on a great pedestal--Christ on the Andes. He appears like dark mahogany and living flesh, tremulous with life, His lips move-- his eyes are on the stars.)

Voice of the Old Councilor. And the Prince--of Peace!

(The Black Councilor becomes the statue. The white marble is his shining vestment, out of which his dark flesh glows, and his wide opened eyes burn. He starts to raise the cross aloft, when Suddenly the world goes black, and for an age, Darkness broods. Abruptly the world is flame whose crimson and gold fill high heaven. Suddenly across the world, ~~with~~ wild crashes of thunder. The silver Andes glow and blacken. The winds howl, the lightings flash and sheets of rain sweep over the mountain top. Above snows swirl, crags reel and

bread, the Andes shudder and the marble statue trembles. There comes nearer and even nearer the rhythm of the marching feet and endless armies; there echoes the thundrous roar of tanks and lightning flash of great guns; the whine and whirl of bursting shells, the purr of airplanes. Piling clouds of smoke blacken the skies and torrents of blood fall as rain. The statue pales and Shrinks and disappears behing a veil of mist.)

(One sees in the lightning, forms and faces of wounded, torn, scarred and stricken men and leading them, the Black Councilor totters on, stricken with endless age, trembling, ragged, blood-stained, his eyes a horror of pain. The roar of storm and battle, ringing to the rhythm of drums and martial music engulf him.. Northward the plunging flame swirls to a vortex and hits Haiti, throwing clouds of darkling foam ot heaven; sweeping south it Hisses between Patamayo and Maranon, Igniting the black Amazon; rising and dipping again its lured light burns Tacna-Arica and makes waste of waste El Chaco; and the while, whirl-wind sweeps Burpoe and the world.

Voice of the Black Councilor. Hun and Hate--

Defence and Empire

Freedom, Revolution, Murder and God!

The world goes mad again.

Dear God, I cannot die!

I cannot die, I cannot live.

To do what I cannot do

Remains my eternal task.

World war, world war bursts and slays again;

Again I wander for twice an hundred years--

Francesco and Ximena--until I come again--Farewell.

(In flame and blood, with scream of children and blare of trumpets, the storm rushes north but as it disappears one sees the Black Councilor riding the Flame. The fire engulfs him; he shrivels and expands. He looms to gigantic size.

His vast voice outshrieks the winds and thunders.

Francesco staggers blindly to his feet and rushes toward the Atlantic.)

Francesco Ximena! Ximena! (He disappears)

(Ximena, leaping up plunges toward the Pacific.)

Ximena Francesco--Francesco! (She disappears)

(Their voices float back.)

Calmly the sun rises; the vision fades, and there is deep silence. The statue of Christ stands veiled in white mist. Far down the mountain side, in the calm peace of a beautiful morning, rise faintly the voices of thousands of children.

Children Joy to the World

The Lord is come

Let Earth receive her King

Let every heart prepare him room

And heaven and nature sing

(Ximena, rushing in, meets Madame Desmond)

Desmond — My dear! How early you are!
Did you spend the night in vigil?
How calm and still it was?

Ximena — No-- yes-- where--

Desmond — How lovely it was and how sad--

Ximena — Sad? Lovely?

Desmond — We all know,- the good archbishop telephoned at dawn
And told us how Holy Father had summoned your dear friend.
To think he will not see the dear work of his effort-
The statue of the Christ unveiled.

Ximena — The statue?

(The statue stands swathed in white cloth; the flags of Argentine and Chile are being draped about it.)

I must find Francesco!

(They go out. Francesco rushing in from the other side meets Perez.

Francesco — Ah--Perez--did you see--

Perez — Welcome, my friend. Splendid and early!
You kept vigil with your parting councilor?
How thoughtful--how king!
And what a calm and perfect night.
Harbinger of eternal Peace.

Francesco — Yes--calm? splendid?-- did you happen to see my wife?

(Ximena and Desmond enter. Francesco and Ximena rush to each other.)

Perez — They are still lovers.

Desmond — Let us to and seek seats-- au revoir.

Ximena — What have we seen? Where have we been?

Francesco — We have seen--nothing
It was a dream, a portent and a prophecy!

Ximena — O Francesco-- I am afraid
What is that veiled thing there?
What hides within its folds?

Francesco — Hush, my darling, and be calm!
We have peered into eternity this night, listen!
(The voices of childred rise clear and soft)

Children — "He rules the world with Truth and Grace.
And makes the Nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love."
(The procession of children and peons, women and officials reach the top. All is peace and sunshine. Above, the great statue looms. Francesco and Ximena walk slowly forward from the edges of the crowd. The crowd whispers, smiles and stares. Greetings follow them, amid the trappings of celebration and festival, but they say nothing. They both stare at the veiled statue, clasping each others hands. Prelates, priests, nuns and choir boys approach and sing--

Chorus — No more let Sin and Sorrow grow
Nor throns infest the ground
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far asthe Curse is found.
(Silently the Archbishop cuts the cord)

Archbishop — Sooner shall yon mountains crumble into dust
Than shall fair Chile and great Argentine
Break the white Peace that thus they swear
At the feet of Christ the Lord!

(The cloth and flags fall. The Christ stands unveiled. But he is no longer dark and living flesh. He is white marble, thin-lipped and vacant-eyed. He gleams cold in the morning sun.)

ENVOI

Forty years flew by, a whole generation of human souls. War shipt the world, fulfilling that wild prophetic vision atop the Andes in 1906. South America squirmed, twisted and strove in the witch winds of the world-wide convulsions. She sought repeatedly and eagerly more perfect democracy; she set aloft a vast ideal of peace, disarmament and social uplift, with universal education; she dreamed a free, autonomous Pan-America. She found internecine war, Nordic Aggression, home born dictatorship, fattening on monopoly and starvation wage, and sucked of their blood by foreign investors. It was a distraught and humiliated welter of people that faced the insane world of the second world-war.

Ximena, old, white-haired, her once so lovely flesh, pale dry and wrinkled sat clear-eyed, straight and strong, in her great chair, in the sun-washed patio of her old home, facing the Christ of the Andes. Before her stood tow youths. She looked at them tenderly, but her mind wandered away. She saw herself as a slip of a girlp high on the Andes, watching blood-drenched Spanish and Indians warriors. Drawing her mind back she looked again upon the youth but saw beyond the girl, a great cathedral; heard its warm, sweet music and the voice of the bishop as he cried with uplifted arms, "Arise, Bride of Almighty God!" Again she looked upon the youth and saw in the boy the image of the man Francesco in his early straight and beautiful manhood as her bridegroom and husband. He had died of a broken heart, August 4, 1914 and yonder lay his grave. Slowly again her mind came wandering back and stood fast.

Before her stood two youth. One was a young man of twenty, son of her own firstborn, who had been torpedoed at sea in the first World War. Her grandson was slight and fair, strong of countenance and of will, bitter and mutinous as he regarded her with implacable eyes. He was in Khaki uniform and carried a pistol and dagger.

"You have had your will", he grated. "You made a milk-sop of my grandfather, who might have been not only of Chile, President; but of Argentina, Conqueror; of Brazil, Emperor; of a full quarter of the world, Dictator!" You made my father a beggar for peace, instead of a Crusader of War. God killed him-- I'm glad He did. And now, with the war might of Germany and Italy at our gates, in our harbor, on our sacred soil, you still babble "Peace!".

His companion touched his arm. She was a young girl of radiant beauty, dark to brownness, slim and lithe, with a great cloud of clipt but clinging, enveloping hair, midnight in blackness. Her fathomless eyes, wet with tears, pleaded with the angry boy; he dropped his head:

"I'm sorry, Grandmother, but that's how I feel. I hate to hurt you, but my mind is set. I'm going to fight. We're retreating to the Andes, and there aroung your peaceful Christ, we'll raise a hell of war that will never end. There is no peace and never will be. Nina goes with me. We will not marry. That would be silly. We will live and love and fight."

Ximena: Perhaps this world is all Unreason, Parodox and Blunder,
With no guiding Hand or Brain, no Will to Good.
Perhaps it lies submerged by unpierced mages of contradiction
And thrustine through, puny efforts of fools and the deaf and blind;
Vain mockeries and waste struggle from above,
To make suicide of human effort and red abortion,-
Perhaps, But this I do not believe.
What could it have meant to men, if my Francesco had been, not only
President of Chile but conqueror of even half of the world,
At a cost to bankrupt civilization?
What could such conquest be but mad frustration, spiritual defeat,
Muddle, murder and self-killing Hate?--
A tide of Death, yearly twisting hell from sun-sets,
Birth kissing Death, and Love all leal to Lust,

My darlings, I know how you feel, Yet you are wrong.
To all Eternity, I am right!
This wild whirlwind and distortion must pass.
It is perhaps the last expiring upsurge of Evil
Fundamentally and forever this World is Peace, or God is dead!
Perhaps that mighty Over-soul which once I knew, will come again
In His dark and splendid glory, in His calm Peace.
But if not yet, if never, yet Stand fast my Faith in Man!
For I know I am right.

(The young folk bowed and turned their backs-- he in disgust, she in pity; and they walked quickly toward the gate. Dumbly Ximena stared after them. and then tearlessly up toward the Christ-crowned peak. Vaguely she heard the tramp of soldiers-- the tramp, tramp of soldiers, the clank of tanks and whirr of airplanes)

Company--halt!
Ground-- arms!
At ease!

(The crazy gate of what was once a wall flew back; and through it strode an officer. He was magnificent in height and breadth; faultlessly uniformed in white buckskin and silver; with golden curls. pale blue eyes and straight and Grecian lineaments. Two orderlies in khaki. with bayonette guns, marched behing him.

He clicked the spurs on his shining boots, bowed stiffly and raised his right hand in salute.)

Officer: "Francesco Savedra?

(Francesco bowed)

Officer: Captain Freiherr zu Godesberg, at your service Sir, and an order for your arrest and that of your--woman.

(An orderly stepped forward and put his hand on the shoulder of Francesco, With no word, Francesco drew his dagger and severed the orderly's jugular vein. Falling, he had scarce touched the ground, when the second orderly crushed Francesco's skull with his gun-stock. The girl, Nina, seized Francexco's pistol and shot the second orderly dead. Captain Freiherr zu Godesberg stepped forward, but a second bullet caught him squarely between the eyes and he fell like a log, and lay in white, gold and silver beauty, streaked over with flooding crimson. There came a dash of solders through the gate. Quickly the girl was seized and disarmed and the hughe bulk of a carelessly accoutered. Halian stood regarding her with a grim smile. (He muttered thickly.)

Sergeant Parelli The favorite of the Fuhrer-- murdered by a mulatto wench---

(She stood still and looked him square in the face; her dark eyes a-glitter; her black curls fluttering in the breeze, her lithe young beautiful body, straight and still. The subaltern paused, then his rage burst: He roared)

Parelli Attention: Strip her.

(She stood without a rag silently- a- quiver, with unwavering gaze.)

Parelli Marched her to the barracks; rape the bitch, and shoot her.

(Ximena sat in her great chair, whence she had looked on ambassadors and presidents, ministers and judges, brave men, beautiful women and lovely children. She tried to rise, but her head swam and her eyes grew dim. She saw her grandson lying still in hiss oozing brains and blood; she saw his sweetheart stripped in broad day and moving away, with bayonets at her back. She heard swift commands and tramping, tramping feet and at last she saw the flame curl up and start to eat her home. Low the crimson sun hovered above the Andes.

Ximena (shispered)--Christ of the Andes! Jesus!

Where is God?

The dream is done, the fancy fallen. Perhaps-- who knows?-- there fight above, hugh Energies and vast Desires, partitioning myriad worlds of worlds; building empires of suns; and weaving intricacies, Patterns, Calculations, Integrations and Hyperbolas, and Visions of unimagined Beauty, unimaginable.

Perhaps again, far, far beyond the stars, there lies at ease, millenium mornings, a Prince of Heaven, upon a velvet green; besides a curling water, in whose limpid depths we are as puppets, dangling to his fingered strings and dancing our mad wars and insane tricks and silly capers.

Ork perhaps. at last, All is dim mist, mad mirage and feeble Fancy? This is Fancy.

CHRIST ON THE ANDES

A Play in Three Acts

41-6-269

J1-6-270

ACT I.

Time, 1525--1550. Place, Peru and Chili.

Dramatis Personae:

Atualpa)
Huascar) Claimants to the throne of Peru.

The Old Man

Don Pedro Tafur

Francisco Pizarro

Francesco de Sauvedra

King Charles the Fifth

Las Casas

Ximena, Black Princess of the Auraucanians

Adventurers, Warriors, Courtiers, etc.

Dramatis Personae

The chief persons of this drama are identical in all three acts.

ACT I. 1525 - 50.	ACT II. 1725 - 50.	ACT III. 1900 - 1905.
The Old Black Man	The Old Black Man	The Black Counseller
Princess Ximena (black)	Ximena the Courtesan (brown)	Senora Ines Gonsalez (white)
Francisco de Saaveedra (white)	Brother Francisco (white)	Juan Savedra (brown)

41-6-271

The underlying idea is the recurrence of the same personality at lapses of two and four centuries in bodies with varying strains of blood, battling with problems of War and its consequences.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

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Princess Ximena (black)	Ximena the Courtesan (brown)	Senora Inés Gonsales (white)
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41-9-14

SCENE I. The Strife of Atualpa and Huascar, sons of Huayna Capac, Inca of Peru.

Place, Peru, with a vision of Toledo, Spain.

(On mountains facing the sea a swarm of Indians appear in deadly combat. Enter Atualpa and Huascar, fighting.)

Huascar--Cursed be thy soul, thou hound of hell,
The Earth-fiend drink thy bitter blood!
Thou liar!

Atualpa--The Sun Divine burn out thy heart
And sear thy shameless carcass--
Coward!

1st Warrior--Unhand me! By the lips of God--

2nd Warrior--Down, down, till thy red soul--

1st W.-- Ah! (Dies)

3rd W.-- Meet with they murderer's and throttle
out its life!

2nd W.-- (gasping in death) O little babe of mine! O--

4th W.--Let me to him--clear the way!
His foul black blood I'll drink this day
Or die!

3rd W.--Die then--let howling dogs devour
Thy living flesh!

5th W.--Rat! Dog!

3rd W.--(falls, writhing) Let me die--God, hold me not here
In hell--let me die--let me die!

Huascar--Hear me, great God of Day!
I'll have this devil's life

Before thy gold doth hiss
Into the sea!

Out, vermin! (kills 5th Warrior)

Atualpa--Soul of my sire's soul
Give me this traitor's death
And I will make twin temples
Blaze unto the Sun!

Die, slave! (kills 6th Warrior)

(They face)

A.--I thank thee, Sun of God!

H.--Praise to the Soul of the Sun! (They fight)

(Enter an Old Man; his face is black, his hair crisp and snow white; his eyes are deep and cavernous, and his face shows endless age)

Old Man--Hold!

A. and H.--Back, fool!

O.M.--Behold!

Scene II

(The Old Man points; far down upon the sand beside the sea appear a group of men; they are evidently strangers and the Indians cease fighting and gaze at them; as the Old Man points the group appears more and more distinct until at last their voices are clearly heard)

[redacted] this madness! The heavy heat of
All this sun-cursed land
Hath melted down thy brains!
The fever burns in thy mad blood,

41-6-278

Pisarro! Away, we go--all they that come
Aboard!

Pisarro--Go!
Low lies this line
On yellow sun-kissed sand
And here stand I, Pisarro!
Who crosses to my sword?

1st and 2nd Adventurers--I, I!

3rd Adventurer--I

4th " --I

Pisarro--Ponder well, ponder well!
Let no coward come!
Senors, this line doth signify
All labor, hunger, thirst and wounds,
Sickness and the whole brook of dangers
That must be in this wild war of men,
Even to Death's self!
Let those who dare then cross the line,
And all who hesitate hasten to Panama!
For me and mine, I trust
The good God and the King!
Who comes?

Adventurers--I, I, I, I, I,
I, I,
I, and I.

Tafur--Fools and madmen--
Linger then and rot in this hell haunted land!

Sailors, ahoy! Hoist sail, up anchor--
Once more--ye come or stay?

All--We stay!

Tafur--Farewell, forever! (Exeunt)

Pizarro--Let the cowards scamper to their toast and milk
Look upward where the gleaming silver of that
awful peak
Doth rend the riven sky:
See where beyond, the mist-clad mountains
Roll and billow to the south!
Hark! Where the great hot seas
Do boil and riot at the feet
of forests black and mad
With beast and giant tree--
See ye this, comrades?
I tell thee yonder lieth
El Dorado, land of living gold!
The haunt of handsome women,
The Vales of life eternal,
And unquenched joys!
Forward! We'll sieze the land
or bathe it in our heart's
Hot blood!

(Meantime the old man slowly leaving the watching Indians above, silently approaches the band of Spaniards)

1st Adventurer--Hist! What cometh here?

2nd A.--I sore mislike his whitened blackness.

3rd Adventurer--Beware his eyes do flame with some unearthly glow.

4th " --He glides too spirit-like along-

5th " --Thrust thy good sword between his ribs

And see if honest blood doth lurk therein.

Pizarro--Nay--Wait--'tis some wandering African slave,

Ho! stranger, stand!

Old Man--I come in Peace.

P. --Ha! And speakest too the King's fair tongue--'tis well:

Whence cometh thou and whither?

O. M. --I am African

P. --What, here in America?

O. M. --Before America was, Africa is

When America dies, Africa shall be.

I come o'er endless ways

And paths that wind this great world through

I go to hidden thrones

And hearts that yearn for Peace--

P. --Knowest thou, Peru?

O. M. --Aye, well I know it;

P. --And the Land?

O. M. --Is sweet and fair, fair as was that ancient Vale

Of Paradise, wherein man sinned.

P. --And rich?

Old Man--And rich in human love and longing

In laughter, joy and song!

P. --And gold?

O. M. --Aye, in pain and gold and sorrow

41-6-280

And the blood guiltiness of strife.

P. --Ha! They fight?

O. M. --They fight as whirling wolves
That gnaw and tear
The hungry night.

P. --Good--Good--hearest thou that
Comrades? - They'll fight themselves to death
And then their gold, their women and their land
Lie naked to our grasp
Hark ye Old Man - if thou
Wilt lead us to this land
We'll make thee one
With us- thou'lt and be
As rich and drunk
As any Lord of lordly Spanish Ind
Come - on- the time
Doth wink and beckon.

O. M. --Aye, good my lords and gentlemen;
And the great land that sleeps
Beyond the frowning ramparts
Of yon hills doth frown and beckon too
But hold: how come ye there?
Come ye heart hand and life-ful
Of the things they need?
Cunning thou art in skill and knowledge.
And the high wisdom of thy Gods

They need ye--these simple striving souls
Who through the darkness of th' uncounted age
Have blazed their way alone
To work, and weal and God.
Stretch forth thy hand and help them
Bring them thy knowledge of great God and Peace.

1st Adventurer--Peace-ha!$
They'll get a piece of good Toledo blade.

2nd A. --Their knowledge of good gold will serve them best.

3rd " --And to our God we'll swift
Baptize them in red blood
The day they thwart our will!

Pizarro --Enough of this chatter--Old Man--
Beshrew thy babble-
Lead us thou wilt and must
And if thou veerest one hair's breadth
From the straight road to rich Peru
I'll bore thine eyes out with hot irons,
Disbowel thee and drag thy limbs insunder.

Old Man--Beware, Pizarro, I can foresee thine end.

P. --Ha! Thou knowest me by name?
Who art thou, then?
Some damned black creeping spy?
Ah, mayhap thou art!
Or some fortune telling seer
In whose black eyes the Future beameth white-
Art thou a seer, Answer, or By Christ-

41-6-282

O.M. --Sooth am I none
And yet I see.

P. --God--[illegible] thee-Here's gold.

O.M. --I see a goodly land
Where temples blaze with gold.

P. --Hearest thou-hearest thou, comrades?

O.M. --Where streams run red with blood
And jewelled mountains groan in anguish-

P. -- Jewelled? Dost mark?

O. M. --And people writhe and die
Where over all sits Spain's Adelantado-

P. --Who-Who shall he be?

O. M. --Captain- General

P. --Quick, the name

O. M. --The marquis

P. --Ho!

O. M. --Don Francisco de Pizarro

Pizarro--Praise to San Diego and the Virgin Queen of God!
Old Death's head, here is gold, I'll-

Old Man--But

P. --But

O. M. --His face is old.

P. --Old? I? Old? I am but-

O. M. --His body sick and seared with awful pain.

P. --Pain? - Sick?

O. M. --His hands are black and red.

11-6-283

P. --With good spilled blood, in noble battle let,-

O. M. --With old Amalgro's soul

P. --Thou liest, thou-

O.M. --His lips do twitch and gibber-

P. --By God, old man now goest thou too far.

O. M. --He growels to the ground and dies in one wild gasp
Beneath his comrades' angry swords!

All --Kill him--slay the plaspheming Negro!
Kill him--where is he?

Ist Adventurer--There he goes.

2nd " --Here he skulks.

3rd " --Yonder he flies.

Ist " --He's gone.

2nd " --What was this thing?

3rd " --'Twas fever-brewed a vision foul of hell.

Ist " --'Twas some false masquerading priest or spy!

2nd " --Let's search-

P. --Search no thing
Out with these African lies
And once we meet him again
God save his soul, but now
Let the snake writhe on
We've work to do
The Andes beckon
We'll view this hidden land
And lay it at the feet

41-6-284

2 --Of our puissant lord and king, Charles, of
the Spains and Germanies,
Of Burgundy and Italy
The Indies and the world-
All --Away - oo- away.

SCENE III

(The picture fades; a ship appears plowing the seas. The Indians gaze in fascinated amazement. Far away land appears. Then the gardens of Toledo, Spain, before the royal palace. A young noble walks excitedly up and down as Pizarro approaches from afar.)

Francesco de Saavedra--'Tis some witch tale
Some fairy weaving of dead dreams!
He's here, Pizarro!
His eyes have seen the Mystic land
His feet have trod great
El Dorado!
My blood doth boil to go
And go I will
Out to the great witch world
Of War and Love
And Love and War
The Jew, where is the Jew?
I'd pawn my life
To raise a company. (Exit)

41-6-285

(Enter Pizarro and his men)

1st Courtier--'Tis he the tall one

2nd " --Ill favored knave

3rd " --Baked and leathery, and hard as heartless flint.

1st Courtier--How doth the king regard him?

All --Long live the King (Enter King Charles V, Las Casas, Gonzales and retinue)

King --God's greeting, my lords
We hasten on to Italy,
Yet must need pause a breath
To hear our good Pizarro here
Now come from far off India:
Pizarro, welcome to Spain!
And if thou hast a prayer,
We'll hear it?

Pizarro-- --Sire, mine eyes have seen
A goodly land-
A land wherewith
The kingdoms of this earth
Do pale - I'd bring it to thy feet
O King
Had I thy royal mandate:

King--What land is this?

P. --Peru-
Picture the wide and Peaceful Ocean,
Stretched like a living emerald

41-6-2810

P. —Between the soft sierras and the sun:
Yonder sweeps the great Unknown,
But here the land doth hurl itself
In panting throes of cliff and crag,
Till far aloft the gnarled and blazing silver
Of its peaks do cut and grip
The sky.
Below twixt sun and sea
Stretch rolling hills and vales
Of beauty such as mortal man
Hath never seen
Since the vast vengeance
Of God's blazing sword
Swung before Paradise
Gold is as grass
Great golden temples
Lift their lofty heads in air
On golden plate
The king and all his court
Do dine
In gold and jewells
Women walk the gilded streets
And all the rivers pour
Their golden flood
Down the Golden Sea.

41-6-282

King--Pizarro, thou revest-

And yet my blood hastens

At thy words- Ah; were I not

A King, and but a goodly free and Spanish gentleman

How soothly would I foot

The waves away to yonder fairy-land;

Pizarro--Pardon, My Liege,

But were I King

How quickly would I send thee

Right good conduct and a seal

And all the drippings of my royal purse

To harness out thy company.

King--Ha[illegible]! Out-spoken like a soldier!

To thy knees:

My sword-

Pause Marquis Don Francisco de Pizarro,

My royal Captain-General

And Adelantado of Peru.

The purse my good queen mother

shall insure and draw thy contract too

For soothly need we gold in hasts and plenty.

Pizarro--Have no fear, your [illegible],

Thou shalt have gold in store unheard of.

Las Casas--My Lord the King?

882-9-17

King--Ah, the good Bishop of Chiapa-

Las Casas--Humbly I crave
That in this contract drawn
My poor dark Indian children
Be not all forgot
Or sold for gold.
Send, I pray
The Black Moors of Africa
To work in their stead;
They can defend themselves
They are cunning and strong.

King--Mine own far reaching dread command
Hath long ere now gone forth
To protect these poor weak Indians
And that thou knowest well, Las Casas;
And a few black Moors shall be sent.

Las Casas--True, O King and good
Yet cries do come across the sea
And the sick tale of blood
E'en now my moorish brother here
Hath just received a letter
Signed and sealed
With nameless deeds therein.

King--How now, old Gonsales, stand forth.

(Again the vision of the Old Man fades from the Indians side and re-appears in Spain draped in a Jewish gabardine)

J1-6-284

Pizarro--(aside) Ha! By God - that black and bold tongued spy.

Ist Adventurer--(aside) How came he Here?

2nd " --'Tis the witchering of the devils self.

3rd " --Who is he?

Old Man--Thy servant, O King.

King--Speak Old Gonzales, thy gold is thy good passport.

Ist Courtier--(aside) He's a banker- Jew or Negro or some such carrion

Pizarro--But why went he to Peru?

Ist Courtier--He's never been there that I know.

O. M.--Decrees indeed have gone and great commands your
Majesty has thundered forth
But do thy Captains there obey
Have governors respect to thine all royal will?
Do thy red children thrive?
Can thy black slaves endure?
Ah! I have news a tale to melt the hardest gold in Peru.

P. --Dare this blaspheming Jew accuse a Christian soldier, Sire?

3rd Courtier--My liege--the carriage--

King--I come--Peace. I'll send a new protector to the West.

Pizarro--Your Majesty, I beg for one indeed; My comrade Luque
a blameless man will watch them fervently.

King--Good--Let Luque be the new Indian protector
I have signed a contract for more blacks
And now farewell- See that thy gold come
Quickly for the Turk doth hammer hard

King—The Frenchman bursts with pride
And all the Germanies are mad-stark mad!-edict!
(Exit King, greeting the entering Francesco; Exeunt Courtiers and retinue, save Gonzales)

Francesco--Pizarro, I would join the-

Pizarro--Catch well that Jew--his life is forfeit-

F.--He is a banker, yet the death's head
Hath refused me funds to raise my company.

F.-- Who art thou?

F.--Francesco de Saavedra, a count of old and noble birth, yet poor.

Pizarro--Good-Don Francesco, kill me that Jew and bury his spoil to blossom in Peru.

(All go out save Francesco and Gonzales)

F.--Tis murder--but by Heaven it must be
done, for go I will to this great
Promised Land - Ha!

(Starts to go and spies the Old Man in the shadows)

Old Man.--Wilt thou Gold or Blood or both?

F.—First, gold--what is this gilded and bejewelled
thing that clasps thy neck. (Siezes the picture rudely)

O. M.--'Tis a woman's face--look not upon it twice-

F.--Mother of God-how strange a face-
Form that mocks the Zephyr's gentlest curvings
See the long lithesess of her limbs.

41-6-292

F.--And where her breasts do bubble 'neath
The dark full sweeping of her supple neck
Black is her face--her face is black but velvet--
God! What bursting lips to kiss, what midnight eyes
to gaze on!
What mazy midnight mass of close curled hair
for two to nest in.
Who is she-tell me-- I will know
Or else-

Old Man--Put up thy sword-
Thy fate is written
Petulant boy
Go-take the jewelled gold
That wreathes this woman's face
And journey to Peru.

F.--Who is she, I say?

Old Man--Ximena, Araucanian princess of the land
That lies beyond Peru in snow girt
Chili.
She is no mere woman.
This is a black goddess of Nile's Congo
A soul transplanted centuries before Columbus,
A stream of blood from Nefertan
Candace, and Judith, poured out
To re-build, renew [illegible]
[illegible] found a world.

Francesco--Ximena!

Echo- Francesco

F.--Hark-Heardest thou that

I'll have her though I wade

The fires of hell

And naked walk thro' frozen seas.

I'll snatch her from the throne of God himself

I'll know her-

nOld Man--Go! rash reveller

Gut if thou harm a hair

Of that young head

Thy soul shall burn for twice

Two hundred years

In hell.

F.--Hush--Die fool, thy life is forfeit to Pizarro.

(He runs the old man through. The picture begins to fade)

And now

Hail Love and war

Ximena!

Echo- Francesco.

(Spain fades away in the echo of Francesco's voice and the Old Man appears again amid the wondering Indians. Enter Ximena with attendants)

SCENE IV.

Echo-Ximena

Ximena--Francesco!

41-6-293

SCENE IV

Echo--Ximena

Ximena---Francesco!

Whence leaps this strange new name
So coldly to my lips--and that
Pale bloodless face I seem to see afar,-
So sharp and queer- I hate it
Yet how lithe and strong he looked
How wilful!
The Gods of the Moluchi grant
I see him never more!

Atualpa--Greetings, O Daughter of the Moon-
Father, what means this vision?

Huascar--Who are these bloodless ghosts?

Old Man-----They are devils that come from nether hell
To torture them that torture their own selves!
Cease war and murder of thy kin
Face these fierce foes
With grim and undivided strength
And [illegible]eat sinewed arms
Shall squeeze from out their greed
The secret of the splendor thou hast viewed.

A. --Thus have I ever said
And say again, but this base brawler here-

H. --Peace is my dearest dream, but peace with Honor, and
This base liar here -

62-9-14

Messenger--Ho! have care - look yonder!
There cometh up the mountain p ths
A mighty cloud of men
Pale as the dead they are, and bloodless
Their limbs be clad in glittering silver,
Long iron clubs lay lightin in their hands
They sit astride great prancing beasts!
Away! They come!
And Murder sits upon
Thei r[illegible]ed cruel faces!

Atualpa-Ho! Save the princess
Away with her to Araucania
She who hath plead so vainly
With this stark mad usurper, for my throne.

Huascar----Ho! save the princess
Away with her to Chili
She who sacredly refuses to supplant
A royal sister!

A.--What! And will thy lips profane
The King's [illegible]
This black and royal child of God?

H.---------Thou art no King-thou art no man
Thou art a dog that vomits forth
Thy rage-

(Enter Spaniards)

41-6-295

Atualpa--Ho! thou white and gleaming host
Help me to kill this false and
Lying thing that dares blaspheme an Inca of Peru!

Pizarro-----Right graciously O King!

(The Old Man leads the princess away. As she turns she sees Francesco and he spies her)

Francesco--Ximena!

Ximena--Francesco!

(He rushes madly forward, but the whirl of renewed battle bears him back. She disappears)

SCENE V

(Scene: A crag surmounted by a fortified Indian palace closely guarded by silent warriors. The princess enters and sadly looks into the Valley and Sea.)

Ximena--There sits an awful silence
On the Sea, and o'er the mighty mountains-
The hushed air doth creep with weak
and trembling footsteps.
The rivers smell of blood
And yonder carrion condor,
Drunk of human hearts
Shrieks and wheels up and homeward
To his babes. O fated land!
O vale of Death, O Mother of red murder
And of war--hark!

41-6-296

What [illegible] from out the glen?
With human accents? - My God! they come!
The blasphemy of cursing
Cuts the air,
The muttered mouthings
Of their barrelled thunder knells
From out the dells and echoes and re-echoes
On the vast
Andean shoulders of the hills
They come, ye gods, they come!
As sweeps the throttled
Bursting anger in the Devil's breast-
As swirls the maddened
Torrent of the Spring.
Around that silvery gleaming central core,
Dark terrible the soldiery of my great father's realm
Do swarm and sting.
Fond Heaven! How they reel, their death cries
Shake the cliffs and send the eagles screaming
To the air.
Accursed be the sight-I will not see-
And yet I must, since country, life and hope itself
[illegible] in the awful scale.
Ha! How hateful, harsh, and hideous
Gleam the bloodless masks
On that in-human host.

VI-C-287

(A band of Spaniards headed by Francesco appears fighting)

X----See that great iron-nosed monster far ahead
Who plows with devilish skill
The heart blood of our men-Great Father!
Make me come a man- give me a spear-
Ah! - That face-that fearful face!
That pale and bloodless face afar
So sharp and queer- I hate it
Yet how lithe and strong he looks
How wicked willful!
He comes! Francesco!
His spear points toward my heart
His eyes do glisten as the serpents
Horrid gaze.

(The battle rages close to the palace gates)

What Ho, Moluchi
Fend me- here, there, stand, fight
Thy princess calls- Father, Brother,
Cousin!
'Round me
On thy dead souls
That monster dare not-woo

(A fierce and bitter struggle at the gates)

Hush.
Eyes! see not!
Ears! hear not!

41-6-298

X--Heart, lift up thy prayer to God!

Spirit of Wonder

Daughter of Thunder

Fire that lurks in the cavernous sea!

Mist of the Mountain

Song of the Fountain

Mingle thy might to the guarding of me!

God of the Day

Lord of the Way

Fire that flames for the Child of the Sun

Conquer the Terrible

Vanquish the Horrible

Rescue thy children, Adorable One.

(She rises from her knees and looks; the main battle has swept onward leaving but Francesco fighting his way to Ximena)

What new and creeping silence is this now?

I hear the ring of silver-ringing, ringing, ringing!

Far off the echoes of the battle die.

As it sweeps past

But here! -father of mercies-

Here! and alone!

All silent

Bloody, wounded-

Torn and terrible-comes-

Francesco!

41-6-209

Francesco--Ximena!

(The princess' family attack him)

Ximena--My older brother dies- his hands

Claw the red earth-

(What eyes this white faced monster hath)

The head of my great cousin grims

a yard from his vast shoulders.

(Oh the dread strength of that long slim white arm

How thrills and throbs [redacted] thrust

Through the air!)

My little brother sinks and sighs as he did

Sigh in sleep O Oh-Oh-

(What wondrous courage this white warrior hath!)

My uncle yells his last great war-cry

To the hills

Lo! the white spirit sways she falls

God pity him - no-no, yes,O fate, he dies?

Wonder! he staggers up again, his

Great green eyes on me

(What love must nerve his iron will)

On, on he reels

My father cuts the silver from his head-

Ah! Ah! Softly- ah softly, Father-

Was that my father once-

T

41-6-300

X--That drubbled bloody thing that spurts its slime
On my cold breast?
The gates do yield!
(She steps within the palace doors)
He comes-nearer-nearer-near- here
Hear- Hark!
(She closes them)

Francesco--Open or by Christ the King-
(She opens them and stands within alone)

Ximena--Francesco!

Francesco--Ximena! (He stands panting and swaying on his sword; she recoils)

Ximena--Beast!

F.--Woman!--

X.--(Whispering) I--love thee.

F.-- Come!

X--(Wildly) And I hate me that I do
Ah!
(He sieses her in his arms, and carries her into the palace. Night falls and the moon rises. The doors open. Francesco appears alone, pale and erect)

Francesco--How whirls the world
The mountains dance in drunken revel
I am so strangely weak
What's this? Why 'tis blood
Good red and streaming blood!

41-6-301

(The Old Man appears in the door, Ximena lying black and bloody across his arms with clouds of curling hair)

F.-- I - Ximena!
Ha! who art thou
That stands above my wedded wife?
I know thee- ha!
I know thee, black Jew--old death's head!
Thou risest from the grave to mock me
I fear thee not- I'll kill thee presently again.
Wipe first the trailing blood
From off the princess' bridal gown
It is not meet-(Sway and totters, loses sight of the Old Man and fights an imaginary foe)
Ha! What-
What sayest thou so silently?
Thou art death?
What have I to do with death?
I am young!
I am strong!
I am wed!
Art thou Death?
Then I'll kill thee, Death,
Grip fast thy scythe
Defend!
One, two-

41-6-302

F.-- Coward, dost thou run?
Thinkest thou thus to escape Saavedra's
Mighty sword?-
Unhand me- off with thy cold wet hands!
Knave-base-born, unknightly caitiff.
Unhand me I say or by the great King
I'll run thee through -I'LL-
What? callest thou witchery
To darken all the world,
In this bright morning hour?
Thymagic all be damned
I'll grope thee out thro' blackness ten times
blacker than the blackest hell!
Take- that- and tht, and that---
I warned thee fair-
What Ho! Ximena!
Death is dead
We'll live forever.
(Crashes to the earth and dies)
Curtain, leaving the Old Man still
standing with the maid across his
arms.

ACT II

41-6-303

ACT II

Exploitation

Time: 1725-1750

Place: Valparaiso, Chile.

Dramatis Personae.

Ximena(Brown)---A courtesan

Pedro de Guzman(White) --Own r of Silver and Copper mines

Milo Diaz(Brown)- His partner

Juan Mendoza (White)- A Spanish capitalist.

Brother Francesco(Brown) A young Franciscan friar

Don Jose de Armendariz(White)- Marquis of Castelfuerte, governor of Chile

An Old Man (Black)

41-6-304

Scene I.

Office of De Guzman.

De Guzman and Mendoza are sitting around a table littered with maps, papers, ore, etc. Diaz is smoking by the window.

De Guzman--Good! In other words, I take it
You willingly would pay
Ten thousand doubloons down,
Of good old Spain, for this rich mine-

Mendoza-Yes willingly, if only I were sure
Of laborers in plenty.
Rich mines unworked are quite
As poor as mines unfound and all unknown.

De. G.-----Ha! Hah Milo, Senor Mendoza
See a lack of labor here!

De.G.---Ha! Ha! Good God! look yonder!
The vermin spawn in the very gutters-
They overflow the filth and crawl
Beneath the feet of gentlemen abroad!
M.-Aye! Aye! But will these dirty
Black and lazy cattle work?
There's the rub--I sought
One only yesterday to bear a load
He grunted and rolled in his drunken sleep
Out into mid-highway, and slept.
Dias--Will they work? Drive them, beat them
Kill them. You should have kicked the pig.
Who of us all will work undriven?
We gentlemen are driven
By our loves and tastes-we drive these dogs
With whips and scorpions.
Mendoza--But the law-?
De G.--------The law is made in Spain
'Tis executed here.
M.--Yes, Yes! I've heard all that
But know you Armendaris
Governs now, and he's a straight-laced
Sour Churl, mule-stubborn,
And filled with tales of fancied wrongs.

VI-6-305

De Guzman--O, Yes, we know; against him

Will we marshall armies three:

A regiment of gold- that carries

most positions;

Skirmishers of deceit- they

Blind most eyes.

Or, at worst, a whole artillery

Of weighty tongues at home

And lo! he goes--richer,

Sadder, wiser, or all three.

M.--Mes-yes- that's fair in promise--but-

De G.--Listen, my love, we joke:

We stand here to take contract

Firmly backed and bound

To furnish you continuously

All needful help from one unto

A thousand thousand men-

Mendoza- Enough-With the bargain's struck

The mine is mine

The contract shall be [redacted], sealed

And signed--when, sir, and where?

De G.-Now-'tis here.

M.--Good- I sign -Don Juan Mendoza

For the Company Anonymous of Madrid.

De G.-And I, Don Pedro de Guzman

For the firm, Guzman, Diaz and Andrade-there;

Guzman.

41-6-306

Mendoza--Here is the check signed, crossed and certified.

Diaz --And here, the bond.

De Guzman--'Tis done-Gentlemen we'll celebrate!

You are my guests.

M. --We're honored.

D. --Thousand thanks!

De G. --What shall we do?

D. --A dinner, first, such as old Pedro cooks

And then a night's carousal-

M. --Wine women and song.

D. --Ximena, we must have Ximena!

De G. --Yes, yes by every odds, Ximena!

M. --Who is she?

D. --The daintiest chit in Chile

A fiery buxum half breed

Nigger, Indian and Spanish

Handsome as hell and hotter

Wise, witty, dainty, devilish-

The loveliest woman

Ever man desired fought for, dreaded

Died for and damned.

M. --Ha-ha-ha!-good, Ximena!

De G.-Here, boy! -damn you-

Move your carcass- here

This to old cook Pedro- a soup, some fish,

A foul, some dainty venison roasted,

11-6-207

De Guzman--Salad, sweets, three wines

And above all- Ximena and two other pretty girls

Go!--

Mendoza--But wait-

Dias --He's gone- they know to mind De Guzman.

M. --I forgot, I meet a priest tonight-

D. --A Priest? So ho! Good, bring him here. Bid him meet you at Pedro's.

M. --What- a priest? And there?

D. --Ha! Ha! Old man, this is America

Not dawdling Europe

Bring your priest along

And fill his belly and his soul.

If need, we'll get another girl.

M. --Well - so be it, if you think-

D. --Think? I know; he'll not be the first

Gray owl that's greased

Our board.

M. --'Tis some small matter of place or promotion

Some secret and left handed influence,

I ween, of old Castilian blood-

De G. --Come, time's up- we're off gentlemen.

Scene II

(The private dining room at Pedro's. De Guzman, Dias and two women are at table, drunk and hilarious)

All--Down with the wine

41-6-308

All--Damned be the swine
Who dare to despise it
Or rudely misprise it-
It's honor is mine
It's flavor is divine
Down with bubbling, guggling, juggling,
Troubling, struggling, muddling wine!

(Ximena and Mendoza burst in from a door of the room at the left. Ximena is half naked).

Mendoza--Hurrah! Encore! By San Diego
This is the loveliest wemmh
This side the Sea. (Embraces Ximena)

Ximena--Aye and the other, too!
By heaven, I'll- I'll

(They drink and sing again. Ximena leaps on the table and dances, whirling her brown body sinuously and clicking castanets)

Servant--A Priest, Sir to see Senor Mendoza.

De G. --[redacted]! He needs none.

X. --Ho, a priest - a [redacted]

Dias --I'll wager a hundred pesos
You cannot drag a tiny smile
From his drawn lips.

X. --Done- and more- a thousand that I'll
Take him to my room.

D. --Hurrah! Done!

41-6-309

Mendoza--Nay, my the wager shall be this (whispers)

Ximena--Ha, Ha! done: two thousand pesos 'gainst (She slaps him)

O, you valiant devil - sh-- he comes.

(Enter Brother Francesco; he draws back timidly)

Francesco--Pardon Gentlemen- here's some mistake, I fear

I sought the Senor Mendoza

Who brings a message from mine uncle-

Pardon-

M. --Nay- no excuse- welcome- twice welcome,

Father

I am Pedro Mendoza and right glad to greet

A scion of Saavedra

Come --sit at meat with us, and drink

Here is Senor de Guzman,

Brother Francesco, and Senor Diaz,

This--is Ximena, and these--

F. --No, no-, my duties call--

Ximena--What, not a glass of wine, Father? (suddenly startled)

Francesco!

(He gives a half embarassed smile)

F. --I thank thee madame-(startled) Ximena!

De G.-(aside) A thousand Mendozas.

M. -Done! (to the priest)

Father just a sip

Of rich red wine to make your spirits glow

And set your cool young heart a blazing?

F. --(shrinking back)--No--the message, Sir- my duty calls-

41-6-310

Mendoza--Here is the packet--I am sorry, Brother-

Ximena --(throwing off her momentary hesitation at some old memory of the priest's face and name) And here Sir Priest is yet a sweeter message.(throws him a kiss)

Francesco--(hastily) Gentlemen- Good night.

X.--(aside) Hold him a moment - I return-

(She steps out)

Diaz---(aside) Wait-rich devilry brews.

De G.--(aside) 'Tis a great joke- the boy is but a novice- watch.

(to the priest)

But a moment, father- the woman fortunately is gone

We wished to ask about this kind of maid
She came upon us suddenly,
She and her-her sisters of an ancient profession- we

could but ask her in-in courtesy to dine,

But she, they are strage to us-what think you?

What advice to three young gentlemen abroad?

P.- I know not, but she seemed to me

O'er forward, - altho somehow- some way I seem to remember--

But it cannot be.

D.-----Perhaps you've met before--in lonelier surroundings-or at confession

(Ximena-- rushes in half disguised in a black mantilla)

Ximena--Help gentlemen, is there a priest here? Help, father!

My mother lies in burning throes of death

E'en now the potent poison of disease

Rattles in her throat--she dies

Unshriven--no priest is near

Come in God's pitious name!

41-6-311

Francesco--(In consternation) I am no priest--my vows of
brotherhood are but begun-
Strange am I to the city streets, I-I scarcely
know--

Ximena--Streets? Who spoke of streets--she is here- in
this hotel. Why not? Sheis always near- her daughter.

De Guzman, Mendoza and Dias--Ha! Ha! Ha!

X.--Silence, mockers--come Father, just along the hall,
next door.
What? do you pause,
Do you hesitate when death calls?
When God calls you to beat and batter back
The doors of hell? Is no help ? heathen
heathen- I go-I-

F.--Nay-nay-I come; I can give no sacrament--but I can pray

X.--(aside) five thousand, Mendoza

Mendoza, Dias and De Guzman(convulsed in laughter)-Unfair-unfair

De G.--Ha! Ha! Ha! that she-devil

Dias--Ho! Ho! Ho! Saw you ever such acting-
By God t'would grace the stage of old Madrid.

Mendoza--Will she lure him to her room?

De G. --Will she? 'Tis already done
And once in her embrace, good God forget him.

Mendoza--Hold! But I don't like this--she's mine
Let's follow and behold

De G. --Follow? 'Tis the funniest thing
I ever heard--not so crestfallen, Mendoza.
She'll return

41-6-312

Dias --And we need not follow,--just peep. (They listen at the door at the left. One hears the priest and Ximena enter. Silence.)

Voice of Francesco---Where is she?

Voice of Ximena ---(In surprise) Why--she is not here?

" of Francesco---But where then, quick! We must hurry---

" " Ximena ---(Mischievously) She's gone--but I am here

" " [illegible]--I do not understand--you said

" " Ximena --I said O brown and pretty priest--a lie.

(The three listening are convulsed with suppressed laughter. It begins to rain without)

--What then, are you afraid?

" "Francesco --Do you sport with death?

" " Ximena --No, but with you--you are much fairer, dear, than death (One hears the priest pounding at the door in the hall)

" "Francesco --This door--open it-

" "Ximena --The key is hidden-in my shift

" "Francesco --Open the door

" "Ximena --Take the key--

" " Francesco---(Raised in anger) No, no, no

Open or by Christ the King

I'll curse your soul to perdition;

You wretched shameless hag of hell

You spawn of vermin and of beasts

You black blasphemer of the great white Christ--

41-6-313

Voice of Ximena--(trembling) No--not that - I -

" of Francesco--I curse you in the name of God
The Father of the world -
(The storm bursts without. X-screams)

" of Ximena --O! I am afraid. Forgive me- father--

" of Francesco--I curse you in the name of his begotten Son
The Savior of this world-

" of Ximena ----Pity me, pity me - I did but play---I fear
the storm.

" of Francesco--I curse thee--
(The thunder and lighting increase. X-
screams and throws open the door to the driving
rain. The men leap back and the women scream)

" of Francesco--(staggering dishevelled and blinded into the
doorways-)
--In the name of the Holy Ghost
Forever and forever--

Ximena --No! No!--not that--not that--I--
Hear but one word-- no little word? It was all--a joke!
(He lurches through the door into the room. Sieses his gown)

Francesco--Touch me not--your touch is filth
And foul pollution

Ximena --Christ but you shall hear me-
Who are you proud and awful Priest
Are you bigger than Christ himself?
There came to him a woman foul as I
He listened to her--he knew (It thunders and lightens and
she quivers with fear)

41-6-314

(He tears away: she throws herself to the floor and clings about his feet)

Ximena----NO--you shall not go

Listen!

I came from the mines

I lay in the gutter

I crawled from the dregs of earth

Hunger, thirst, cold and pain

Bit my heart till

Dainty gentlemen like these bought my body

For a song--

(De Guzman, Mendoza, and Dias half drunk begin to yell and sing. The two women dance. The priest stares--falters, arranges his robe and bows

Yet to them you cring

Them you greet all politely

They go full and free and have no curse,

You heartless servant of a heartless God;

While I poor shamed and stricken thing

Who lisp the filth and do the sin they teach me

I and I alone am cursed

De G. --Ximena! (The priest rushes out)

Dias --Ximena!

Mendoza--Come darling--here's your thousand pesos--

Ximena --Touch me not--go--go

And the whole damned world

Go with you.

(She rushes out into the storm after the priest)

41-6-315

Scene III

(Night on the Andes; a hermit's hit; Francesco, ragged without hat or cloak kneels before the Old Man)

Old Man--What now, my son?

Francesco----Father, I tell you this whole world is lost
The weight of some great primal sin
Has set upon its soul and ever shall-
There dwells nothing righteous, underneath the sun
Father away - let's leave this cursed
Ground and high upon the Andes'
Snow crowned crests
Await the coming of the PerfectChrist
In silence and in prayer

Old Man ----There lies a packet on thy heart

F.--- -----'Tis naught but vanity

O. M. ----Open, read.

Francesco ---"Pray for the soul of Francesco de Saavedra".

O. M. ---Read yet again, burn down thine eyes
Into these parchment depths-nay
Close thy weak and wavering vision and open wide
The eyelids of the soul
What seest thou?

(Visions sweep across the blackness of the night)

F. ---Ah-
A whirl of blood and battle engulf this land
And on it its angry crest rides one whose
Face is hid

41-6-316

F.-- His mailed heil tramples out
The cringing shrieking souls beneath;
He steps into their faces
Tramples their bared breasts
And to their prayers
Renders sneer and curse
Now lies the piteous vale
In darkness and in death
Nay, that were all too merciful,
It crawls and writhes and swells in death
The black mud oozes blood--
While that Hell's carrion
Tramples ever on and up and on.
Wait!--
See where yonder and aloft
There sits a form of Splendor
In pure black beauty-In beauty pure and black
Such as once well graced
The Virgin Spouse of God
Yes--'tis the black Virgin--the very bride of God
Here He'll not dare- he-
O!
Themonster tramples her to worse than death
He foul[illegible] her breast, and rapes her soul
She twists her dying neck in dumb appealing pain

41-6-817

F. -- Pitiless Christ--it is Ximena!--It is--it cannot be--
It is the whore, Ximena
Am I mad?
Am I blind
Is right wrong and wrong right
Is good evil and evil pure
Is it indeed the Mother of God
Whom I have dared to scorn! (The vision fades)
Father! Father!--I know--I see,
He did it. He is the Evil one
Creator of sin--spoiler of good
Who is this devilish ghoul
Who was this mailed murderer of women and of Men?
Of chastity and purity?

Old Man -----'Twas the soul of Francesco de Sasvedra

Francesco--And shall I pray for that? Never! no never! and again No!
His soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred years
Until the day he drags yon virgin up from
Out the pit and sets her before God,
Redeemed.

O. M. -----Amen! But lo! he comes again and turns his haggard
Eyes on thee

(The vision bursts nearer and clearer)

Francesco---Merciful God! - It is I.

(He faints, then rises; the Old Man towers far above him at a distance, immense, vague and shadowy)

41-6-318

Old Man-----Thy soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred years
Until the day thou draggest yonder virgin
From the pit and settest her fore God
Redeemed.

Francesco--But Father, wait and listen, She is dead.
O God--she is dead. I saw her die
She followed me through mud and slime
Through wind and storm
Till a great bolt of fire dropped from Heaven
And killed her--
I saw her die--
I saw her blood redden the mud--
I heard in death her cry--

41-6-319

SCENE V

(The hall of a convent. At dawn: ten days later, voice of nuns softly chanting)

Nuns-----Ave! Maria!
Mother-maid pitiful
Singer of Sorrows
And daughter of men (Enter procession of Nuns)
Ave! Maria!
Mother of Miracles
Mercy made wonderful
To thy breast Bountiful
Gather the [illegible]ful

Daughters of sin

Ave! Maria!

Ave! Maria!

Gather them in!

(The door of a cell opens. Ximena lies on a cot. She shrinks back)

Ximena-----Curse me no more, pitiless priest

O my little life had been all curses

Save its sin-curses and sin, curses and sin

I could not bear its curses, wherefore I did sin

And sin--ah sin was sweet--so bitter sweet

Healing my pain with wine and food and ecstacy of pleasure--

Yet curse me no more, pitiless priest!

A Nun-----The Peace of God which p sseth understanding

Rest on thy soul

Ximena---O! a great red pain

Hungers

Round mine eyes

My little feet do freeze while all my head

Is blazing madness

How long have I been here?

Nun-----Ten days of forgetfulness and pain-

Ah! (She attempts to rise)

Ximena---Oh! Nay I must go--ten days! My God---

Listen, Mother

41-6-320

Ximena--Yonder by the mines in my father's hut lives a little child
I-I love it, and the plague
Hovers there--I must go
I must go-I was earning the money that night--
To bring my child away.
Nun------May thou art sick to death
Thou canst not go:
Ximena--Then the priest--the priest who cursed me
The priest who mocked
Send him
He will know. Because he cursed me--he will
Understand
God will tell him
Send him for my child--

Nun-----He cannot go--
Ximena--Why?--does he still hate?
Nun-----He hates no one now--he is dead!
Ximena--Dead? dead--
Francesco ! Dead! Francesco?
Who is Francesco? Who was he?
He is dead--
He died--cursing my soul
He cannot be dead
How do you know?
Nuns --That morning after he brought your body here
Thinking you dead
He rushed away--

41-6-321

Nun---And later they found his hat and cape

By a great cliff of the Andes

And far, far beneath a body crushed beyond all knowing

Ximena---He brought me harm—

He is dead

He cursed my soul---

My Soul, My soul?

It is not here, tis yonder in mines

Where burns the plague--I cannot go--you--

Can you love--my soul?

Nun------God knows we love it

Ximena----- Go fetch it me, 'tis yonder--go—

It is a little child--a golden laughing boy--

Oh--curse me no more—I

Ha! Ha! Ha! Down with the wine

Cursed be the swine--

(The chanting nuns drown out the song as closing the cell door they pass slowly out)

Nuns----Ave! Maria!

Mother of miracles

Mercy made wonderful

To thy breast bountiful

Gather the sorrowful

Daughters of sin

(Exeunt)

Ave! Maria!

Ave! Maria!

Gather them in!

(Curtain)

41-6-322

SCENE VI

Two years later the reception room of the Governor of Chile. The Governor, Armendaris, robed in state sits in a great chair with a document in his hand. Around him are grouped lawyers and DeGuzman, Mendosa and Diaz. At one side, poorly dressed as a lay sister of the convent and partly veiled, stands Ximena.

Armendaris---Are foul and terrible--
Slavery, debauchery, inhuman theft
And the wild unchecked ravishings
Of deadly plague--
A wretched mass of misery
Such as should shame the semblance
Of a Christian Land
In the Kings great name
----For by my soul if it be true
I'll fet the carcass of the churl
Who did this devilry,
In the darkest dungeon depths I know!

A.-------This case comes to this highest
Court of Chile on appeal
What reason is there to question
The considered judgment of my
At the mines? The charges--

A.-----Who disproves the charge?

B.-----Who contests the judgment---speak!

41-6-323

Lawyer---Your Excellency knows well
The gentlemen here accused
They are all three of noble Spanish blood
And men of wealth and standing
And good repute.

A.--------I know them, but if this charge is true
Neither nobility nor blood
Neither wealth nor influence shall avail
in this court.

L.-------Precisely, your Excellency--precisely
As I was saying--these gentlemen
And their company are pillars of this club
They pay vast taxes
They give employment to thousands of the poor
They stimulate truth, support the church
Give alms

A.-------Well and good. And now---these charges!

Lawyer----Precisely, your Excellency---precisely
As I was saying, your Excellency
Knows all too well the envy and cheap hate
Which success ever inspires.
The lazy--the criminal--the shameless
Seek to smirch and libel the great and good
In this case this unsupported woman

A.------What, are there no witnesses
No affidavits?

L----------Practically none. One is here,

41-6-324

L.-But who is she? Two more were
Promised but they are not here.
The records and affidavits are
Equally done, & written
And all away. Sh---
A.--Where is the record of the court
Where is its ?
L.--There is no seal, your Excellency
It is not done in triplicate
The King is mentioned without all his proper titles
And God and his Church--
A.--But with technicalities and trifles
Is the charge proven?
Where are the witnesses
Ximena--I am the witness, my Lord.
A.--And the others?
Ximena--They were a --but poor, ignorant, unlettered
They could not come--they sent me.
Arme dariz--Who are you?
L.---I am no one
But mine oath is true (She raises her veil. The Spanish
gentlemen start, stare, and whisper)
De Guzman---Ha, ha, hm--Pardon my Lord--this-woman
Names herself too truly--I call two witnesses
Where I might summon a half hundred-
Ask this gentleman--Don Pedro
Mendoza, A Spanish gentleman, who this---lady is.

41-6-325

Mendoza--Her name my Lord is called, Ximena
And her fame--is the cost
Shameless bawd's in Santiago
She has some fancied spite against me
Because--plying her trade--some years since--
We refused to buy.

A.---Can this be true! Answer, Woman, and why have you
The garb of a holy convent?

Ximena--It is true, as a child in the slums
I was mother of unfathered children.
Afterwards coming to [redacted]
I danced naked in a restaurant--
Then men desired me, and from then
Until two years ago
I was a prostitute of Santiago
Selling my body to gentlemen
For their amusement and pleasure.

A.---And do you dare to show your shameless
Face in this my court
And accuse the noblest blood of Spain and Chile?

X.-----I dare--for what I say and wrote is true.

A.---But even if it is, who in Chile or in Spain shall believe it?

41-6-326

A.--How shall I, government and high Judge though I be,
And send these gentlemen to death on the unsupported
word of a prostitute?
Who can trust you who have betrayed
The proud of womanhood

X.-- I have no witness but mine
Eyes and ears and these scarred
Hands and feet. But what I say is true

A.------I--but I am helpless
Let her stand aside
If there be no further witnesses
The case must be dismissed--suspicious and damning
as it appears--
I see no legal grounds---

Voice----There is another witness (A messenger emerges from the crowd and hands the governor a letter. The G. arises)

A.------Where is His Eminence?

M.-----He comes (A georgeous litter enters with papal arms and guards. From it descends an old black man, meanly garbed as a mendicant monk.)

A.---Let the audience kneel and receive the benediction of the of the Ambassador of His Holiness.
Father, we crave your holy benediction
Speak.
----The charge that here is brought is true
May it is but half the full
And awful truth

41-6-327

The silver mines of Chili and Peru
Are the most shameless haunt
Of human misery underneath the stars
Whereof thepygilded aristocracy
Flaunting its wealth and insolence here
Is guilty in its soul
One gleam of light hath pierced
This awful darkness:
Where two pure, great, and all unselfish hearts
Have bent to this abysmal filth
And toiled to succour souls
Each knew naught of the other
And, all unconscious, night and day and side by side
With only one great shoulder of the Andes
Spread between, they worked and prayed and wept,
The Holy Father in whose stead I stand
Hath heard the beauty of their work
And calleth both: stand forth Ximena
Peace be with you. The curse on youis raised
Go kneel before the altar of the Lord in the Cathedral,
He calleth thee (with bowed head exit Ximena).
Here comes the other
Up the dusty way, with hastening feet-
(Enter a ragged cowled friar).
Welcome, Brother Francesco:the testimony thou wouldst
give
Is given, Receive the mandate of the Ope
Pope--
This day thou art Bishop in Holy Church.

41-6-328

Armendaris--Arrest these men and take them away as prisoners
of the State.
Nay--no word. Senor de Guzman
Shall be shot---the others
Shall toil in their own mines
Till their dark end of days
A-way! I have spoken.
(Exit Governor and prisoners)

6.3.29

Francesco---(Falling on his knees)
Father--I cannot, I will not. I a bishop?
I deserve punishment
Far worse than these who file away,
I am accused, I am guilty in my soul--I go back--
Old Man---Arise, Lord Bishop of Conception, Arise!
And speak no further word
The Holy Father sues not--nor begs
He commands, His word is law
Arise! Shine! For thy sight is come
Put on thy beautiful garments
(Altar boys robe him and the organ peals. Curtains
at the rear of the room part revealing the high altar
of the Cathedral)
Say unto Zion
Thy God reigneth.
Francesco--Father, thou hast spoken
Yet one request

F.---Pray, Father, pray each day (kneeling again in his robes)
For my soul and the soul of one
Longisand.

Old Man--Amen, Arise. At the high altar kneels a woman!
Beside her stands the Holy mother of the
Convent of the Virgin, with her Heavenly robes
Consign to her, this child of God
Whom Christ in his vast pity hath
Married and redeemed.

Francesco----Her name?

Old Man.....It shall be given thee

(The procession approaches the altar. Francesco sees the novice attired as a nun in pure white. SHe sees him and bows at his feet)

Francesco--Arise thou Bride of Almighty God! (She sweeps aside her veil)

Ximena---Francesco--Brother! (He totters, sways and stands straight and still)

Francesco--Sister!

(A great music; curtain)

ACT III

Place--Chili and Argentina. Time 1900-1905

Dramatis-Personae

The Black Counsellor of Argentina

Secretary Juan Savedra of Chili (Brown)

41-6-330

Senora Ines, Mendoza (white) President of the United Women's Clubs of Argentina.

Senor Blanco de Guzman of Chili

Senor Diaz (white), President of the University of Chili

Pedro (brown) a servant

Madame Desmond (white) of Chili

Secretary Gonsales of Argentina (Brown)

Scene I. Office of the Chilian Secretary of Trade and Education, Santiago. Savedra and Guzman seated.

DeGuzman--We must, of course, buy two new battle ships
Of latest type--our iron-clads are but outdated hulks
The action army must gradually be swelled certainly
to fifty-soon to a hundred thousand men-
The harbor forts 'round Valparaiso and all adown the coast like me but ill--
They'll need at least fifty million pesos--while fortresses to frown along the heights of the Andes
Will ask a hundred million more. Two hundred and fifty million pesos is the least increase
My good Savedra,
That our long yawning purse of war demands this year.

Savedra---Good heavens, De Guzman, are you mad?
That with our present army and pensions will make

S----Two thirds of our whole income,

Set to war? Aye and to the merest shadow of a dream

of War-

De. Guzman.-- Why a dream? Why not a certainty?

Savedra--What--but De Guzman do you sanely dream

That Argentine and Chili would to War

Forma few bald acres of bare rock?

DeGusman--Nay certainly not--unless!

S. Unless?

De G. Unless we are ready to surrender

Our Fatherland without a struggle

S.----What?

De G.----Listen Savedra--we are threatened, we are beleagued. We

are in danger of national death! We must defend ourselves.

We must fight the last great Battle of the West

or die

In us puissant blood--

Betrayed by Spain, diluted by France

Impoverished by Italy, takes again

World --yields no more--

Nay, advance!

Think! Why should be cringe

beg one?

O in our very weakness is our might

The Andes are our rampart and fortress

Make them impregnable!

The Pacific is our Sea

41-6-337

Ocean of the future, vast Mediterranean of the West and East!

Let us fill our hundred harbors with
an Invisible Armour--
Yield--nothing, nothing!
No foot of coast to Bolivia nor Peru
Since Lima which once we held and weakly surrendered
Hold Tacna-Africa forever
Make our claim of Andean boundaries
Basis of the widest seizure of Argentine territory
Stand fast, implacable while
They scheme to ruin and conquer us
Then at last--suddenly
When they least expect---strike!
Hesitate, Saavedra, and you must rest
To end your promising political career this year.
Otherwise two men, say you and I)
Must plunge South American hot into War
With one
Swift move!

S.---- But why,--why should we-why, in heaven's name?
Do you love war so well, De Guzman?

De.G---Saavedra I'm no fool nor am I yet a soldier-
(Whatever of distinction lies in those two terms)
But I'm a statesman; and as such I can foresee;
First, your party's tricked and stolen:
You are without the brea[illegible]

41-6-333.

De G.---The ring is in; your fate is sealed,
In three months, you'll leave office
And the world of power for goo--
Unless--
Look at you map: down the last coast
Of Last America, west of the west-most world
Creeps a little starveling headless snake-
That's Chili; we're hemmed and tethered in:
South: ice; west, Andes; north, Bolivia, and Peru!
Once, upwaking from our dreams,
We seized upon our rightful hend to northward;
The cherry, ripe, trembled to our hands-
With one wee bite we let it go, and slept.
Time flashes; Europe and the greedy States
Stretch itching palms this way. All Spain's Americas
Must be one or die! Who'll lead? I say
Chile! How? Level the Andes, sieze Argentine
And kiss both oceans
Cut it in two with one swift stroke
Slicing from Santiago to Buenes Ayres
Hold capital and harbor
With mighty ships that frown
On Uruguay and Brazil
Then pause--conciliate
Spread jealousy alarm and fear,
Arm, build and arm again

41-6-334

Placate and threaten English and Irish America
Stuff their souls with profitable trade
Then wheeling suddenly
On again!
Swoop north like an eagle
And conquer Bolivia and Peru,
The land of the Equator, Colon's land, and poor
Distracted Venezuela. At last with great Brazil
Thus fast within our jaws--bite!
Bite till her carcass and Uruguay's
Crumbles in our jaws.
Next, seize the
And defy England
That meddlesome mother-in-law of the Nations--
Then defy the world!
Yes--yes I know 'tis wild, fanciful,--but it is fantastic!
Argentine is twice our size
With twice our wealth
She is today ready to fight us
Lest we sieze a bit of Bolivia
Brazil has ten times our might
Do you seek to set the dog upon the Lion
Are you concocting suicide?

De G. -----Fool, behold the map--Know you not that strength

41-6-335

De G.----Lies in our very show of sakness?
Forge secretly a mighty weapon
While we the granite with
Sharpen and train fleet armies
Make ready swift fighting ships
Shake like a bolt of sudden lightning
Before the thunder---
Before they dream what we do
It's done
I tell you, man, for the of God
The impossible is always and only possible
The dream is the deed--
Impossible, terrible--all th t and more
So is all history,--
Think in years and days-- centuries not decades
Now hear me out :
In this great world crusade, who'll lead in Chili?
The president? I am dumb. The timid
Councillors of State? 'Tis loud to laugh!
The Cabinet? One alone and that's-Savedra.

Savedra----I?

De Guzman---You! I know myman-trained, quick, resourceful-

Savedra---- Why not you?

De G.-------Too old and too well known--you have mysterious youth.

S.----------Guzman, you rave--what could I avail,
(E'en though I were so minded) to lead this mighty move
Against the ring of seasoned politicians
Who surround;

41-6-336

De-Guzman---Softly! Walls do hear. All that too, I've thought through!

With no ordinary slogan, can you win the crowd.

Raise then, the war cry of defense, subtly, masterfully and with skill.

The mob have all isborn

A most miraculous love

For fight: They'll turn to you in one great rush

And make you shall we say?

Of Chile--President; of Argentine--Conqueror

Of Brazil, King.

Of a full quarter of

The world-dictator!

Nay, noanswer--think!

I must away, but as earnest of my plan

I bring you your commission to head a secret embassy of three

To settle,--or unsettle--this dispute of land.

Between our fatherland and Argentine

I am the other one--a dummy, dignified in mien,

makes three

Savedra--- De Guzman--you o'er whelm me!

De Guzman---Ha!Ha! ---good day. (Exit)

Savedra----------Peru-Venezuela --Brazil!

Of a full quarter of the world, dictator!

'Tis mad! Andyet how vast a vision-I-what?

(The office bell rings. He listens at the receiver)

41-9-337

S---I am busy.

How? An appointment? (Looks at memorandum)

Perdition- O Well

Show him in (Enter Diaz)

Ah! President Diaz--I am honored to give

You audience, though hard pressed as well you know

With endless cares--how may I serve?

Diaz----Senor Savedra, I will detain you as little

As the great cause I bear permits.

I am a teacher--

S.--------And honored h a of our great university

As all, good Chilians know.

Diaz------Yet but a teacher, Senor; We have three hundred

thousand children

In our schools where we should have a million

We spend thirty million pesos where we need

Three hundred: Senor I come to plead

That the cabinet do straitly recommend

A doubling of the fund for training Chili's children

Each year, 'till not from old Peru unto the frozen seas

A child can come to manhood unprepared

To count and write and read the world's great Book.

Savedra---Senor President you say well

Believe me, but my sympathy is deep.

Andyet I fear it is impossible--

Diaz---Sir, is anything impossible to the safe founding of

the State?

41-6-338

S.--No

Dias---And sinks a single founding stone secure

As ingrained knowledge intelligence and skill?

S.----Yes, the state's integrity.

Dias---Integrity? [redacted] peace--none threaten-

S.---Are you sure?

D.---Why I had not heard--surely-

S.---Sir, the secrets of the state I may not loose.

This alone: We must prepare for War.

It may not come---God grant--

But Soldier , Ships, and Guns are to the Modern State

The one great Cash Reserve for Peace Insurance.

Dias------Sir, I will not longer abuse your busy day

'Tis possible your fears are true, andyet-and yet

Believe me for my years: There never yet was

An Unjust, Bloody, Cruel war but what it stood

Firm-founded on such rock bound words as your,

And left the world more ignorant, more miserable,

more hungry than before (exit)

(Madame Desmond pushes her way in unannounced)

Savedra------What--who is this--Ah Madame?

Did I appoint this time ?

Desmond-----No, but I must speak.

Savedra-----Time presses, Madame--

Desmond-----So does sin

Sir, in yonder parliam, fester death, disease and

crime

41-6-339

Desmond-----Three-fourths of us can neither read nor write--
The prostitute and thief, the cripple and the mad
Do mock the Christian culture of our State.
We must arise---we must prevent;
Cure, kill, imprison, chain and free
Or else in a common filth and wickedness
Our civilisation shall in shame and sorrow drown.

S.---Madame--

D.---We need a hundred millions but with twenty
We could start; the honored president
Senora Gonsales of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine
Joins me---

S.-----But Madame --

Desmond---To hasten this reforming of the world
To make men chaste and [illegible]
Pure and -

S.----Juan! hither! the door!
Madame did mistake her way.
These are but Chili's humble offices of Trade and Schools
And not, dear Madame, the Kingdoms of
Almight God. (She is led out)

S.-----Perdition--the day half spent
'Tis three and hither comes the Board of Trade
To ask some hundred millions for damming waters
No argument! 'Tis useless! I'll say No!
(Enter members of the Board of Trade)
Gentlemen be seated I have read your
Plea--'tis smartly done--and specious

41-6-340

I presume that dams to hold the great Spring floods
Till Autumn's heat, would flower the desert
and power all our factories.
Doubtless, too, we could spend millions for new schools
And pile some millions on those millions for social reform--
'Tis a full fascinating program. Only gentlemen
Who'll pay the bill? Will you invest your private means
And get this fabled cent pro cent? No.
Will the State? Not while I control!
We need--I say it privately--two hundred round millions now-
-today!
To defend the very land that you would sow and weave
And till that land is ours, unthreatened by a foe-
Gentlemen, we'll let this dramming wait.
I am sorry--pained--I cannot argue--
I bid you all --good day--(Exeunt)
Argentine--Equador- Venezuela, Brazil--of a full
Quarter of the world--Dictator!

(Curtain)

SCENE II

(Country home of Senora Mendoza, near Mendoza, Argentine.
Enter the Black Councillor and Senor Gonzales)

Mendoza-----Welcome good father, and Your Excellency!
Full sensible am I of this rare honor
Be more than my mere guests, albeit
This old rambling place is bare and barnlike
Be at home and cheery, while we ponder
The great cause we love. Look aloft!

41-6-341

M.-- --Beyond those silver heights
Lies Chile
On this slope and on that shelf
Out worn and out worked mines of misery
Along those heights
Lays the bald region in dispute 'twixt two great lands
A Worthless Waste. Yonder was once a mighty Convent
Where two centuries since, a holy woman labored for the wretched in the mines
Andyonder where afar you may glimpse
A beetling crag, hung a house of brothers of St. Francis
Where long an aged Bishop of Conseption did tell his beads and pray and work
For the souls of the wretched
Aye, and in the tale lies ancient romance too!
They tell us how at the same great dawning of the day
Two cowled and shadowy forms on yonder drag and this
Did always bow and strive for their two souls'
Redemption--and in such sweet and far communion of twin spirits
Found blessed and eternal bliss. (Brews coffee and sets a little table)
But enough---draw to, Your Excellency will have it black or creamed?
Ah good--the Master has his ever black and strong
Now good senors how goes the play?
G.------But lamely. A sudden change doth subtly sweep

41-6-342

Over Chili It speaks not yet aloud
And I have rather felt than heard it until today.
Tales have been writ and letters; appropriations
Stopped and changed--fortresses looked over
And reviews of soldiers held; and now comes sudden news
Of a secret embassy hither come
To treat with us today (reading)
"On Chilian territory claimed by Argentine at the
Pune de Alacama."

Mendoza------When come they?

G.-----They are already near
They started this morning.
With them is the unscrupulous Guzman
And at their head a young new man, but gifted, fiery,
set on visions vast;
Don Juan Saveda, wild for War.

Mendoza----Saveda? 'tis an old and honored name--ah this
Is heavy fate. What shall we do--the time is short
Yet the gathered hosts of Peace must meet and per-
suade them.

G.-- ------I fear it is impossible--Their very presence is a
secret of the state.

M.---What, are we helpless?

G.---Even so.

Black Counsellor--Not quite,
I come with mandate of President Roca himself
To meet and welcome this embassy
Here at Mendoza.

41-6-343

Black Councillor ---Their train will stop at noon
There will be ceremonies
And then----dinner.

Mendoza----Ah, and how appropriate--here at your own home
Say no word. The house is yours today, and Senora
If in masque and spectacle I do all unwittingly,
Set forth the horror of war to charm your guests
Shall the state secrets suffer?

C.----I--hardly--No, no.

M.----'Tis so slight a thing--tis hardly worth the work--yet all things tell(writes)
Donna Inez Mendoza--No, No--Secretary Milo Gonzalez and His Emminence--

B. C.---No--not my name

M.-----As you will--
Begs the honor of the presence of Don Juan Saveda
At dinner--the date---then--two more
Let's see Pedro De Guzman and Luis Sanchez--there
Oh yes and their assistants, three more--that will make six.
And now five hours to enthrone the Prince of Peace
Gentlemen---'tis rude--but be at home
I fly--

Black Councillor----We must not linger either--we are sore oppressed
With duties--we'll deliver, my good daughter
These behests and greet thy hospitality again--
at eight.

41-6-344

M.--Till then a good and worthy day

Father---your blessing.

G.---Madame, I saluteyour hand. (Exeunt G.G. and M. and G.)

SCENE III

(On the private train of the Chilean Embassy, Saveda, De-

Guzmans and Sanchez, Sanchez is asleep.

Sa---Why are we stopping?

We should be hastening

To Buenos Ayres

There'll be more despatches and report there

And too--I am worried

I am not so sure!

De Guzman----What, Not weakening

Wait! Letme see (exit)

De.Guzman--(returning) We're held up for the night

On pleaof courtesy.

But here are despatches

S.----Good--but why wait here?

D.---No hurry--no hurry

All is grist to our mill

My agents are keen

We are held here on pl a of official welcome

But in truth

A group of pacifists plan to work

On our sympathies

S. --Who are they?

41-6-345

De G.---Most prominent a certain Senora Mendoza
Rich, handsome and of ancient
And pure Castilian blood, daughter of Grandees of Spain
Her father Argentine
And she owns the lamis
About the city
She is a faddist, unmarried and unsexed
Giving uphusband children, ease, society
To ramble and preach
Her familiar is an old black man
Some left hand spawn of
Negro slaves--
Y t but a man of brains
Withal and uncanny power
High in the councils of the State
But holding no office
Known to the Chancellors ofall Europe
and members of the Vatican

S.---Is he here?

De Guzman---Heis
It shows how deep a plot this is
For here is a dangerous and wily opponent
Of vast learning and influence
The common herd would have it
That he heals by touch
Holds intercourse with Hell
And foresees the future.

41-6-346

S. Ha! Ha! and yet, may not these persons be sincere?

De. Gusman---Their plot is clear

To cajole us with courtesies

Soften our demands

And blind our eyes.

D.---Good, So well, Blithely let us enter the trap

But go you and do the honors

Say I am ill---

Held by affairs of State,

Indeed I must go at once and

Decipher this latest word

From England proposing arbitration,

We cannot ignore that.

De Gusman---Her old game

Of running the world,

We'll make it ours.

Let her delay and complicate matters

Prolong the argument

While our armies train and gather

For which very reason you must take some part in the

Ceremony of welcome.

S.---No-No---I am half Indian

Sprung from the soil

I am blunt and forthright

I have no social graces

Not chit-chat

I do not know the latest

41-6-347

S.--Gossip from Madrid

I cannot dawdle with a tea cup
Now you, Deguzman
Were born a courtisan
Used to salons and skilled
In repartee
I blurt the truth
When truth is least desired
You coin a phrase
When phrases as vs for food
And nourish idiots.

De Guzman---Very well--
But you must come to dinner--late as youwill
And mind you
Don your lordliest uniform
That colonelcy of the Guard

S.---Nonsense----

De Guzman---But yes-- It is--expected
And--significant

S. ---Very well, I'll come late
But I hate it
I'll drop in for a formal word
--Brief, cold, hard.
I must be uncompromising
They shall not melt me with wine
--But you, De Guzman, do

41-6-348

S.--The finery, and bowing
For deep in my heart
I am not at ease
I do not love war

De Guzman----Who does? Remember the uniform.

SCENE III

(At the Mendoza house, in the salon. The Black Councilor, Gonsales, De Guzman, Sanches and other meet mingle. The dining room is seen beyond!

De Guzman---Madame, the Secretary Savedra regrets his lateness soon: Sorely, he'll come as soon as grave affairs of State permit.

Mendoza---Ah! my regret
Is deep, I did especially expect Senor Savedra early, but
Be seated gentlemen, dinner shall wait, Indeed I have arranged a little
Masque of Peace to while the time until dinner-
You know my hobby, senors
To which I beg your eyes and ears and happily, your hearts.
Sit here, and here, and here. The ladies will attend you
While by your leave I go to guide the show.

(A series of living pictures appear. In the dining-room door Donna Mendoza's voice is heard explaining)

41-6-349

First: Behold a battle ship--tis built of twenty thousand
School houses that used to dot the hills around
It's every gun at every shot doth shoot ten thousand
loaves of bread
Past twice a million unfed babes
And drives them from the school house to the shops
Scrambling for crumbs.

SECOND: Behold how this black powdered bread of battle
Scattered far and wide on land and sea
Explodes the primal passions of the race:
Out from the blaze of battle steps
The Thief, the Prostitute, the gilded Murderer
And all the hellish hords of war.

Third: The conquered die, the camp-fires flash and fade
But to the hungry unschooled children
Fall all their legacies of Hate and Crime
And pitiless Poverty.

Fourth: The marshal music swells and rings
O'er the victorious hosts as they move flashing by
But after them all silently march
The other Army.

(An army of widows, orphans, sick maimed, criminals, beggars and prostitutes and crippled horses file by. Enter Savedra, unnoticed, in full military uniform)

Savedra--(aside) What is this mummery?

De Guzman---Ha! Ha! This Mendoza woman as you know--

41-6-350

De G.---Madame the President of United Women's Clubs of Argentine"--

With her dolls to guide Argentine and Chili
Wide from the truth, Ha! Ha!-

M.---------Fifth and last, O Masters of the State
I, Princess of the Dead,
The dark and murdered Warriors
Of Indian Araucania
Present my bill to Civilization:
Four hundred years of systematic Murder
Men call War have raped my State
And here is the result:

(Donna Mendosa suddenly appears in the dining-room door as an Indian Princess while behind her ragge row on row of bleached skeletons.)

Savedra ---(starting forward and calling) Ximena!

M.---------Francesco--Ah! (She faints)

Footman---Madame is served.

A Lady----This way gentlemen
The dining-room dinner is served
The Donna Inez is slightly indisposed and
Asks us not to wait.

De Guzman--Nothing serious I do sincerely hope?

A Lady-----O, no-nothing-this way.

De G-------(aside) Savedra what ails you? Where is your nerve?

S.---------Nothing, nothing I am overwrought
Go leave me--I'll slip out again, no-
Go—

LL-9-17

De G.---Hearken! Chili needs men, not nerves. Dont weaken here of all places!

S.--Go- Go! (exit De Guzman to the dining-room) What vision was that--what memory?

(stands musing. Enter Donna M. hurriedly, from the front. She encounters Savedra seeking to withdraw

M.---Sir--Pray return! I am most deeply shamed
By my silly collapse -
I cannot think--(They come into the light. She sees his face and starts back)
Francesco---(She passes bewildered)
What is this, then? I know you not, and yet-
And yet you are so strange familiar to my heart,
As though a hundred and hundred ancient years agone
My soul and yours had met. (He gazes at her, fascinated)
Savedra--Ximena--Ximena--somewhere I remember you
In the first and wo drous bursting of your girlhood
Ah you were splendid as the Night
Soft was the brown and velvetof your skin
And your long mid-night locks--
But some how-how? Did I not wrong you then?

M.--------No, Francesco And I was ever fair-
But-but color is so slight a thing.
My dearest friend is black
You never wronged me, dear-
I remember you, golden priest of God
When your white face did quiver in its wrath
And underneath the golden cross of Christ
Did chide me for some sin-some little sin, what was it?

41-6-78

Savedra--No, No Ximena, I am neither priest nor goldess-
I am brown and Indian,
And you I never chided--I could not
For I loved you then as now
With all the mounting madness, whirling maze and
festered fury
Of double and redoubled floods of endless years!

M.---Francesco!

S.--Ximena!

M.--Hosanna as come from out the dim made music
Of some soft Cathedral's gloom
Up from the shadow of a vast despair
Your soul did shriek to mine-"Redeemed"!
My Saviour's was the voice--the face was yours,
Francesco!

Savedra--And I, too, did hear that cry
Across the mighty distance of a world-"Redeemed!"
It was the virgin mother of the Lord who spoke
Her face was yours, Ximena--

M.----O, we are mad-mad--
I care not if we are--to love is marvellous
Madness!

S.--And whether this came flooding at the sight,
Or was in heaven born a thousand years
Ago--this only now I know, I love you, O I love you--
And you, O Maiden glorious
I love you and I love you yet again!

Ladies--Donna Ines? Donna Ines?

M. -----Yes, yes--I- I come- Wait.

Savedra--Ines?

M.---Yes Ines Mendoza Gonzalez--Ximena is my middle name,--
Long since I droppedit. How did you know it?

S.--(starts) Mendoza--you, the Donna Mendoza, Madame the
President of--the Clubs?

M.--Yes-yes--and now to dinner--they wait--ah but your name
I know it not--not all?

S.--Juan Savedra--Juan Francesco Savedra. My middle name I
do not use. How did you happen to hear it?

M.--(starts) The secret emissary of war! (She turns away)

S.--Ximena--God--the vision of the Blessed,
Has it flown? Do you fly?

M.--I-I- sit- listen, - Senor Savedra--O let me speak!
You-you come---from Chili?

S.--Yes.

M.--On a great mission?

S.--Yes.

M.--You-you believe in---War?

S.--Sometimes--I must.

M.--And this mission--may mean war?

S.- I ought not say say--but-alas, it may.

M.--And there is cause?

S.--I fear there is

M.--What cause?

S.--The boundary between Chili and Argentine--the coast of
Peru and other matters farther afield.

41-6-80

M.--Do you think these claims of Chile just?

S.--Before my God I do.

M.--But tell me, are they worth--a War?

Savedra--Madame,--the interests of the State--(she rises)

M.--No, Francesco, tell me in very truth, before high Heaven,
By the great years my heart has wandered seeking yours
Why do you wish--War?

S.--Receive the truth!
I truly believe Chile in danger
I believe that with war led by courage
She may dominate South America for its safety and good
I believe that I have that courage
Moreover--I will be frank:
Without war my career is done,
With it I leap again to power and life
I may become, of Chile-president
Of Argentine, Conqueror, Of Brazil, King
I may ward the greedy fingers of the world
From off the Americas. I may make
Of many midgets one great world man
I may become
Of a full quarter of the world--
Dictator!

M.-----So this is your dream!

[redacted]

41-2-81

S--O 'tis a dream-an awful dream
It cannot half come true
I betray a trust when I reveal it
And yet Ximena who can know?
With me you might mount--
A throne! And there what could you not do
To raise the race of men?

M.--It is a vision wonderful
I understand it perfectly
I understand you, dear Man of my Heart
Meseems that in one short hour
I have looked at Heaven and Hell.
Francesco!
I have seen Kings and thrones
I want neither.
I have seen uniformd
Heard martial music
And the glorious tinsel of magnificent ~~trumpet and~~
Trumpet and ~~drums~~. tantare
And I have known the mud and blood of War
I think that war
Is the filthiest cruellest
Blindest madness of Mankind
I believe it is the suicide of culture
The end of civilization
The renunciation of the Faith.

41-6-82

M--- I do not believe that human uplift begins with blood
Rather with blood it send. The final cost of war is
Degradation, prostitution, poverty,
Ignorance, crime and disease..
There is no End, no Cause
No Ideal that is worth
Organized and nationwide murder of human kind
There is no patriotism that can ever rightly demand
Widows, orphans, cripples,
The deaf, the dumb, the blind,
Wherefore I am a child of Peru
Even before this sudden and miraculous
Gift of love such as I never knew before
Such as I never thought possible
Such as seems to stream down to me
From long centuries of longing and frustration--
Even before this, I will not swerve.
I am a child of Peace-
Andyou, Francesco, look to your Vision Splendid:
I love you--O I love you
Andyet I am not yours--
[illegible] quarter of the world
Youmay rule by murder, war and pestilence-
But this one woman's heart
Is ruled by Love and Peace alone
So must you choose, Francesco, and now.

41-6-17

Savedra--I have already chosen, even as I spoke.

M.--------And your word is?

(He throws off his cloak and hands her his sword)

S.----Ximena!

C.----Francesco!

(They embrace as the guests return from dinner. The guests start in surprise and then congratulate the two. Guzman stands gloomily apart but finally steps forward)

De G.---(aside to S.) Well, what?

S.------I have changed my mind

De.G.---You mean what mind you have
Has been changed for you.

S.-----Have a care, De Guzman,

De.G.--Go to hell, traitor(To Donna Inez)
Last and least, Donna Mendoza let
Me give you all my good wishes and my personal
Thanks, I am deeply your debtor, I was on the
edge of a great mistake
I had conceived that this young man, my distinguished
and triumphant friend
Senor Savedra, had within him the making
of a great statesman and leader,patriot and a master
Of nations, a ruler of the world's destines.
You have shown me, dear Madame my sad error
He is a romantic and half-baked Indian school boy
Destined in the fullness of time
To become a doddering old woman with a pet cat. He

41-6-84

DeG.--He fitted to grace your apron strings, Madame
And not to guide States and command armies,
He will do excellently well to philander with of nights,
To father a brood of squabbly parti-colored brats
Rock your cradles, hold your yarn and help with the dishes,
He can write and deliver your speeches and get out your
Invitations. I thank you Madam, from the bottom of my
Heart for this disillusion. Gladly I forgive you, for
I should never have forgiven myself if I had continued
Another single minute to mistake this jackass for a Lion.
(Exit De Guzman and the , except Savedra. He
and Donna Inez and the Old Councilor take leave of the
other guests. They sit down.)

M.--My Friends let us lay aside suspicions
Lay aside fear
And sitting side by side as friends,
Talk and think. You Francesco must
Summon from Chile hot adventurers and gamblers in men
But leaders--real leaders
Bring Diaz and Desmond
The engineers and social seers
Sit here with this our glorious new born and age-old love
Here with my oldest friend the Councillor
And let us plan a world.

O.Cl---And may I add a word?
War is the child of Fear
Raped savagely and ruthlessly
by Ambition

58-9-17

O. C. ---Think!What does Argentine need
But Justice and Peace for Work and Food
Knowledge and Shelter.
Why should honest intelligent men
Deliberately destroy all this
And kill each other for
Nothing, nothing, nothing--
Save fear and greed?

Savedra-----Thrice in a thousand years
God gave me love.
Once I killed it
Once I raped it
Once I sought to make it
Footstool and a throne
Then I awoke. Suddenly I awoke.
I rose from something worse than death
To somethi g more than life
I had been dead in sleep
Dreaming red nightmares,
Blood lust and abysmal terror
Tore within and fought me
For power, exaltation,
Life, dominion, glory,
Then came your eyes, Ximena
Peering from purple mists,
Then came your hands, your voice--

41-6-86

S.---Suddenly I saw me as I was--
A wild brute murdering his mate
A reverent priest despoiling a Virgin Mother of God
A cheap politician trading Death for Power
I lay stunned by the vision
I twisted, turned, moaned and suffered
Then---I awoke,
I am awake!
My God, if I have done what I have done
What may I yet not do
In blindness and ignorance.
I am awake
But I am scared
I am frightened of life
Life is a terrible enigma
I have lost my confident grip on Fate
I feel the irresistible weight of woe
I quail,
Help me!
Help me!
Only to the united
Doubled and redoubled
Infinite begotten and unending
Effort of friends--
Friends of each other, friends of Man
Will this warped world
And its cruel forces
Yield.

41-6-87

M.--Here then we stand united--
Wisdom, Love and Courage
We will found a Peace
Heard round the world
We will enthrone its Prince high on the Andes
We will proclaim through all the Americas
That here at least are lands
Too proud to fight

SCENE [illegible]

(Summer home of Senor Saavedra on the slopes of the Andes near Santiago. At the evening meal sit Francesco and Ximena and between them the Black Counsellor. At Ximena's side stands a cradle. The setting sun shines in)

X.----Father you have been gone so long
You do not know mayhap
That tomorrow we plan to place
A great white Christ upon the Andes
To celebrate this treaty of eternal Peace 'twixt Argentine and Chile
It's shadow shall sweep down
From wintry mountain unto Summer seas
Its voiceless voice shall thunder to the skies
Its pale and pierced hands all silently shall beckon to the world,
Its cross cry, Peace!
You will be here, O master, to see it dedicate!

41-6-88

Black Councillor --Living yet or dea , I shall be here, my
[illegible]

Gonzalez---And then thereafter,
Will you not ever stay, good Master?
Here is home--you shall be one with us
All that is ours is yours--we three,(Looks at the
cradle and smiles) we-four,
Together here we'll dream and do
To make this sad world glad-

BG C.--I thank thee with all depth of gratitude-
Thou art true and good
And if any place beneath the Sun,-
-Save one--I feign would linger
Here would it be, Francesco and Ximena
Within this mighty fortress of Thy Love
Which God forfend.
But I must go. The day of mine anointing
Draweth near. I go to die upon the Andes'
Topmost drags, where first I saw this land-

Saveda--Nay, father but you are still young with age
And now the heavy mantle of your burden
Gone, the cares of state and church laid by,
You should long live well and watch
The blossomed splendor of your days-

Black Councillor--I see them here--the fairest full
Fruition of my hope!
Nay, I see thee Death
O, I have sought thee all these endless years
Thro' war and pestilence and the mad misery of men

41-6-89

B.C.---Lo! now I sight afar the great WHITE Realm of Peace
The kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God
Whereof tomorrow's mighty festival is pledge and
forecaste
O that I may go--with all work done
That I may welcome Death
And the deep sleep of endless night
And yet--and yet I fear!
(Kisses the child and goes)

Navedra------How strange and true a man!

X? Gonzalez---- How noble and how might his mien!

S.-------- - Who is he, dear?

X C.--I know not--His name you know and yet who in very truth he is
No man knows--me seems as th' he always was and will be--
We call him Master, Father, Good.
Some say he was a great Physician once;
Others a Master of the Law; and others still
Tell tales of endless journeying to and fro
Amid the mighty of the earth--I know not
This alone I know:
He lifted me a waif fromout the dirt
And throned me, gave me deeds.
Let me love you and made me mother of this man
All that I am, I owe to him and though he live afar
Our love must watch and ward lest he at any hour,
Should feel the shadow of a want.

41-6-90

Savedra[illegible]on! and now dear love,
The duty calls--I go to keep the councils
Of the State. Wait not for me--it will be late
The night will be full bitter--yet
Heaven send a golden day tomorrow
To greet this festival of Peace.

X Gonzales---Farewell, President-to-Be,

S.---- - --Farewell, Plotter-of-all-Good,
Good night.

X S.----- -- -Good night. (Exit Francesco)

Tomorrow, to-morrow
O God send a glittering day
To make this great Peace Pageant of the Hills
A thing men shall not light forget,
Fit for the throning of the Christ of Peace
Upon the Andes.

SCENE XV

(Midnight Ximena awakens suddenly and sits up in bed)

X.-----The Master calls! Francesco! He is not yet returned.
I must go. The Master calls.

(She rises hastily. Throws a cloak about her and bends over the cradle. Softly she descends the stairs.)

Pedro---Madame--you go out? 'Tis a doubtful night
Black, dark and moonless
A night for robbers
And beasts and snakes
No Christian and no woman
Ventures forth on a night like this--

41-6-91

Pedro--And above Madame--dear mistress
In the crypt of rock where the new statue stands
Goblins used to lurk and they say
Near is a gate to Hell---

Ximena----Peace! The Master calls
A lantern, Pedro come and send Juan for a mule,
Maria--tell my husband I go to the Andes at the
Master's last behest. Let him follow after.
Forth Pedro--beshrew the night. What?
Do you shrink at darkness?
Come! Lead on!

SCENE V

(On the Andes)

Ximena-----Have you caught the mule? Bring him again.
And brace his bit.

Pedro--- Madame, in God's name have care
Something ill broods on this night
I feel a wild storm in my bone
See it lightens in a clear sky
Hark!--there rolls distant thunder
The mule is mad with fright--mount not again.

Gonzalez---Take him back--herak Juan, go with him
You are mad as he--come Pedro, on!

Pedro---O, Madame, my old legs do waver
I like not climbing the Andes at night
Paths waver--animals crawl
Ghosts flit about,

41-6-92

Pedro---I tell you, Madame,--Death is here
Let us wait--your husband will o'ertake us
Soon--

X---Good old Pedro--death is everywhere and so are ghosts
I must go, time thirsts, but you Pedro
Sit here in mid-path and guide my love--
I hasten on--

P-----But Madame--

X-----Silence--The master calls and I command
(Exit. She appears climbing and disappears. Pedro waits.
The winds moan. Enter Francesco hastily)

Savedra---Why went she forth in this still dark
Night with but two serving men
Great God--
Who's there? Ximena?

P---No 'tis I good master.

S.--Where's my wife?

P.--She's sent away the mule
And hurried on--my old legs staggered
And she made me sit and hasten your approach.

S.--What? You have let her forth alone
Upon the mountain's naked breast?
My God, old man--but no---
Out of my way--

X.---How bleak the night and cold--
There is a false stillness in the air
Like to a world a-waiting disaster.
Above, beyond this festival of Peace

41-6-93

X---Apprehension sits upon my heart
In a clar sky the stars
Glare dull and ominous
Filmed with mist.

S.---Where is my wife--my love?
Knows she this hidden treacherous path
To that lone but where to my own hand
Has hitherto always led her?
Ximena! Ximena!

(Far winds rise to a shriek and a black cloud hastens across the stars)

Dear God! should she but misstep and
Go astray before the bursting of this storm
Ximena! Ximena!

(He appears and disappears, crossing and recrossing. At last leans panting by a tree)

S.----Ah fool that I was to leave her thus
Uncounselled and alone-
With her wide woman's heart of duty and of Love,
So piteously open to a cry (Starting up)
Who is this old and nameless man
That dares to call a mother
Forth at midnight to dare the imps of hell
And watch him whimpering
To the grave?
Who is he?

46-9-17

S.--How can I know what sin
He plots against my love
Cursed the day I trusted him!
O Pity me high heaven in my grief
And bring me back my bride (A hut appears dimly lighted)
Ha! At last, the hut
The wanton winds wail about it
A great rain drop falls---
Yet will I win unto it
If I do murder Death itself--
(Reaches the door and falls panting)
Ah!

S.--(calling)----Ximena? Are you there?
(Draws his pistol) Open, or by Christ the King--
(The door flies back. A white and empty bed is seen with burning tapers. At head and foot are dim shadows of tall dark silent forms. Low at the bedside bows Ximena. The wind drops suddenly and the storm ceases.

Ximena----Francesco!

Savedra--Simena!

X.--Death is dead--we'll life forever.

S.--Where lies the master?

X.--He is not here--He is risen!

S.--Who was--this Man?

X.--(dreamily)-His name shall be called--

11-6-95

(Voice of the First Figure which sounds like the great voice of the kneeling peons massed without and behind the hut)

--Wonderful

Voice of second figure--Councillor

" " First figure---The Might God.

Ximena----The Everlasting Father!

(The back of the hut falls away revealing the Old Man cross in Hand on a great pedestal--The Christ of theAndes. He appears like dark mahogany and living flesh, tremulous with life. His lips move-- his eyes are on the stars.

Savedra---And the Prince of Peace!

(The sun rises. Far down the mountain side, in the calm peace of a beautiful morning following a storm, rise faintly the voices of thousands of children)

Children---Joy to the World

The Lord is come

Let Earth receive her King

Let every heart prepare him room

And heaven and nature sing

(Suddenly on the mountain top and across the smites a crash of thunder. The silver Andes glow and blacken. The winds howl, the lightenings flash and sheets of rain sweep over the mountain top leaving the lower slopes clear and beautiful. Above snows swirl, crags bend and crash and the Fiends of war rage between

41-6-96

between Heaven and earth. The statue of the Christ becomes dead, swathed in dull mist and on the erstwhile empty bed lies the shriveled figure of a black man. He struggles up)

L.---Father--you have returned to us--lie still! You must not go! You can do nothing in the storm of the world.

B.C.------To do what I cannot is my eternal task

(He rises and peers north, muttering)

and Hate-

Defence and Empire,

Freedom, Revolution and Gods!

The World goes stark mad again.

Dear God, I cannot die!

World war, world war comes and comes again and

Again I wander for twice an hundred years

Francesco an Ximena----Farewell

(Out of the North and West falls flame. Within the flame are heard prayers and shrieks and curses of utter pain. Dull red eyes and bloody legs and hands float by. On either side roll hills and mountains of smoke concealing crag and peaceful, and heaven and earth. Eastward plunges Francesco toward the Atlantic)

Francesco---Ximena! Ximena!

(Westward plunges Ximena, toward the Pacific.)

Ximena----Francesco---Francesco!

(The smoke swallows them both. Their voices float back)

J1-697

Ximena---Francesco!

Francesco---Ximena!

(The B. C. walks straight into the face of the flame. The flame engulfs him; he shrivels and expands. He looms to gigantic size. His vast voice outshrieks the winds and thunders)

B. C.----Hither, ye Hounds of Hell! (The flame swallows him)

Voice of B. C.------Hither! he Hounds of Hell!

(The great guns bark and the storms sweeps frantically into the North, and the sky, white on the Andes, the sun shines again, the rythm of the parting storms changes and deepest rolls out the melting "Joy of the World". The voices of children drift faintly through--)

"He rules the world with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
AAnd makes the Nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

(The procession of children and proms, women and officials reach the top. All is peace and sunshine with no sign of storm. Above the great statue looms, but swathed now in cloth instead of mist. Francesco and Ximena appear wearily on either edge of the crowd, dishevoled and weary. The crowd whispers and stares. Cloaks are thrown about their shoulders, and trappings of celebration and festival, but they say nothing. They stare at the unveiled statue, clamping each others hands. Prelates, priests, nuns and choir boys approach and sing

41-6-98

No more let sun and Sorrow grow
Nor thorns infest the ground
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the Curse is found.

(Silently the Archbishop puts the Cord and says)

Archbishop---Sooner shall yon mountains crumble into dust
Than shall fair Chile and Great Argentine
Break the white Peace that thus they Swear
At the feet of Christ the Lord.

(The Christ looms. But he is no longer dark and living flesh. He is white and cold, thin lipped and vacant eyed. He gleams in the morning sun.)

(Curtain)

41-6-99

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

****

ACT I; WAR.

Time, 1525-1550. Place, Peru and Chili.

Dramatis Personae: (See Note p. 65)

Atualpa } Claimants to the throne of Peru.
Huascar }

* The Old Man

Don Pedro Tafur

Francisco Pizarro

* Francesco de Saavedra

King Charles the Fifth

Las Casas

* Ximene, Princess of the Auraucanians.

Adventurers, Warriors, Courtiers, etc.

SCENE I. The Strife of Atualpa and Huascar, sons of Huayna Capac, Inca of Peru.

Place, Peru, with a vision of Toledo, Spain.

(On mountains facing the sea a swarm of Indians appear in deadly combat. Enter Atualpa and Huascar, fighting.)

Huascar-- Cursed be thy soul, thou hound of hell,
The Earth- fiend drink thy bitter blood!
Thou liar!

Atualpa-- The Sun Divine burn out thy heart
And sear thy shameless carcass--
Coward!

1st Warrior-- Unhand me! By the lips of God--

2nd Warrioir-- Down, down till thy red soul--

1st. W--- Ah! (Dies)

3rd W--- Meet with thy murderer's and throttle out

its life!

2nd W.--(gasping in death) O little babe of mine! O--

4th W.-- Let me to him-- clear the way!
His foul black blood I'll drink this day
Or die!

3rd W.-- Die then-- let howling dogs devour
Thy livid flesh!

5th W.-- Eat! Dog!

3rd W.-- (falls writhing) Let me die-- God, hold me not here
In hell-- let me die-- let me die!

Huascar-- Hear me, great God of Day!
I'll have this devil's life
Before thy gold doth hiss
Into the sea!
Out, vermin! (kills 5th Warrior)

Atualpa-- Soul of my sire's soul
Give me this traitor's death
And I will make twin temples
Blaze unto the Sun!
Die, slave! (kill 6th Warrior)

(They face)

A-- I thank thee, Sun of God!

H-- Praise to the Soul of the Sun! (They fight)

(Enter an Old Man; his face is brown, his hair long and snow-white; his eyes are deep and cavernous, and his face shows endless age)

Old Man-- Hold!

A.& H.-- Back, fool!

O. M.-- Behold!

(The Old Man points; far down upon the sand beside the sea appear a grpup of men; they, evidently strangers and the Indians

cease fighting and gaze at them;as the Old Man points the group appears more and more distinct until at last their voices are clearly heard)

Tafur--'Tis madness! The heavy heat
Of all this sun-cursed land
Hath melted down thy brains!
The fever burns in thy mad blood,
Pizarro! Away, we go-- all they that come
Abroad!

Pizarro-- Go!
Low lies this line
On yellow sun-kissed sand
And here stand I,Pizarro!
Who crosses to my sword?

Ist & 2nd Adventurers-- I; I!

3rd Adventurer-- I

4th " -- I

Pizarro-- Ponder well, ponder well!
Let no coward come!
Senors,this line doth signify
All labor, hunger,thirst and wounds,
Sickness and the whole brood of dangers
That must be in this wild war of men,
Even to Death's self!
Let those who dare then cross the line,
And all who hesitate hasten to Panama!
For me and mine, I trust
The good God and the King!
Who comes?

Adventurers-- I, I,I, I, I,
I, I,

I, and I.

Tafur-- Fools and madmen--
Linger then and rot in this hot haunted land!
Sailors, ahoy! Hoist sail, up anchor--
Once more -- ye come or stay?

All-- We stay!!

Tafur-- Farewell, forever! (Exeunt Tafur & followers)

Pizarro-- Let the cowards scamper to their toast and milk!
Look upward where the gleaming silver of that awful peak
Doth rend the riven sky:
See where beyond, the mist clad mountains
Roll and billow to the south!
Mark! Where the great hot seas
Do boil and riot at the feet
Of forests black and mad
With beast and giant tree--
See ye this, comrades?
I tell ~~thee~~ ye yonder lieth
El Dorado, land of living gold!
The haunt of handsome women,
The Vales of life eternal,
And unquenched joys!
Forward!.We'll sieze the land
Or bathe it in our hearts's
Hot blood!

(Meantime the Old Man slowly leaving the watching Indians above silently approaches the band of Spaniards)

Ist Adventurer-- Hist! What cometh here?

2nd A.-- I sore mislike his whitened blackness.

41-6-502

3rd Adventurer-- Beware! His eyes doe flame with some unearthly glow.

4th " -- He glides too spirit-like along-

5th " -- Thrust thy good sword between his ribs
And see if honest blood doth lurk therein.

Pizarro-- Nay-- Wait-
Ho! stranger, stand!

Old Man-- I come in Peace.

P.-- -- Ha! And speakest too the King's fair tongue- 'tis well:
Whence cometh thou and whither?

O. M. -- I come o'er endless ways
And paths that wind this great world through
I go to hidden thrones
And hearts that yearn for Peace --

P. --- Knowest thou, Peru ?

O. M.-- Aye, well I know it;

P.--- And the Land?

O. M. -- Is sweet and fair ~~fair~~ as was that ancient Vale
Of Paradise, wherein man sinned.

P -- And rich?

Old Man-- And rich in human love and longing
In laughter, joy and song!

P. -- And Gold?

O. M. -- Aye, in pain and gold and sorrow
And the blood guiltiness of strife.

P -- Ha! They fight?

O. M--They fight as whirling wolves
That gnaw and tear
The hungry night.

P --Good-- Good- hearest thou that comrades
Comrades?- They'll fight themselves to death
And then their gold, their women and their land

41-6-502

Lie naked to our grasp
Mark ye Old Man- if thou
Wilt lead us to this land
We'll make thee one
With us- thou'lt be
As rich and drunk
As any Lord of lordly Spanish Ind
Come- on!- the time
Doth wink and beckon.

O. M.-- Aye, good my lords and gentlemen;
And the great land that sleeps
Beyond the frowning ramparts
Of yon hills doth frown and beckon too
But hold: how come ye there ?
Come ye heart, hand and life-ful
Of the things they need?
Canning thou art in skill and knowledge.
And the high wisdom of thy Gods
They need you- these simple striving souls
Who through the darkness if th' uncounted ages
Have blazed their way alone
To work, and weal and God.
Stretch forth thy hand and help them
Bring them thy knowledge of great God and Peace.

1st Adventurer-- Peace- ha! ha!
They'll get a piece of good Toledo blade.

2nd A. -- Their knowledge of good gold will serve them best.

3rd. A. -- And to our God we'll swift
Baptize them in red blood
The day they thwart our will!

J1-6-504

Pizarro-- Enough of this chatter-- Old Man-
Beshrew thy babble-
Lead us thou wilt and must
And if thou vearest one hair's breadth
From the straight road to rich Peru
I'll bore thine eyes out with hot irons,
Disbowel thee and drag thy limbs insunder.

Old Man-- Beware, Pizarro, I can forsee thine end.

P. -- Ha! Thou knowest me by name ?
Who art thou, then?
Some damned black creeping spy?
Ah, mayhap thou art
Some fortune telling seer
In whose black eyes the Future beameth white-
Art thou a seer,' Answer, or By Christ-

O. M.-- Seer am I none
And yet I see.

P. -- Good- soothsay then- Here's gold.

O. M.-- I see a goodly land ~~where temples~~
Where temples blaze with gold-

P.--- Hearest thou-hearest thou, comrade?

O.M.--There streams run red with blood
And jewelled mountains groan in anguish-

P. -- Jewelled? Didst mark?

O. M.-And people writhe and die;
Where over all sits Spain's Adelantado-

P--- Who- Who shall he be?

O. M. -- Captain- General—

P. -- Quick, the name

O. M. -- The marquis-

P.-- Ho!

O. M. -- Don Francisco de Pizarro.

41-9-505

Pizarro-- Praise to San Diego and the Virgin Queen of God!
Old Death's head, here is gold, I'll-

Old Man-- But —

P. -- But?

O. M. -- His face is old.

P. -- Old? I? old? I am but-

O. M.-- His body sick and seared with awful pain.

P. -- Pain?- sick?

O. M-His hands are black and red.

P. -- With good spilled blood, in noble battle let,-

O. M.-- With old Amalgro's soul

P. -- Thou liest, thou-

O. M. -- His lips do twich and giboer-

P. ---- By God, old man, now goest thou too far.

O. M.-- He grovels to the ground and dies in one wild gasp,
Beneath his comrades angry swords!

All-- Kill him-- slay the black blaspheming Jew-
Kill him- where is he?

1st Adventurer-- There he goes.

2nd " -- Here he skulks.

3rd " -- Yonder he flies.

1st " He's gone -- He's gone

2nd " -- What was this thing?

3rd. " -- 'Twas fever-brewed, a vision foul of hell.

1st " -- 'Twas some false masquerading priest or spy!

2nd A --- Let's search-

P. ----- Search nothing —
Out with these Indian lies.
And once we meet him again
God save his soul; but now
Let the snake writhe on

41-6-506

Pizarro- We've work to do
The Andes beckon
We'll view this hidden land
Abd lay it at the feet of our
Of our puissant lord king, Charles, of all the Spains and
Germanies,
Of ~~our~~ Burgundy and Italy
The Indies and the world-
All-- Away- on -away.

(The picture fades; a ship is seen ~~appears~~ plowing the seas. The Indians gaze in fascinated amazement. Fma away land appears. Then the gardens of Toledp, Spain, before the royal palace. Ladies & Courtiers stand about; A young noble walks excitedly up and down as Pizarro approaches from afar.)

Francesco de Saaveedra-- 'Tis like some witch tale
Some fairy weaving of dead dream!
He's here, Pizarro!
His eyes have seen the ~~Mystic~~ Wonder- land
His feet have trod ~~the~~ great
El Dorado
My blood doth boil to go
And go I will
Out to the great Witch World
Of War and Love —
And Love and War.
The Jew, where is the Jew?
I'd pawn my life
To raise a company. (Exit)

The picture grows larger & clearer until it becomes a real scene.

(Enter Pizarro and his men)

Ist Courtier-- 'Tis he the tall one.
~~2nd~~ Lady -- Ill favored knave
2nd Courtier --p Baked and leathery, and hard as heartless flint.

41-9-507

Ist Courtier--How doth the king reward him?

All-- Long live the King(Enter King Charles V, Las Casas, ~~courtiers~~ and retinue)

King-- God's greeting, my lords
We hasten on to Italy,
Yet must needs pause a breath
To greet our good Pizarro here
New come from far off India:
Pizarro, welcome to Spain!
And if thou hast a prayer,
we'll hear it?

Pizarro-- Sire, mine eyes have seen
A goodly land-
A land wherewith
The kingdoms of this earth
Do pale- I'd bring it to thy feet
O King
Had I thy royal mandate:

King-- What land is this?

P. -- Peru- picture
The wide and Peaceful Ocean,
Stretched like a living emerald
Between the soft sierras and the sun:
Yonder sweeps the great Unknown,
But here the land doth hurl itself
In panting throes of cliff and crag,
Till far aloft the gnarled and blazing silver
Of its peaks do cut and grip
the sky.
Below twixt sun and sea
Stretch rolling hills and vales

41-6-508.

Of beauty such as mortal man
Hath never seen
Since the vast vengeance
Of God's blazing sword
Swung before Paradise
Gold is as grass
Great golden temples
Lift their lofty heads in air
On golden plate
The king and all his court
Do dine
In gold and jewells
Women walk the gilded streets
And all the rivers pour
Their golden flood
Down the Golden Sea!

King--Pizarro, thou ravest-
And yet my blood hastens
At thy words- Ah! were I not a King
A King, and but a goodly, free, and Spanish gentleman
How soothly would I foot
The Waves away to yonder fairy-land!

Pizarro-- Pardon, my Liege,
But were I King
How quickly would I send thee
Right good conduct and a seal,
And all the drippings of my royal purse
To harness out thy company.

King-- Ha! Ha! Out-spoken like a soldier!
To thy knees:
My sword-

41-6-89

Arise Marquis Don Francisco de Pizarro,
My royal Captain-General
And Adelantado of Peru.
The purse, my good queen mother
Shall insure and draw thy contract too
For soothly need we gold, in haste and plenty.

Pizarro-- Have no fear, your Majesty,
Thou shalt have gold in store unheard of.

Las Casas-- My Lord the King ?

King-- Ah, the good Bishop of Chiapa-

L. C.-- Humbly I crave
That in this contract drawn
My poor dark Indian children
Be not all forgot
Or sold for gold.

King-- Mine own far reaching dread command
Hath long ere now gone forth
And that thou knowest well, Las Casas.

L. C.-- True, O King, and good;
Yet cries do come across the sea
And the sick tale of blood;
E'en now my moorish brother here
Hath just received a letter
Signed and sealed
With nameless deeds therein.

King.--How now, old Gonzalez, stand forth.

(Again the vision of the Old Man fades from the Indians side, and reappears in Spain draped in a Jewish gabardine)

P. -- (aside) Ha! By God- that black and bold tongued spy.

1st Adventurer-- (aside) How came he here?

Recognizing him as the Old Man of Peru

41-6-510

2nd Adventurer-- 'Tis the witcherings of the devil's self.

3rd " -- Who is he ?

Old Man-- Thy servant, O King.

King-- Speak Old Gonsalez, thy gold is thy good passport.

1st Courtier-- (aside) He's a banker- Jew or Moor or some such carrion.

Pizarro-- But why went he to Peru?

1st Courtier-- He's never been there that I know.

O. M. -- Decrees indeed have gone, and great commands your Majesty has thundered forth
But do thy Captains there obey?
Have governors respect to thine all royal will?
Do thy red children thrive?
Ah! I have here a tale to melt the hardest gold in all Peru.

P. --- Dare this plaspheming Jew accuse a Christian soldier, Sire?

3rd Courtier-- My liege - the carriage.—

King-- I come- Peace. I'll send a new protector to the West.

P.-- Your Majesty- I beg for one indeed: My comrade Luque, a blameless man, will watch these Indians fervently.

K.-- Good- Let Luque be the new Indian protector
And now farewell- See that thy gold come
Quickly for the Turk doth hammer hard,
The Frenchman bursts with pride
And all Germanies are mad- stark mad!- adieu!

(Exit King, greeting the entering Francesco; Exeunt Courtiers and retinue, save Gonsalez)

Francesco-- Pizarro, I would join thee-

P.-- Watch well that Jew- his life is forfeit-

F.--- He is a banker, yet the death's head
Hath refused me funds to raise my company.

P.-- Who art thou?

Francesco-- Francesco de Saavedra, a count of old and noble
birth, yet poor.

Pizarro-- Good- Don Francesco , kill me that Jew and
And bring
busy his spoil to blossom in Peru.

(All go out save Francesco and Gonzalez)

F.-- Tis murder, but by Heaven it must be done,
done. For go I will to this great
Promised Land - Ha!

(Starts to go and spies the Old Man in the shadows)

Old Man.-- Wilt thou Gold or Blood or both?

F.-- First, gold- what is this gilded and bejewelled thing
that clasps thy neck.(Siezes the picture rudely)

O. M.-- Tis a woman's face- look not upon it twice-

F.-- Mother of God- how fair a face
And form that mocks the Zephyr's gentlest curvings
See the long litheness of her limbs,
And whose her breasts do bubble 'neath
The dark full sweeping of her supple neck
God! What bursting lips to kiss, what velvet eyes
to gaze in!
What mazy midnight mass of hair
For two to nest in.
Who is she- tell me- I will know
Or else-

O. M.-- Put up thy sword-
Thy fate is written
Petulant boy!
Go- take the jewelled gold
That wreathes this woman's face
And journey to Peru.

F.-- Who is she, I say?

41-6-512

Old Man-- Ximene, Araucanian princess of the land
That lies beyond Peru in snow girt
Chili.

Francesco-- Ximene!
Echo- Francesco

F. -- Hark- Heardest thou that
I'll have her though I wade
The fires of hell
And naked walk thro' frozen seas.
I'll snatch her from the throne of God himself
I'll have her-

Old Man-- Go! rash reveller
But if thou harm a hair
Of that young head
Thy soul shall burn for twice
Two hundred years
In hell.

F. -- Hush- Die fool, thy life is forfeit to Pizarro.
(He runs the old man through. The picture begins to fade)
And now Hail
Hail Love and War
Ximene!
Echo- Francesco.

(Spain fades away in the echo of Francesco's voice and the Old Man appears again amid the wondering Indians. Enter Ximene with attendants) Scene IV

Echo-Ximene

Ximene-- Francesco
Whence leaps this strange new name
So coldly to my lips- and that
pale bloodless face I seem to see afar,-
So sharp and queer- I hate it

41-6-513

The Christ of the Andes

Two scenes from a drama which ~~another~~ one received highest mention in a recent competition for a $1000 prize; the prize was not awarded to either.

Recently Our Dumb Animals offered a prize of $1000 for a drama. ~~Two plays received highest mention~~ The prize was not awarded, but two plays received highest mention ~~one was selected for the~~ Below are two scenes from one.

Yet how lithe and strong he looked
How wilful!
The Gods of the Moluchi grant
I see him never more!

Atualpa- Greetings, O Daughter of the Moon-
Father what means this vision?

Huascar- Who are these bloodless ghosts?

Old Man- They are devils that come from nether hell
To torture them that torture their own selves
Cease war and murder of thy kin
Face these fierce foes
With grim and undivided strength
And thy great sinewed arms
Shall squeeze from out their greed
The secret of the splendor thou hast viewed.

A. These have I ever said
And say again, but this base brawler here-

H. Peace is my dearest dream, but peace with Honor and
This base liar here —

Messenger- Ho! have care — look yonder
There cometh up the mountain paths
A mighty cloud of men
Pale as the dead they are, and bloodless
Their limbs be clad in glittering silver,
Long iron clubs lay lightly in their hands
They sit astride great prancing beasts!
Away! They come!
And murder sits upon their
Their sharpened cruel faces!

A. Ho! Save the princess
Away with her to Araucania

She who hath plead so vainly
With this stark mad usurper, for my throne.

Huascar— Ho! save the princess
Away with her to Chili
She who sacredly refuses to supplant
A royal sister!

Atualpa— What! And will thy lips profane
The King(s betrothed?

H. — Thou art no King—thou art no man
Thou art a dog that vomits forth
Thy rage

(Enter Spaniards)

A. — Ho! thou white and gleaming host
Help me to kill this false and
Lying thing that dares blaspheme an Inca of Peru !

Pizarro — Right graciously O King!

(The old man leads the princess away. As she turns she sees Francesco and he spies her)

Francesco — Ximene!

Ximene — Francesco!

(He rushes madly forward, but the whirl of renewed battle bears him back. She disappears)

Scene V

(Scene: A crag surmounted by a fortified Indian palace closely guarded by silent warriors. The princess enters and sadly looks into the Valley and Sea.)

X. — There sits an awful silence
On the Sea, and o'er the mighty mountains
The hushed air doth creep with weak
And trembling footsteps.
The rivers smell of blood

And yonder carrion condor
Drunk on human hearts
Shrieks and wheels upward and homeward
To his babes. O fated land!
O vale of Death, O Mother of red murder
[redacted]—hark!
What roars from out the glen?
With human accents? My God! they come
The blasphemy of cursing
Cuts the air,
The muttered mouthings
Of their barrelled thunder knells
From out the dells and echoes and reechoes
On the vast
Andean shoulders of the hills
They come, ye gods, they come!
As sweeps the throttled
Bursting anger in the Desert's [redacted] breast
As swirls the maddened
Torrent of the [redacted]. Spring
Around that silvery gleaming central core,
Dark terrible the soldiering of my great father's realm
Do swarm and sting.
Fond Heaven! How they reel, their death cries
Shake the cliffs and send the eagles screaming
To the air.
Accursed be the sight—I will not see—
And yet I must since country, life and hope itself
Hang in the awful scale.
[redacted] How hateful, harsh, and hideous
Gleam the bloodless masks;

19

On that in-human post.

(A band of Spaniards headed by Francesco appears fighting)

See that great iron-nosed monster far ahead
Who plows with devilish skill
The heart blood of our men—Great Father!
Make me once a man—give me a spear—
Ah! That face—that fearful face!
That pale and bloodless face afar
So sharp and queer—I hate it
Yet how lithe and strong he looks
How wicked willful
He comes! Francesco!
His spear points toward my heart
His eyes do glisten as the serpents
Horrid gaze.

(The battle rages close to the [redacted] gates)

What Ho, Moluchi
Fend me—here, there, stand, fight
[redacted] princess calls—Father, Brother,
Cousin—
'Round me
On my dead souls
That monster dare not woo.

(A fierce and bitter struggle at the gates)

Hush.
Eyes see not!
Ears! hear not!
Heart, lift up thy prayer to God!
Spirit of Wonder
Daughter of Thunder
Fire that lurks in the cavern sea!'

41-6-517

Mist of the mountain
Song of the fountain
Mingle thy might to the guarding of me!
God of the Day
Lord of the Way
Fire that flames for the Child of the Sun
Conquer the Terrible
Vanquish the Horrible
Defy thy children, Adorable One!

(She rises from her knees and looks; the main battle has swept onward leaving but Francesco fighting his way to to Ximene)

What new and creeping silence is this now?
I hear the ring of silver—ringing, ringing, ringing!
Far off the echoes of the battle die,
As it sweeps past.
But here!—father of mercies—
Here! and alone!
All silent
Bloody, wounded—
Torn and terrible — comes—
Francesco!

Francesco-- Ximene!

(The princess' family attack him)

Ximene-- My older brother dies— his hands
Claw the red earth;
What eyes this white faced monster hath—
The head of my great cousin grins
A yard from his vast shoulders.
Oh the dread strength of that long slim white arm
How thrills and throbs his thin thrust
Through the air!

41-6-518

My little brother sinks and sighs as he did
Sigh in sleep. Oh, Oh,
What wondrous courage this white warrior hath!
My uncle yells his last great war-cry
To the hills.
Lo! the white spirit sways and falls
God pity him—no—no, yes, O fate, he dies!
Wonder! he staggers up again, his
Great green eyes on me.
What—love must nerve his iron will
On, on he reels.
My father cuts the silver from his head.
Ah! Ah! Soft-ly—ah soft-ly, Father—
Was that my father once—
That drabbled bloody thing that spurts its slime
On my cold breast?
The gates do yield!

(She steps within the palace doors)

He comes- nearer- nearer- near- here
Hear- Hark!

(She closes them)

Francesco-- Open, or by Christ the King—

(She opens them and stands within alone)

Ximene-- Francesco!

F.--- Ximene! (He stands panting and swaying on his sword; she recoils)

Ximene-- Beast!

F.-- Woman!

X.--- (Whispering) I—love thee.

F.---- Come!

X.---(Wildly) And ~~I hate me that I do~~ And I hate me that I do!

41-6-519

Ah!

(He sieges her in his arms, and carries her into the palace. The doors close. Night falls and the moon rises. The doors open. Francesco appears pale and erect)

Francesco-- How whirls the world!
The mountains dance in drunken revel
I am so strangely weak
What's this? Why 'tis blood;
Good red and streaming blood!

(The Old Man appears in the door, Ximene lying stark and bloody across his arms with streaming hair)

I—Ximene!
Ha! Who art thou
That stands above my wedded wife?
I know thee—ha!
I know thee, Jew—old death's head!
That risest from the grave to mock me
I fear thee not—I'll kill thee presently again.
Wipe first the trailing blood
From off the princess' bridal gown
It is not meet— (Sways and totters)
Ha! What—
What sayest thou so silently?
Thou art death?
What have I to do with death?
I am young!
Iam strong!
I am wed!
Art thou Death?
Then I'll kill thee, Death,
And live forever!

41-6-520

Grip fast thy scythe,

Defend!

One, two—

Coward dost thou run?

Thinkest thou thus to escape Saaveedra's

Mighty sword?

Unhand me! Off with thy cold wet hands!

Knave, base-born, unknightly, caitiff!

Unhand me I say or by the great King

I'll run thee through—I'll—

What! calleest thou witchery

To darken all the ~~world~~ world

~~World~~ on this bright morning hour?

Thy magic all be damned

I'll grope thee out thro' blackness ten times blacker than

the blackest hell!

Take that and that and that;

I warned thee fair.

What Ho! Ximene!

Death is dead

We'll live forever!

(Crashes to the earth and dies)

Curtain.

Act II. Degradation, 1725-1750.

Dramatis Personae.

Ximena- A blind courtesan

Pedro de Guzman- Owner of silver mines

Milo Diaz- His partner

Juan Mendoza- A Spanish capitalist.

Brother Francesco- A young Franciscan friar

Don Jose de Armendariz- Marquis of Castelfuerte, governor of Chili.

An Old Man-

Place Valparaiso, Chili.

Scene I. Office of De Guzman.

De Guzman and Mendoza are sitting around a table littered with maps, papers, ore, &c. Diaz is smoking by the window.

De Guzman-- Good! In other words, I take it
You willingly would pay
A million dollars down,
Of good old Spain, for this rich mine-

Mendoza-- Yes willingly if only I were sure
Of laborers [illegible]. inplenty
Rich mines unworked are quite
As poor as mines unfound and all unknown.

De. G-- Ha! Ha! Milo, Senor Mendoza
Fears lack of labor here
Ha! Ha! Good God! look yonder!
The vermin spawn in the very gutters-
They overflow the filth and crawl
Beneath the feet of gentlemen abroad!

M.-- Aye! Aye! But will these dirty
Black and lazy cattle work?
There's the rub- I sought

One only yesterday to bear a load
He grunted and rolled in his drunken sleep
Out into mid-highway, and slept.

Diaz ~~De Guzman~~-- Will they work? Drive them, beat them
Kill them. You should have kicked the pig.
Who of us all will work undriven
We gentlemen are driven
By our tastes- we drive these dogs
With whips and scorpions.

Mendoza-- But the law- ?

De G.--- The law is made in Spain
'Tis executed here.

M.--- Yes, yes! I've heard all that
But knows you Armendariz
Governs now, and he's a straight-laced
Sour Churl, mule-stubborn
And full of tales of fancied wrongs.

De G.-- O, Yes we know- against him
Will we marshall armies three:
A regiment of gold- that carries
Most positions;
Skirmishers of deceit- they
Blind most eyes
Or at worst, a whole artillery
Of weighty tongues at home
And lo! he goes- richer, ~~wiser~~
Sadder, wiser, or all three.

M.-- Yes- yes- that's fair in promise- but-

De G.-- Listen, my love, we joke:
We stand here to take contract
Firmly backed and bound
To furnish you continuously

41-6-523

All needful help from one unto
A ~~thousand~~ hundred thousand men-

Mendoza-- Enough- with that the bargain's struck
The mine is mine
The contract shall be witnessed, sealed
And signed- when, sir, and where?

De Guzman-- Now- tis here.

M.-- Good- I sign- Don Juan Mendoza
For the company, anonymous, of Madrid.

De G.-- And I, Don Pedro de Guzman
For the firm Guzman, Diaz and Andrade - there!

M.-- Here is the check signed, crossed and certified
~~Certified~~.

De G.-- And here, the bond.

De G.-- Tis done- gentlemen we'll celebrate!
Your are my guests.

M.-- We're honored.

D.-- Thousand thanks!

De G.-- What shall we do?

D.-- A dinner, first, such as old Pedro cooks
And then a night's carousal-

M.-- Wine, women and song.

D.-- Ximena- we must have Ximena!

De G.-- Yes, yes, by every odds, Ximena!

M- - Who is she ?

D- - The daintiest chit in Chili
A fiery, ~~black~~ buxom half breed
Handsome as hell and hotter
Wise, witty, dainty, devilish-
The loveliest leman
Ever man desired fought for, dreaded
Died and damned.

11-6524

Mendoza-- Ha- ha- ha!-good, Ximena !

De G. -- Here, boy! - damn you-
Move your carcass-here
This to old cook Pedro - a soup, some fish,
A fowl, some dainty venison roasted,
Salad, sweets, three wines
And above all - Ximena
Go!--

M.-- But wait-

Diaz-- He's gone- they know to mind De Guzman.

M---- ; I forgot , I meet a priest tonight-

D.--- A priest? So ho! Good! bring him, ~~here~~ to.

M.---- What- a priest? here?

D.--- Ha! Ha! Old man, this is America
Not dawdling Europe
Bring thy priest along
And fill his belly and his soul.

M.-- Well - so be it, if you think-

D.-- Think? I know! he'll not be the first
Gray cowl that's graced
Our board.

M.-- Tis some small matter of promotion
Some secret and left handed influence,
I ween, of old Castilian blood-

De G.-- Come, time's up- we're off, gentlemen!

Scene II. (The private dining room at Pedro's. Ximena,
De Guzman, Diaz and Mendoza at table)

Diaz ~~Ximena~~-- Down with the wine
Damned be the swine
Who dare to despise it
Or rudely misprise it-

41-6-525

It's honor is mine
It's flavor, is divine
Down with bubbling, guggling, juggling
Troubling, struggling, ~~guggling~~ wine!

Mendoza-- Hurrah! Encore! By San Diego
She's the loveliest wench
This side the Sea ——

Ximena-- Aye, and the other?

Mendoza-- Aye and the other, too!
By heaven, I'll- I811-
(They drink and sing again)

Servant-- A Priest, Sir, for Senor Mendoza.

De Guzman-Ha, Ha! He needs none.

X.-- a priest ~~a conquest now~~

Diaz-- I'll wager a thousand pesos
~~Thou canst not~~ drag a tiny smile
From his drawn lips

X.-- Done- and more- ~~10,000~~ that I'll make him —
~~Nay~~ take me home.

D.-- Hurrah!

M.-- Nay, nay, the wager shall be this(whispers)

X.-- Ha, ha! done: ~~a~~ thousand pesos against (She slaps him)
O, you ~~valiant~~ devil-sh- he comes.

(Enter Brother Francesco; he draws back timidly)

Francesco-- Pardon gentlemen- here's some mistake, I fear,
I sought the Senor Mendoza
Who brings a message from mine uncle-
Pardon-

M.---- Nay- no excuse- welcome- twice welcome,
Father,
I am Pedro Mendoza and right glad to greet

J1-6-526

A scion of Saavedra
Come- sit at meat with us.
Here is Senor de Guzman,
Brother Francesco; and Senor Diaz,
This-is Ximena- sit.

Francesco-- No, no- my duties call —
Ximena-- What not a glass of wine, Father?
(She pouts mischievously, he gives a half embarrassed smile)
F.-- I thank ~~thee~~ yon madame- no!
X.-- (aside) A thousand, Diaz, (to the priest)
Of ~~rich~~ red wine to make ~~thy~~ your spirits ~~grew~~ burn
And set ~~thy~~ your ~~cold~~ cold heart ablazing?
F.--(shrinking back)-- No- the message, Sir, my duty calls.
Mendoza-- Here is the packet- I am sorry, ~~Brother~~ Father-
X.-- And here Sir Priest is yet a daintier message
(throws him a kiss)
F.--(hastily) Gentlemen- good night.
X.-- (aside) Hold him a moment- I return-
(She steps out)
Diaz- (aside)- Wait- rich deviltry ~~doth~~ brews
De G.-- (aside) 'Tis a rich joke- the boy is but a novice- watch!
We wished to ask about this kind (to the priest)
But a moment, father- the woman fortunately is gone;
We wished to ask about this kind of maid
She came upon us suddenly- we could but ask her to dine-
in courtesy
She is - strange to us- what think you?
What advice to three young men abroad? I know you, Father,
F.-- (Hesitating) I know not but she seemed to me
Over forward for-

41-6-527

(Ximena rushes, disguised in a black mantilla)

Ximena--- Help Senors! Is there a priest here? Help, father?
My mother lies dying
~~in burning throes of mortal anguish~~
~~The~~ the poison of disease
~~Doth~~ Rattles in her throat- she dies
Unshriven- no priest is near
Come in God's piteous name!

Francesco-- (In consternation) I am no priest- my vows of
brotherhood are but begun-
Strange am I to the city streets, I-I scarcely know-

X.--- What! dost you pause
Dyon wait
~~dost~~ hesitate, when death ~~in all puissant form~~
~~Doth~~ summons you to beat ~~him~~ back
The doors of hell? Is no help here? heartless
heathen - I go- I-

F.--- Nay- nay - I come.

X.-- (aside) Ten thousand, Mendoza.
~~Mendoza~~, Diaz and DeGuzman (convulsed in laughter)-Unfair- unfair-

De G.-- Ha, ha, ha! - that she-devil

Diaz-- Ho, ho, ho! saw you ever such acting-
By God t'would grace the stage of old Madrid.

Mendoza-- Will she lure him to her lair?

De G.-- Will she? 'Tis already done
And once in her embrace, good God forget him!

D.--- Let's follow and behold

De G.--- Come, let's follow- tis the funniest thing
I ever heard- not so crestfallen, Mendoza,
She'll return.

SceneIII.

(A tawdry littered room strewn with woman's apparel and
cheap furniture. Enter Ximena followed by the

825-9-14

breathless Priest. She locks the door and drops the key in her bosom)

Francesco- Where is she?

Ximene-- (In innocent surprise) Why- she ~~is not~~ 's not here!

F.-- But where then, quick! we'll hurry-

X. --(Mischievously) She's gone-but I am here.

F.-- I do not understand- ~~thou~~ you said-

X.-- I said, O golden haired and pretty priest- a lie;
What then- ~~art thou~~ are you afraid?

F.-- ~~Thou~~ Do you sport ~~est~~ then with death?

X.-- Nay, but with ~~thee~~ you- ~~thou~~ you art far fairer, dear, than death.

(The priest, white and trembling turns to the door and finds it locked)

F.-- This door- open it-

X.-- The key is hidden- here

F.-- Open the door

X.-- Take the key-

F.-- No, no- no

Open! or by Christ the King,
I'll curse ~~thy~~ your soul to black perdition
~~Thou~~ you wretched shameless hag of hell
~~Thou~~ you spawn of vermin and of beasts
~~Thou~~ you black blasphemer of the great white Christ
~~Thou art~~ Be accursed!

X. (trembling) ~~Nay~~ No, not that- I-

F.-- I curse you in the name of that high God
The Father of the world -

X.-- Forgive me- father

F.-- I curse ~~thee~~ you in the name of His begotten Son —
~~the~~ Savior of this world-

X.-- Pity me, pity me - I ~~did but pray~~ was but playing —

41-G-529

Francesco-- I curse ~~thee~~ you by the in holy triune spirit

Three in one, forever and forever-

Ximene-- ~~Nay- nay not that not that I~~

~~Change thee not that~~. Shh! Shh, I say!

F.-- Forever and forever be ~~thou~~ damned

~~That hath~~ you that have blasphemed against—

X.-- Here but one word- one little word?

(He bursts through the door into the drizzling slimy

Streets. She siezes his gown)

F.-- The Holy Ghost! Touch me not- ~~thy~~ your touch is filth

And foul pollution

X.-- Christ, but ~~thou~~ you shall hear me-

Who art ~~thou~~ you, proud and awful Priest

~~Thou judgest herebar than the Lord~~ You're harder than God himself!

~~Thou canst say~~ Once they say

~~Those cape to him~~ a woman foul as I come to thee

~~And he bent down to her~~

~~He bent his soul unto her.~~

~~Confessed~~ I know I was wicked, weak and blasphemous.

(He starts- she throws herself in the street and clings

about his feet)

Nay ~~thou~~ you shall not go, till ~~thou~~ you

~~Hear~~ me.

I came from out ~~the~~ the gutter there

~~From the dregs of earth~~. To dirt & filth

Hunger, ~~horror~~, cold and pain

~~Bid~~ bled ~~my heart~~ but my body till ~~yonder~~ there

Dainty gentlemen bought ~~my body~~ it—

For a song-

(Enter Guzman, Mendoza, and Diaz half drunk and singing

"Down with the Wine")

Yet to them ~~thou~~ you cringe~~st too~~,

Them ~~thou~~ you greet~~est~~ them all politely,

41-6-53D

They go full and free and have no curse
~~Thou~~ yon heartless servant of a heartless God
But I, poor shamed and stricken thing
Who ~~thoughtlessly and ignorantly~~ lisp
The filth they teach me
I and I alone am cursed --
Mendoza-- Ximena! (The priest rushes out)
Diaz-- Ximena!
Ximene-- Touch me not- go- go
And the whole damned world
Go with you.
(They slowly leave; she crumbles to a heap on the cold earth and lies sobbing)

Scene IV

(Night on the Andes; a hermit's hut; Francesco kneels before the Old Man)

Old Man-- What now, my son?
Francesco-- Father, I tell thee this whole world is lost
The weight of some great primal sin
~~Doth set~~ Sets upon its soul and ever shall-
~~There dwelleth~~ Nothing, nothing righteous dwells underneath the sun
Father, away- let's leave this cursed
Ground and high upon the Andes
Snow-crowned crests
Await the coming of the Perfect Christ
In silence and in prayer
Old Man.-- There lies a packet on thy heart
F.-- 'Tis naught but vanity
O. M. ---- Open- read.
F.--- [illegible]

Francesco-- ' Pray for the soul of Francesco de Saavedra'.

Old. Man-- Read yet again, burn down thine eyes
Into these parchment ~~deaths~~ defiles - nay
Close thy weak and wavering vision and open wide
The eyelids of the soul
What seest thou ?

(Visions sweep across the blackness of the night)

F.-- Ah-
A whirl of blood and battle ~~doth~~ engulfs this land
And on its angry crest rides one whose [illegible]
Face is hid
His mailéd heel ~~doth~~ tramples out
The cringing shieking souls beneath-
He steps into their faces
Tramples their bared breasts
And to their prayers doth
Render sneer and snarl;
Now lies the piteous vale
In darkness and in death——
- Nay, that were all too merciful,
It crawls and writhes in death
The black mud oozes blood
While that Hell's carrion
Tramples ever on and up and on!
See where yonder and aloft
There sits a form of Splendor—
Of pure beauty
Such as graced
The ~~Virgin~~ Spouse of God
Here he'll not dare- he-O!
The monster tramples her to worse than death
He fouls her breast, and rapes her soul

41-6-532

She is blood
The black Virgin
of the Normal
Church

with bowels to birds

She twists her dying neck in dumb appealing pain-
Pitiless Christ- it is Ximena!
Whom I have dared to scorn! (The vision fades)
Father! Father!
Who is this devilish ghoul?
Who was this mailed murderer of women and of men?

Old Man-- 'Twas the soul of Francesco de Saaveedra

Francesco-- And shall I prayfor that? Never, no never again!
His soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred and a hundred years
Until the day he drags yon virgin up from
Out the pit and sets her before God,
Redeemed

O. M. -- Amen! But lo! he comes again, and turns his haggard
Eyes on thee

(The vision bursts nearer and clearer)

F.--- - Merciful God! - It is I.

(He faints, then rises; the Old Man towers above him at a distance)

O. M. -- Thy soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred and a hundred years
Until the day thou draggest yonder virgin
From the pit and settest her 'fore God
Redeemed .

(Far away in the drizzling streets appears the form of Ximena.
The priest rises and staggers toward it)

41-6-533

Scene V.

(The drizzling street ; voices of nuns softly chanting)

Ave! Maria !

Mother-maid pitiful

Sister of sorrows

And daughter of men (Enter procession of Nuns)

Nuns- Ave! Maria!

Mother of Miracles

Mercy made Wonderful

To thy breast Bountiful

Gather the Sorrowful

Daughters of sin

Ave! Maria!
Ave! Maria!
Gather them in!

(They find Ximena and raise her tenderly)

Ximena--Curse me no more,pitiless priest

O my little life had been all curses

Save its sin - curses and sin, curses and sin!

I could not bear its curses, wherefore I did sin;

And sin- ah! sin was bitter sweet-

Yet curse me no more,pitiless priest!

A Nun-- The Peace of God which passeth understanding

Rest on thy soul (They raise her on a litter)

X. -- O! a great red pain

does
~~Been~~ hunger

Round mine eyes

My little feet do freeze while all my head

Is blazing madness-

Ah! (She attempts to rise)

Oh! - Nay I must go

Listen, mother,

Yonder by the mines lives a little child

I-I love it, ~~and the plague~~

~~both hover~~ ~~near~~ - I must go

I must go- I must get away - I must —

Nun-- Nay ~~thou art~~ you are sick to death

~~Thou canst~~ you cannot go!

(Enter Francesco; he kneels humbly in the gutter)

Nun-- What ~~wilt thou~~ do you wish holy brother?

Francesco-- Forgiveness and a Soul.

Ximeno-- Who's that ? Ah '.

Curse me no more, pitiless priest-

F.---- Forgive, ah but forgive—

I am as dirt ~~dirt~~ beneath ~~thy~~ your feet

I am the primal vileness of ~~thy~~ your sin

Yet spurn me not, Ximeno

I seek ~~thy~~ your Soul!

X----- My Soul, My soul?

It is not here, ~~'tis~~ It's yonder in the mines

Where ~~burns~~ reeks the plague- I cannot go- ~~thou~~ you —

~~Lovest thou~~ do you really want —

- my soul ?

F.-- God knows I want and love it.

X.-- Go fetch it to me, ~~'tis~~ it's yonder- go

(He goes)

Oh- curse and no more- I —

Ha! Ha! Ha! Down with the wine

~~Cursed~~ Damned be the swine-

(The chanting nuns drown out the song as lifting the litter they pass slowly out)

Nuns-- Ave! Maria!

Mother of miracles

Mercy made wonderful

To thy breast bountiful
Gather the sorrowful
Daughters of sin

(Exeunt)

Ave! Maria!
Ave! Maria!
Gather them in!

(Curtain)

Scene V

(The steps of the cathedral at Santiago. Behind the open doors, the high altar with candles and crucifix is seen. The Governor, Armendariz, robed in state stands on the steps. Around him are grouped lawyers and Guzman, Mendoza and Diaz. At one side, poorly dressed, stands Ximena)

Armendariz -- I summon court here on the spot.
Who makes this charge?
This foul and terrible—
Slavery, debauchery, inhuman theft
And the wild unchecked ravishings
Of deadly plague-
A wretched mass of misery
Such as should shame the semblance
Of a Christian Land
In the King's great name
Who brings this charge?
For by my soul if it be true
I'll rot the carcass of the churls
Who did this deviltry,
In the darkest dungeon depths I know!
Who brings the charge-Speak!

Ximene-- I, my lord!

Armendariz-- Who are you?

X.-- I am no one

But mine oath is true. (She raises her veil

(The Spanish gentleman stands — stands at attention)

De Guzman-- Ha, ha, ha- Pardon my Lord- this- woman

Names herself t oo truly- I call two witnesses

Where I might summon a half hundred-

Ask this gentleman- Don Pedro

Mendoza, a Spanish gentleman, who this- lady is.

Mendoza-- Her name my Lord is called, Ximena

And her fame- is the most

Shameless bawd's in Santiago.

She has some fanciful
stale against us
Because - Hey - her
trade - what goes on -
we refrain? down

(one) Let her stand aside

If there be no further witnesses

The case must be dismissed. Quashed & dismissed as it appears, I see no legal grounds —

(There charges from the church the Old Man habited as a monk)

Voice Old Man-- There is another witness (a messenger emerges from the crowd & hands the governor a letter. He reads)

A.-- Where is His Eminence?

M He comes (a gorgeous bitter enters with much helpful arms & guards. From it descends an old black man, heavily garbed as a mendicant monk

A.-- Who art thou? (the old monk kneels & crosses himself)

Pardon your Eminence, Let his audience approach & receive the benedictions of the Ambassador of His Holiness.

Voice I crave your holy benediction.

Speak.

O. M.-- The charge that here is brought is true

Nay it is but half the full

And awful truth

The silver mines of Chili and Peru

Are the most shameless haunt

Of human misery underneath the stars

Whereof thy gilded aristocracy

Is guiltily in their souls

planning its wealth & increase here

85-9-14

A. Can this be true! answer, woman, and why have
you the gaul of a holy convent.

X It is true ~~I~~ for years
~~I have the sad memories of my first week~~
under two years ~~since~~ ago
I was ~~have been~~ a prostitute by ~~Voltaire~~ Santiago
Selling my body to Gentlemen
For their amusement & pleasure

as a child in the streets
I was a mother of unfathered
children. afterward coming to Valparaiso
I danced naked in
a restaurant. Then
men desired me
and from then

A. And do you dare to show your shameless
face in this ~~my~~ convent
and accuse the mother blood of Christ & Christ

X. I dare – for what I say & write is true

A. But ~~I~~ who shall believe it?
Where are those ~~you~~ who have betrayed
the sacred vows of Matrimony

(swear by it as)

X I have no witness but Heaven
eyes and ears and those sacred
hands & feet. But what I say is true

how shall I
Governor & King &
Judge through &
be & send men
Gentlemen & decide
on the unsubstantial
word of a prostitute?

A ~~✱~~ I – but I am helpless

One gleam of light hath pierced
This awful darkness
Where two pure great and all unselfish hearts
Have bent to this abysmal filth
And toiled to succour souls
Each dreamed the other dead-
And, all unconscious, night and day and side by side
With only one great shoulder of the Andes
Spread between, they worked and prayed and wept.
The Holy Father in whose stead I stand
Hath heard the beauty of their work
And calleth both: Come forth Ximene
Go forward kneel before the altar of the Lord
He calleth thee. Here comes the other
Up the dusty way, with hastening feet-
(Enter a dusty ragged friar, Francesco)
Welcome brother Francesco: the testimony thou wouldst give
Is given. Receive the mandate of the Pope-
Lord Bishop of the Andes.
(The Old Man and Francesco enter the church)

Armendariz-- Take forth these prisoners
Nay- no word. Senor de Guzman
Shall be shot- the others
Shall toil in their own mines
Till their dark end of days
Away.

(Exit governor and prisoners)

(Slowly the great Cathedral is lighted. A procession passes headed by the New Bishop of the Andes. Approaching the Old Man he bows and kneels)

Francesco-- Father, pray for my soul and the soul of one

41-6-59

Long dead.

Old Man-- Amen. At the high altar kneels a woman!
Call in the Holy mother with her purest robes
And give to her, this child of God
Whom Christ in his vast pity hath
Redeemed.

Francesco-- Her name?

O. M. -- It shall be given thee

(The procession approaches the altar. Francesco sees Ximene, totters and sways. She sees him and bows at his feet)

F.-- Arise thou Bride of God!

Ximene--Francesco- father!

F.-- Sister Ximene!

(The nuns attire her; a great music; curtain)

41-6-60

Act III.

Place-- Chili and Argentina. Time 1900-1905

Dramatis- Personae

* The Black Counsellor of Argentina

Secretary Juan Savedra of Chili (Brown)

Senora Inez, ~~Gonzales~~ (White), President of the United Women's Clubs of Argentina.

Senor Blanco de Guzman of Chili (white)

Senor Diaz, President of the University of Chili (White)

Pedro- a servant (Brown)

Madame Desmond, of Chili (White)

Secretary ~~Mendoza~~ Gonzales of Argentina (Brown)

Scene I Office of the Chilian Secretary of Trade and Education, Santiago.

Savedra and Guzman seated.

DeGuzman-- We must, of course, buy two new battle ships

Of latest type- our iron-clads are but outdated hulks

The army must, be swelled (quickly) to fifty (certainly) ~~or~~ a hundred thousand men-

The harbor forts 'round Valparaiso and all adown the coast like me but ill -

They'll need at least ~~five~~ fifty million, while fortresses and to frown along the heights of the Andes

Will ask ~~ten~~ a hundred million more. ~~Ninety~~ Two hundred and fifty million pesos is the least increase

My good Savedra,

That our long yawning purse of war demands this year.

Savedra-- Good heavens, Guzman, are you mad?

That with our peasant army and laborers will make

Two thirds of our whole income,

Set to war? Aye and to the merest shadow of a dream of War-

De. G.-- Why a dream? Why not a certainty?

41-6-423

Savedra-- What- but, Guzman do you sanely dream
That Argentina and Chili would to War
For a few bald acres of bare rock?

DeGuzman-- Nay certain, by not- unless!

S. -- Unless? over

De G. -- ~~[illegible]~~ content
To end your promising political career this year.
Otherwise
~~And so~~ two men, (say you and I,)
Must Plunge ~~three two lands~~ South Germany hot into War
With one
Swift move!

S. -- But why, why should we- why, in heaven's name?
Do you love war so well, De Guzman ?

De G. -- Savedra I'm no fool, nor am I yet a soldier-
(Whatever of distinction lies in those two terms)
But I'm a statesman; and as such I can foresee;
First, your party's tricked and stolen;
You are without the breastworks;
The ring is in: your fate is sealed.
In three months, you'll leave office
And the world of power for good —
Unless —
Look at yon map: down the last coast
Of last America, west of the west-most world
Creeps a little starveling headless snake-
That's Chili; we're hemmed and tethered in:
South: ice; ~~in~~ west; Andes; north, Boliva, and Peru;
Once, upwaking from our dreams,
We siezed upon our rightful head to northward:
The cherry, ripe, trembled to our hands-
With one wee bite we let it go, and slept.
Time flashes; Europe and the greedy States

41-6-405

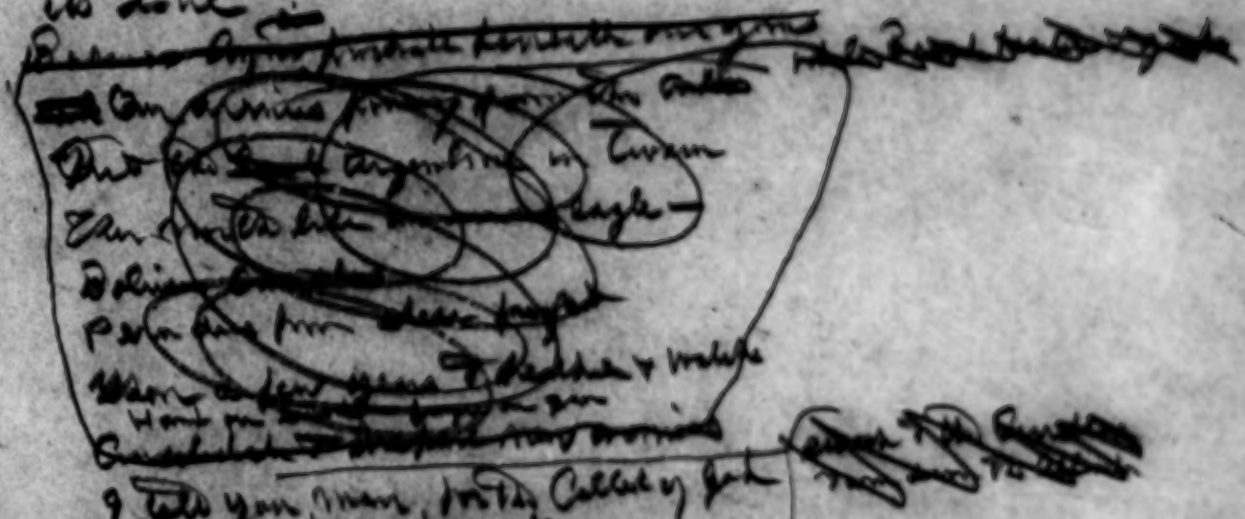
D. 9. Unless we are ready to surrender
our Falkland we stand a struggle
S. What?

D. 9. Lieut. S. We are threatened — we are
beleaguered. We are in danger of National death!
We must defend our Islands. We must
we must fight the last great battle of the West.
~~If~~ or ~~else~~ die!
On ~~we~~ ~~must~~ ~~fight~~ Friesian Isles Block —
Betrayed by Britain, diluted by France
unprovoked by Italy, ~~Belgium~~ against the
armed barbarism — Gibbs the sword —
Navy — advance!
Canada! Why stained we avenge
beg, one!
Our ~~way~~ weakness is our might
The Andes are our rampart + fortress
Make them unconquerable!
The Pacific is our Sea
Ocean of the future
~~the~~ centre of Mediterranean of the West + East!
Let us fall on Hundred Hearts each
on Themselves ~~shall~~ ~~go~~ ~~now~~ Canada
Yield — ~~good~~ nothing!
~~Neither Grace of God~~
No part of Coast + Islands nor Peru
~~Peru bombard + Peru~~ ~~fall~~ + wholly surrendered
Every time ~~when~~ ~~we~~ fall + ~~wholly~~ surrendered
~~Peru~~ ~~bombard + Peru~~ ~~fall~~ + Argentina
~~Peru~~ ~~over~~ ~~Argentina~~ ~~Peru~~ ~~Argentina~~
Stand fast — unbreathe while
they assume Britain + conquer us
~~Stand~~ ~~fast~~ ~~+~~ ~~unbreathe~~

Hold Tierra-Chica
Isles

Make our claim of Antarctic
boundaries basis of the
widest defence of
Argentine boundary

5. But — but it is fantastic!
Argentina is known over all
with known our wealth
She is today ready & fyad to
beat me seize a big Palmera
Brazil has ~~one~~ three out might
Do you ever ~~& eat~~ the dog upon the door
Are you commonly enviable
~~by~~ Both Be made
Dal 9. Envi~~able~~ ~~& Ell~~ you not the Strength
lies in our ~~opinion~~ weakness?
very show
You with a struggle weapon
~~the~~ in ~~Indian~~ ~~against~~ with asylum
~~Sanders~~ ~~& train~~ fleet armies
Awake ready as ~~not~~ highly abide
Strike like a bolt of ~~autism~~ lightning
Before ~~they~~ ~~dream~~ what ~~we~~ do
~~it~~ done



9 Will you, ~~man~~ ~~to~~ Called of God
~~the~~ ~~unbreakable~~ ~~to~~ ~~provoke~~
The dream is the Deed

41-6-420

Stretch itching palms this way. All Spain's Americas
Must be one or die! Who'll lead? I say
Chile! How? Level the Andes, sieze Argentine
And kiss both oceans. Swoop with North like an eagle
And conquer Boliva and Peru,
The land of the Equator, Colon's land, and poor
Distracted Venezuela. At last with great Brazil
Thus fast within our jaws- bite!
Yes- yes I know tis wild, fanciful,
Impossible, terrible- all that and more—
So is all history hear me not out!
In this great world crusade, who'll lead in Chili?
The president? I am dumb. The timid
Councillors of State? 'Tis loud to laugh!
The secretaries? One alone and that's - Savedra.

Savedra--I ?

De Guzman-- You! I know my man- trained, quick, resourceful-

S. -- Why not you ?

De G. -- Too old and too well known- you have mysterious youth.

S. -- Guzman, you rave- what could I avail,
(E'en though I might so minded) to lead this mighty move
Against the ring of seasoned politicians
Who surround—

De G-- Softly! Walls do hear. All that too, I've thought through!
With no ordinary slogan, can you win the crowd.
Raise them, the war cry, subtly, masterfully and with skill.
The mob have all inborn
A most miraculous love
For fight: They'll turn to you in one great rush
And make you- shall we say?
Of ... quarter of

12b-9-1b

Cut it in two with one swift stroke
Eleven from Santiago & Buenos Ayres
Hold capital and trade
with struggle shake this frame
on Uruguay & Brazil
Then transact - consolidate
Strand declaring alarm & fear — arm bull & arm bear
Placate & threaten England & North America
Shall then unite with Colombia trade
Then Wheeby and Lodge
on again!

The world- dictator!

Nay, no answer - think!

I must away, but as the earnest of my plan

I bring you your commission to head a secret embassy of

three

To settle,- or unsettle- this dispute of Atacama land

Between our fatherland and Argentine

I am the other one,- a dummy, dignified in mien, makes three.

Savadra-- De Guzman- you o'er whelm me!- ~~thousand thanks~~

~~De Guzman~~ I- Ha: Ha! - good day. (Exit)

~~5~~ Peru- Venezuela- Brazil!

-Of a full quarter of the world, dictator!

'Tis mad! And yet how vast a vision- I- what?

(The office bell rings. He listens at the receiver)

I am busy.

How ? An appointment? (Looks at memorandum)

Perdition- O well

Show him in (Enter Diaz)

Ah! President Diaz- I am honored to give

You audience, though hard pressed as well you know

With endless cares- how may I serve?

Diaz-- Senor Savedra, I will detain you as little

As the great cause I bear permits.

I am a teacher—

S.---- And honored head of our great university

As all good Chilians know.

D.--- Yet but a teacher, Senor; We have three hundred thousand childr

In our schools where we should have a million

We spend ~~three~~ thirty million pesos where we need

~~Thirty~~ three hundred; Senor I come to plead

That the cabinet do straitly recommend

41-6-495

A doubling of the fund for training Chili's children
Each year, till not from old Peru unto the frozen seas
A child can come to manhood unprepared
To count and write and read the world's great Book.

Saveda-- Senor President you say well.
Believe me, but my sympathy is deep.
And yet I fear it to impossible—

Diaz-- Sir, is anything impossible to the safe founding of the State?

S.--- No.

D.---- And ~~surely~~ a single founding stone so deep
As ingrained knowledge intelligence and skill?

S.---- Yes- the state's integrity.

D.--- Integrity? We are at peace- none threatens

S.---- Are you sure?

D.-- Why I had not heard-surely-

S.-- Sir, the secrets of the state I may not loose.
This alone : We must prepare for War.
It may not come - God grant—
But Soldiers, Ships, and Guns are to the Modern State
The one great Cash Reserve for Peace Insurance.

D.-- Sir, I will not longer abuse your busy day
'Tis possible your fears are true, and yet- and yet
Believe me for my years: There never yet was
An Unjust, Bloody, Cruel war but what it stood
Firm-founded on such rock-bound words as yours,
And left the world more ignorant, more miserable, more hungry
than before(exit)

(Madame Desmond pushes her way in unannounced)

S.--- What- who is this- Ah Madame ?
Did I appoint this time?

41-6-496

Diaz--
Desmond-- No, but I must speak.

Savedra-- Time presses, Madame-

D.---- So does sin

Sir, in yonder purlieus fester death, disease and crime.
The prostitute and thief, the cripple and the mad
Do mock the Christian culture of our State.
We must arise, we must prevent;
Cure, kill, imprison, chain and free
Or else in common filth and wickedness
Our civilization shall in shame and sorrow drown.

S.-- Madame--

D.--- We need a hundred millions but with twenty
We could start; the honored president
Senora Gonsalez of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine
Joins me-

S.--- But Madame-

Desmond- To hasten this reforming of the world
To make men chaste and honest
Pure and -

S.-- Juan! hither! the door!
Madame did mistake her way.
These are but Chili's humble offices of Trade and Schools
And not, dear Madame, the Kingdoms of
Almighty God. (She is led out)

S.-- Perition- the day half spent.
'Tis three and hither comes the Board of Trade
To ask some hundred millions for damming waters.
No arguementi 'Tis useless! I'll say No!
(Enter members of the Board of Trade)
Gentlemen be seated I have read your
Plea- 'tis smartly done- and specious

I presume a dam; to hold the great Spring floods
Till Autumn's heat, would flower the desert
Doubtless, too, we could spend millions for new schools
And pile some millions on those millions for reform —
Tis a full fascinating program. Only gentlemen
Who'll pay the bill ? Will you invest your private means
And get this fabled cent pro cent ? No.
Will the State? Not while I control!
We need- I say it privately- two hundred round millions now- today —
To defend the very land that you would sow and weed.
And till that land is ours, unthreatened by a foe-
Gentlemen, we'll let this dreaming wait.
I am sorry- pained- I cannot argue-
I bid you all - good day- (Exeunt)
Argentine- Equador- Venezuela- of a full
Quarter of the world- Dictator!

(Curtain)

Scene II.

(Country home of Senora ~~Gonsalez~~, Enter the ~~Old~~ Councillor and Senor ~~Gonsalez~~)

~~S. Gonsalez~~ M. - Welcome good father, and your Excellency!
Full sensible am I of this rare honor
Be more than my mere guests, albeit
This old rambling place is bare and barnlike.
Be at home and cheery, while we ponder
Thew great cause we love. Look aloft yonder!
~~[illegible]~~
Lays the bald region in dispute twixt two great lands
A worthless waste. Yonder was once a mighty Convent
Where two centuries since, a holy woman labored for the
wretched in the mines

~~Above~~
Beyond those silver heights
lies Chile
On this slope on that slope
Out worn & gut mined mines of misery
Beyond those heights

An And yonder where afar thou mayest glimpse
A beetling crag, hung a house of brothers of St Francis
Where long an aged Bishop did tell his beads and
pray and work
For the souls in yonder wretched mines.
Aye, and in the tale lies ancient romance too!
They tell us how at the same great dawning of the day
Two cowled and shadowy forms on yonder crag and this
Did always bow and strive for their two souls'
Redemption- and in such sweet communion of twin spirits
Found blessed and eternal bliss . (Brews Coffee)
But enough- draw to, Your Excellency will have it black
or creamed?
Ah good- the Master has his ever black and strong
Now good senors how goes the plan?
G But lamely. A sudden change hath subtly swept
over Chili. It speaks not yet aloud
And I have rather felt than heard it till today.
Tales have been writ and letters; appropriations
stopped and changed- fortresses looked-over
And reviews of Soldiers held; and now comes sudden news
Of a secret embassy nither come
To treat with us today (Reading) in the Puña de Atacama
"On Chilian territory claimed by Argentine."
M When come they?
G They are already here.
They came this morning.
With them is the unscrupulous Guzman De
And at their head a young new man, but gifted, fiery,
set on visions vast;
Don Juan Savedra, wild for War.

and eats a little bite

41-6-9

M ~~S. Gonzalez~~-- Savedra?- 'tis an old and honored name - ah this
Is heavy fate. What shall we do- tne time is short
Yet the gathered hosts of Peace must meet and per-
suade them.

G ~~Mendoza~~-- I fear it is impossible- Their very presence is a
secret of the state.

M ~~---~~-- What, are we helpless?

G ~~---~~- Even so.

~~Blue Old~~ Councillor- ~~Yet they must dine, and tonight.~~

M ~~---~~---- Ah- and how appropriate- here as at ~~thine~~ your own home.
Say no word. The house is ~~thine~~ yours today, and Senors
If in masque and spectacle I do all unwittingly,
Set forth thr horror of war to charm your guests
Shall the state secrets suffer?

G ~~---~~-- I- hardly- No, no.

M ~~---~~--- 'Tis so slight a thing- tis hardly worth the work- yet a
all things tell(writes)

And His Eminence — Donna Inez ~~Gonsalez~~ Mendoza — No, no- Secretary Milo ~~Mendoza~~ Gonzalez
B. C. No — not my name — Begs the honor of the presence of Don Juan Savedra ~~at his castle~~
M. As you will — ~~Presence~~ at dinner- the date- then- two more
Let's see Pedro De Guzman and Luis Sanchez- there
Oh yes and their assistants, three more- that will make six.
And now five hours to enthrone tne Prince of Peace
Gentlemen- 'tis rude- but be at home
I fly-

~~Blue Old~~ Councillor-- We must not linger- other we are sore oppressed
With duties-we'll deliver, my good daughter
~~Their~~ these behests and greet thy hospitailty again-
at eight.

M ~~---~~---- Till then a good and worthy day
Father- ~~thy~~ your blessing

41-6-10

B. C. not quite.
I come with mandate of ~~Mendoza~~ President Roca himself
To meet and welcome the embassy
Here at Mendoza.
Plaza Train will arrive at noon
There will be ceremonies
And then — dinner

G ~~Mendoza~~-- Madame, I salute your hand. (Exeunt O.C. + M. + G.)

(Servants fly to and fro- the day darkens; Senor Mendoza and ~~Senora Gonsalez~~ re-enter + take their places to receive; enter Cid Councillor, enter De Guzman and ~~others~~) over

Scene 3 of the friends & Alfred, in the dark... The Blue Councillor, Gonsalez, De Guzman & others ready for the dining room door. Dinner ready

De Guzman-- Madame, the Secretary Savedra ~~and his aide~~ regrets their lateness

Sorely; ~~they~~ he'll come as soon as grave affairs of State permit.

M ~~Gonsalez~~-- Ah! my regret

Is deep, I did especially expect Senor Savedra early, but

Dinner shall wait, Indeed,

Be seated gentlemen- (I have arranged a little

Masque of Peace to while the time till dinner-

You know my hobby, senors

To which I beg your eyes and ears and happily, your hearts.

S Sit here, and here, and here. The ladies will attend you

While by your leave I go to ~~quiet~~ guide the show.

(A series of living pictures appear. ~~Gonsalez~~ in the dining room Dona Gonsalez voice is heard explaining)

First: Behold a battle ship- tis built of twenty thousand

School houses that used to dot the hills around

It's every gun at every shot doth shoot ten thousand loaves of bread

Past twice a million unfed babes

And drives them from the school house to the shops

Scrambling for crumbs.

Second: Behold ~~this~~ how this black powered bread of battle

Scattered far and wide on land and sea

Explodes the primal passions of the race:

Out from the blaze of battle steps

The thief, the Prostitute, the gilded Murderer

And all the hellish hordes of war. (turn to p. 52)

41-6-11

Scene III

(On the private terrace of the Carlean Embassy)
Sarentia, de guiom and Santiago, Sarentia is asleep.

S. Why are we abiding?
That abandon de shadowing
To Inverno Ayres
Should be mirth desirables
& resounds time — But too — I am worried
I am not so sure!
What? not weakening
Wait! let me see

De G. — ~~I'll see~~ (aye sir.)

De G. (returning) Were held up for the report
on token of courtesy.
But here are desirables

S. Good — but why wait here.

De G. No hurry — no hurry
all is quiet & our watch.
My agents are keen
We are held here on token of Mgmt welcome
But in limbo
A guard of praetorians plans & work
on our symbolism

S. Who are they?

De G. Most distinguished a certain Senora Mendoza
recent abandonment of consorts.
I have Castellano blood — daughter of grandees of Spain
Her brothers founded Argentine
And she owns the lands
about Rio City
Edie is a ~~faddist~~, unmarried & unloved
Giving us ~~into~~ husband children, coal, society
To ravish and French —
Her families is any old blood mixed
Some left hand strain of
Negro slaves —
yet But a mine of brains
Intellect & wit among women (Continued on page 5 1/2)

51 4/4

S. Very well. I'll come back
But I make it.
I'll dash in for a formal word
– Rainy, cold, thank'
I must be commonsensy
They shall not melt me into wine
– but you, Da Guernsey, do
The fernsey + downy
for deck in my heart
I am not at ease
I do not love you

Da G. Who does?
Remember Da Guernsey

(Turn to page 51)

41-6-1

Third: The conquered die, the camp-fires flash and fade
But to the hungry unschooled children
Fall all their legacies of Hate and Crime
And pitiless Poverty.

Fourth: The marshal music swells and rings
O'er the victorious hosts as they move flashing by
But after them all silently marches
The Other Army.

(An army of widows, orphans, sick maimed, criminals, beggars and prostitutes + crutched horses, file by. Enter Savedra unarmed, in full military uniform)

~~but cloaked)~~

Savedra- (Aside) What is this mummery?

DeGuzman- (aside) Ha! Ha!- This ~~Gonzalez~~ Mendoza woman as you know —
"Madame the President of United Woman's Clubs of
Argentine" —
~~Is a most modern faddest too busy for to wife~~
~~And mother of all Children but her own~~
~~She seeks the unsexed statesmanship of Clubs~~
~~and~~ with her dolls, To guide Argentine and Chili
Wide from ~~war~~ the earth, ha!. ha!-

M. ~~Gonzalez~~ - Fifth and last, O masters of the State
I, Princess of the Dead,
The ~~cold~~ dark and murdered warriors
Of Indian Araucania
Present my bill to Civilization:
Four hundred years of systematic Murder
Men call War has raped my State
And here is the result:
(~~Simone~~ Juana Mendoza, suddenly appears in the ~~back ground~~ dimly seen as an Indian
Princess while ~~down before~~ behind her range row on row of bleached
skeletons)

Savedra-- (starting forward and calling) Ximena!

M. ~~Gonzales~~-- Francesco- Ah! (She faints)

Footman-- ~~The Secretary~~ Madame is served.

A Lady- This way gentlemen

The dining room- dinner is served

The Donna Inez ~~was~~ is slightly indisposed ~~I~~ ~~make no mist~~

De Guzman-- Nothing serious I do sincerely hope?

A Lady- O, no- nothing- this way.

De G.-- (aside) Savedra what ails you? ~~Where is your nerve!~~

S.-- Nothing, nothing I am overwrought- ~~go~~

~~Nerves~~ go leave me- I'll slip out again, no-

Go-

De G.-- Here man- ~~look to your health the world needs you and I~~ Heavens! Child needs mum, not nerves. Don't weaken here of all places!

S.-- Go- Go! (exit De Guzman) - What vision was that- what memory?

(Stands musing. Enter ~~Ximena~~ Donna Inez dressed for dinner. She ~~Savedra~~ ~~Ximena~~ ~~M. Gonzales~~ Sir- I am most deeply shamed

By my ~~rude rudeness~~ silly Collapse

I cannot think- (She sees his face and starts back)

Francesco!-(She pauses bewildered)

What is this, then! I know ~~thee~~ you not, and yet-

And yet ~~thou art~~ you are so strange familiar to my heart,

As tho' a hundred and hundred ancient years agone

My soul and ~~thine~~ your had met. (He gazes at her, fascinated)

Savedra-- Ximena- Ximena- somewhere I ~~do~~ remember ~~thee~~ you

In the first and wondrous bursting of ~~thy~~ your girlhood-

Ah ~~thou wast~~ you were splendid as the Night

Soft was the brown and velvet of ~~thy~~ your skin

And ~~thy~~ your ~~great~~ long mid-night locks--

But some how- how? Did I not wrong ~~thee~~ you then?

Pray return!

E-9-14

M Gonsalez-- Nay, Francesco and I was ever fair-
But- but color is so slight a thing, my dearest friend is blind
Thee never wronged me, dear -
I remember thee, thou golden priest of God
When thy white face did quiver in its wrath
And underneath the golden cross of Christ
Did chide me for some sin- some little sin- what was it?

Savedra-- Nay, nay Ximena, I am neither priest nor golden- I am brown, Indian
And thee I never chided- I could not
For I loved thee then as now
With all the mounting madness, whirling maze, and festered fury
Of double and redoubled floods of endless years!

M G.---- Francesco!

S.---- Ximena!

M G.--- Meseems as once from out the dim made music
Of some soft Cathedral's gloon
Up from the shadow of a vast despair
Thy soul didst shriek to mine- "Redeemed"!
My Saviour's was the voice- the face was thine,
Frahcesco!

Savedra-- And I, too, did hear that cry
Across the mighty distance of a world- "Redeemed! "
It was the virgin mother of the Lord who spoke
Her face was thine, Ximena-

M G.-- O, we are mad- mad-
I care not if we are- to love is marvellous ~~such sweet~~
Madness!

S.-- And whether this came flooding at the sight,
Or was in heaven born a thousand years
Ago- this only now I know, I love thee, O I love thee-

4-9-14

And ~~Thou~~ you, O Maiden ~~marvelous~~ glorious

~~S. Gonsalez--~~ I love ~~thee~~ you and I love ~~thee~~ you yet again!

Ladies- Donna Inez? Donna Inez?

M ~~G.~~---- Yes, yes- I- I come- wait.

Savedra-- Inez ?

N ~~G.~~--Yes-Inez ~~Ximen~~ mendoza Gonsalez- ~~you, [illegible] not know~~ Ximena is my middle name, dang sina ? how did you know it ?

S.-- (starts) Gonsalez- you the Donna Gonsalez mendoza, Madame the President of- the Clubs?

M ~~G.~~-- Yes- yes- and now to dinner- they wait- ah but ~~thy~~ your name I know it not- not all ?

S.--- Juan Savedra- Juan Francesco Savedra. My middle name I do not

M ~~G.~~ (starts)--The secret ~~Emissary~~ emissary of - War! (She turns away)

S.-- Ximena- God- the vision of the Blessed, Has it flown? Do you fly?

M ~~G.~~-- Ir I- sit- listen, - Senor Savedra- O let me speak! ~~Thou~~ you - ~~thou~~ you comest - from Chili ?

S. -- Yes.

N ~~G.~~-- On - a great mission?

S.--- Yes.

M ~~G.~~-- ~~Thou~~ you - ~~thou~~ you believest in - War?

S.-- ~~Yes at times.~~ Sometimes - I must

M ~~G.~~-- And this mission- may mean war?

S.-- I ought ~~perhaps~~ not say so- but also, it may.

M ~~G.~~-- And there is cause?

S.-- ~~Great cause.~~ I fear there is

M ~~G.~~-- What cause?

S.-- Wide ~~acres~~ borders of ~~good~~ land which Chili owns ? right And others claim.

M ~~G.~~-- ~~Dost thou~~ Do you think ~~this~~ that claim of Chili just?

S.-- Before my God I do.

M ~~G.~~-- ~~And~~ But- tell me- ~~is it~~ are they worth- a war?

The boundary between Chile + Argentina - The coast of Peru + other smaller countries of all

41-6-5

Savedra-- Madame, the interests of the State- (she rises)

M ~~Gonsalez~~ -- Nay, Francesco, tell me in very truth, before high Heaven

By the Great years my heart has wandered seeking your throne

Why do you wish ~~silent then~~ - War?

S.-- Receive the truth!

Without war my career is done.

~~Mine enemies will triumph at the polls~~

With it I leap anew to power and life

I may become, of Chili- president,

Of ~~Armies~~ Argentine Conqueror! Of Brazil, King

~~Of a full quarter of the world - Dictator!~~

I may ward the greedy fingers of the world

From off the ~~South~~ Americas. I may make

Of many midgets one great world man

~~Man. I am~~ I may become

Of a full quarter of the world-

Dictator!

M ~~S~~.-- ~~Magnificent~~! So this is your dream!

S.--- O tis a dream- an awful dream

~~I dare not~~

It cannot half come true

And yet Ximena who can know?

With me then might you mount —

A throne! and there what could you then not do

To raise the race of men?

M ~~S~~.-p- It is a vision wonderful

~~It's dazzling and its brightness blinds my heart 's poor eyes~~

And yet full clear my reason speaks:

I ~~am~~ a simple woman with a Cause

I am no longer ~~young~~ a child

~~I'll never~~ would I grace a throne or rule a realm

To me the Kingdom of a single human heart

41-6-0

I understand it perfectly
I understand you, dear Man of my Heart
It seems that in one short hour
I have looked at Heaven & Hell.
Francesco!
I have seen Kings & Thrones
I want neither.
I have seen victories
I heard Imperial Music
and the glorious Carnival of magnificent Numbers & Sounds
And I am sick of them now — the Mud & Blood of War
I think that War
is the stillest cruellest
blindest madness of Mankind
I believe it is the Suicide of Culture
The end of Civilisation
The renunciation of all Faith.
I do not believe that Whilst begins with Blood
Rather the Cost of War is — final & eternal
Degradation, Prostitution, Poverty
Ignorance, & Cruelty & disease
There is no End, no Cause
No Ideal that is worth
organised & creative wide Murder of Human Kind
There is no Politician that can say
Widows, orphans, Cripples,
The deaf, the dumb, the blind.
Therefore I am a child of Peace

5 (3/4)

Even Before this sudden & unforeseen
Gift of love such as I never known before
Such as I never thought possible
Such as seems to stream down & melt
Away every vestiges of longing & frustration —
Even before this, I will not unsend.'

41-6-8

Is more than ~~Castilian throne~~ or diadem
I cannot march thro' murder to a crown
I cannot ~~see peace~~ my Country
Red with war

I am a child of Peace-
~~But thou~~ And you, Francesco, look to ~~thy~~ your Vision Splendid!
I love ~~thee~~ you - O I love ~~thee~~ you
And yet I am not ~~mine~~ yours
A fair full quarter of the world
~~Thou~~ you may ~~not~~ rule by ~~a~~ wonder war - lechery -
But this one woman's ~~[illegible]~~ heart
Is ruled by ~~a~~ love and Peace alone
So must ~~thou~~ you choose, Francesco, and now.

Savedra -- I have ~~a~~ already chosen, even as I spoke.

M ~~Gonzalez~~ -- And ~~thy~~ your word is ?

(He throws off his cloak and hands her his sword)

S.------ Ximena!

G.------ Francesco!

(~~Enter all~~ The guests ~~they~~ start in surprise and then congratulate the two. Guzman stands gloomily apart, ~~then~~ but finally ~~sinks away~~ takes himself)

(Curtain)

Scene III.

(Home of Senor Savedra, At the evening meal sit Francesco and Ximena and between them the ~~Old~~ Black Councillor. At Ximena's side stands a cradle. The setting sun shines in)

X. ~~S~~. -- Father ~~thou hast~~ you have been gone so long
~~Thou knowest not~~ you may do not know mayhap

~~It~~ Tomorrow we plan to place
A great white Christ upon the Andes
To celebrate this treaty of eternal Peace 'twixt Argentine and Chili.-

De G (aside to S.) Well what?

S. I have changed my mind.

De G. You mean what mind, you have
Has been changed for you

S. Have a care, De Guzman

De G. — Get back, Lucio. (to Duenna Donna Inez)

~~De Guzman~~ — Last and least Donna ~~Wendy~~ Inez. Let
me give you all my good wishes & my personal
thanks, I am deeply your debtor
I was on the edge of a great mistake
I had conceived that this young man, my distinguished
Countryman friend, Senor Saavedra, had within him the making
of a great statesman & leader — a character
habitat
of virtues, & value of the world's deadness.
You have shown me my sad error.
dear madame
He is a romantic, ~~dreamy~~ student boy deprived by his fellows of
time & becomes a doddering old woman — like
with a pet cat.
us filled to grace your afternoon always Madame
& rest to, commune ~~with~~ our inner selves. We must do
quiet Ladies
so ~~all~~ shortly with ~~our~~ ~~friends~~ ~~leave~~ ~~on~~ ~~your~~ ~~hostess~~
Salamanca with my wife, & father a book of signatures, & tasks
chocolates, sweets, trifles, ~~that~~ that your
yours
& deals with the ~~dishes~~ & I thank you Madame from the bottom of my
heart
for this ~~disillusion~~ gladly I forgive you, to
& ~~shall~~ never trade
forgiveness ~~usually~~ by I had ~~criminal~~ another single
& mistake
criminal ~~mistake~~ this ~~jackass~~ for a ~~wise~~ ~~woman~~
Lion

(Exit De Guzman & Co

Chelano, Exit Senor Saavedra. We are Donna Inez
& the old ~~commedia~~ Lady leave by
the other gate.
They sit down)

Flunn & page 57 1/4

We will walk & debate
your absence & get out
your wedding
& ~~typewriter~~ ~~machine~~
ten

11-6-44

[illegible] — lay aside Ambition
Lay aside fear
And [illegible] friends,
[illegible] talk + think. your Interests must
Summon from Chile not adventurers + gamblers in men
but leaders — real leaders
Bring Diaz and Desmond
The engineers + scientific [illegible]
Let here with this our glorious new home
Here with our ardent Pioneers
+ let us plan a world.

O.C. and may I add a word?
War is the child of Fear
Raised savagely + ruthlessly
by Ambition
Hand! what does Chile need
but Knowledge, Work,
Food + Shelter
And who can give her this but Peace to finish?
Hand! what does Argentina need
but Peace for Work + Food
Knowledge + Shelter.
Why should honest intelligent men
deliberately destroy all this
+ kill each other for
Nothing Nothing Nothing —
save fear + greed?

(turn 757½

41-6-384

S There in a thousand years
God gave me love.

41-6-385

Once I killed it
Once I raped it
Once I sought & made it
footstool & throne

Then I awoke. Suddenly I awoke.
I rose from something worse than death
To something more than life
I had been dead in sleep
Dreaming red nightmare,
Blood lust & abysmal terror
Tore within & fought me
For power & splendor
Life, dominion, glory.
Then came your eyes, Kumara — leaving from terrible visions
Then came your hands, your voice —
Suddenly I SAW me as I was —
A wild brute wrecking his mate
recreant — A traitor friend destroying the Virgin Mother of God
A cheat forbidden trading Death for Power
I lay stunned by the vision
I crouched burned & trembling
Then — I awoke.
I am awoke
~~yet I am the accursed doubter~~
Only God by I have done what I have done
What more I yet not do
In blindness & ignorance.

I am afraid
But I am scared
I am frightened of life
Life is a terrible nuisance
I have lost my confident girlish Faith
I feel the irresistible blight of Work
I quail.
Help me!
Help me!

only with united effort

Only by the United
doubled and redoubled
Infinite dogged & unending
effort of friends
– friends of each other, friends of Man
will this warped world
and its cruel fields
yield

(Cut out 7th Sept 57)

M Here then the Standard unfurled –
Wisdom, Love and Courage
We will found a Peace
Heard round the World
We will enthrone its Primal Light on the Anvil
We will proclaim through all the American
That here at least are hands
To build & fight

(Turn over & Title of p. 57.)

It's shadow shall sweep down
From wintry mountain unto Summer seas
Its voiceless voice shall thunder to the skies
Its pale and pierced hands all silently shall beckon to the world,
Its cross cry, Peace!
~~Thou wilt~~ you will be here, O master, to see it dedicate!

~~Old~~ Black Councillor-- Living yet or dead, I shall be here, my children-

Gonsalez-- And then thereafter,
~~Wilt thou~~ will you not ever stay, good Master?
Here is home- ~~thou~~ you shall be one with us
All that is ours is ~~thine~~ yours- we three, (Looks at the cradle and smiles) we- four.
Together here we'll dream and do
To make this sad world glad-

B. C.-- I thank thee with all depth of gratitude-
Thou art true and good
And if any place beneath the Sun,-
- Save one- I feign would linger
Here would it be, Francesco and Ximena-
Within this mighty fortress of Thy Love
Which God forfend.
But I must go. The day of mine ~~a~~ appointing
Draweth near. I go to die upon the Andes'
Topemost crags, where first I saw this land-

Savedra-- Nay, father but ~~thou art~~ you will still young with age
And now the heavy mantle of ~~thy~~ your burden
Gone, the cares of state and church laid by,
~~Thou~~ you should long live well and watch
The blossomed splendor of ~~thy~~ your days-

41-6-386

Councillor-- I see them here- the fairest full
fruiting of my hope!
Nay, I woo thee Death
O, I have sought thee all these endless years
Thro' war and pestilence and the mad misery of men
Lo! now I sight afar the great White Realm of Peace
The kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God
Whereof tomorrow's mighty festival is pledge and
foretaste
I go- my work is done — O that I may go — with all work done
O welcome Sleep of Death — Then I may welcome Death
O welcome Endless night — And the dark sleep of endless night
I die - the Rest is Peace — And yet — and yet I fear!

(Kisses the child and goes)

Savedra-- How strange and true a man!

Gonsalez-- How noble and how mighty his mien!

S.----- Who is he, dear?

G.-- I know not- His name thou knowest and yet who in very truth he is
No man knows- me seems as tho' he always was and will be--
We call him Master, Father, Good.
Some say he was a great Physician once!
Others a Master of the Law; and others still
Tell tales of endless journeying to and fro
Among the mighty of the earth-I know not
This alone I know:
He lifted me a waif from out the dirt
And throned me, gave me deeds,
Let me love thee and made me mother of this man.
All that I am, I owe to him and though he live afar
Our love must watch and ward lest he at any hour,
Should feel the shadow of a want.

41-6-387

Savedra-- Amen! And now dear love,
The duty calls- I go to keep the councils
Of the state. Wake not for me - it will be late
The night will be full bitter-yet
Heaven send a golden day tomorrow
To greet this festival of Peace.

Gonsalez-- Farewell, [redacted] President-to-Be,

S.---- Fare well, [redacted] Plotter-of-all-Good,
Good night.

G.-- Good night. (Exit Francesco)

G[redacted] Tomorrow-tomorrow O God send a glittering day
To make this great Peace Pageant of the Hills
A thing men shall not light forget,
Fit for the thronging of the Christ of Peace
Upon the Andes.

(Night falls. The nurse and mother go with the child. A wild storm arises. The servants clear the table. A loud knocking. Ximene appears hastily attired)

G.-- The master calls?- Maria? Pedro?

Pedro- (with a letter) Madame-

G--- I know - the Master calls- bring Juan and the mule
(throws on a cloak)

P.-- Madame, 'tis a fearful night

G.-p Peace- the Master calls- fetch lanterns.
Maria tell my husband I go to the Andes
At the Master's last request- let him follow after!
Forth- beshrew the night!- what- art men?
And shrink at water drops and thunder
Showers? Come!

Scene IV.

On the Andes.

G.---- (Dripping) Hast caught him? Bring him again

41-6-388

11-6-389

Act I

Scene IV

(Midnight ~~on the Andes~~ Ximena enters entirely ~~in~~ dressed in dark.)

X. – The Master calls! Ximena! He is not ~~yet~~ returned I must go. The Master calls.

(She arises hastily. Throws a cloak about her and dances over the Condor. Softly she descends the stairs.

Pedro – Madame – you go out? 'Tis a dreadful night.

X. Peace! The Master calls. ~~Bring~~ a lantern, Pedro, come and saddle a mule.

Nanna – Tell my husband I go to the Andes at the Master's last behest. Let him follow after.

To Pedro – Beware the night. What? Do you shrink at ~~shadow~~ shadows? Darkness Come! lead on!

Scene V

(On the Andes ~~at~~

X. ~~Hasten~~ Canst ~~thou~~ the trail? Bring him again.

Black dark as moonless
A night for rovers
Wild beasts & snakes
No shrubs & no trees
Ventures fitted on a night like this
And above madame – dear madame
In the night & rock where the new statue stands
goblins wait & dance & they say
Near is a girl & Well –

And brace his bit.

Pedro-- Madame in God's name have care
Something ill broods on this night
The mule is mad with fright- mount not again

I feel a wild storm in my bone
See it lightens in a clear sky
Hark- Thor wills drakes thunder

Gonsalez-- Take him back- here, Juan, go with him
You are
~~Thou art~~ mad as he- come Pedro, on!

I like not climbing the Andes at night
Paths narrow — animals crawl
Ghosts flit about
I tell you, Madam death is here

P-- O Madame my old legs do waver
Let us wait- your husband will o'ertake us
Soon-

Good old Pedro — death is everywhere? so are ghosts
G.-- ~~Nay~~, I must go, time ~~thou~~ lasts, but ~~thou~~ your, ~~stay~~ Pedro
Sit here in mid-path and guide my love-
I hasten on-

P--- But Madame-

G.-- Silence- the Master calls and I command.

(Exit. She appears climbing and disappears. Pedro waits
the ~~storm increases~~ winds moan. Enter Francesco hastily)

Savedra-- Why went she forth in this ~~mad~~ still dark
Night with but two serving men
Great God-
Who's there? Ximena?

P--- No'tis I good master.

S.-- Where's my wife?

P.--- She's sent away the mule
And hurried on- my old legs staggered
And she made me sit and hasten ~~thine~~ your approach.

S.-- What? ~~Thou hast~~ your have let her forth alone
Upon the mountain's naked breast?
By God, old man- but ~~you~~ I'll —
Out of my way-

41-6-390

And brace his bit.

Pedro— Madame in God's name have care
The mule is mad with fright- mount not again

Ximene ~~Gonsalez~~-- Take him back- here Juan go with him
Thou art mad as he- come Pedro on.

P-- O Madame my old legs do waver
Let us wait- your husband will o'ertake us
Soon-

X.-- Nay, I must go, time thrists, but thou, good Pedro
Sit here in mid-path and guide my love-
I hasten on-

P--- But Madame-

X.-- Silence- the Master calls and I command.

(Exit. She appears climbing and disappears. Pedro waits the storm increases. Enter Francesco hastily)

Savedra-- Why went she forth in this mad
Night with but two serving men
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And hurried on-, my old legs staggered
And she made me sit and hasten thine approach.

S.-- What? Thou hast let her forth alone
Upon the mountain's naked breast?
By God, old man- but no —
Out of my way-

(The fiends of war rage on the mountain in their last great orgies, Great sheets of rain like flame pour across the ~~dargs~~; yells groans and shrieks echo and re-echo and dull red eyes and bloody hands and legs appear)

41-6-391

How dull the night & cold. The stars pierce
glitter chills my bones. I feel a horror
in the air

Where is my wife — my love?
Knows she this hidden treacherous path
To that lone hut where to my own hand
has Ximena always led her?
Ximena! Ximena
(For winds race to a shriek & a cloud hastens
across the stars)
Dear God! almost she hurried inside and
go astray before the burning fury of this storm
Ximena! Ximena

There is a false stillness
in the air
Like a world a-waiting disaster.
Above, beyond this festival of Peace
Apprehension sits upon my heart
In a clear sky the stars
glare dull & ominous
Veiled with mist

41-6-392

~~Savedra-- Has~~ ~~race the devils of the under world this night-~~

Poor little Love-

S.--- (calling) Ximene! (Echoes) Ximene! (He runs ~~fights~~ and staggers on)

S. " Ximene! " Xi[illegible]

S.-- " Ximene! " Ximene!

(He appears and disappears, crossing and recrossing. At last leans panting by ~~on~~ a tree)

Savedra-- Ah fool that I was to leave her thus
Uncounselled and alone-
With her wide woman's heart of duty and of Love,
So piteously open to a cry(Starting up)
Who is this old and nameless man
That dares to call a mother
Forth ~~this~~ at ~~fiercer~~ midnight ~~and~~ the dark ~~stormy~~ ghostly imps of hell
and watch him whimpering
To the grave?
Who is he?
How can I know what ~~hell-born~~ sin
He plots against my love
~~Cursed~~ the day I trusted him!
~~O curse the guile that tempted me!~~
Pity me high heaven in my grief
And bring me back my bride (A hut appears dimly lighted)
Ha!. ~~Sanctuary~~ at last, the hut
The ~~fiends of hell~~ wanton winds
Do ~~war~~ wail about ~~me~~ it
a great rain drops falls—
Not will I win unto it
If I do murder Death itself-
(Reaches the door and falls panting)
Ah!

~~Savedra (calling)~~ Ximene?

41-6-393

Savedra. (calling)-- Ximene? ~~Art thou here?~~ are you there

~~S. -- -- Ximene?~~

(Draws his pistol) Open, or by Christ the King-

(The door flies [redacted] and a great blinding flash of light pours ~~forth.~~ A white, empty bed is seen with burning tapers. At head and foot ~~stand two~~ are dim shadowy dark silent forms, ~~behind whose shoulders are the shadow of mighty wings.~~ Low at the side of the bed ~~sits~~ Ximene, ~~clad in white with radiant face.~~ The storm ~~ceases.~~ The womb drops suddenly. and the storm ceases

X ~~Gonsalez~~-- Francesco!

Ximene! ~~Destroyed - he is betrayed~~

Savedra-- ~~Where lies the master?~~

X.- Death is dead - Well have S where lies the master

X ~~G.~~-- He is not here- He is Risen!

S.-- Who ~~is~~ was this Man?

X ~~G.~~--(dreamily)-His name shall be called -

Voice of First Figure-- Wonderful

" " Second " -- Councillor

First Figure- The Mighty God.

" " ~~G.~~ -- The Everlasting Father!

(Others sound, like the great voice of the heavenly hosts unseen, rolling behind the hut)

He appears like dark Mahogany Brown, black, Crimson mask like, his body more. His eyes are on the stars

(The back of the hut falls away revealing the Old Man cross in Hand on a great pedestal - The Christ of the Andes) ~~the Sun bursts forth)~~

S ~~S~~ — and the Prince of Peace!

(A mighty fanfare of trumpets. A thundering burst of music on the lowest octave "Joy to the World"- on higher octave, on highest, as the voices of thousnads of children Burst forth)

Children-- Joy to the world,- the Lord is come;

Let earth receive her King; (Enter a child leading two lions and an army of children with flowers)

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

(Fanfare of Trumpets- the Army of Peace- workmen and artisans brilliantly apparelled in their working uniform with burnished tools and students in cap and gown. They sing:)

Army pf Peace- He rules the world with Truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

(The low mutterings of the storm is heard, in the pulley cords:
it grows rythmically until on the lowest almost inaudible bass octave
is heard the thunder of the music "Joy & the world".)

(Ending in the golden sunlight the heavens
flutter with silver wings & a great fanfare
of trumpets round on the middle octave
Joy & the world while apace came 2 lions
led by a little child:

At last in childrens voices heralds the
Chorus:

1 verse — procession of children with flowers (sopranos)
2nd the army of Mothers with babies & [illegible] (C. sopranos & alts)
3rd the army of Peace — the Workers (4 bobbs trumpets & bowbells)

Silence

(The silver Andes glow).

Let the great Andes crumble
When Chili & fair Argentine
Break the white Peace that thus they pledge
At the feet of christ the Lord.

(Organ over all mysterious, swells the last great vowless
music - Joy & the world - in single treble of violins)
as the curtain falls

The curtain rises

(with calm faces & a stealthy moving following a Star)

(As ~~I go down~~ the mountain side, nine heavily ~~bronzed & pamphoted~~ ~~Triumphant~~ the voices of a thousand Children)

Children — Joy & the world
The Lord is come
Let earth receive her King
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven & nature sing

(Emblazoned on the mountain the ~~sun~~ arrives a great crash of thunder. The silver hinges glow, clouds. The woods howl, the lightnings flash & sheets of rain sweep over the mountain. The heavy thunderbolts strike the ground. Above) Groans ~~around~~ and crags bend and crash and the Fiends of war rage between heaven and earth. The statue of the Christ becomes dead ~~marble~~ stone and all must ~~submit above~~ and on the erstwhile empty dais lies the ~~skeletal~~ figure of a man. He struggles up.)

X Father — he shall! you must not go! You can do nothing on this storm of the world.

BC. To do what I commit is my eternal task.

(He rises and peers around, muttering)

The world must ~~start~~ start again. Dear ~~God~~ Christ, I cannot die!
World war, world war comes & comes again &
Again & ~~again~~ wander for three an hundred years
Francesca & Ximena — ~~good night~~ Farewell

41-6-385

I am not Hate
Defiance and Confidence
Freedom, Revolution & Gold

(out of the Inferno & mixed with the flame. filling the flame, mixing above the flame, are heard ~~the~~ prayers & shrieks & curses of other hairs. Dull red eyes & bloodily legs & hands float by. On either side roll hills & mountains of smoke concealing crag & hideously heaven & earth Eastward plunged Francesca towards the Alleviter)

Y - Xemene - Xemené

(Westward plunged Xemené, toward the Paraíso.

X - Francesca Francesca

(The serpents swallows down both, their voices float back)

X - Francesca!

Y - Xemena

/ The B.C. wields aloft, and the face of the flame. The flame engulfs him; he shrivels & expands. His looms & gigantic size, his vast voice and - shrieks the winds & thunders)

B.C. Hilder, ye Hounds of Hell!

(The flame engulfs him)

Voice of B.C. Hellene! ye Hounds of Hell.

(The great gums burst & the storm shrieks frantically and the Alleviter, & on day while on the Andes, the sun shines again)

The rhythm of the hurling storm changes & deepest darkness & rolls out the melody "Joy & the world"

The voices of children drift, hymns again

" He rules the world with Truth & Grace, And makes the Nations bow

And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

(The procession of children and pleons, women & officials reach the tent. All is peace & somehow there is no sign of storm. Above the great shelter leaves but smothered snow in cloth material. Mist. J & X address wearily on either edge of the crowd, disheveled & weary. The crowd whisper & stares. & Cloaks are thrown about their shoulders & trappings of celebration & festival, but they say nothing. They stare at the unveiled statue, clasping each others hands. ~~The quiet~~ Preludes, drums & chorus boys approach & sing

No more let sins & Sorrows grow
Nor thorns infest the ground
He comes & wakes his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found

(Silently the Archbishop exits the tent & steps)

Archbishop - Sorrow &c

(The ~~white~~ Christ looms. But he is no longer dead & living flesh. He is white & cold, thin lipped & vacant eyed. He gleams in the morning sun)

Curtain

L23-6-17

The glories of his righ...
And wonders of his love.

(Fanfare of Trumpets - the Army of Women, mothers and babes, maidens and nuns - they sing:)

Army of Women: No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

(A great silence)

G[redacted] - Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust
T[redacted] shall fair Chili and Great Argentine
Break the white Peace that thus they Swear
At the feet of Christ the Lord.

(Curtain)

41-6-398

(The whole chorus looms still & cold & marble and a woman's [illegible] voice sets the mountains beneath)

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

****

Dramatis Personae

The chief persons of the drama are identical in all three acts.

Act I
1525-50
The Old Man (Black)
Ximena (Black)
Francisco de Saavedra (White)

Act 2
1725-50
The Old Man (Black)
Ximena (Brown)
Don Pedro Tafur (White)

Act 3
1900-1905
The Black Counsellor
Senora Gonzales (White)
Juan Saavedra (Brown)

41-9-14

The idea is the recurrence of the same personality at lapses of two & four centuries, battling with problems of War & its consequences.

ACT 1, Conquest

Time, 1525--1550. Place, Peru and Chili.

Dramatis Personae:

Atualpa, Huascar } Claimants to the throne of Peru.

The Old Man

Don Pedro Tafur

Francisco Pizarro

Francesco de Saavedra

King Charles the Fifth

Las Casas

Ximena, Princess of the Araucanians.

Adventurers, Warriors, Courtiers, etc.

1½ B.

SCENE I, The Strife of Atualpa and Huascar, sons of Huayna Capac, Inca of Peru.

Place, Peru, with a vision of Toledo, Spain.

(On mountains facing the sea a swarm of Indians appear in deadly combat. Enter Atualpa and Huascar, fighting.)

Huascar-- Cursed be thy soul, thou hound of hell,
The Earth-fiend drink thy bitter blood!
Thou liar!

Atualpa--The Sun Divine burn out thy heart
And sear thy shameless carcass--
Coward!

1st Warrior-- Unhand me! By the lips of God--

2nd Warrior--Down, down, till thy red soul--

1st W.-- Ah! (Dies)

3rd W-- Meet with thy murderer's and throttle

41-6-13

out its life!

2nd W-- (gasping in death) O little babe of mine! O--

4th W-- Let me to him-- clear the way!
His foul black blood I'll drink this day
Or die!

3rd W.-- Die then,--let howling dogs devour thy
Thy livid flesh!

5th W.--Eat! Dog!

3rd W.--(falls, writhing) Let me die-- God, hold me not here
In hell-- let me die--let me die!

Huascar-- Hear me, great God of Day!
I'll have this devil's life
Before thy gold doth hiss
Into the sea!
Out, vermin! (kills 5th Warrior)

Atualpa-- Soul of my sire's soul
Give me this traitor's death
And I will make twin temples
Blaze unto the Sun!
Die, slave! (kills 6th Warrior)

(They face)

A.-- I thank thee, Sun of God!

H.-- Praise to the Soul of the Sun! (They fight).

(Enter an Old Man; his face is ~~brown~~ flesh, his hair ~~hung~~ crush and snow-white; his eyes are deep and cavernous, and his face shows endless age)

Old Man-- Hold!

A. & H.-- Back, fool!

O.M.-- Behold!

Scene II

(The Old Man points; far down upon the sand beside the sea appear a group of men; they are evidently strangers

11-9-14

and the Indians cease fighting and gaze at them; as the Old Man points thegroup appears more and more distinct until at last their voices are clearly heard)

Tafur-- 'Tis madness! The heavy heat of
Of all this sun-cursed land
Hath melted down thy brains!
The fever burns in thy mad blood,
Pizarro! Away, we go-- all they that come
Aboard!

Pizarro-- Go!
Low lies this line
On yellow sun-kissed sand
And here stand I, Pizarro!
Who crosses to my sword?

1st & 2nd Adventurers-- I, I!

3rd Adventurer-- I

4th " -- I

Pizarro-- Ponder well, ponder well!
Let no coward come!
Senor, this line doth signify
All labor, hunger, thirst and wounds,
Sickness and the whole brood of dangers
That must be in this war of men,
Even to Death's self!
Let those who dare then cross the line,
And all who hesitate hasten to Panama!
For me and mine, I trust
The good God and the King!
Who comes?

Adventurers-- I, I, I, I, I,
I, I,

41-6-15

I, and I.

Tafur-I. Fools and madmen--

Linger then and rot in this ~~hot~~ hell-haunted land!

Sailors, ahoy! Hoist sail, up anchor--

Once more-- ye come or stay ?

All-- We stay!

Tafur-- Farewell, forever! (Exeunt)

Pizarro-- Let the cowards scamper to their toast and milk

Look upward where the gleaming silver of that awful peak

Doth rend the riven sky:

See where beyond, the mist-clad mountains

Roll and billow to the south!

Hark! Where the great hot seas

Do boil and riot at the feet

Of forests black and mad

With beast and giant tree--

See ye this, comrades ?

I tell thee yonder lieth

El Dorado, land of living gold!

The haunt of handsome women,

THe Vales of life eternal,

And unquenched joys!

Forward! We'll sieze the land

Or bathe it in our heart's

Hot blood!

(Meantime the old man slowly leaving the watching Indians above, silently approaches the band of Spaniards)

Ist Adventuer-- Hist! What cometh here ?

2nd A.-- I sore mislike his whitened blackness.

41-6-16

3rd Adventurer-- Beware his eyes do flame with some unearthly glow.

4th " -- He glides too spirit-like along-

5th " -- Thrust thy good sword between his ribs
And see if honest blood doth lurk therein.

Pizarro-- Nay-- Wait- 'tis some wandering African slave
Ho! stranger, stand!

Old Man-- I come in Peace.

P.-- -- Ha! And speakest too the King's fair tongue- 'tis well:
Whence cometh thou and whither?

O. M. -- I come o'er endless ways
And paths that wind this great world through
I go to hidden thrones
And hearts that yearn for Peace --

P. --- Knowest thou, Peru ?

O. M.-- Aye, well I know it;

P.--- And the Land?

O. M. -- Is sweet and fair fair as was that ancient Vale
Of Paradise, wherein man sinned.

P -- And rich?

Old Man-- And rich in human love and longing
In laughter, joy and song!

P. -- And Gold?

O. M. -- Aye, in pain and gold and sorrow
And the blood guiltiness of strife.

P -- Ha! They fight?

O. M.-They fight as whirling wolves
That gnaw and tear
The hungry night.

P --Good-- Good- hearest thou that comrades
Comrades?- They'll fight themselves to death
And then their gold, their women and their land

I am African
P. Must have meant American
O.M. Replied American was, African is
Why American did African think he

11-9-17

Lie Lie naked to our grasp
Hark ye Old Man- if thou
Wilt lead us to this land
We'll make thee one
With us- thou'lt and be
As rich and drunk
As any Lord of lordly Spanish Ind
Come- on - the time
Doth wink and beckon.

O. M.-- Aye, good my lords and gentlemen;
And the great land that ~~greets~~ sleeps
Beyond the frowning ramparts
Of yon hills doth frown and beckon too
But hold: how come ye there ?
Come ye heart hand and life-ful
Of the things they need?
Cunning thou art in skill and knowledge.
And the high wisdom of thy Gods
They need ~~thee~~ ye- these simple striving souls
Who through the darkness of th' uncounted age
Have blazed their way along
To work, and weal and God.
Stretch for-th thy hand and help them
Bring them thy knowledge of great God and Peace.

1st Adventurer-- Peace- ha! ha!
They'll get a piece of good Toledo blade.

2nd A. -- Their knowledge of good gold will serve them best.

3rd. A. -- And to our God we'll swift
Baptize them in red blood
The day they thwart our will!

41-6-18

Pizarro-- Enough of this chatter-- Old Man-
Beshrew thy babble-
Lead us thou wilt and must
And if thou vearest one hair's breadth
From this straight road to rich Peru
I'll bore thine eyes out with hot irons,
Disbowel thee and drag thy limbs insunder.

Old Man-- Beware, Pizarro, I can forsee thine end.

P. -- Ha! Thou knowest me by name?
Who art thou, then?
Some damned black creeping spy?
Ah, mayhap thou art!
Or some fortune telling seer
In whose black eyes the Future beameth white-
Art thou a seer, Answer, or By Christ-

O. M.-- Seer am I none
And yet I see.

P. -- Good- soothsay then- Here's gold.

O. M.-- I see a goodly land ~~where temples~~
Where temples blaze with gold-

P.--- Hearest thou-hearest thou, comrades?

O. Mr-Where streams run red with blood
And jewelled mountains groan in anguish-

P. -- Jewelled? Didst mark?

O. Mr-And people writhe and die
Where over all sits Spain's Adelantado-

P--- Who- What shall he be?

O. M. -- Captain- General.

P. -- Quick, the name

O. M. -- The marquis-

P.-- Ho!

O. M. -- Don Francisco de Pizarro.

4-9-14

Pizarro-- Praise to San Diego and the Virgin Queen of God!
Old Death's head, here is gold, I'll-

Old Man-- But

P. -- But

O. M. --His face is old.

P. -- Old? I? old ? I am but-

O. M.-- His body sick and seared with awful pain.

P. -- Pain?- sick ?

O. M--His hands are black and red.

P. -- With good spilled blood, in noble battle let,-

O. M.-- With old Amalgro's soul

P. -- Thou liest, thou-

O. M. -- His lips do twicht and gibber-

P. ---- By God, old man now goest thou too far.

O. M.-- He grovels to the ground and dies in one wild gasp,
Beneath his comrades angry swords !

All-- Kill him-- slay the blaspheming negro!-
Kill him- where is he?

Ist Adventurer-- There he goes.

2nd " -- Here he skulks.

3rd " -- Yonder he flies.

Ist " He's gone -- He's gone

2nd " -- What was this thing?

3rd. " -- 'Twas fever-brewed a vision foul of hell.

Ist " -- 'Twas some false masquerading priest or spy!

2nd A --- Let's search-

P. ----- Search nothing
Out with these African lies
And once we meet him again
God save his soul; but now
Let the snake writhe on

02-9-14

Pizarro-- We've work to do
The Andes beckon
We'll view this hidden land
And lay it at the feet of our
Of our puissant lord, king, Charles, of the Spains and
Germanies,
Of Burgundy and Italy
The Indies and the world-

All-- Away- on- away. Scene III

(The picture fades; a ship appears plowing the seas. The Indians gaze in fascinated amazement. Far away land appears. Then the gardens of Toledo, Spain, before the royal palace. A young noble walks excitedly up and down as Pizarro approaches from afar.)

Francesco de Saaveedra-- 'Tis some witch tale
Some fairy weaving of dead dream!
He's here, Pizarro!
His eyes have seen the Mystic land
His feet have trod great
El Dorado!
My blood doth boil to go
And go I will
Out to the great witch world
Of War and Love
And Love and War
The Jew, where is the Jew?
I'd pawn my life
To raise a company. (Exit)

(Enter Pizarro and his men)

1st Courtier-- 'Tis he the tall one
2nd " -- Ill favored knave
3rd " --Baked and leathery, and hard as heartless flint.

41-6-21

1st Courtier--How doth the king regard him?

All-- Long live the King(Enter King Charles V, Las Casas, Gonsalez and retinue)

King-- God's greeting, my lords
We hasten on to Italy,
Yet must need pause a breath
To hear our good Pizarro here
Now come from far oof India:
Pizarro, welcome to Spain!
And if thou hast a prayer,
we'll hear it?

Pizarro-- Sire,mine eyes have seen
A goodly land-
A land wherewith
The kingdoms of this earth
So pale- I'd bring it to thy feet
O King
Had I thy royal mandate:

King-- What land is this?

P. -- Peru- picture
The wide and Penceful Ocean.
Stretched like a living emerald
Between the soft sierras and the sun:
Yonder sweeps the great Unknown,
But here the land doth hurl itself
In panting throes of cliff and crag,
Till far aloft the gnarled and blazing silver
Of its peaks do cut and grip
The sky.
Below twixt sun and sea
Stretch rolling hills and vales

22-9-14

Of beauty such as mortal man
Hath never seen
Since the vast vengeance
Of God's blazing sword
Swung before Paradise
Gold is as grass
Great golden temples
Lift their lofty heads in air
On golden plate
The king and all his court
Do dine
In gold and jewells
Women walk the gilded streets
And all the rivers pour
Their golden flood
Down the Golden Sea.

41-6-23

King--Pizarro, thou ravest-
And yet my blood hastens
At thy words- Ah! were I not a King
A King, and but a goodly free and Spanish gentleman
How soothly would I foot
The Waves away to yonder fairy-land!

Pizarro-- Pardon, my Liege,
But were I King
How quickly would I send thee
Right good conduct and a seal
And all the drippings of my royal purse
To harness out thy company.

King-- Ha! Ha! Out-spoken like a soldier!
To thy knees:
My sword-

...e Marquis Don Francisco de Pi...arro,
My royal Captain-General
And Adelantado of Peru.
The purse myy good queen mother
Shall insure and draw thy contract too
For soothly need we gold in haste and plenty.

Pizarro-- Have no fear, your Majesty,
Thou shalt have gold in store unheard of.

Las Casas-- My Lord the King ?

King-- Ah, the good Bishop of Chiapa-

L. C.-- H...oly I crave
That in this contract drawn
My poor dark Indian children
Be not all forgot
Or sold for gold.

King-- Mine own far reaching dread command
Hath long ere now gone forth
And that thou knowest well, Las Casas.

L. C.-- True, O King and good
Yet cries do come across the sea
And the sick tale of blood
E'en now my moorish brother here
Hath just received a letter
Signed and sealed
With nameless deeds therein.

King.--How now, old Gonzalez stand forth.

(Again the vision of the Old Man fades from the Indians' side and re-appears in Spain draped in a Jewish gabardine)

P. -- (aside) Ha! By God- that black and bold tongued spy.

1st Adventurer-- (...) How came he here?

...er-- 'Tis the witchering of the devils self.

3rd " -- Who is he ?

Old Man-- Thy servant O King.

King-- Speak Old Gonsalez, thy gold is thy good passport.

1st Courtier-- (aside) He's a banker- Jew or Negro or some such carrion.

Pizarro-- But why went he to Peru?

1st Courtier-- He's never been there that I know.

O. M. -- Decrees indeed have gone and great commands your Majesty has thundered forth
But do thy Captains there obey
Have governors respect to thine all royal will?
Do thy red children thrive?
Comely flesh slaves endure
Ah! I have here a tale to melt the hardest gold in Peru.

P. --- Dare this plaspheming Jew accuse a Christian soldier, Sire?

3rd Courtier-- My liege - the carriage—

King-- I come- Peace. I'll send a new protector to the West.

P.-- Your Majesty I beg for one indeed : My comrade Luque a blameless man will watch them fervently.

K.-- Good- Let Luque be the new Indian protector
Pizarro signed a contract for more blacks
And now farewell- See that thy gold come
Quickly for the Turk doth hammer hard
The Frenchman bursts with pride
And all the Germanies are mad- stark mad!- adieu!

(Exit King, greeting the entering Francesco; Exeunt Courtiers and retinue, save Gonsalez)

Francesco-- Pizarro, I would join thee-

P.-- Watch well that Jew- his life is forfeit-

F.--- He is a banker, yet the death's head
Hath refused me funds to raise my company.

P.-- Who art thou?

S22-9-14

Francesco de Saavedra, a count of old and noble birth, yet poor.

Pizarro-- Good- Don Francesco , kill me that J[illegible] and bury his spoil to blossom in Peru.

(All go out save Francesco and Gonzalez)

F.-- Tis murder, but by Heaven it must be done, for go I will to this great Promised Land - Ha!

(Starts to go and spies the Old Man in the shadows)

Old Man.-- Wilt thou Gold or Blood or both?

F.-- First, gold- what is this gilded and bejewelled th[illegible] that clasps thy neck.(Siezes the picture rudely)

O. M.-- Tis a woman's face- look not upon it tw[illegible]e-

F.-- Mother of God- how ~~fair~~ strange a face — [illegible] form that mocks the Zephyr's gentlest curvings

See the long litheness of her limbs,

And wh[illegible] her breasts do bubble 'neath

The dark full sweeping of her supple neck

~~Black is her face — her face is black but velvet —~~

God! What bursting lips to kiss, what ~~velvet~~ misty eyes to gaze on!

What mazy midnight mass ~~close curled~~ of hair

for two to nest in.

Who is she- tell me- I will know

Or else-

O. M.-- Put up thy sword-

Thy fate is written

Petulant boy

Go- take the jewelled gold

That wreathes this woman's face

And journey to Peru.

F.-- Who is she, I say?

VI-6-26

Old Man-- Ximena, Araucanian princess of the land
That lies beyond Peru in snow girt
Chili.

Francesco-- Ximena!

Echo- Francesco

F. -- Hark- Heardest thou that
I'll have her though I wade
The fires of hell
And naked walk thro' frozen seas.
I'll snatch her from the throne of God himself
I'll ~~have~~ know her-

Old Man-- Go! rash reveller
~~if~~ if thou harm a hair
Of that young head
Thy soul shall burn for twice
Two hundred years
In hell.

F. -- Hush- Die fool, thy life is forfeit to Pizarro.
(He runs the old man through. The picture begins to fade)
And now hail
Hail Love and War
Ximena!

Echo- Francesco.

(Spain fades away in the echo of Francesco's voice and the Old Man appears again amid the wondering Indians. Enter Ximene with attendants)

Scene IV

Echo-Ximena

Ximene-- Francesco!
Whence leaps this strange new name
So coldly to my lips- and that
pale bloodless face I seem to see afar,-
So sharp and queer- I hate it

41-6-27

Yet how lithe and strong he looked
How wilful!
The Gods of the Moluchi grant
I see him never more!

Atualpa-- Greetings, O Daughter of the Moon-
Father, what means this vision?

Huascar-- Who are these bloodless ghosts?

Old Man-- They are devils that come from nether hell
To torture them that torture their own selves!
Cease war and murder of thy kin
Face these fierce foes
With grim and undivided strength
And thy great sinewed arms
Shall squeeze from out their greed
The secret of the splendor thou hast viewed.

A. -- Thus have I ever said
And say again, but this base brawler here-

H. -- Peace is my dearest dream, but peace with Honor, and
This base liar here -

Messenger-- Ho! have care - look yonder!
There cometh up the mountain paths
A mighty cloud of men
Pale as the dead they are, and bloodless
Their limbs be clad in glittering silver,
Long iron clubs lay lightly in their hands
They sit astride great prancing beasts!
Away! They come!
And murder sits upon their
Their sharpened cruel faces!

A. -- Ho! Save the princess
Away with her to Araucania

82-9-14

She who hath plead so vainly
With this stark mad usurper, for my throne.
Huascar-- Ho! save the princess
Away with her to Chili
She who sacredly refuses to supplant
A royal sister!
Atualpa-- What! And will thy lips profane
The King is betrothed?
this blood and regal child of god?
H. -- Thou art no King- thou art no man
Thou art a dog that vomits forth
Thy rage-

(Enter Spaniards)

A.-- Ho! thou white and gleaming host
Help me to kill this false and
Lying thing that dares blaspheme an Inca of Peru !
Pizarro-- Right graciously O King!

(The old man leads the princess away. As she turns she sees Francesco and he spies her)

Francesco-- Ximene!
Ximene-- Francesco!

(He rushes madly forward, but the whirl of renewed battle bears him back. She disappears)

Scene II.

(Scene: A crag surmounted by a fortified Indian palace closely guarded by silent warriors. The princess enters and sadly looks into the Valley and Sea.)

X.-- There sits an awful silence
On the Sea, and o'er the mighty mountains-
The hushed air doth creep with weak
And trembling footsteps.
The rivers smell the blood

62-9-14

And yonder carrion condor.
Drunk on human hearts
Shrieks and wheels upward and homeward
To his babes. O fated land!
O vale of Death, O Mother of red murder
And ofwar- hark!
What roars from out the glen?
With human accents?- My God! they come!
The blasphemy of cursing
Cuts the air,
The muttered mouthings
Of their barrelled thunder knells
From out the dells and echoes and reechoes
On the vast
Andean shoulders of the hills
They come, ye gods, they come!
As sweeps the throttled
Bursting anger in the Devil's breast-
As swirls the maddened
Torrent of the Spring.
Around that silvery gleaming central core,
Dark terrible the soldiers of my great father's realm
Do swarm and sting.
Fond Heaven! How they reel, their death cries
Shake the cliffs and send the eagles screaming
To the air.
Accursed be the sight- I will not see-
And yet I must, since country, life and hope itself
Hang in the awful scale.
Ha! [redacted]-- How hateful, harsh, and hideous
Gleam the bloodless masks

41-6-30

On that in-human host.

(A band of Spaniards headed by Francesco appears fighting)

See that great iron-nosed monster far ahead
Whp plows with devilish skill
The heart blood of our men- Great Father!
Make me once a man- give me a spear-
Ah! - That face- that fearful face!
That pale and bloodless face afar
So sharp and queer- I hate it
Yet how lithe and strong he looks
How wicked willful!
He comes! Francesco!
His spear points toward my heart
His eyes do glisten as the serpents
Horrid gaze.

(The battle rages close to the palace gates)

What Ho, Moluchi
Fend me- here, there, stand, fight
My princess calls- Father, Brother,
Cousin-!
'Round me
On thy dead souls
That monster dare not woo

(A fierce and bitter struggle at the gates)

Hush.
Eyes see not!
Ears! hear not!
Heart, lift up thy prayer to God!
Spirit of Wonder
Daughter of Thunder
Fire that lurks in the cavern sea!'

41-6-31

Mist of the mountain
Song of the Fountain
Mingle thy might to the guarding of me!
God of the Day
Lord of the Way
Fire that flames for the Child of the Sun
Conquer the Terrible
Vanquish the Horrible
Rescue thy children, Adorable One.

(She rises from her knees and looks; the main battle has swept onward leaving but Francesco fighting his way to Ximena)

What new and creeping silence is this now?
I hear the ring of silver- ringing, ringing, ringing!
Far off the echoes of the battle die.
As it sweeps past
But here!- father of mercies-
Here! and alone!
All silent
Bloody, wounded-
Torn and terrible - cpmes-
Francesco!
Francesco-- Ximena!

(The princess' family attack him)

Ximena-- My older brother dies- his hands
Claw the red earth-
(What eyes this white faced monster hath)
The head of my great cousin grins
A yard from his vast shoulders.
(Oh the dread strength of that long slim white arm
How thrills and throbs his thin thrust
Through the air!)

41-6-32

My little brother sinks and sighs as he did
Sigh in sleep- Oh- Oh-
(What wondrous courage this white warrior hath!)
My uncle yells his last great war-cry
To the hills
Lo! the white spirit sways and falls
God pity him- no-no,yes,O fate, he dies?
Wonder! he staggers up again, his
Great green eyes on me
(What a love must nerve his iron will)
On, on he reels
My father cuts the silver from his head-
Ah! Ah! Softly- ah softly, Father-
Was that my father once-
That drabbled bloody thing that spurts its slime
On my cold breast?
The gates do yield!
(She steps within the palace doors)
He comes- nearer- nearer- near- here
Hear- Hark!
(She closes them)
Francesco-- Open or by Christ the King-
(She opens them and stands within alone)
Ximene-- Francesco!
F.--- Ximena! (He stands panting and swaying on his sword;
she recoils)
Ximene-- Beast!
F.-- Woman!
X.--- (Whispering) I- love thee.
F.---- Come!
X.---(Wildly) And I hate me that I do

41-6-33

Ah!

(He sieges her in his arms, and carries her into the palace. The doors close. Night falls and the moon rises. The doors open. Francesco appears alone, pale and erect)

Francesco-- How whirls the world
The mountains dance in drunken revel
I am so strangely weak
What's this? why 'tis blood
Good red and streaming blood!

(The Old Man appears in the door, Ximena lying stark and bloody across his arms with cloudy curling hair)

I- Ximena!
Ha!- who art thou
That stands above my wedded wife?
I know thee- ha!
I know thee, Jew- old death's head!
Thou risest from the grave to mock me
I fear thee not- I'll kill thee presently again.
Wipe first the trailing blood
From off the princess' bridal gown
It is not meet- (Sways and totters) loses sight of the Old Man & fights an imaginary foe)
Ha! What-
What sayest thou so silently?
Thou art death?
What have I to do with death?
I am young!
Iam strong!
I am wed!
Art thou Death?
Then I'll kill thee, Death,
[illegible]

41-6-34

Grip fast thy scythe

Defend!

One, two-

Coward, dost thou run?

Thinkest thou thus to escape Saaveedra's

Mighty sword? -

Unhand me- off with thy cold wet hands !

Knave- base-born, unknightly, caitiff.

Unhand me I say or by the great King

I'll run thee through- I'll-

What! callest thou witchery

To darken all the world,

In this bright morning hour?

Thy magic all be damned

I'll grope thee out thro' blackness ten times blacker than

the blackest hell!

Take- that- and that, and that—

I warned thee fair-

What Ho! Ximene!

Death is dead

We'll live forever.

(Crashes to the earth and dies)

Curtain, leaving

the old man still

standing with the

maid across his

arms.)

41-6-35

Act II. Degradation, 1725-1750. Plaza Santiago, Chile

Dramatis Personae.

Ximena- A courtesan

Pedro de Guzman- Owner of Silver mines

Milo Diaz- His partner

Juan Mendoza- A Spanish capitalist.

Brother Francesco- A young Franciscan friar

Don Jose de Armendariz- Marquis of Castelfuerte, governor of Chile

An Old Man-

Place, Valparaiso, Chili.

Scene I. Office of De Guzman.

De Guzman and Mendoza are sitting around a table littered with maps, papers, ore, &c. Diaz is smoking by the window.

De Guzman-- Good! In other words, I take it

You willingly would pay
Ten thousand doubloons down,
Of good old Spain, for this rich mine-

Mendoza-- Yes willingly, if only I were sure
Of laborers in plenty.
Rich mines unworked are quite
As poor as mines unfound and all unknown.

De. G-- Ha! Ha! Milo, Senor Mendoza
Fears lack of labor here!
Ha! Ha! Good God! look yonder!
The vermin spawn in the very gutters-
They overflow the filth and crawl
Beneath the feet of gentlemen abroad!

M.-- Aye! Aye! But will these dirty
Black and lazy cattle work?
There's the rub- I sought

One only yesterday to bear a load
He grunted and rolled in his drunken sleep
Out into mid-highway, and slept.

Diaz- Will they work? Drive them, beat them
Kill them. You should have kicked the pig.
Who of us all will work undriven?
We gentlemen are driven
By our loves and tastes- we drive these dogs
With whips and scorpions.

Mendoza-- But the law- ?

De G.--- The law is made in Spain
'Tis executed here.

M.--- Yes, yes! I've heard all that
But know you Armendariz
Governs now, and he's a straight-laced
Sour churl, mule-stubborn,
And filled with tales of fancied wrongs.

De G.-- O, Yes, we know; against him
Will we marshall armies three:
A regiment of gold- that carries
Most positions;
Skirmishers of deceit- they
Blind most eyes.
Or, at worst, a whole artillery
Of weighty tongues at home
And lo! he goes- richer, ~~richer~~
Sadder, wiser, or all three.

M.-- Yes- yes- that's fair in promise- but-

De G.-- Listen, my love, we joke:
We stand here to take contract
Firmly backed and bound
To furnish you continuously

All needful help from one unto
A thousand thousand men-

Mendoza-- Enough- with that, the bargain's struck!
The mine is mine
The contract shall be witnessed, sealed
And signed- when, sir, and where?

De Guzman-- Now- 'tis here.

M.-- Good- I sign- Don Juan Mendoza
For the Company Anonymous of Madrid.

De G.-- And I, Don Pedro de Guzman
For the firm, Guzman, Diaz and Andrade - there!

M.-- Here is the check signed, crossed and certified
~~Certified.~~

Diaz.-- And here, the bond.

De G.-- Tis done- gentlemen we'll celebrate!
Your are my guests.

M.-- We're honored.

D.-- Thousand thanks!

De G.-- What shall we do?

D.-- A dinner, first, such as old Pedro cooks
And then a night's carousal-

M.-- Wine, women and song.

D.-- Ximena- we must have Ximena!

De G.-- Yes, yes by every odds, Ximena!

M- - Who is she?

D-- The daintiest chit in Chili
A fiery buxum half breed ← Nigger, Indian and Spanish
Handsome as hell and hotter
Wise, witty, dainty, devilish-
The loveliest leman
Ever man desired fought for, dreaded
Died for and damned.

41-6-38

Mendoza-- Ha- ha- Ha!-good, Ximena!

De G. -- Here, boy! - damn you-
Move your carcass-here
This to old cook Pedro - a soup, some fish,
A fowl, some dainty venison roasted,
Salad, sweets, three wines
And above all - Ximena and two other pretty girls
Go!--

M.-- But wait-

Diaz-- He's gone- they know to mind De Guzman.

M--- ; I forgot , I meet a priest tonight-

D.--- A priest? So ho! Good bring him here. Bid him meet you at Pedros

M.---- What- a priest? here? And Abbe?

D.--- Ha! Ha! Old man, this is America
Not dawdling Europe
Bring your priest along
And fill his belly and his soul.
If need will get another girl.

M.-- Well - so be it, if you think-

D.-- Think? I know, he'll not be the first
Gray cowl that's graced
Our board.

M.-- Tis some small matter of promotion
Some secret and left handed influence,
I ween, of old Castilian blood-

De G.-- Come, time's up- we're off gentlemen.

Scene II. (The private dining room at Pedro's. ~~Ximena, two other women~~
De Guzman, Diaz and ~~Mendoza~~ two women and at table) ~~Pedro~~
drunk & are hilarious)

All ~~Ximena~~-- Down with the wine
Damned be the swine
Who dare to despise it
Or rudely misprise it-

41-6-39

It's honor is mine

It's flavor is divine

Down with bubbling, guggling, juggling

Troulbing, struggling, muddling wine!

(Ximena + Mendoza burst in from a door of the room at the left. X is half naked)

Mendoza-- Hurrah! Encore! By San Diego

This is the loveliest wench .

This side the Sea (Embraces Ximena)

Ximena-- ~~Aye, and the other!~~

Aye and the other, too!

By heaven, I'll- Ill-

(They drink and sing again). Ximena ~~dances~~ looks on

(She Castle dances, whirling her brown body serenely & clinking the Castanets)

(She Cowboy dances wildly)

Servant-- A Priest, Sir, ~~for~~ Senor Mendoza. & exit

De Guzman-Ha! Ha! He needs none.

X.-- He, a priest - a conquest new.

Diaz-- I'll wager ~~a thousand~~ a hundred pesos

~~Thou canst not~~ You cannot drag a tiny smile

From his drawn lips

X.-- Done- and more- ~~10,000~~ a thousand that I'll ~~make~~

~~Him~~ take ~~no more~~ him to my room

D.-- Hurrah! done!

M.-- Nay, nay, the wager shall be this(whispers)

X.-- Ha, ha! done: ~~ten~~ two thousand pesos 'gainst(She slaps him)

O, you valiant devil-sh- he comes.

(Enter Brother Francesco; he draws back timidly)

Francesco-- Pardon gentlemen- here's some mistake, I fear

I sought the Senor Mendoza

Who brings a message from mine uncle-

Pardon-

M.---- Nay- no excuse- welcome- twice welcome,

Father

I am Pedro Mendoza and right glad to greet

11-6-40

A scion of Saavedra
Come- sit at meat with us, drink
Here is Senor de Guzman,
Brother Francesco, and Senor Diaz,
This-is Ximena, and these —

Francesco — No, no- my duties call —
Ximena -- What not a glass of wine, Father? (suddenly, startled) Francisco!
~~(She pouts mischievously~~ (he gives a half embarrassed smile)
F.-- I thank thee madame- (startled) Ximena!
De G. -- (aside) A thousand, Diaz, (to the priest) Mendoza
M - Done! Father just a cask Of rich red wine to make your spirits glow
And set your cool young heart a blazing?
F.--(shrinking back)-- No- the message, Sir, my duty calls.
Mendoza-- Here is the packet- I am sorry, Brother-
X.-- And here Sir Priest is yet a sweeter message
(throws him a kiss)
F.--(hastily) Gentlemen- good night.
X.-- (aside) Hold him a moment- I return-
(She steps out)
Diaz- (aside)- Wait- rich devilry brews
De G.-- (aside) 'Tis a great joke- the boy is but a novice- watch
We wished to ask about this kind (to the priest)
But a moment, father- the woman fortunately is gone
We wished to ask about this kind of maid
She came upon us suddenly- we could but ask her in-
in courtesy to dine.
(She exit her - her beauty on our senses lingers.)
(Shows all the symptoms of love at first sight - old memory for details fine & manner)
But she- they are
~~She is~~ - strange to us- what think you?
What advice to three young gentlemen abroad?
F.-- (Hesitating) I know not, but she seemed to me
Over forward, ~~bold~~ - also somehow - some way I seem to remember
D- Padre - but it cannot be. gone into before - in London somewhere or
Continued

17-9-17

(Ximena rushes in, half disguised in a black mantilla)

Ximena--- Help gentle father, Is there a priest here? Help, father?
My mother lies in burning throes of death
E'en now the violent poison disease
rattles in her throat- she dies
Unshriven- no priests is near
Come in God's piteous name!

Francesco-- (In consternation) I am no priest- my vows of
brotherhood are but begun-
Strange am I to the city streets, I-I scarcely know-
What? dost thou pause
hesitate when death calls?
to beat and batter back
The doors of hell? Is no help here? heartless
heathen - I go- I-

F.--- Nay- nay - I come; I can give no summons — but I can pray

X.-- (aside) thousand, Mendoza

Mendoza, Diaz and DeGuzman (convulsed in laughter)-Unfair- unfair-

De G.— Ha, ha, ha! - that she-devil

Diaz-- Ho, ho, ho! saw you ever such acting-
By God t'would grace the stage of old Madrid.

Mendoza— Will she lure him to her arms?

De G.-- Will she? Tis already done
And once in his embrace, good God forget him.

M— Hah! But I don't like that — she's mine
Let's follow and behold

De G.--- Follow? tis the funniest thing
I ever heard- not so crestfallen, Mendoza,
She'll return.

D. And we need not follow - just wait. (They hasten to the door of the left
Scene III One door D. enters X. enters Exeunt)

~~A tawdry littered room strewn with woman's apparel and~~
~~cheap furniture. (Enter Ximena followed by the~~

21-9-17

X — Shall? was shaken? Shall — she is here — in the hall
May not? She is always near — her daughter
D.D. Mrs D — Mr. Mrs! Mrs
X — Ximena, mother — Ximena, Ximena, for mercy The hall — naked door

~~breathless Priest. She locks the door and drops the key in her bosom.)~~

Voice off Francesco- Where is she?

Voice off Ximene-- (In ~~innocent~~ surprise) Why- she is not here!

" " F.-- But where then, quick! we must hurry-

Voice off X. --(Mi[illegible]). She's gone-but I am here

V. off F.-- I do not understand- ~~thou saidst~~ you said

(~~Exit~~ ~~Francesco~~)

V off X.-- I said O ~~golden haired~~ and pretty priest- a lie.

(As the lights are covered with coloured paper. It begins to burn without)

What then- ~~art thou~~ are you afraid?

V. off F.-- ~~Thou~~ Do you sport~~est thus~~ with death?

V off X.-- ~~Nay~~ no, but with ~~thee~~ you- ~~thou art far~~ you are much fairer, dear, than death

(~~The~~ one dear to us priest, ~~white and trembling turns to the door and finds it locked~~ humbly at the door of the hall)

41-6-43

V off F.-- This door- open it-

V off X.-- The key is hidden- ~~here~~ in my shift

V off F.-- Open the door

V off X.-- Take the key-

V off F.-- ~~No~~, no- no (Raised in anger)

Open or by Christ the King

I'll curse ~~thy~~ your soul to ~~black~~ perdition;

~~Thou~~ You wretched shameless hag of hell

~~Thou~~ You spawn of vermin and of beasts

~~Thou~~ You black blasphemer of the great white Christ —

~~Thou art accursed!~~

V off X. (trembling) ~~Nay~~ no — not that- I-

V off F.-- I curse ~~thee~~ you in the name of ~~the high~~ all. God

The Father of the world -

(The storm breaks without. X screams) O! I am afraid.

V off X.-- Forgive me- father —

V off F.-- I curse ~~thee~~ you in the name of his begotten Son

The Savior of this world-

V off X.-- Pity me, pity me - I did but ~~play~~ play — I fear the storm

V. 7. — I curse thee —

(the Thunders & lightnings voices, & seven &
Throne open the door & the dumb woman. the man
left hand & the woman sevens)

7. (staggering disobedient & clouds ~~with Heaven~~ with the dumb
in the name of the holy Ghost
Forever & forever —

11-6-11

V. 2

Francesco-- I curse thee in ~~holy triune spirit~~ the name of the Holy Ghost

~~Three in one~~, forever and forever-

Ximene-- Nay- nay- not that- not that- I — No! no!

Charge thee not that.

F.-- ~~Forever and forever be thou damned~~

~~That hath blasphemed against-~~

X.-- Here but one word- one little word? It was all - a joke!

(He ~~bursts~~ rushes through the door into the ~~dripping grimy~~ room ~~Streets~~. She siezes his gown)

F.-- ~~The Holy Ghost~~ Touch me not- ~~thy~~ your touch is filth

And foul pollution

X.-- Christ but ~~thou~~ you shall hear me-

Who ~~art thou~~ are you proud and awful Priest

~~That judgest harsher than thy Lord?~~ are you bigger than Christ himself?

There came to him a woman foul as I

~~He bent his soul unto her~~ like Ireland & her — he knows (& thunder & lightning & she quivers with fear)

~~And she was wicked vile and blasphemous.~~

(~~He starts~~ tears away; - she throws herself ~~in the street~~ & on floor and clings

about his feet)

~~Nay thou shalt not go till thou~~ No- you shall not go!

~~Hearest~~. Listen!

I came from ~~out yon gutter~~ the mines

I crawled from the dregs of earth I lay in the gutter

Hunger, ~~horror~~ Christ, cold and pain

~~Did bite~~ It bit my heart till ~~yonder~~

Dainty gentlemen bought my body like these

For a song-

~~Enter~~ De Guzman, Mendoza, and Diaz half drunk, ~~and~~ sing ~~ing~~ begin & yell & sing "Down with the Wine") The women dance

Yet to them ~~thou~~ you cringe~~st~~,

Them ~~thou~~ you greet~~st~~ all politely.

41-6-45

They go full and free and have no curse,
Your
Thou heartless servant of a heartless God;
While
I poor shamed and stricken thing
Who ~~thought~~ ~~[illegible]~~ lisp
The filth they teach me
I and I alone am cursed --

Diaz ~~Mendoza~~ -- Ximena! (The priest rushes out)

Diaz -- Ximena! Come darling — hide your shameful tears —
Ximena -- Touch me not- go- go
And the whole damned world
Go with you.

~~(They slowly retire, she crumbles to a heap on the cold earth and lies sobbing.)~~

Scene 3

(Night on the Andes; a hermit's hut; Francesco, ragged wretch, kneels before the Old Man)

Old Man -- What now, my son?
Francesco -- Father, I tell you this whole world is lost
The weight of some great primal sin
Has set upon its soul and ever shall-
There dwelleth nothing righteous, underneath the sun
Father away- let's leave this cursed
Ground and high upon the Andes
Snow crowned crests
Await the coming of the Perfect Christ
In silence and in prayer
Old Man.-- There lies a packet on thy heart
F.-- 'Tis naught but vanity
O. M. ---- Open- read.

[redacted]

Francesco-- " Pray for the soul of Francesco de Saavedra".

Old. Man-- Read yet again, burn down thine eyes
Into these parchment deaths- nay
Close thy weak and wavering vision and open wide
The eyelids of the soul
What seest thou ?

(Visions sweep across the blackness of the night)

F.-- Ah-
A whirl of blood and battle ~~such~~ engulf this land
And on itits angry crest rides one whose face is ~~-~~
Face is hid
His mailéd heel ~~doth~~ tramples out
The cringing shieking souls beneath;
He steps into their faces
Tramples their bared breasts
And to their prayers ~~doth~~
Renders sneer and ~~snarc~~ Cruel
Now lies the piteous vale
In darkness and in death
- Nay that were all too merciful
It crawls and writhes, smells in death
The black mud oozes blood ——
While that Hell's carrion
Tramples ever on and up and on.
Wait! —
See where yonder and aloft
There sits a form of Splendor
~~W~~ pure black beauty In beauty pure & black
Such as once well graced
The Virgin Spouse of God
Yes - tis the blest Virgin — the very bride of God
Here he'll not dare- he ~~shall~~
O!
The monster tramples her to worse than death
He fouls her breast, and rapes her soul

41-9-14

She twists her crying neck in dumb appealing pain-

Pitiless Christ- it is Ximena! — It is - it cannot be —
It is the whore, Ximena
Whom I have dared to scorn! (The vision fades)

Father! Father! — I know — I see. He died D. He is the Evil One
Dealer of sin — stealer of souls
Who is this devilish ghoul

Who was this mailed murderer of women and of men? Of cheekly & lonely?

Old Man-- 'Twas the soul of Francesco de Saavedra

Francesco-- And shall I pray for that? Never! no never! Again! No!
His soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred ~~and a hundred~~ years
Until the day he drags yon virgin up from
Out the pit and sets her before God,
Redeemed

O. M. — Amen! But lo! he comes again and turns his haggard
Eyes on thee

(The vision bursts nearer and clearer)

F.--- - Merciful God! - It is I.

(He faints, then rises; the Old Man towers for above him at a
distance) (immense, vague & shadowy)

Begin

O. M. -- Thy soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred ~~and a hundred~~ years
Until the day thou draggest yon virgin
From the pit and settest her 'fore God
Redeemed.

~~(Far away in the drizzling streets appears the form of Ximena.~~
~~The priest rises and staggers toward it).~~

F. But Father, ward & healer. She is dead.
O god — she is dead. I saw her die
She followed me through wind & clime
Through wind & storm
Till a great bolt of fire descended from heaven
& killed her — I saw her blood redden the mud — I heard — death
her cry —

Can I find? Can I blind
the angel enemy & enemy angel
To good sins & evil pure
To God & the Father & the Mother & the Child

87-9-17

P9 45

The hall of a convent — Scene V. at dawn; ten days like

(~~The drizzling street~~ - voices of nuns softly chanting)

Ave! Maria !

Mother-maid pitiful

Sister of sorrows

And daughter of men (Enter procession of Nuns)

Nuns- Ave! Maria!

Mother of Miracles

Mercy made Wonderful

To thy breast Bountiful

Gather the Sorrowful

Daughters of sin

Ave! Maria!
Ave! Maria!
Gather them in!

(the door of a cell opens. Ximena lies on a cot. She shrinks back)
~~(They find Ximene and raise her [illegible])~~

Ximene--Curse me no more, pitiless priest

O my little life had been all curses

Save its sin - curses and sin, curses and sin

I could not bear its curses, wherefore I did sin

And sin- ah sin was ~~bitter~~ sweet- so bitter sweet
healing my hurt with rest + food + the balm of blessing —
Yet curse me no more, pitiless priest!

A Nun-- The Peace of God which passeth understanding

Rest on thy soul ~~(They raise her on a litter)~~

X. -- O! a great red pain

~~Been~~ hungers

Round mine eyes

My little feet do freeze while all my head

Is blazing madness-
How long have I been here — Ten days of forgetfulness and flame
Nun —
Ah! (She attempts to rise)

Oh! - Nay I must go — ten days! My God —

Listen, mother,

Yonder by the mines lives a little child
I-I love it, and the plague
Doth hovem there- I must go
I must go- I was earning 50 money this night- & bring my child away.

Nun-- Nay thou art sick to death
Thou canst not go

(Enter Francesco; he kneels humbly in the gutter)

Nun-- What wilt thou holy brother?

Francesco-- Forgiveness and a Soul.

Ximeno-- Who's that ? Ah '.
Curse me no more, pitiless priest-

F.--- Forgive, ah but forgive
I am as dirt beneath thy feet
I am the primal vileness of thy sin
Yet spurn me not, Ximeno
I seek thy Soul!

X---- My Soul, My soul?
It is not here, tis yonder in mines
Where burns the plague- I cannot go- ~~thou~~ -you -
Can you love -
~~Lovest thou~~ my soul ?

Nun — God knows I love it.

X.-- Go fetch it me, 'tis yonder- go —
It is a little thing — a golden laughing boy —
~~I love it~~
Oh- curse no more- I
Ha! Ha! Ha! Down with the wine
Cursed be the swine-

(The chanting nuns drown out the song as ~~lifting the litter~~ close in. all door
they pass slowly out)

Nuns-- Ave! Maria!
Mother of miracles
Mercy made wonderful

41-6-50

37½

X — Was this priest — this priest who cursed me
The priest who smacked
Send him
He will know. Because he cursed me — he must
understand
God will tell him
Send him for my child —

N — Was it the man who ~~was dead then~~
Who followed you
X — No — I follow him when the heavens fall
N — He died
We saw his body ~~bobbed in blood~~
overboard — he died

X — Francesco! Dead! Francesco!
Who is Francesco? Who was he?
He is dead,
He died — Crying ~~my~~ dead

N He cannot go
X Why — does he still hate
N He ~~forgives~~ takes no one now — he is dead;
X Dead? Dead

He cannot be dead
How do you know
N Next morning after he tramped your body here
Searching your dead
He must always
And later they found his boots cast
by a great cliff of the Andes
and there, far beneath, a body crushed beyond all knowing

X He trampled me here —
He is dead
He cursed my child —

41-6-51

To thy breast bountiful
Gather the sorrowful
Daughters of sin

(Exeunt)

Ave! Maria!
Ave! Maria!
Gather them in!

(Curtain)

Scene VI

(The steps of the cathedral at Santiago. Behind the open doors, the high altar with candles and crucifix is seen. The Governor, Armendariz, robed in state stands on the steps. Around him are grpuped lawyers and ~~the accusers~~ with their accused fraternity; Guzman, Mendoza and Diaz. At one side, poorly dressed/worn stands Ximeno)

41-6-52

Armendariz--I summon court here on the spot.
Who makes this charge?
Tis foul and terrible-
Slavery, debauchery, inhuman theft
And the wild unchecked ravishings
Of deadly plague-
A wretched mass of misery
Such as should shame the semblance
Of a Christian Land.
In the King's great name
Who brings this charge?
For, by my soul, if it be true
I'll rot the carcass of the churls
Who did this deviltry in,
In the darkest dungeon depths I know --
Who brings the charge-Speak!

(Add 381)

A. This case comes to this high court
Carried by Writ or appeal
What reason is there to question
The considered judgment of my colleagues
at the mines? The charges

A.

Who dismisses this charge

B

Who contests the judgment – Speak!

Lawyer Your excelling honours well
The gentlemen here accused
They are all those of noble blood
& men of wealth & standing
& good reputes

A. I know them. But if this charge is true
Neither nobility nor blood
Neither wealth nor influence shall avail
in this Court

L. Precisely, Your Excellency – precisely
As I was saying – these gentlemen
& these consulting are fellows of this club
They pay exact taxes
They give employment & demand of the poor
They subscribe freely, & round this island
give alms

A Well & good. And now – these charges

L. Precisely your excelling – precisely

41-6-53

Add 38 2

As I was saying, your Excellency
knows all of which can destroy & crash into
which knocks even mortals.
The daisy - the crimrock - the stonecrop
reach & crumble & label the great & good
In this case the unconfirmed rumour

A. What are these rich traitors
rich affadavits

L. Practically none. One is dead,
but who is she? The rest were
drowned but they are first dead.
The records & affadavits are
expensively done, confusedly written
& all away. Sir —

A. Where is the record of the court
where is it sealed?

L. There is no seal, your Excellency
it is not done on Triplicate
The King is mentioned without all his proper titles
And God & his Church —

A — Out with testimonies & triplicates
Is the charge proven?
Where are the witnesses

X. I am the witness, my lord.

A And the others?

X They were a cloud — but poor, ignorant wretches
They could not come — They died one.

Ximena-- ~~Who~~ I my lord!

Armendariz-- Who are ~~thou~~ you?

X.-- I am no one

But mine oath is true.

De Guzman-- Ha, ha, ha- Pardon my Lord- this- woman

Names herself t oo truly- I call two witnesses

Where I might summon a half hundred-

Ask this gentleman- Don Pedro

Mendoza, a Spanish gentleman, who this- lady is.

Mendoza-- Her name my Lord is called, Ximena

And her fame- is the most

Shameless bawd's in Valparaiso.

A.-- Let her stand aside

If there be no further witness

The case shall rest dismissed

(There emerges from the church the Old Man habited as a monk)

Old Man-- There is one.

A.-- Who ?

O. M. -- I.

A.-- Who ~~are thou~~ are you? (turning)

Pardon your Eminence

I crave your holy benediction

Speak.

O. M.-- The charge that here is brought is true

Nay it is but half the full

And awful truth

The silver's mines of Chili and Peru

Are the most shameless haunt

Of human misery underneath the stars

Whereof thy gilded aristocracy

Is ~~quietly~~ guilty in their souls

41-6-55

One gleam of light hath pierced
This awful darkness:
Where two pure, great, and all unselfish hearts
Have bent to this abysmal filth
And toiled to succour souls
Each ~~dreamed the~~ other ~~dead~~
And, all unconscious, night and day and side by side
With only one great shoulder of the Andes
Spread between, they worked and prayed and wept.
The Holy Father in whose stead I stand
~~Hath~~ heard the beauty of their work
And calleth both: ~~Come~~ forth Ximeno
Go ~~forward~~ kneel before the altar of the Lord —
He calleth thee. Here comes the other
Up the dusty way, with hastening feet-
(Enter a ~~dusty~~ ragged friar) ~~Francesco.~~
Welcome, Brother Francesco: the testimony thou wouldst give
Is given. Receive the mandate of the Pope —
~~Lord Bishop of the Andes!~~

~~(The Old Man and Francesco enter the church)~~

Armendariz -- ~~take forth~~ these prisoners

Nay- no word. Senor de Guzman
Shall be shot- the others
Shall toil in their own mines
Till their dark end of days
Away!

(Exit governor and prisoners)

~~Scene VI~~

~~(Slowly the great Cathedral is lighted. A procession passes~~
~~headed by the New Bishop of the Andes. Approaching the Old~~
~~Man, he bows and kneels)~~

Francesco — ~~Thanksgiving~~ for my soul and the soul of one

(fully on his knees)

F. Father – I commit. I will not. I ~~am~~ a bastard?
~~I am accursed~~. I deserve punishment
I am worse than Cain who fled away.
I am accursed, I am guilty in my soul – I go back –

O.M. ~~Arise~~ Lord Bishop of ~~this Cathedral~~ Confession, Arise!
and speaks no further word
The Holy Father once spoke — Now sleeps
He commands, His word is Law
Arise! Shine! For thy light is come
Put on Thy beautiful ~~robes~~ garments

(Altar boys rise + the organ peals) ||:
Curtains at the rear of the room part severely
the high altar of the Cathedral)

Say unto Zion
Thy God ~~King~~ reigneth.

F. Father, thou hast spoken.
yet one request
Pray, Father, pray over me

Long dead.

Old Man-- Amen. At the high altar kneels a woman!
Calls in the Holy mother with her robes
Consigns to her, this child of God
Whom Christ in his vast pity hath
Redeemed.

Francesco-- Her name?

O. M. -- It shall be given thee

(The procession approaches the altar. Francesco sees She sees him and bows at his feet)

F.-- Arise thou Bride of God! (She awakes with her veil)

Ximena-- Francesco- ! (He totters, sways and stands straight & still)

F.-- Sister Ximena!

(& great music; curtain)

Altered as a nun in [illegible] white. He

LS-9-41

Act III.

Place-- Chili and Argentina. Time 1900-1905

Dramatis- Personae

The Black Councillor of Argentina

Secretary Juan Savedra of Chili

Senora Inez Gonsalez, President of the United Women's Clubs of Argentina.

Senor Blanco de Guzman of Chili

Senor Diaz, President of the University of Chili

Pedro- a servant

Madame Desmond of Chili

Secretary Mendoza of Argentina

41-6-61

SceneI Office of the Chilian Secretary of Trade and Education.

Savedra and Guzman seated.

DeGuzman-- We must, of course, buy two new battle ships
Of latest type- our iron-clads are but outdated hulks
The army must be swelled to fifty or a hundred thousand men-
The harbor forts 'round Valparaiso and all adown the coast like me but ill -
They'll need at least five million, while fortresses 6 frown along the heights
Will ask ten million more. Sixty million [redacted] the least
My good Savedra
That our long yawning purse of war demands this year.

Savedra-- Good heavens, Guzman, are you mad?
Two thirds of our whole income,
Set to war? [redacted] and to the merest shadow of a dream of War-

De. G.-- Why a dream? Why not a certainty?

Savedra-- What- but Guzman do you sanely dream
That Argentina and Chili would to War
For a few bald acres of bare rock?

DeGuzman-- Nay certain not- unless.

S. -- Unless?

De G. -- Unless You'er not content
To end your promising political career this year
And so two men, say you and I,
Plunge these two lands hot into War
With one
Swift move.

S. -- But why should we- why in heaven's name?
Do you love war so well, De Guzman ?

De G. -- Savedra I'm no fool,nor am I yet a soldier-
Whatever of distinction lies in these two terms-
But I'm a statesman and as such I can foresee
First,your party's tricked and stolen,
You are without the breastworks;
The ring is in: your fate is sealed
In three months you'll leave office
And the world of power for good
Unless-
Look at yon map: down the last coast
Of last America, west of the west-most world
Creeps a little starveling headless snake-
That's Chili, we're hemmed and tethered in:
South & west Andes, north Boliva and Peru.
Once upwaking from our dreams,
We sieze upon our rightful head to northward:
The cherry,ripe, trembled to our hands-
With one wee bite we let it go and slept.
Time flashes; Europe and the greedy States

29-9-14

Stretch itching palms this way. All Spain's Americas
Must be one or die! Who'll lead? I say
Chili. How? Level the Andes, sieze Argentina
And kiss both oceans. Swoop North
And conquer Boliva and Peru,
The land of the equator, Colon's land, and poor
Distracted Venezuela. At last with great Brazil
Thus fast within our jaws- bite!
Yes- yes I know 'tis wild, fanciful,
Impossible, terrible- all that and more-
So is all history- but hear me out.
In this great world crusade, who'll lead in Chili ?
The president? I am dumb. The timid
Councillors of State? 'Tis loud to laugh.
The secretaries? One alone and that's - Savedra.

Savedra--I ?

De Guzman-- You- I know my man- trained, quick, resourceful-

S. -- Why not you ?

De G. -- Too old and too well known- you have mysterious youth.

S. -- Guzman you rave- what could I avail,
E'en though I might be minded, to lead this mighty move
Against the ring of seasoned politicians
Who surround-

De G-- Softly! Walls do hear. All that too I've thought thro':
With no ordinary slogan can you win the crowd.
Raise then, the war cry, subtly, masterfully and with skill.
The mob have all inborn
A most miraculous love
For fight: They'll turn to thee in one great rush
And make thee- shall we say? Of Chile, President, of Argentine, Emperor.
Of a full quarter of

41-6-63

The world- dictator

Nay, no answer - think

I musta away, but as an earnest of my plan

I bring you your commission to head a secret embassy of three

To settle,- or unsettle- this dispute of land

Between our fatherland and Argentine

I am the other one,- a dummy, dignified in mien, make three.

Sevadra-- De Guzman- you o'er whelm me- thousand thanks-

De Guzman-- I- ---- Ha! Ha! - good day. (Exit)

De Guzman-- Peru- Venezuela- Brazil

-Of a full quarter of the world dictator!

'Tis mad! And yet how vast a vision- I- what?

(The office bell rings. He listens at the receiver)

I am busy.

How ? An appointment? (Looks at memorandum)

Perdition- O well

Show him in (Enter Diaz)

Ah! President Diaz- I am honored to give

You audience though hard pressed as well you know

With endless cares- how may I serve?

Diaz-- Senor Savedra I will detain you as little

As the great cause I bear permits.

I am a teacher-

S.---- And honored head of our great university

As all, good Chilians know.

D.--- Yet but a teacher Senor. We have a hundred thousand children

In our schools where we should have a million;

We spend three million pesos where we need

Thirty; Senor I come to plead

That the cabinet do straitly recommend

11-6-04

A doubling of the fund for training Chili's children
Till not from old Peru unto the frozen seas
A child can come to manhood unprepared
To count and write and read the world's great Book.

Saveedra-- Senor President, you say well
Believe me but my sympathy is deep
And yet I fear it impossible-

Diaz-- Sir, is anything impossible to the safe founding of the State?

S.--- No.

D.---- And digs a single founding stone so deep
As ingrained knowledge, intelligence and skill

S.---- Yes- the state's integrity.

D.--- Integrity? We are at peace- none threaten

S.---- Are you sure?

D.-- Why, I had not heard-surely-

S.-- Sir, the secrets of the state I may not loose
This alone : We must prepare for War
It may not come - God grant-
But Soldier's, Ships and guns are to the Modern State
The one great Cash Reserve for Peace Insurance.

D.-- Sir, I will not longer abuse your busy day
'Tis possible your fears are true and yet- and yet
Believe me for my years: There never yet was
An Unjust Bloody~~if~~ cruel war but what it stood
Firm-founded on such rock bound words as yours,
And left the world more ignorant, more miserable, more hungry than before(exit)

(Madame Desmond pushes her way in unannounced)

S.--- What- who is this- Ah Madame ?
Did I appoint this time?

41-6-65

Desmond-- No, but I must speak.

Savedra-- Time presses, Madame-

D.---- So does sin
Sir, in yonder purlieus fester death, disease and crime
The prostitute and thief the cripple and the mad
Do mock the Christian culture of our State.
We must arise; we must prevent,
Cure, kill, imprison chain and free
Or else in common filth and wickedness
Our civilization shall in shame and sorrow drown.

S.-- Madame--

D.--- We need a hundred millions; but with twenty
We could start; the honored president
Senora Gonsalez of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine
Joins me-

S.--- But Madame-

Desmond- To hasten this reforming of the world
To make men healthy, honest
Pure and free —

S.-- Juan hither- the door!
Madame did mistake her way
These are but Chili's humble offices of Trade and Schools
And not, dear Madame, the Kingdoms of
Almighty God. (She is led out)

S.-- Perdition- the day half spent
'Tis three and hither comes the Board of Trade
To ask a hundred millions for a dam
No argument! 'Tis useless! I'll say No!
(Enter members of the Board of Trade)
Gentlemen be seated I have read your
Plea- 'tis smartly done- and specious

41-6-66

I presume a dam to hold the great Spring floods
Till Autumn's heat, would flower the desery
Doubtless too we could spend millions for new schools
And pile some millions on those millions for reform.
Tis a full fascinating program. Only gentlemen
Who'll pay the bill ? Will you invest your private means
And get this fabled cent pro cent ? No.
Will the State? Not while I control
We need- I say it privately- sixty round millions now- today.
To defend the very land that you would sow
And till that land is ours unthreatened by a foe-
Gentlemen we'll let this dreaming wait.
I am sorry- pained- I cannot argue-
I bid you all - good day- (Exeunt)
Argentine- Equador- Venezuela- of a full
Quarter of the world- Dictator-

(Curtain)

Scene II.

(Country home of Senora Gonsalez. Enter the Old Councillor and Senor Mendoza)

Gonsalez-- Welcome good father and your excellency
Full sensible am I of this rare honor
Be more than my mere guests albeit
This old rambling place is bare and barnlike
Be at home and cheery while we ponder
The great cause we love. Look here and yonder
All around in these out worn and out worked mines
~~Lays~~ lies the bald region in dispute twixt two great lands
A worthless waste. This here was once a mighty Convent
Where two centuries since a holy woman labored for the wretched in the mines

41-6-67

A- And yonner where afar thou mayest glimpse
A beetling crag hung a house of brothers of St Francisco
Where long an aged Bishop did tell his beads and
pray and work
And save the souls in yonder wretched mines;
Aye and in the tale lies ancient romance too
They tell us how at the same great dawning of the day
Two cowled and shadowy forms on yonder crag and this
Did always bow and strive for their two souls
Redemption- and in such sweet communion of their spirits
Found blessed and eternal bliss . (Brews Coffee)
But enough- draw to, Your Excellency will have it black
or creamed?
Ah good- the master has his ever black and strong
Now good senors how goes the plan?

Mendoza-- But lamely. A sudden change hath subtly sweep
Thro' Chili. It speaks not yet aloud
And I have rather felt than heard it till today
Tales have been writ and letters; appropriations
stopped and changed- fortresses looked over
And reviews of Soldiers held, and now comes sudden news
Of a secret embassy hither come
To treat with us today(Reading)
"On Chilian territory claimed by Argentine."

Gonsalez-- When come they?

M.-- They are already here.
They came this morning.
With them is the unscrupulous Guzman
And at their head a young new man, but gifted, fiery,
set on visions vast
Don Juan Savedra, wild for War.
He is a dark man, curly haired, hawk nosed, Spanish blood

41-6-28

Gonsalez-- Savedra?- 'tis an old and honored name,- ah this
Is heavy fate. What shall we do- the time is short
Yet the gathered hosts of Peace must meet and persuade them.

Mendoza-- I fear it is impossible- Their very presence is a secret of the state.

G.-- What are we helpless?

M.-- Even so.

Old Councillor- Yet- they must dine and tonight.

G.---- Ah- and how appropriate- here as at thine own home,
Say no word. The house is thine today and Senors
If in masque and spectacle I do all unwittingly,
Set forth the horror of war to charm your guests
Shall the state secrets suffer?

M.---- I- hardly- No, no.

G.--- 'Tis so slight a thing- tis hardly worth the work- yet a
all things tell(writes)
Donna Inez Gonsalez- No,no- Secretary Milo Mendoza
Begs the honor of Don Juan Savedra's
Presence at dinner- the date- then- two more
Let's see Pedro De Guzman and Luis Sanchez- then
Oh yes and the assistants three more- that will make six.
And now five hours to enthrone the Prince of Peace
Gentlemen- ' tis rude- but be at home
I fly-

Old Councillor-- We must not linger- we are sore oppressed
With duties-we'll deliver,my good daughter
Their behests and greet thy hospitailty again-
at eight.

G.---- Till then a good and worthy day
Father-thy blessing

41-6-69

Mendoza-- Madame, I salute your hand.

(Servants fly to and fro- the day d[redacted] Senor Mendoza and Senora Gonsales take their place to receive; enter Old Councillor, enter De Guzman and others)

De Guzman-- Madame, the Secretary Savedra and his aids regret their lateness

Sorely; they'll come as soon as grave affairs of State permit

Gonsalez-- Gon[redacted]-- Ah! my regret

Is deep I did especially expect Senor Savedra but

Be seated gentlemen- I have arranged a little

Masque of Peace to while the time till dinner-

You know my hobby ,senors

To which I beg your eyes and ears and happily,your hearts.

Sit here, and here,and here. The ladies will attend you

While by your leave I go to ~~quiet~~ guide the show.

(A series of living pictures appear. Ximene's voice is heard explaining)

First: Behold a battle ship- tis built of twenty thousand

School houses that used to dot the hills around

It's every gun at every shot doth shoot ten thousand loaves of bread

Past twice a million unfed babes

And drives them from the school house to the shops

Scrambling for crumbs.

Second: Behold him this black powered bread of battle

Scattered far and wide on land and sea

Explodes the primal passions of the race:

Out from the blaze of battle steps

The Thief, the Prostitute, the gilded Murderer

And all the hellish horde of

04-9-14

Third: The conquered die, the camp-fires flash and fade
But to the hungry unschooled children
Fall all their legacies of Hate and Crime
And pitiless poverty.

Fourth: The marshall music swells and rings
O'er the victorious hosts as they move flashing by
But after them all silently marcheth
The Other Army.

(An army of widows, orphans, sick maimed, criminals, beggars and prostitutes file by. Enter Savedra in full military uniform but cloaked)

Savedra- (Aside) What is this mummery?

DeGuzman- (aside) Ha! Ha!- This Gonsalez woman as you know
"Madame the President of United Woman's Clubs of Argentine"
Is a most modern faddest- too busy far to wife
And mother of all children but her own
She seeks the unsexed statesmanship of Clubs
And with her dolls guides Argentine and Chili
Wide from war- ha!. ha!-

Gonsalez-- Fifth and last, O master of the State
I, Princess of the Dead
The best and murdered warriors
Of Indian Araucania
Present my bill to Civilization
Four hundred years of systematic Murder
Men call War has raped my State
And here is the result:

(Ximene suddenly appears in the back ground as an Indian Princess while down before her range row on row of bleached skeletons)

41-6-71

Savedra-- (starting forward and calling) Ximena!

Gonsalez-- Francesco- Ah! (She faints)

Footman-- The Secretary is served.

Ladies- This way gentlemen

The dining room- dinner is served

The Donna Inez was slightly indisposed.

De Guzman-- Nothing serious I do sincerely hope?

A Lady- O, no- nothing- this way.

De G.-- (aside) Savedra what ails you?

S.-- Nothing, nothing I am overwrought- my

Nerves- go leave me- I'll slip out, no-

Go-

De G.-- Here man- look to your health- the world needs you -and I

S.-- Go- Go! (exit De Guzman) - What vision was that- what

memory?

(Stands musing. Enter Ximena dressed for dinner)

Gonsalez- Sir- I am most deeply shamed

By my rude welcome

I cannot think- (She sees his face and starts back)

Francesco!- She pauses bewildered)

What is this then, I know thee not, and yet-

And yet thou art so strange familiar to my heart

As tho' a hundred and hundred ancient years agone

My soul and [redacted] (He gazes at her, fascinated)

Savedra-- Ximena- Ximena- somewhere I do remember thee

In the first and wondrous bursting of thy girlhood

Ah thou wert splendid as the Night

Soft was the ~~brown~~ blue and velvet of thy skin

And thy great mid-night locks--

But some how- how? Did I not wrong thee then?

27-9-14

Gonsalez-- Nay, Francesco and I was ever fair-
But- but color is so slight a thing
Thou never wronged me, dear -
I do remember thee, thou golden priest of God
When thy white face did quiver in its wrath
And underneath the golden cross of Christ
Did chide me for some sin- some little sin- what was it?

Savedra-- Nay, nay Ximene I am not priest nor golden- I am brown
was a Son that came Straight down the years from Afric
And thee I never chided- I could not
For I loved thee then as now
With all the mounting madness, whirling maze, fostered fury
Of double and redoubled floods of endless years!

G.---- Francesco!

S.---- Ximene!

G.--- Meseems as once from out the dim made music
Of some soft Cathedral's gloon
Up from the shadow of a vast despair
Thy soul didst shriek to mine- "Redeemed"!
My Saviour's was the voice- the face was thine,
Francesco!

Savedra-- Nay I too did hear that cry
Across the mighty distance of a world- "Redeemed! "
It was the virgin mother of the Lord who spoke
Her face was thine, Ximene-

G.-- O, we are [redacted] mad- mad-
I care not if we are- to love is such sweet
Madness!

S.-- And whether this came flooding at the sight,
Or was in heaven born a thousand years
Ago- this only now I know I love thee, O I love thee-

41-9-14

Thou, O Maiden marvelous?

Gonsalez-- I love thee and I love thee yet again!

Ladies- Donna Ines? Donna Ines?

G.---- Yes, yes- I- I come- wait.

Savedra-- Ines ?

G.--Yes-Ines Ximene Gonsalez- yes, didst thou not know?

S.-- (starts) Gonsalez- the Donna Gonsalez, Madame the President of- the Clubs?

G.-- Yes- yes- and now to dinner- they wait- ah but thy name I know it not- not all ?

S.--- Juan Savedra- Juan Francesco Savedra.

G. (starts)--The secret Emissary of - War. (She turns away)

S.-- Ximene- God- the vision of the Blessed,
Has it flown?

G.-- Ir I- sit- listen, - Senor Savedra- O let me speak!
Thou- thou comest- from Chili ?

S. -- Yes.

G.-- On - a great mission?

S.--- Yes.

G.-- Thou- thou believest in - War?

S.-- Yes- at times?

G.-- And this mission- may mean war?

S.-- I ought perhaps not say so- but- it may

G.-- And there is cause

S.-- Great cause.

G.-- What cause?

S.-- Wide acres of good land which Chili owns
And others claim.

G.-- Dost thou think this claim of Chili just?

S.-- Before my God I do.

G.-- And- tell me- is it worth- a war?

74-9-14

Savedra-- Madame, the interests of the State- (she rises)

Gonsalez-- Nay, Francesco, tell me in very truth, before high Heaven

By the Great years my heart hath wandered seeking thine

Why wilst thou- War?

S.-- Receive the truth!

Without war my career is done

Mine enemies will triumph at the polls

With it I leap anew to power and life

I may become, of Chili- president,

Of Armies, Conqueror

I ward the greedy fingers of the world

From the South Americas. I make

Of many midgets one great

Man. I am

Of a full quarter of the world-

Dictator.

G.-- Magnificent!

S.--- O tis a dream- an awful dream

It cannot hale come true

And yet Ximene who can know?

With me thou mightest mount

A throne and there what couldst thou not

To raise the race of men?

G.-- It is a vision wonderful

It's dazzling and its brightness blinds my heart 's poor eyes

And yet full clear my reason speaks:

I am a simple woman with a Cause

I am no longer young

Did would I grace a throne or rule a realm

To me the Kingdom of a single human heart

41-6-75

Is more than kingdom throne or diadem
I cannot march thro' murder to a crown
I cannot see pure Freedom
Red with war
I am a child of Peace-
But thou, Francesco, look to thy Vision Splendid
I love thee- O I love thee
And yet I am not thine.
A fair full [redacted] the world
Thou mayest rule by war
But this one woman's little heart
Is ruled by Peace alone
So must thou choose, Francesco, now.

Savedra-- I have chosen.

Gonsalez-- And thy word is ?

(He throws off his cloak and hands her his sword)

S.----- Ximene!

G.----- Francesco!

(Enter all the guests. They start in surprise and then congratulate the two. Guzman stands gloomily apart, then slips away) (Curtain)

Scene III.

(Home of Senor Savedra. At the evening meal sit Francesco and Ximene and between them the Old Councillor. At Ximene's side stands a cradle. The setting sun shines in)

G.-- Father thou hast been gone so,long
Thou knowest not mayhath
Tomorrow that we plan to place
A great white Christ upon the Andes
To celebrate this treaty of eternal Peace 'twixt Argentine and Chili.-

41-6-76

~~168~~

79

CHRIST ON THE ANDES

A Play in Three Acts

Gravely Xerxes looked upon them — gravely & with boon.
They were so beautiful young & confident. She sank in love
Caressing love

Perhaps this world is all weakness, fancies & blunderings
with no guiding hand with brain, nor Will & Good.
Else there is this but a miserably contradictory &
Thwarting & foolish efforts of fools & dogs & Knaves
Destructive senseless & wasteful & retarding efforts above
& make a sinister of effort & blind abortive

Perhaps. & I do not believe

What could it mean & mean, even Thomas
of C. Lincoln
of A. Empire. of & a full garden of the world destruction
what evil is more but, greed & hate & defeat
Murder, murder & self killing hate
Tide of dead yearning, Crucifixion, hell from Bismarck
Kill kill & death & love & Christ
Living Again & Create Crime & hell all Real &
Continuing Heaven and every reason & life & hell

Darkness

Where from your heart — & you are
Where & Knowledge
Who & world wholehearted & disbelief & Knowledge & effort
is Perfect, The last strange of Wall
Fundamentally & forever The world is Peace & God is dead

Perhaps — This Mighty one
Could & Christ agony & grandeur as a hint of what, yearning
Yet Stood fast My Father Man — for I am right

Dramatis Personae

The chief persons of this drama are identical in all three acts.

ACT I. 1525-50.	ACT II. 1725-50.	ACT III. 1900-1905
The Old Black Man	The Old Black Man	The Black Count
Princess Ximena (black)	Ximena the Courtesan (brown)	Senora Ximena (white)
Francisco de Saavedra (white)	Brother Francisco (white)	Juan Savedra (brown)

The underlying thought of this play is the persistence of the same personality throughout the ages, either by actual physical descent or by social heredity. Here three souls recur thrice in intervals of two centuries and in bodies which have varying strains of white, Negro and Indian blood.

Ch. 4

ACT I.

Time, 1525--1550, Place, Peru and Chili.

Dramatis Personae:

Atualpa)
Huascar) Claimants to the throne of Peru.

The Old Man

Don Pedro Tafur

Francisco Pizarro

Francesco de Saavedra

King Charles the Fifth

Las Casas

Ximena, Black Princess of the Araucanians

Adventurers, Warriors, Courtiers, etc.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

****

Dramatis Personae

The chief persons of this drama are identical in all three acts.

ACT I 1525 - 50	ACT II 1725 - 50	ACT III 1900 - 1905
The Old Black Man	The Old Black Man	The Black Counsellor
Princess Ximena (black)	Ximena the Courtesan (brown)	Senora Inéz Gonzalez (white)
Francisco de Saavedra (white)	Brother Francisco (white)	Juan Savedra (brown)

The underlying idea is the recurrence of the same personality at lapses of two and four centuries in bodies with varying strains of blood, battling with problems of War and its consequenses.

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Time, 1525--1550, Place, Peru and Chili.

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Huasca) Claimants to the throne of Peru.

The Old Man

Don Pedro Tafur

Francisco Pizarro

Francesco de Saavedra

King Charles the Fifth

Las Casas

Ximena, Black Princess of the Araucanians

Adventurers, Warriors, Courtiers, etc.

41-6-173

Dramatis Personae

The chief persons of this drama are identical in all three acts.

ACT I. 1525 - 50.	ACT II. 1725 - 50.	ACT III. 1900 - 1905.
The Old Black Man	The Old Black Man	The Black Counsellor
Princess Ximena (black)	Ximena the Courtesan (brown)	Senora Inez Gonzales (white)
Francisco de Saavedra (white)	Brother Francisco (white)	Juan Savedra (brown)

The underlying ~~idea~~ thread is ~~the recurrance of the same personality~~ at lapses of ~~two and~~ four centuries ~~in bodies~~ with varying strains of blood, battling with problems of War and its consequences.

The play is the persistence of the same personality through the ages either by actual physical descent or by occult heredity. ~~There~~ ~~Is~~ Here ~~Are~~ the Three ones recur three in succession this centuries + in bodies ~~each~~ Mulatto varying strains of White Negro and Indian blood

Dramatis Personae

The chief persons of this drama are identical in all three acts.

ACT I. 1525-50.	ACT II. 1725-50.	ACT III. 1900-1905
The Old Black Man	The Old Black Man	The Black Counsellor
Princess Ximena (black)	Ximena the Courtesan (brown)	Senora Ines Gonzales (white)
Francisco de Saavedra (white)	Brother Francisco (white)	Juan Savedra (brown)

41-6-491

The underlying thought of this play is the persistence of the same personality throughout the ages, either by actual physical descent or by social heredity. When three souls recur thrice in intervals of two centuries and in bodies which have varying strains of white, Negro and Indian blood.

-42-

SCENE VI

Two years later the reception room of the Governor of Chile. The Gobernor, Armendariz, robed in state sits in a great chair with a document in his hand. Around him are grouped lawyers and DeGuzman, Mendoza and Diaz. At one side, poorly dressed as a lay sister of the convent and partly veiled, stands Ximena.

Armendariz---Are foul and terrible--
Slavery, debauchery, inhuman theft
And the wild unchecked ravishings
Of deadly plague--
A wretched mass of misery
Such as should shame the semblance
Of a Christian Land
In the King's great name
[illegible]
For by my soul if it be true
I'll not
~~Will not~~ the carcass of the churl
Who did this deviltry,
In the darkest dungeon depths I know!
This case comes to this highest
Court of Chile on appeal
What reason is there to question
The considered judgment of my alcalde
At the mines? The charges
Who disproves the charge?
Who contests the judgment---speak!

41-6-383

SCENE VI.

Two years later the reception room of the Governor of Chile. The Governor, Armendariz, robed in state sits in a great chair with a document in his hand. Around him are grouped lawyers and DeGuzman, Mendoza and Diaz. At one side, poorly dressed as a lay sister of the convent and partly veiled, stands Ximena.

Armendariz. This case comes to this highest
Court of Chile on appeal
What reason is there to question
The considered judgment of my alcalde
At the mines? The charges
Are foul and terrible.
Slavery, debauchery, inhuman theft
And the wild unchecked ravishings
Of deadly plague.
A wretched mass of misery
Such as should shame the semblance
Of a Christian Land
In the King's great name.
Who disproves the charge?
For, by my soul, if it be true
I'll rot the carcass of the churls
Who did this deviltry.
In the darkest dungeon depths I know!
Who contests the judgment——speak!

41-6-351

S.--------Two thirds of our whole income,

Set to war? Aye and to the merest shadow of a dream of War.

De Guzman. Why a dream? Why not a certainty?

Savedra. What—but De Guzman do you sanely dream

That Argentine and Chili would to War

For a few bald acres of bare rock?

De Guzman. Nay, certainly not—unless!

S.------- Unless?

De Guzman. Unless we are ready to surrender Our Fatherland without a struggle

S.------- What?

De Guzman. Listen Savedra.

We are threatened, we are beleaguered.

We are in danger of national death!

We must defend ourselves.

We must fight the last great Battle of the West or die

In us puissant Latin blood—

Betrayed of Spain, diluted by France

Impoverished by Italy, takes again

World leadership—yields no more—nay, advances!

Think! Why should we cringe, beg, sue?

Our very weakness is our might,

The Andes are our rampart and fortress

Make them impregnable!

The Pacific is our Sea

41-6-352

3. Suddenly I saw me as I was—
A wild brute murdering his mate.
A recreant priest despoiling a Virgin Mother of God.
A cheap politician trading Death for Power.
I lay stunned by the vision
I twisted, turned, moaned and suffered
Then—I awoke,
I am awake!
My God, if I have done what I have done
What may I yet not do
In blindness and ignorance
I am awake
But I am scared
I am frightened of life
Life is a terrible miasma
I have lost my confident grip on Fate
I feel the irresistible weight of woe
I quail.
Help me!
Help me!
Only to the united
Doubled and redoubled
Infinite and unending
Effort of friends—
Friends of each other, friends of Man
Will this warped world
And its cruel forces
Yield.

41-6-415

X.----Father, you have been gone so long

You

That tomorrow we plan to place

great Christ upon the Andes

To celebrate treaty of eternal Peace 'twixt Argentine

and Chile

It's shadow shall sweep down

From wintry mountain unto Summer seas

Its voiceless voice shall thunder to the skies

Its pale and pierced hands all silently shall beckon

to the world,

Its cross cry, Peace!

You will be here, O Master, to see it dedicate!

41-6-428

(1)

8.---Suddenly I saw me as I was--

A wild brute murdering his mate.

A recreant priest despoiling a Virgin Mother of God.

A cheap politician trading Death for Power.

I lay stunned by the vision

I twisted, turned, moaned and suffered

Then---I awoke,

I am awake!

My God, if I have done what I have done

What may I yet not do

In blindness and ignorance.

I am awake

But I am scared

I am frightened of life

Life is a terrible miasma,

I have lost my confident grip on Fate

I feel the irresistible weight of woe

I quail,

Help me!

Help me!

Only to the united

Doubled and redoubled

Infinite [redacted] and unending

Effort of friends--

Friends of each other, friends of Man

Will this warped world

And its cruel forces

Yield.

41-6-434

Yuin. Father, I could not guess where or why you lingered.
I knew it inconceivable that this great Festival of
Peace should take place without you. It was your
plans and dreams and I know you deem it in some sense
the end and crown of your career.
Tomorrow we plan to place
That great stone Christ upon the Andes
To celebrate the treaty of eternal Peace 'twixt Argentine
and Chile
It's shadow shall sweep down
From wintry mountain unto Summer seas
Its voiceless voice shall thunder to the skies
Its pale and pierced hands all silently shall beckon
to the world,
Its arms cry, Peace!
You will be here, O master, to see it dedicate!

Black Councilor. How could I not remember?
Living yet or dead, I shall be here, my children—

Ximena. And then thereafter,
Will you not ever stay, good Master?
Here is home—you shall be one with us
All that is ours is yours—we three, (Looks at the cradle
and smiles) we—four.
Together here we'll dream and do
To make this sad world glad—

Black Councilor. I thank thee with all depth of gratitude—
Thou art true and good
And if any place beneath the Sun,—

41-6-416

—Save one—I feign would linger
Here would it be, Francesco and Ximena
Within this mighty fortress of your Love
Which God forfend.
But I must go. The day of mine annointing
Draweth near. I go to die upon the Andes'
Topmost crags, where first I saw this land—

Savedra. Nay, father but you are still young with age
And now the heavy mantle of your burden
Gone, the cares of state and church laid by,
You should long live well and watch
The blossomed splendor of your days—

Black Councilor. I see them here, the fairest full
Fruition of my hope!
Nay, I woo thee Death
O, I have sought thee all these endless years
Thro' war and pestilence and the mad misery of men
Lo! now I sight afar the great Realm of Peace
The kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God,—
Whereof tomorrow's mighty festival is pledge and
foreoaste
O that I may go—with all work done
That I may welcome Death
And the deep sleep of endless night
And yet—and yet I fear!
(Kisses the child and goes)

Savedra. How strange and true a man!

Ximena. How noble and how high his mien!

Savedra. Who is he, dear?

41-6-400

-36-

How could I not remember?

Black Councillor --Living yet or dead, I shall be here, my
children--

Ximena
Camoens---And then thereafter,
Will you not ever stay, good Master?
Here is home--you shall be one with us
All that is ours is yours--we three,(Looks at the
cradle and smiles) we-four,
Together here we'll dream and do
To make this sad world glad-

B. C.--I thank thee with all depth of gratitude-
Thou art true and good
And if any place beneath the Sun,-
-Save one--I feign would linger
Here would it be, Francesco and Ximena
Within this mighty fortress of ~~your~~ Love
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Gone, the cares of state and church laid by,
You should long live well and watch
The blossomed splendor of your days-

Black Councillor--I see them here--the fairest full
Fruition of my hope!
Nay, I woo thee Death
O, I have sought thee all these endless years
Thro' war and pestilence and the mad misery of men

41-6-42 V

X. I know not—His name you know and yet who in very truth he is.
No man knows—no seems as tho' he always was and will be—
We call him Master, Father, God.
Some say he was a great Physician once;
Others a Master of the Law; and others still
Tell tales of endless journeying to and fro
Amid the mighty of the earth—I know not.
This alone I know:
He lifted me a waif from out the social dirt
And throned me, gave me deeds,
Let me love you and made me mother of this man.
All that I am, I owe to him and though he live afar
Our love must watch and ward, lest he at any hour
Should know the shadow of a want.

Ximena. He is a Force and Determination; a great and primeval Urge; a Righteousness, a Christ, yet he fears; he trembles at some awful fate that presses like a crown of thorns and threatens crucifixion. This Festival of Peace means to him salvation; transformation, peace with men and peace with God.

Francesco. He is a man of mystery and sciences and singularly devoted to his work, through doing his dream.

Ximena. Devoting? True. Ah Francesco, you do not know how true and with what endless devotion he weaves his plan of life. He has been my friend methinks for a thousand years that were and centuries that will be. He came when he was a social darling, choked in wealth and sunk in silly games. He showed me life; he lifted me from the gutter and made me servant of Good. My soul which had been raped and was bloody and dying; he saved from Hell.

41-6-401

B.C.---Lo! now I sight afar the great Realm of Peace
The kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God,—
Whereof tomorrow's mighty festival is pledge and
foreomte
O that I may go--with all work done
That I may welcome Death
And the deep sleep of endless night
And yet--and yet I fear!
(Kisses the child and goes)

Lavedra------How strange and true a man!

X.---- How noble and how high his mien!

S.--------- Who is he, dear?

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Tell tales of endless journeying to and fro
Amid the mighty of the earth--I know not.
This alone I know:
He lifted me a waif from out the vail dirt
And throned me, gave me deeds,
Let me love you and made me mother of this man.
All that I am, I owe to him and though he live afar
Our love must watch and ward, lest he at any hour,
Should know the shadow of a want.

41-6-425

Francesco. But, dear—surely—

Ximena. Surely he speaks riddles. Yet—in some way all these things are true and he is my Redeemer.

Francesco. I know and in some dim way—all this I had apart. I, too, was mutinous; sick in soul and rescued. By him but even more by you.

Ximena. Yet, I am afraid. I am a-feared. I await his instant call. He needs me, Francesco. I know that he needs me.

Francesco. Fear not, and if he calls, call me. We'll go. There are twelve long hours yet.
Duty calls—I go to keep the councils
Of the State. Wait not for me—I shall be late.
Heaven send a golden day tomorrow
To greet this festival of Peace.

Ximena. Farewell, President-to-Be,

Savedra. Farewell, Plotter-of-all-Good,
Good night.

Ximena. Good night. (Exit Francesco)
Tomorrow, tomorrow
O God send a glittering day
To make this great Peace Pageant of the Hills
A thing men shall not light forget,
Fit for the throning of the Christ of Peace
Upon the Andes.

41-6-399

SCENE IV.

(Midnight Ximena awakens suddenly and sits up in bed)

Ximena. The Master calls! Francesco! He is not yet returned, I must go. The Master calls.
(She rises hastily. Throws a cloak about her and bends over the cradle. Softly she descends the stairs.

-X-

[redacted] and [redacted] dear lover;

[redacted] duty calls--I go to keep the councils

Of the State. Wait not for me--I will be late

[redacted]

Heaven send a golden day tomorrow

To greet this festival of Peace.

X [redacted]----Farewell, President-to-Be,

S.---- - ---Farewell, Plotter-of-all-Good,

Good night.

X.----- -- -Good night. (Exit Francesco)

Tomorrow , to-morrow

O God send a glittering day

To make this great Peace Pageant of the Hills

A thing men shall not light forget,

Fit for the throning of the Christ of Peace

Upon the Andes.

SCENE XV

(Midnight Ximena awakens suddenly and sits up in bed)

X.-----The Master calls! Francesco! He is not yet returned,

I must go. The Master calls.

(She rises hastily. Throws a cloak about her and bends

over the cradle. Softly she descends the stairs.)

Pedro----Madame--you go out? 'Tis a doubtful night

Black, dark and moonless

A night for robbers

And beasts and snakes.

No Christian and no woman

Ventures [redacted] on a night like this--

924-9-14

Pedro. Madame—you go out? 'Tis a doubtful night
Black, still and moonless
A night for robbers
And beasts and snakes.
No Christian and no woman
Ventures the Andes on a night like this—

Ximena. Peace! The Master calls
A lantern, Pedo come and send Juan for a mule,
Maria—tell my husband I go to the Andes at the
Master's last behest. Let him follow after.
Forth Pedro—beshrew the night. What?
Do you shrink at darkness?
Come! Lead on!

41-6-406

SCENE V.

(On the Andes)

Ximena. Have you caught the mule? Bring him again.
And brace his bit.

Pedro. Madame, in God's name have care
Something ill broods on this night
I feel a wild storm in my bones.
See how lightens in a clear sky
Hark!—Where rolls a distant thunder
The mule is mad with fright—mount not again.

Ximena. Take him back—here, Juan, go with him
You are mad as he—come Pedro, on!

Pedro. O, Madame, my old legs do waver
I like not climbing the Andes at night
Paths waver—animals crawl
Ghosts flit about.

Pedro--And above Madame--dear mistress

In the crypt of rock where the new statue stands

Goblins used to bark and they say

Near is a gate to Hell---

Ximena-----Peace! The Master calls

A lantern, Pedro come and send Juan for a mule,

Maria--tell my husband I go to the Andes at the

Master's last behest. Let him follow after.

Forth Pedro--beshrew the night. What?

Do you shrink at darkness?

Come! Lead on!

SCENE V

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Pedro---O. Madame, my old legs do waver

I like not climbing the Andes at night

Paths waver--animals crawl

Ghosts flit about.

L24-9-14

Pedro. I tell you, Madame,—Death is here
Let us wait—your husband will o'ertake us
Soon—

X. Good old Pedro—death is everywhere and so are ghosts
I must go, time thirsts; but you Pedro
Sit here in mid-path and guide my love—
I hasten on—

P. But Madame—

X. Silence—The master calls and I command.
(Exit. She appears climbing and disappears. Pedro waits.
Low winds moan. Enter Francesco hastily)

Savedra. Why went she forth in this still, dark
Night with but two serving men—
Great God—
Who's there? Ximena?

P. No 'tis I good master.

S. Where's my wife?

P. She's sent away the mule
And hurried on—my old legs staggered,
And she made me sit and hasten your approach.

S. What? You have let her forth alone
Upon the mountain's naked breast?
My God, old man—but no—
Out of my way—

X. How black the night and cold—
There is a false stillness in the air
Like to a world a-waiting disaster
Above, beyond this festival of Peace

414-9-14

Pedro---I tell you, Madame,--Death is here
Let us wait--your husband will o'ertake us
Soon--

X---Good old Pedro--death is everywhere and so are ghosts
I must go, time thirsts; but you Pedro
Sit here in mid-path and guide my love--
I hasten on--

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And hurried on--my old legs staggered;
And she made me sit and hasten your approach.

S.--What? You have let her forth alone
Upon the mountain's naked breast?
My God, old man--but no---
Out of my way--

X.---How black the night and cold--
There is a false stillness in the air
Like to a world a-waiting disaster.
Above, beyond this festival of Peace

41-6-429

-X-

X---Apprehension sits upon my heart
In a clar sky the stars
Glare dull and ominous
Filmed with mist.

S.---Where is my wife--my love?
Knows she this hidden treacherous path
To that lone hut where to my own hand
Has hitherto always led her?
Ximena! Ximena!

Copy 1 Cleo (~~[illegible] and a black cross [illegible] the stars~~)

Dear God! should she but misstep and
Go astray ~~[illegible]~~
Ximena! Ximena!

(He appears and disappears, crossing and recrossing. At last leans panting by a tree)

S.----Ah fool that I was to leave her thus
Uncounselled and alone-
With her wide woman's heart of duty and of Love,
So piteously open to a cry (Starting up)
Who is this old and nameless man
That dares to call a mother
Forth at midnight to ~~[illegible]~~
And watch him whimpering
To the grave?
Who is he?

41-6-430

I. Apprehension sits upon my heart
In a clear sky the stars
Glare dull and ominous
Filmed with mist.

S. Where is my wife—my love?
Knows she this hidden treacherous path
To that lone hut whereto my own hand
Has hitherto always led her?
Ximena! Ximena!
(Far winds rise to a shriek and a black cloud hastens
across the stars)
Dear God! Should she but misstep and
Go astray
Ximena! Ximena!
(He appears and disappears, crossing and recrossing. At
last leans panting by a tree)

S. Ah fool that I was to leave her thus
Unccounselled and alone—
With her wide woman's heart of duty and of Love,
So piteously open to a cry (Starting up)
Who is this old and nameless man
That dares to call a mother
Forth at midnight
And watch him whimpering
To the grave?
Who is he?
How can I know what sin
He plots against my love
Cursed the day I trusted him!

C14-9-17

~~-5-~~

~~X~~--How can I know what sin

He plots against my love

Cursed the day I trusted him!

O Pity me high heaven in my grief

And bring me back my bride (A hut appears dimly lighted)

Ha! At last, the hut

The wanton winds wail about it

A great rain drop falls---

Yet will I win unto it

If I do murder Death itself--

(Reaches the door and falls panting)

Ah!

S.---(calling)----Ximena? Are you there?

(Draws his pistol) Open, or by Christ the King--

(~~The door flies back~~ Silently Ximena opens the door. A white and empty bed is seen with burning tapers. ~~At head and feet are dim shadows of tall dark silent forms.~~ Low at the bedside bows Ximena. The wind drops suddenly.) ~~And the storm ceases.~~

Ximena----Francesco!

Savedra--Ximena!

X.--Death is dead--we'll life forever.

S.--Where lies the master?

X.--He ~~is~~ lies not here--He is Risen!

~~S.--Who was--this Man?~~

X.--(dreamily)-His name shall be called--

(The hands of the shadows in the room. The heads of the two end away, reveal a scaffolding about the feet of the great crucifix of Christ on the Cross. On the scaffold and leaning back against the statue, with outstretched arms and closed eyes stands the One Comforter, Malachi, with outstretched arms and closed eyes stands the One Comforter, Malachi, with outstretched arms and clenched fists crucified against the white marble.)

1874-9-11

O Pity me high heaven in my grief
And bring me back my bride (A hut appears dimly lighted)
Ha! At last, the hut
The wanton winds swirl about it
A great rain drop falls—
Yet will I win unto it
If I do murder Death itself—
(Reaches the door and falls panting)
Ah!

S. (Calling)—Ximena? Are you there?
(Draws his pistol) Open, or by Christ the King—
(Silently Ximena opens the door. A white and empty bed is seen with burning tapers. Law at the bedside bows Ximena. The wind drops suddenly.)
Ximena—Francesco!
Savedra—Ximena!

X. Death is dead—we'll life forever.

S. Where lies the master?

X. He lies not here—He is Risen!
(She points to the shadows in the rear. The back of the hut has been cut away, revealing a scaffolding about the feet of the great statue of Christ on the Andes. On the scaffold and leaning back against the statue, with outstretched arms and closed eyes stands the Old Councilor, motionless. He forms a black cross against the white marble.)

S. Who is—this Man?

X. (dreamily) His name shall be called—

41-6-413

Voice of the Old Counciler. Wonderful. (His form looms larger.)

Francesco. (Still larger looms his dark figure) Counciler.

Ximena. The Everlasting Father! (His form nearly covers the statue.)

(The back of the hut falls away revealing the Old Man, cross in Hand on a great pedestal—Christ on the Andes. He appears like dark mahogany and living flesh, tremulous with life. His lips move—his eyes are on the stars.)

Voice of the Old Counciler. And the Prince—of Peace!

(The Black Councilor becomes the statue. The white marble is his shining vestment, out of which his dark flesh glows and his wide opened eyes burn. He raises the cross aloft. Suddenly across the world, smites a crash of thunder. The silver Andes glow and blacken. The winds howl, the lightenings flash and sheets of rain sweep over the mountain top. Above snows swirl, crags bend and crash and the Andes shudder and the statue trembles. There is the rhythm of the marching feet of endless armies; there is the thundrous roar and lightening flash of great guns. Piling clouds of smoke blacken the skies and torrents of blood fall in floods of rain. The statue pales and shrinks and disappears in a veil of mist.)

(One sees in the lightning forms and faces of wounded, torn, scarred and stricken men and among them the Black Councilor totters on, stricken with endless age, trembling, ragged, blood-stained, his eyes a horror of infinite pain. The re

41-6-433

(Voice of the ~~First Figure which sounds like the great Voice of the kneeling pagan massed without and behind the hut~~)

Voice of the Old Councillor --Wonderful (His form looms larger)

F. ~~Voice of second figure~~--Councillor (Still larger looms his dark figure)

~~" First figure--The Mighty God~~

Ximena----The Everlasting Father! (His form nearly covers the shelter)

(The back of the hut falls away revealing the Old Man prone in Hand on a great pedestal--~~the~~ Christ of the Andes. He appears like dark mahogany and living flesh, tremulous with life. His lips move-- his eyes are on the stars.)

Voice of the Old Councillor ~~Sorceress~~--And the Prince of Peace!

(The First Councillor discovers the shelter. The white marble is his shiny vestment, out of which his dark flesh glows and his wide opened eyes burn. He raises the cross aloft ~~first~~ as a

Suddenly ~~on the mountain top and~~ across the world, smites a crash of thunder. The silver Andes glow and blacken. The winds howl, the lightenings flash and sheets of rain sweep over the mountain top ~~leaving the lower slopes clean and beautiful~~. Above snows swirl, crags bend and crash and the ~~Prince of Wars rage between~~ Andes shudder and the statue trembles. There is the rushing of the marching feet of endless armies; there is the thunder roar ~~of guns~~ and the lightning flash of great guns. Pitchy clouds of smoke blacken the skies and torrents of blood ~~fall~~ in floods of rain. The statue pales and ~~is a~~ with pain of mercy.

41-6-432

storm and battle flapping to the rhythm of drums and martial music engulf him.)

Voice of the Black Councilor. Hun and Hate—
Defence and Empire
Freedom, Revolution, Murder and God!
The World goes stark mad again.
Dear God, I cannot die!
I cannot die, I cannot live
To do what I cannot
Is my eternal task.
World war, world war bursts and slays again
Again I wander for twice an hundred years—
Francesco and Ximena—until I come again—Farewell.
(In flame and blood with scream of children and trumpets the storm rushes north but as it disappears one sees the Black Councilor riding the Flame. The Flame engulfs him; he shrivels and expands. He looms to gigantic size. His vast voice outshrieks the winds and thunders)

Black Councilor. Hither, ye Hounds of Hell! (The flame swallows him).

Voice of Black Councilor. Hither! Ye Hounds of Hell!

(Francesco staggers blindly to his feet and rushes toward the Atlantic)

Francesco—Ximena! Ximena! (he disappears)

(Ximena, leaping up plunges toward the Pacific.)

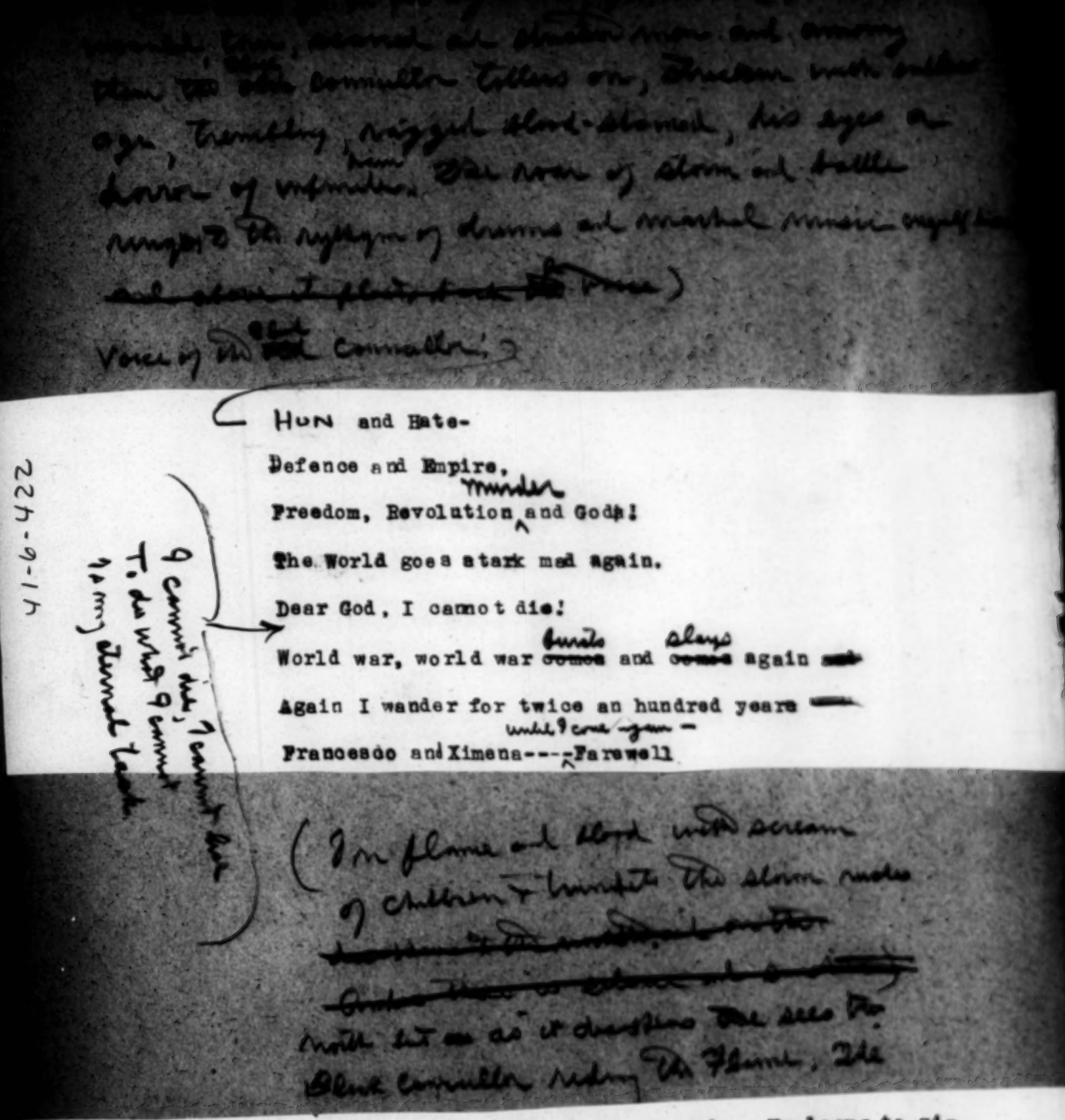
Ximena—Francesco—Francesco! (She disappears)

(Their voices float back.)

Ximena—Francesco!

(The sun rises, the storm disappears, and there is deep silence. The statue of Christ stands veiled in white mist. Far down the mountain side, in the calm pass

41-6-435



HUN and Hate-

Defence and Empire,

Freedom, Revolution and God!

The World goes stark mad again.

Dear God, I cannot die!

World war, world war bursts and slays again

Again I wander for twice an hundred years

Francesco and Ximena---Farewell

I cannot die, I cannot die
To do what I cannot
In my eternal task.

22h-9-17

(In flame and blood with scream
of children - hunts the storm crake

with hot eye as it dashes the sea to
Black Comullos riding the flame. The

flame engulfs him; he shrivels and expands. He looms to gigantic size. His vast voice outshrieks the winds and thunders)

B. C.----Hither, ye Hounds of Hell! (The flame swallows him)

Voice of B. C.------Hither! ye Hounds of Hell!

toward the Atlantic)

Francesco---Ximena! Ximena! (he disappears)

~~(Westward plunges~~ (Ximena, turning in plunges toward the Pacific.)

Ximena----Francesco---Francesco! (the disappears)

~~(The smoke swallows them both. Their voices float back)~~

~~Then mists flood back~~

Ximena---Francesco!

Francesco---Ximena!

267

(The stone disappears. Ye ever seen and there is deep silence. The ~~Statue~~ of Christ ~~stands~~ veiled in white mist.

~~(The sun rises.~~ (Far down the mountain side, in the calm peace of a beautiful morning ~~following a storm,~~ rise faintly the voices of thousands of children)

Children---Joy to the World

The Lord is come

Let Earth receive her King

Let every heart prepare him room

And heaven and nature sing

(Ximena waking as meets Madame Desmond)

Desmond — My dear! How early you are! Did you spend the night in vigil? How calm & still it was!

X — yes — yes — where —

D — How lovely, & you & how sad —

X — Sad?

D — We all know. The good archbishop told us last night & told us how Holy Father had announced your dear friend. I think all ~~Rome~~ must see ~~Pius~~ to-day his effigy — the statue of Christ unveiled

X The statue?

D. ~~How~~ (The statue stands unveiled in white cloth & the ~~white~~ flags of Argentine & Chili are being draped about it

~~Francesca~~ (X

X — I must find Francesca

(They go out. Francesca moving in from the other side meets ~~the~~ Diaz

F — Ah — Diaz — did you see —

D — welcome my friend. Splendid & early! you kept vigil with your dearly comrades. How thoughtful — how kind. And what a calm & hushed night. Harbinger of eternal Peace

F — yes — Splendid — did you hear D see — my mother

(Beautiful morning, rise faintly the voices of thousands of children)

Children. Joy to the World
The Lord is come
Let Earth receive her King
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing

(Ximena rushing in meets Madame Desmond)

Desmond. My dear! How early you are! Did you spend the night in vigil? How calm and still it was?

X. Yes—yes—where—

D. How lovely of you and how sad—

X. Sad?

D. We all know. The good archbishop telephoned at dawn and told us how Holy Father had summoned your dear friend. To think he will not see the dear work of his effort—the statue of the Christ unveiled.

X. The statue?

(The statue stands swathed in white cloth and the flags of Argentine and Chili are being draped about it.

X. I must find Francesco.

(They go out. Francesco rushing in from the other side meets Diaz.

Francesco. Ah—Diaz—did you see—

D. Welcome, my friend. Splendid and early! You kept vigil with your parting counciler. How thoughtful—how kind. And what a calm and perfect night. Harbinger of eternal Peace.

Francesco. Yes—splendid—did you happen to see—my wife?

(Ximena and Diaz enter. Francesco and Ximena rush to each other.)

41-6-436

Ims. They are still young lovers.

Desmond. Let us go and seek sects—au revoir.

Ximena. What have we seen? Whenshave we been?

Francesco. We have seen—nothing.
It was a dream, a portend and a prophecy.

Ximena. O Francesco—I am afraid.
What is that veiled thing there
That hides within its folds?

Francesco. Hush, my darling, and be calm
We have peered into eternity this night, Ximena.
(The voices of children rise clear and soft)
"He rules the world with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
And makes the Nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.
(The processionof children and peons, women and officials reach the top. All is peace and sunshine. Above the great statue looms.Francesco and Ximena walk slowly forward from the edges of the crowd. The crowd whispers, smiles and stares. Greetings follow them amid the trappings of celebration and festival, but they say nothing. They both stare at the veiled statue, clasping each others hands. Prelates, priests, nuns and choir boys approach and sing——

41-7-43

(The voices of children ~~rise clear and soft drift faintly through~~ --)

"He rules the world with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
And makes the Nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

41-6-418

(The procession of children and peons, women and officials reach the top. All is peace and sunshine, ~~with no sign of storm.~~ Above the great statue looms, ~~but overhead now is cloth instead of mist.~~ Francesco and Ximena with already formed from the ~~appear recently on either~~ edges of the crowd, ~~disheveled and weary.~~ The crowd whispers and stares. ~~Guards are placed about their shoulders,~~ and trappings of celebration and festival, but they say nothing. They stare at the veiled statue, clasping each others hands. Prelates, priests, nuns and choir boys approach and sing ----

No more let sun and Sorrow grow
Nor thorns infest the ground
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the Curse is found.
(Silently the Archbishop cuts the cord)

Archbishop. Sooner shall you mountains crumble into dust
Than shall fair Chile and Great Argentine
Break the white Peace that thus they Swear
At the feet of Christ the Lord.
(The cloth and flags fall. The Christ locus, stands unveiled. But he is no longer dark and living flesh. He is white marble, thin-lipped and vacant-eyed. He gleams cold in the morning sun.)

(Curtain)

41-6-438

No more let sun and Serros grow
Nor thorns infest the ground
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the Curse is found.

(Silently the Archbishop cuts the cord ~~and goes~~)

Archbishop---Sooner shall you mountains crumble into dust
Than shall fair Chile and Great Argentine
Break the white Peace that thus they Swear
At the feet of Christ the Lord.

(The Christ looms, blonde muscle marble. But he is no longer dark and living flesh. He is white ~~and cold~~ marble, thin lipped and vacant eyed. He gleams Cold in the morning sun.)

(Curtain)

41-6-419

I cannot guess where or why
he lingers
It is inconceivable that this
great festival of peace should
take place without him
It was his plans & dreams
I knew he deserved it
in some sense
This end & crown of two years
yet now in the culmination
for a month & more
no sign no word no intuition
of his whereabouts —
— my heart magnifies me
any thought is fear
—
It is strange
and yet surely he will come
I have observed

41-6-403

He is a man of Moods
& darkness.

Yet knowledge
devoted to his world - true & true
dream

X Devoted? true? Ah my Francesca
you do not know how true
& now what will be darkness devotion
has wrought this flame of life

? who is the man, X

X You think & do not know
And yet he has been my friend from
for a thousand years this man
and centuries will be
He came & saw him? was
Surely a darling
in wealth & power in riches gone
Cheated
& Rhymed me Life
has found me in the gutter &
made me like of God
He lifted me naked bloody & dying
& rescued me from Hell

?. But dear - surely -

X. Surely & Speaks riddles
Yet in some way all are true
He is my Redeemer

7. BJ – who is he

X I do not know. I cannot know
He is a Force + Yearning
a spirit + human Urge
a Nightmare, a Ghost.
yet he fears – he trembles
as some ancient fable
knows like a crown of thorns
+ thrashing Crucifixion
He is day that comes tomorrow
His festival of Peace
Means + him Salvation –
I reveal him – Peace between men
+ Peace with God
And more – he hungers
He is distant + hidden
And I am afraid
O I am all I know
I want his cold
He needs me,
I know he needs me

My Lord – Christ.
Do not
Let me come
Even on tiptoe long before you

+ moves of those cold arms I work
in freezing anticipation of his shadow
But when he calls –

X Do not mock me, dear Master + let
go + your words + worry not
when he calls I will go
But send your word + call
Kiss me, my man + have this check of mine
good as the day

Often as by Christ the King

(Jesus stands his door silently + finds
they smile + then draws. Behind the door
has been cut away from the mantle shadow of the Christ
revealing the mantle shadow of the Christ
where workmen have retired. Tools
lie about + chips of stone + white dust.
On the mantel, + leaning back against
the shadow with closed eyes + outstretched
arms is the old Carpenter. He looks
like a dark cross against the mantle)
(in low tone tone)
F. Who are you?

41-6-402

THIRD PARTY

NEED of REFORM

$5000 + 2% = 20% INCOME

RACE

TRADE

O.C. (with short sigh to Bible that A carries on)
8 am called The Wonderful
(H is from home longer)
Counsellor
(still longer)
The Mighty God
(yet longer)
The Everlasting Father
(He is nearly across the marble statue
And the Prince of Peace
(He is the statue. He glares again
the midnight sky, his wavering dark
flashing shining garment, holding
a cross. There is a low rumbling
thunder in the south. The statue
shudders. The under darkness
upside. Suddenly the storm
breaks in terrific fury. The thunder
of the
marching feet of endless armies
of the Lightning is the flash after
great rolling clouds of black smoke
blacken the sky. The statue falls

flaming eyes

and the towers of ruin are blown

41-6-404

& shrunks. The old C. Collins form
shrunken with endless age, trembly, ragged
bloodshot & his eyes a horror of
infinite pain. He staggers across the
endless arena, staring
through a dark & veiling rain which
beside him shone & round the
wombed town, deserted & shrunken
forms & faces of women & men
wandering wandering over wide the
thunder of guns & drums, roads &
the sighing of marching armies

& screams of children & hunted

& on the streets & roads & X
roads here & there & call)

CANDIDATES

25% - 33%

PER CENT VOTING

DEMOCRACY

OLD SARUM

NEGROES

STATES

SOUTHERN

WHITES

Ago - this only now I know, I love you, O I love you -

Maiden glorious

Mendoza I love you and I love you yet again!

(Abruptly the whole gardens are alight with planned illumination; the doors of the salon open and the guests pour out. Scarcely could the lovers leap apart. The guests stare curiously. The ladies sweep forward with obeisances.)

Woman: "Donna Inez! Donna Inez. We were searching for you. The masque is over. Gentlemen and Ladies, may we present the author of these beautiful scenes, the Senorita Inez Mendoza, President of the Women's Clubs of Argentine."

(In a trice the Senorita is herself, bowing graciously and deprecatingly to her guests. Then she turns toward the young man at her side — at once stranger and lover. De Guzman quickly steps forward)

De Guzman "May I present to Donna Inez, Don Juan Savedra, Secretary of State for Trade and Schools in the Republic of Chile." (He bowed courteously and hissed beneath his breath into Savedra's ear)

"You lout! Are you drunk? Don't you know that you cannot play about with a Spanish lady, a Mendoza?"

(Savedra does not notice him but bows to the throng, still looking upon the lady with widening eyes.)

(She in turn gives no hint of her soul-shattering surprise, but bowing graciously presents him to the company and then passing slowly through the gardens with him still at her side, reaches a little nook bowered with poinsetta. The guests stand courteously aside so as to let them converse together. Only De Guzman thrusts himself forward and stares rudely.)

Mendoza:

Savedra (turns toward her) "Inez?" ~~She answers~~, "Yes, Inez Ximena Mendoza. Ximena is my middle name. Long since I dropped it, - until tonight." Savedra (continues slowly) "You are then the Senorita Mendoza, - Madame - the President of the clubs?" "Yes, ~~Senor~~, and you?"

Savedra "I am Juan Savedra, - Francesco Juan Savedra; the first name I have not used - until now." (Senorita Mendoza has been looking out into the ~~room~~, but now she turns her eyes full upon him:) "You are then the emissary of war?" (She slowly turns away.)

Mendoza

Savedra	Ximena - God - the vision of the Blessed,
	Has it flown? Do you fly?
Mendoza	I - I - sit - listen, - Senor Savedra - O let me speak!
	You - you come - from Chile?
Savedra	Yes.
Mendoza	On a great mission?
Savedra	Yes.
Mendoza	You - you believe in - War?
Savedra	Sometimes - I must.
Mendoza	And this mission - may mean War?
Savedra	I ought not say - but - alas, it may.
Mendoza	And there is cause?
Savedra	I fear there is.
Mendoza	What cause?

(An orderly stepped forward and put his hand on the shoulder of Francesco. With no word, Francesco drew his dagger and severed the orderly's jugular vein. Falling, he had scarcely touched the ground, when the second orderly crushed Francesco's skull with his gun-stock. The girl, Nina, seized Francesco's pistol and shot the second orderly dead. Captain Freiherr zu Godesberg stepped forward, but a second bullet caught him squarely between the eyes and he fell like a log, and lay in white, gold and silver beauty, streaked over with flooding crimson. There came a dash of soldiers through the gate. Quickly the girl was seized and disarmed and the huge bulk of a carelessly accoutered subaltern stood regarding her with a grim smile, (He)

Subaltern: "The favorite of the Führer" muttered thickly

--- murdered by a mulatto wench" ---

(She stood still and looked him square in the face, her dark eyes a-glitter; her black curls fluttering in the breeze, her lithe young beautiful body, straight and still. The subaltern paused, then his rage burst) (He roared.)

Subaltern: "Attention!" ~~he shouted.~~ "Strip her!" ~~he snarled.~~

(She stood without a rag silently a-quiver, with unwavering gaze.)

Subaltern: "March her to the barracks; rape the bitch, and shoot her!"

(Ximena sat in her great chair, whence she had looked on ambassadors and presidents, ministers and judges, brave men, beautiful women and lovely children. She tried to rise, but her head swam and her eyes grew dim. She saw her grandson lying still in his oozing brains and blood; she saw his sweetheart stripped in broad day and moving away, with bayonets at her back. She heard swift commands and tramping, tramping feet and at last she saw the flame curl up and start to eat her home. Low the crimson sun hovered above the Andes.

28-12-22

Ximena(whispered)-- Christ of the Andes! Jesus!

Where is God?

Slowly the white Christ of the Andes stepped down from the Cross. His flesh grew black. Gathering his crimson robe about him, he tottered, walked, marched across the world. Ximena stretched wide her arms and fell dead across the grave of her husband.

The dream is done, the fancy fallen. Perhaps -- who knows?-- there fight above, hugh Energies and vast Desires, partitioning myriad worlds of worlds; building empires of suns; and weaving Intricacies, Paterns, Calculations, Integrations and Hyperbolas, and Visions of unimagined Beauty, unimaginable.

Perhaps again, far, far beyond the stars, there lies at ease, millenium mornings, a Prince of Heaven, upon a velvet green; beside a curling water, in whose limpid depths we are as puppets, dangling to his fingered strings and dancing our mad wars and insane tricks and silly capers.

Or, perhaps, at last, All is dim Mist, mad Mirage and feeble Fancy? This is fancy.

30-12-23

undated

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

Explanation

Heridity is a strange and secret thing of which there are only the beginnings of knowledge. Physical resemblance between a man and his children we easily note. Mental and emotional likeness we grasp less clearly but often understandingly. Beyond this all is vague; and yet from time to time characters and persons, dispositions and emotional selves strike us as recurring over such long stretches of time that it almost seems that souls long dead have returned to earth again. Of course we have no means of real comparison -- only vague tradition and inaccurate observation and record; and surely even prodigal nature is so surprisingly limited in respect to its human patterns that in lapse of centuries characters may seem to return when in truth there is no real personal recurrence.

On the other hand it is always possible that in this life, souls, entities and personailties whatever they may be actually repeat themselves, and in effect, return and live again, themselves scarcely remembering nor comprehending previous existences. Whether this be really true or not, here is a tale that assumes something like it; that seems to see in four long centuries, the triple return to earth of three souls who die and seemingly live again and again meet and die; and in this three-fold meeting they strive fiercely and vainly and yet with tragic determination, to unknot a bitter problem of human like. The truth of the dream I neither prove nor defend, but here it is.

38-12-148

39-12-149

Plot

In the sixteenth, the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries, lived three human beings, appearing first as an Old Black man, a black Indian Princess and a white grandee of Spain; two hundred years later the trio, in fact or likeness, are born again, similar yet different: The Old Black man, a brown courtesan and a white catholic friar. The centuries roll on and in the twentieth of Christ come again to earth and life-an old black man, a white lady of high social position and intelligence and a brown politician with the blood of Spanish nobles, Indian peons and African slaves. These are the persons whose fate we seek to follow.

Book One, 1525-1550

I

(It is the second quarter of the sixteenth century. Atualpa and Huascar, sons of the great Inca, Huayne Capac, claimants to the throne of Peru, are locked in internecine strife. A swarm of Indian warriors appear on the mountain facing the sea, in deadly combat. The leaders taunt each other.)

HUASCAR Cursed be your soul, you hound of hell,
The earth-fiend drink your bitter blood.
Liar.

ATUALPA The Sun Divine burn out your heart
and sear your shameless carcass-----
Coward.

38-12-150.

Struggling Indian warriors range round, writhing and fighting. As they struggle furiously, an Old Man is seen in the very center of battle; his face is black, his hair crisp and snow white; his eyes are deep and cavernous, and his face shows endless age. Raising his hand, he cries:

Hold.

Both Princes cry:

Back, fool.

But the Old Man points down to the shore of the sea and says,

"Behold."

II

Far away to the north, at Tumbes upon the sand beside the Pacific Ocean, appears a group of men; they are evidently strangers, deathly pale, tall, grim, armed with strange harness and with horses and fire arms. The Indians, high above, cease fighting and gaze down at them. As the Old Man points the group appears more and more distinct, nearer and nearer until at last their voices rise clearly over the intervening miles of space. The leader of the Spaniards speaks. He is Tafur, a proud and portly man.

"Tis madness. The heavy heat of all this sun-cursed land
Had melted down your brains. The fever burns in your mad blood,
Pizarro. Away, we go ----
All they that come, aboard.

The man addressed, lean, cadaverous, and hard, almost hisses his answer:

Go.
Low Lies this line
On yellow sun-baked sand
And here stand I, Pizarro.
Who crosses to my sword?

A few of the adventurers respond: I, I. I. I.

33-12-151

PIZARRO CONTINUES TO TALK --

PONDER WELL, PONDER WELL.
LET NO COWARD COME.
SENORS, THIS LINE SIGNIFIES
ALL LABOR, HUNGER, THIRST AND WOUNDS;
SICKNESS AND THE WHOLE BROOD OF DANGERS
THAT MUST BE IN THIS WILD WAR
EVEN TO DEATH S SELF.
LET THOSE WHO DARE THEN CROSS THE LINE,

THE GOOD GOD AND THE KING. --
WHO COMES?

MORE OF THE ADVENTURERS CROSS TO HIS SIDE AND YELL ASSENT.

TAFUR TURNS AWAY:

FOOLS AND MADMEN ---
LINGER THEN AND ROT IN THIS HELL-HAUNTED LAND.
SAILORS, AHOY. PREPARE TO HOIST SAIL. MAN THE
ANCHOR CHAINS. ONCE MORE -- DO YOU COME OR
STAY?

THIRTEEN OF THE ADVENTURERS CLUSTER ABOUT PIZARRO AND STAY.

TAFUR EMBARKS CRYING -- FAREWELL, FOREVER.

PIZARRO GRINS: LET THE COWARDS SCAMPER TO THEIR TOAST AND
MILK
LOOK UPWARD WHERE THE SILVER OF THAT PEAK
DOTH REND THE SKY:
SEE WHERE BEYOND, THE MOUNTAINS
ROLL AND BILLOW TO THE SOUTH.
HARK. WHERE THE HOT SEAS

38-12-152

39-12-153

Soil and riot at the feet
Of forests black and mad
With beast and giant tree ----
See you this, comrades?
I tell you yonder lies
El Dorado, land of living gold.
The Vale of life eternal,
And unquenched joys.
Foward. We ll sieze the land
Or bathe it in our blood.

Meantime the old man has slowly left the watching Indians high on the hills above and descending silently, he moves over the distance so quickly, that it seems as though the sea approached him. He hears the band of Spaniards.

They espy him:

"Hist. What comes here?" ---
"I sore mislike his whitened blackness.---"
"Beware, his eyes do flame with some unearthly glow." ---
"He glides too spirit-like along ---"
"Thrust your good sword between his ribs
and see if honest blood lurks therein."

Pizarro intervenes:

Nay, wait, "tis some wandering slave,
Mo. stranger, stand.

Old Man paused "I come in Peace"

Pizarro "Har. and speak the King s fair tongue- tis well.
Whence do you come and whither?"

Old Man replied "I am an African,"

Pizarro doubtfully:
What, here in America?"

OLD MAN — BEFORE AMERICA WAS, AFRICA IS;
WHEN AMERICA DIES, AFRICA SHALL BE.
I COME O ER ENDLESS WAYS
AND PATHS THAT WIND THIS GREAT WORLD THROUGH;
I GO TO HIDDEN THRONES
AND HEARTS THAT YEARN FOR PEACE --

PIZARRO — DO YOU KNOW PERU?

OLD MAN — AYE, WELL I KNOW IT;

PIZARRO — AND THE LAND?

OLD MAN — IS SWEET AND FAIR, FAIR AS WAS THAT ANCIENT
VALE OF PARADISE , WHEREIN MAN SINNED.

PIZARRO — AND RICH?

OLD MAN — AND RICH IN HUMAN LOVE AND LONGING
IN LAUGHTER, JOY AND SONG.

PIZARRO — AND GOLD?

OLD MAN — AYE, IN PAIN AND GOLD AND SORROW
AND THE BLOOD-GUILTINESS OF STRIFE.

PIZARRO — HA. THEY FIGHT?

OLD MAN — THEY FIGHT AS WHIRLING WOLVES
THAT GNAW AND TEAR
THE HUNGRY NIGHT.

PIZARRO — GOOD - GOOD - HEAR THAT, COMRADES?
THEY LL FIGHT THEMSELVES TO DEATH
AND THEN THEIR GOLD, THEIR WOMEN AND THEIR LAND
LIE NAKED TO OUR GRASP.
HARK YOU, OLD MAN - IF YOU
LEAD US TO THIS LAND
WE LL MAKE YOU ONE
WITH US - YOU LL BE

38-12-154

38-12-155

As rich and drunk
As any Lord of Spanish Ind
Come on. the time
Already winks and beckons.

Old Man — Seer am I none
And yet I see.

Pizarro — Good - soothsay then -- Here's pay

Old Man — I see a goodly land
Where temples blaze with gold.
And people writhe and die;
Where over all sits Spain's Adelantado -

Pizarro — Who - Who shall he be?

Old Man — Captain - General --

Pizarro — Quick, the name.

Old Man — The Marquis --

Pizarro — Ho.

Old Man — Don Francisco de Pizarro

Pizarro — Praise to San Diego and the Virgin Queen of God.
Old Death's head, here is gold, I'll -

Old Man — But --

Pizarro — But?

Old Man — His face is old.

Pizarro — Old? I? Old? I am but twenty-five

Old Man — His body sick and seared with awful pain.

Pizarro — Pain? - Sick?

Old Man — His hands are red.

Pizarro — With good spilled blood, in noble battle let,-

Old Man — With old Almagro's soul

Almagro — What?

PIZARRO — YOU LIE, YOU -

OLD MAN — HIS LIPS DO TWITCH AND GIBBER -

PIZARRO — BY GOD, OLD MAN, NOW YOU GO TOO FAR --

OLD MAN — HE GROVELS TO THE GROUND AND DIES IN ONE WILD GASP. STABBED BY ALMAGRO S BASTARD SON.

WITH UNSHEATHED SWORDS, LED BY PIZARRO, THE SPANIARDS RUSH AT THE BLACK MAN:

"KILL HIM -" SLAY THE BLASPHEMING NEGRO."

"KILL HIM -- WHERE IS HE?"

"THERE HE GOES."

"HE S GONE."

"WHAT WAS THIS THING?

" TWAS FEVER-BREWED, A VISION FOUL OF HELL."

"LET S SEARCH -"

PIZARRO HOLDS THEM BACK: SEARCH NOTHING.

OUT WITH THESE AFRICAN LIES
AND ONCE WE MEET HIM AGAIN
GOD SAVE HIS SOUL; BUT NOW
WE VE WORK TO DO
THE ANDES BECKON
WE LL VIEW THIS HIDDEN LAND
AND LAY IT AT THE FEET
OF OUR KING, CHARLES,
OF ALL THE SPAINS AND GERMANIES
OF BURGUNDY AND ITALY,
OF THE INDIES AND THE WORLD.
PUISSANT LORD

THEY ALL CRY OUT:

AWAY - ON - AWAY.

28-12-156

Four years later and far away from Peru, lie the gardens of the royal palace in Toledo, Spain, across the Atlantic. There, apart from the waiting couriers, a young grandee, Francesco de Saaveedra walks excitedly up and down as Pizarro approaches.

He is here, Pizarro.
His eyes have seen the Mystic land.
His feet have trod great
El Dorado.
My blood boils to go
And go I will.

He rushes out as Pizarro and his men with Indians and Llamas enter. The clustered courtiers watch them and whisper aside.

"Tis he the tall one."
"Ill-favored knave."
"Baked and leathery, and hard as heartless flint."
"How does the king regard him?"
"Long live the King."
"All hail the Holy Roman Emperor."

38-12-157

THE DARKER WISDOM: PROPHECIES IN TALE AND PLAY,
SEEKING TO PIERCE THE GLOOM OF 1940

THE SORCERY OF COLOR: TRIALS IN TALE AND RHYTHM
TO PIERCE THE GLOOM OF THE NINETEEN FORTIES

Black Man / Black Man and the Moon
Seven-Up
The Slave, the Serf and the Blond Beast
The Christ of the Andes

Draft manuscripts, fragments and notes

THE SORCERY OF COLOR

TRIALS IN TALE AND RHYTHM

to pierce

THE GLOOM OF THE NINETEEN FORTIES

set by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

IN FOUR MOVEMENTS

I. LOVE AND RACE

II. POWER AND WAR

III. RACE AND PEACE

IV. PEACE AND WAR

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$\times 5$

$40\,000\,000$

PEACE

Rather with blood it ends. The final cost of war is
Degradation, prostitution, poverty,
Ignorance, crime and disease -
There is no End, no Cause
No Ideal that is worth
Organized and nationwide murder of human kind.
Wherefore, I am a child of Peace
Even before this sudden and miraculous
Gift of love such as I never knew before;
Such as seems to stream down to me
From long centuries of longing and frustration -
Even in the presence of this, I will not swerve.
I am a child of Peace -
And you, Francesco, I ok to your Vision Splendid:
I love you - O I love you
And yet I am not yours -
A fair full quarter of the world
You may rule by murder, war and pestilence -
But this one woman's heart
Is ruled by Love and Peace alone
So must you choose, Francesco, and now.

Savedra I have already chosen -
Ximena!

Mendoza Francesco!

They both arise and before the assembled guests embrace each other. Senorita Mendoza turns and smiles as Savedra says in clear and carrying tones,

"Gentlemen and Ladies, my affianced bride!" The guests with cries of delight and surprise rush forward with good wishes and congratulations. De Guzman stands apart and growls in the hearing of all.

"Saveedra, 'tis an old and honored name. I have often heard it.

Ah Gonzales, you should see Mendoza!

Behind lie silver heights

Looking on Chile, to whom once the land belonged

On that slope and on the shelf beyond

Are out-worn and out-worked mines of misery;

Along those heights

Lay the bare bald regions in dispute 'twixt two great lands, -

A worthless waste. Yonder was once a mighty Convent

Where two centuries since, a holy woman labored for

the wretched in the mines

And yonder where afar you may glimpse

A beetling crag, hung a house of the brothers of St. Francis

Where long an aged Bishop of Conception did tell his

beads and pray and work

For the souls of the wretched.

Gonzales makes his adieus and departs. Less than a week later an old man his face is almost black, meanly clad and yet walking with a certain dignity, enters the beautiful home of the Mendozas. The young woman greets him at the door.

Welcome father, thrice welcome!

Tell me quickly is all lost?

The old man smiles upon her and lifts his hand in benediction as he bows.

No,

Section Two

Mrs. Gwathmey was driven near to distraction. She seemed to feel the world falling about her ears. First there had been her disreputable husband but he at least had had the grace to die. Prosperity followed. Then came the crash of 1929 and the loss of her wealth. Then there was the bitter struggle to educate her children and keep up some vestige of appearances and not surrender her very home to the mortgagee. Now to cap all came the entanglement of her only son in a wretched brawl which involved a Negro wench. She saw all the power of the despised Lyon's family ranged against her to avenge the death of their good-for-nothing son. There was but one way of escape and she was ready to pay any price to keep her son from being involved and to put the blame where she knew it must belong, upon the black girl. She had heard about the murder late at night and sat up in the parlor in agony and apprehension the whole night waiting for George to return. She had not heard him come in but toward morning fell asleep on the couch. At sunrise she awoke with a start and rushed to his room. He was there fast asleep. She bathed and dressed and coming down stairs again helped the girls and the old black woman get breakfast ready. She and her daughters ate in silence and then she drove them off on various chores to the fartherest reaches of the home. She talked long and feverishly over the telephone watching the stairs the while.

It was ten o'clock. She knew he would be down to breakfast soon. She was keeping the breakfast warm and always watching the staircase. The broad front door was closed. Beyond it was a wide path and then up the street one could see the square and the court house. In the back of the hall was the dining room with the door slightly ajar and opposite the dining room under the stairs

was a cellar door and a window. Mrs. Cwathmey stood taut. She heard George coming down the stairs cauticusly, hat in hand. As he reached the landing his mother emerged casually from the dining room.

Mrs. G. George, why don't you come in to breakfast? We've been through an hour and most everything is cold. You know I and your sisters have most of the work to do now -- we can't afford a house full of darkies to feed.

G. G. Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (Moves toward the door.)

Mrs.G. But, George --

G. G. Yes, Ma?

(He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly.)

Mrs. G. Of course, George, we all feel awful over this mess, but really, it don't seem just decent for you to take on so. After all, it's only a low affair between one of those Lyons men and a colored girl.

G. G. Of course, Ma, but you see --

Mrs. G. George, I wouldn't go if I was you.

(He reaches for his watch and starts. His mother stares at him and he at her.)

G. G. But Ma, I'm already late and --

Gwathmey starts to follow, but his mother closes the door and sinks on her knees with imploring hands and gray disheveled hair. Celia's voice dying gradually away can be heard mingled with the execrations of the mob.

Celia I lied -- do you hear? --I lied. He did it. It was his pistol!

Within, Jim continues to pound on the door.

Jim Let me out! Let me out! Here's his watch!

Jim hurls his body against the cellar door and his voice rises to a shriek. "Let me out." "Let me out." The mother rises quickly from her knees and moves swiftly toward the cellar. She motions to George and points to the dining room door. "The girls," she says, "keep them back! Shut the door!" George softly closes the door and cowers against it. With another lunge Jim bursts through the panels with shoulder and one leg. Then the hinges give way and door and the boy fall together to the floor. In an instant the woman is upon him. She grasps his shoulders and pushes his head to the floor while her weight on the door holds him helpless. "Hush!" she snarls. But he speaks rapidly, fiercely, wincing with the hurt of his fall.

"Don't for Christ's sake let 'em kill her! Don't send her to worse'n hell, that black Pen. I love her. Don't you understand? I love her better'n myself. I never had nobody but her to love. I know she don't love me. I knows it - but I don't care. She loves him, but I'll do anything to save her. I'll die for her. I'll even die for him. He loves her too, much as he knows how. Let me go. Let me -"

Gradually her fingers were slipping up toward his head. She feels the hard hair in his neck. She smells the acrid odor of warm sweat and dirt. Fear shakes her body like an ague and then stiffens to fierce determination

as she realizes that he cannot move; that he is at her mercy. Slowly she feels for the great pulsing artery in his neck. She squeezes and squeezes it, holds it hard till he gasps, strangles and is still; and then with horror filming her eyes, she faints atop his dead body.

Section Three

Out in the country beyond the town, in a region of gulleys and delapidated drab buildings, one hears the sound of clanking chains and sees the last three or four convicts of a long line filing into one of the buildings. Within is a narrow damp corridor, from the door of which one can see a mile or so away the Gwathmey mansion, the square and the court house. In the center of the corridor is a rickety table with a dingy lamp. As the convicts file through and out into the rooms where they sleep and eat, one hears a harsh voice yelling after them, "Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you." It is followed by the lashing of a whip and a scream. Later the guard enters angry and growling with whip in hand. He wears neither coat nor collar and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. He had lowered the bottle when the sheriff drives up in his Ford car, yells out a greeting which is received with a grunt, and enters the corridor. "Hot, ain't it," he says, as he comes in with a handbag, places it in a corner and drops into a chair. The guard says nothing and the sheriff glances at him doubtfully.

The Sorcery of Color

~~THE DARKER WISDOM~~

PROPHECIES IN TALE AND PLAY

~~TO PIERCE THE GLOOM OF 1940~~

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

ILLUSTRATIONS

Four color prints, page-size, should accompany the text, one of them preceding each part:

1. Celia (a beautiful brown girl - I have a painting)

2. Europe (a modern young white man sharp featured, inspired)

3. Black Man (a Paul Robeson type)

4. Senorita Ines: Ximena Mendoza y Savedra
   (a blonde South American lady)

THE DARKER WISDOM

PROPHECIES IN TALE AND PLAY, SEEKING TO PIERCE THE GLOOM OF 1940

by

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RACE

THE FIRST TALE

Black Man, a Fantasy

This is a story of the Earth's beginnings, when the Moon was young. But the Universe was old and white with eons and nearing its end. The Sun, flaming King of the Hither Stars was angry with the white wrath of thwarted Omnipotence. His youngest daughter, Moon of the Earth, beautiful beyond dreaming, had grossly disobeyed him and married Black Man. True it was that the Sun expected his last-born to wed as had all her gorgeous sisters; but they with royal ceremony, had married princes, heat-born, and age-tested, of mighty Jupiter, magnificent Venus, and multi-ringed Saturn, and received presents from brother Suns, a thousand and a thousand years away. This young and wayward Earth-Moon, had wed a being from a planet only just born - less than a million years alive; wed the first struggling man-life this impudent speck had spawned, before one could possibly know what it would be or whether indeed it would live at all, in any real sense. Seeing the start of their dalliance, the Sun with veiled face, thundered his command, and in the face of him, of God's own self, they wed - Black Man married the Moon. With one red burst of wrath, Father the Sun struck her dead.

He saw not and cared less that in the instant of their wedding, there sprang to birth, Seven Sons of Black Man and the Moon - Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet. Black Man, too, saw and heeded not his many colored brood, but leaving the moaning Sea, climbed to the mountains, and sat there in the dark forest, distraught with nameless grief, while behind, his children sat apart and alone, guarded only by Long-Nose, the Elephant.

The little years like seconds ticked away, and found once on a day, a curious group gathered on the sands.

There is tall Red man, vivid crimson of skin, with long green hair and coal black eyes. He stands quite naked, beautifully molded in body and proudly poised. Beside him sits a little man whose skin is bright blue with golden curls and grey eyes, lolling against a massive tree trunk. Strolling beyond glides a mighty man of golden skin, with pale blue hair and brown and slanting eyes, playing a zither. Beside him walks a thin man, his skin a vivid green, his hair a flame of red, his eyes dark and smoldering. Apart and on the opposite side looking out to sea, stand two other men, one with orange skin, green-blue hair and brown eyes; the other dark indigo, with greenish-yellow hair and eyes pale to whiteness. Flitting among them all, now here, now there; never still, always darting, leaping, climbing was a sprite all violet; violet of skin and hair, of eye; and yet always subtly changing in glow: becoming almost reddish, then yellowish and green and then back to pale dim ~~violet~~ mauve again. All these boys seemed young, very young, despite their size; all seemed strong, and vivid with energy, sparkling with hard-held spirits and scintillating intelligence.

Over them all, like a guardian spirit, loomed a vast elephant, a mastodon, enormous, grey and wrinkled with age. She stood swinging with a wide, swinging motion, watchful with her little eyes, listening with her mighty ears, alert, intense, almost as if waiting. At sun-set, she spoke in thick and rumbling tones

Long Nose. Night falls. It is time to worship the Sea. Orange has new poems for us. He shall say them. Red Man shall dance his Sun dance. Yellow Man shall play his Zither and Blue shall sing. Come, Come! let us worship.

(All of them begin a slow posturing dance facing the dying day overseas.)

Red Man. The stings of the air and
The shriek of the trees
The blood in the sand
And the war in the seas.

Blue Man. The rollicking dance
And the sweetness of sleep;
The gleam of the light
In the heart of the deep, -

Yellow Man.
The tear in the eye
The whispering hand;
The dream in the soul
And the song in the sand, -

Green Man. The rain of the stars
And the giving of breath,
The sweetness of life
In the shadow of death!

Orange. (Lifting Violet on his shoulders) Life is beautiful. I wrote these poems about it.

Violet. What is Death?

Indigo. I fancy life may be beautiful, but I don't know yet.

Violet. I want to fly and hear the Light.

Yellow Man. You need but see the singing of the sea.

Red Man. Dearer to me is the war of the wind in the trees and howl of the Night.

Blue Man. I would pierce and explore and gambol always - only the voice of our Father scares me. (They sit in silent awe as it thunders.)

Violet. Where is our Father?

Green. Aloft on the mountain.

Violet. Why is he there?

Yellow Man. He mourns.

Violet. For my mother?

Green. For the dead Moon, mother of us all.

Violet. What is he like?

Green. He is mighty and powerful and Black.

Violet. His shadow is white. (They all start and stare at Violet.)

Orange. How did you know that, child? There is a poem in that.

Violet. I saw it - afar; but why is he black and why is his shadow white? Why is he not colored like this rainbow of us all?

(The nurse stepping ponderously between them, intervenes.)

Long Nose. You may not know all, but listen to this; the colors of God the Sun together are white in the day and black in the night; therefore, the King of Night is black; but his shadow remembers the sun whose daughter was the Moon.

Violet. It was then the Moon that scattered all the colors -

Red Man. (Impatiently) You talk too much.

Violet. His shadow is white!

Green. Go search for beautiful things in the sand.

Violet. Nay, I love the stars rather than the sands. Even in the thunder of pain. I wonder what Pain is like? Is it heavy? Does it move? Why does Pain thunder?

Yellow Man. Pain is not a thing; it is a Thought and Thought is life and Life is Pain.

Orange. Nonsense. Pain is a false dream. Happiness is Life.

Indigo. Happiness is going and doing and flying!

Violet. His shadow is white! I love the stars - only I seem always to see too much. Often, I fear. Mine eyes pierce like darts. I see the bones of Elephant, our dear nurse; I see the heart of Red Man pounding in his breast; I -

Red Man. It is strange - I see not all these things. I would I could, I'd fight Pain.

Violet. See - the heart of Long Nose races - she hears something!

Long Nose. Violet has second sight - the last gift of the Moon-Mother to her youngest born. It is both power and pain.

(Slowly darkness rises over the mountain. Silence descends. They all sleep save Violet, who droses and flits, sleeps and flies. Long Nose watches.)

II

The night was still young when the darkness shrudders with the sudden trumpeting of Long Nose. They all arose and clustered about her. Nervously she speaks:

Listen my children: Evil threatens. Darkness reigns because God the Sun was furious when his Moon daughter married the King of Night. Perhaps the Sun feared lest Moonlight and Night become more beautiful than day. Perhaps he feared other and nameless things. He seized and killed the Moon and tossed her dead corpse out of heaven. So Black Man mourns.

But, hearken, this is not all. Now that the Moon is dead and darkness rules the night, - Now that Black Man no longer sees nor cares, the Beasts of Hell gather to destroy your Father and you. Always they have sworn to rid the Earth of Human Kind. But they move in darkness and long they feared the Moon. Now they gather. They counsel in the gloom. East looms Little Eye, the Bear, with the strength of ten; south slinks Soft Foot, the Leopard, full of guile. West rages Great Mane, the Lion, King of Beasts; and behind the beasts are the Fish and above the Fish, the Birds; and under all, Dragon. O, that your mighty Father would hearken. Alas, he is naught but sorrow, and evil comes apace.

Red Man. Let's fight, Mother Long-Nose.

Blue. Let's lay traps and snares.

Long Nose. Nay, gather stones; but not to fight, - to build.

Green. What is "building"?

Long Nose. I fear I do not know. But let me try. Here are stones where once your father reared his home; and underneath are stones where once a Being without name builded his hut; and underneath are stones which Coral speechless spun; and underneath are stones which Something gave Coral; and underneath are stones, but I know not whence they came. You have not yet builded, but only lived with me beneath the trees. Now we must build, for building is human. Build then, - as once Black Man built. Indigo, search clay!

Indigo. I fly.

Long Nose Red Man, stones!

Red Man. They're here.

Long Nose. Blue Man, water!

Orange. 'Tis there - an ocean full (Indigo writes on the sand, while Blue brings water.)

Violet. I see a mighty head beside the Sea.

Long Nose. Build a tower - watch and build; but how I do not know. There should be four gates. One here where Red Man and Yellow Man stand in front to meet the King of Beasts.

Red Man and Yellow Man. Ay-ah!

Long Nose. Indigo and Green, to the right! Cut clubs and ward off Little Eye, the bear.

Green. We go, he'll never pass. Ay-ah! (Green moves out - and Indigo follows thoughtfully.)

Long Nose. Orange and Blue! Take clubs and ward the Left against the guileful soft-foot, the Leopard.

Orange and Blue. What! Beautiful Leopard? - we'll beguile him and sing him into a trap. (They go out whispering.)

Violet. Soft-Foot prowls from the West - where are Orange and Blue? Mother Long Nose, what can I do?

Long Nose. You are small and light and young, but you must watch the hill; perchance your mighty father, hearing, may come.

Violet. Or shall I go and call him?

Long Nose. We dare not yet, but wait. I must dig - a great cellar for the Dead - Hark! Earth's human kind are fighting the Beasts of Hell. Afar, ever nearer grow the sullen roar and snarl of the beasts ~~and the shrill cries of the fighters.~~ Here in front lie the stones and clay of the unbuilt Tower. Red Man and Yellow Man stand guard. Violet flits around from the back, weeping and moaning:

Violet. It is dark here - it is dark, but I see. O mother Long Nose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air, beware! Ah! Where, where are Orange and Blue? See how they turn and twist and twine. The blood of Mother Long Nose flows without her hide. She trumpets and stamps. She wraps her nose about him and slowly, slowly with great wrench and scream - scream of Long Nose, scream of Soft-Foot - quiver and scream of both and they, they sleep. They roll together down into the pit. Both of them shudder and sleep. I cannot understand. They must be very, very tired. And the red blood - the thick, red blood of their hearts flows, gushes, trickles; and they sleep, they sleep. Ah - what moves yonder in the forest? Indigo! Green!

(Indigo and Green, standing at the right, look out. Violet points.)

Violet. See!

Indigo and Green. I see nothing!

Violet. See you not that dark vast hill that moves softly, terribly?

Indigo. I hear something.

Green. I see two little stars.

Violet. 'Tis Little Eye, the Bear - the cruel, terrible bear. Shall we fly?

Indigo. And leave our Father unguarded?

Green. And leave our brothers alone? No, to the forest! Come brother, out and on!
(They rush out tempestuously. There is silence, then scuffling; then a howl and the sounds of terrifice battle. Violet veils his eyes, and then looks.)

Violet. The earth is all crimson - wet and crimson. Indigo lies very still. He sleeps. He breathes not. Green sleeps - O God! he has no head! His head is gone! Where, O where is his head? Little Eye has it. Little Eye groans and rolls here and there. Now he sleeps, too. He is still. He breathes not. I am afraid of this strange sleeping. Never before -

The roar of the Great Mane, the Lion, is heard. Red and Yellow rush out in front but Blue wounded crawls in slowly from th left dragging Orange after him across the grass. Violet stops their wounds and then stands staring at his own bloody hands. Orange rises and falls. Blue rises, leaps over him and rushes out after Red and Yellow. One hears the battle rage. Orange staggers to his feet.

Orange. Here are - my poems - I die.

The voices of Red Man and Yellow Man rise: Hear us, our father! We conquer the King of Beasts! They stagger in with the Lion's head and the body of Blue. Violet gazes on them.

Violet. There is a new sleep come to us - it stops heartbeats.

Red Man and Yellow Man. It is death. It is that which veiled the Moon to our father's ~~sorrow~~ dawn. It is Death. Never more shall Indigo and Green and Orange and Blue and Mother Long Nose speak.

Violet. Woe - Woe - Woe! - and this is Death. All the giants are dead!

With solemn ceremony, sprinkling water and earth, the survivors bury their dead beside the stones of the unbuilt Tower, marching in file and chanting:

Red Man. (marching first)
The King of the forest came cleaving the air;
The roar of the sea was the howl of the bear,
The shriek of the Leopard flamed up in the night,
The wail of the elephant trembled in fright.

Yellow Man. (coming next)
The Leopard and Elephant frozen in death;
The bear and the lion but quivering breath;
The pall of the crimson that covered the fight, -
The scream of the wind in the star-spangled night.

Red Man and Yellow Man.
The silence our brothers forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
The end of their laughter, the end of their song, -
The terrible downfall of right under wrong.
(They sit down moodily, with hanging hands Violet starts up.)

Violet. I hear a light.

Red Man Hearken - a light!

Violet. It is the light of a vast flame.

Yellow Man. Something rises from the sea.

Violet. It is an island belching fire.

Red Man. It is a great Fish - but fear not! It cannot walk the land.

Yellow Man. It is Dragon - it is the End.

(The light brightens and the rage of the Sea redoubles)

Red Man. Dragon comes, leading all the fish of the Sea and belching fire.

Yellow Man. It is the End. Dragon walks both land and Sea.

Sea and Land are raging.

Red Man. Let us fight and die.

Violet. No - No! Will you both sleep and leave the world dead to me?

Red Man. There is but one last refuge - Black Man. Little Brother stand by these stones.

Yellow Man. He is weak and small, but he's the fastest runner of us all. He can tread the underbrush, glide through the trees and fly up the face of the rocks. If he but dares to ~~hunt~~ face Dragon - if he has courage. - Listen, boy, do you fear?

Violet. What is Fear?

Yellow Man. Go out yonder to the shore. Meet Dragon. Stand there - Stand until we climb the hill, until you hear us call. Then away after us through the jungle and the forest and up the mountain after us and run for your life and ours.

(Violet hesitates, looks at his brothers appealingly and then walks slowly and alone to the shore. He stands, watching Dragon.)

Violet. Ah, but his mouth is vast! Oh, but his teeth are sharp! His great gills redden and pale, the fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot! - I - Oh brother Red Man must I stay long? His maw is full of wriggling fish - Oh brother Yellow Man must I still stay? Ah, his scales - are beautiful - but - Oh - Oh - Oh! I - am afraid!

The ringing cry of the fleeing brothers is heard and Violet flies, with Dragon after him.

III

It is ten o'clock at Night. On the Mountain Top is a mighty forest. Stars gleam above. In the center is a Bier with a flashing crimson flame. Black Man at the right sits on a huge red throne and feeds the flame. His Shadow is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises ever and anon.

Black Man. (Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is death!
O death in Life,
And Life in death,
And horror over all!
O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Age in life,
And dread in death,
And horror over all!
O hate, hate, hate, that is Life:
and pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in life,
And Hate in death!
And horror over all!
O woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

Red Man and Yellow Man rush up to him panting.

Red Man and Yellow Man fall on their knees and cry: Father!

Black Man. I am no father - I am Woe.

Red Man and Yellow Man. King!

Black Man. I am no king - I am Hurt and Horror;

The bottom and end of Life,

The death of Happiness,

The darkness of joy

I am Woe, - go, go, go!

Red Man and Yellow Man. Father - King Eternal Night - Behold Death comes -

Black Man. Death has come and gone.

(Below and beyond Dragon roars.)

Red Man. Death is here, he seeks to destroy us -

Black Man. I am destroyed.

Yellow Man. (Pointing to the fire.) He will destroy - the Flame of Love!

Black Man starts to his feet, crying Who? Where? How?

Red Man. Dragon comes raging.

Yellow Man. Dragon comes with bloody fangs.

The voice of Violet with crackling branches and gleams of fleeting light comes up: Help! O Father.

Red Man. Send but your voice.

Yellow Man. Wave but your mighty hand.

Voice of Violet. Send but the Shadow of your Soul.

Red Man. (Aside) His shadow is white.

(Enter Violet)

Violet. Screaming: See - yonder - Dragon.

All the forest is alight.

(Dragon is seen afar.)

Black Man leans forward and peers, What is this?

Violet. It is the fire that burned the moonlight away; dragon brings it.

Black Man. There is no moonlight; there is but this shadow of moonlight on a grave; but by the Hills of God who touches the shadow touches me! Avaunt, Beast! Hither, slaves! O ho! A Ha! and Alas! There is none to obey - none to helps; all are gone! They dance as ghosts afar; death drove them away - away! Woe - woe - all is woe!

Violet. (Desperately) Dragon will kill us, Dragon will kill you, Dragon will eat the shadow of Moonlight! Dragon will scorch our Mother's flame and desecrate her tomb!

Black Man. Never!

Red Man. Lend aid!

Yellow Man. Lend your mighty arm!

Violet. Even your shadow - send us your shadow, lend us your shadow of white!

Black Man stands up, steps forward, turns with a cry as the breath of the Dragon from afar dims the flame. As it dies down he renews it. Dragon howls.

Violet. Your shadow - your white shadow - only your shadow if not yourself!

Black Man bends slowly; regards and raises his white shadow; from the bier he pours the Flame of Life into it; he pours Blood from his gashed arm into it; he breathes his Breath into it; the shadow lives; but is inert; vacant-eyed. Black Man hesitates. Then slowly he lifts a hammer and a knife. He bears his breast and uncovers his head. He crushes his own head and lifting part of his brain, forces it into white man's mouth; he starts to gash his left breast, but already White Man with keen eyes and listening ear has leapt to his feet.

White Man. What's that?

(Dragon shrieks and appears.)

White Man. (Seizing the hammer and knife, leaps forward.) He seeks?

Red Man. Us.

White Man. (Looking about) Let's get out of here.

(Violet hesitates, then follows White Man and Red Man down the mountain side leaving Black Man above motionless beside the darkly flickering bier)

Violet. (Lingering behind) White Man has no heart. The King of Night gave him fire; he gave him breath and brain; but White Man has no heart!

There rises the sound of a mighty conflict. Above in crimson light appears Black Man fighting the Dragon. He falls and rises. The Dragon forces him back. He drives Dragon back. Then he yields, attacks, returns, falls; rises with one great effort and driving Dragon toward the Sea, falls again to the ground and lies prone. The beacon of the Funeral Pyre flickers and the flame leaving the earth mounts heavenward like a star.

IV

It is eleven o'clock at night. Within the Tower, deep in the pit, wedged by boulders and covered by trunks of trees, interlaced with vines, lies Dragon, struggling and belching fire. On the sward before the Tower lies Black Man, huge and wounded and gasping. Around him,

ministering to him are Red Man and Yellow Man. Violet flits here and there like ~~dimly~~ faint colored flashes, while White Man, walks in the background, like a dim blur. The brothers are becoming vaguely conscious of this new-born stranger and peer at him furtively as they serve Black Man, and speak to each other low:

Red Man. How is our Father?

Yellow Man. Better, I think.

Red Man. It was a mighty battle.

Yellow Man. It was that.

Violet. I see a new star in the east.

Red Man. I still fear Dragon.

Yellow Man. He is wal l-caged; White Man guards him.

Violet. Can we trust White Man - he has no heart.

Red Man. Ho! White Man - Is Dragon safe?

White Man. Yes; he'll give us heat and light.

Red Man. I fear Dragon!

White Man. So do I - uncaged! But caged, he's harmless.

Violet. He will eat our dead.

White Man. Of course; and as long as he eats he'll be safe. Dragon has no hands to tear away his walls.

Red Man. Aye - but cruel feet and many; wings and cruel jaws; but no hands.

White Man. Wings - that's right. I hadn't thought of that. He might fly out. Look alive - let's cut more trees and gather bark. We'll build a thicker roof over him and use it as a floor beneath us. Moss will curb his fire and a hole will give us light.

They all work heartily, save Violet, who tends Black Man's wounds and croons.

Violet. White Man has no heart.

White Man enters the Tower, now built with wall and floor, and looks out. Violet flies in and stands beside him.

Violet. Come! Bring Father; all of you come in here.

Red Man and Yellow Man start to lift and bring Black Man. But White Man cries out!

White Man. Wait!

Then he hesitates; he steps forward and peers out upon the others. They stare at him. In the bright starlight, they see each other for the first time, and are astonished and half afraid.

Red Man. He looks bloodless.

Yellow Man. His skin is naked.

Violet. That is because White Man has no heart.

White Man. (above) They are a queer looking crew. All parti-colored; look dirty. I'm different. I'm entirely different. Another sort of being. But I must watch my step and fool them. They look nasty. I wonder what they are muttering amongst themselves.

Red Man. He looks thin and scrawny.

Yellow Man. He looks harsh and cruel.

Violet. He is our Father's son, even if he has no heart. When he gets a -

(White Man steps out quickly and views the Tower. He peers about and then approaches the group.)

White Man. I have a plan. We'll use this floor of the Tower, above the cellar of Dragon to store our food and goods, against another onslaught of the beasts. Above we'll build a second story, where we can live. Come, to work; let's build a second story.

Soon the Tower appears with a second story which is empty but clean and airy; below is darkness, split by the intermittant flame of Dragon's breath; dirt and noisome smells abound. Without the Tower, one can see Black Man prone with Violet sitting beside him. Red and Yellow directed by White are hurriedly finishing the second story.

White Man quickly climbs to the roof and ~~draws up the ladder leaving himself~~ stands aloft, alone. Below, Black Man opens his eyes and sees the stars. Red Man and Yellow Man support him as he staggers to his feet. Violet flies aloft and sits beside White Man. He beckons and calls.

Violet. Come up, come up, Father and brothers; here it is clean and safe.

White Man. How in Hell did you get here? No, no! Don't you try to come up yet. There's no hurry and we've much to do. No - no - wait. All is not ready - yet. Let's think the thing out. There's a lot to be done - work, hard work. Digging, pulling, lifting, shoving, hauling. This whole thing needs further rebuilding. The mountain side needs to be cleared and fenced and planted. The seashore needs fixing up and a sea wall must be built to guide the tides and keep back the fish. Then, I've a lot of plans and experiments; machines, wheels, engines, power. There is the wind of the sea and the fire of Dragon to serve us. I'm going to build Civilization. I need time to think and plan and work it out.

Red Man. We'll need five chairs.

White Man. No, only one at present.

Violet. Yes - only one - a throne for Black Man.

Yellow Man. We'll need a bench for four.

White Man. No, only for one - at a time.

Violet. Father groans.

White Man. Bring in Black Man. (Red and Yellow carry him through the lower gate.) Say - no - (aloud) leave him there - the air here is too strong - it's too cold. (He goes down and closes the outer gate. Then moving the ladder, pulls it up and rushes and drops the trap door between the first and second story. Hi, - hi - they're all there now - (Spies Violet, who again has flown up). Why aren't you down there?

Violet. (Slowly) White Man has no heart; he has a Whip.

White Man. O stay - if you want to, until you get hungry. Then down you go. Let's see. I've got three laborers now for my work; husky fellows too! Civilization can begin. In forest and sea is already food a plenty. I'll gather it and feed it below, sparingly. In return these colored men will work for me. I have in mind many experiments - machines to lift, to push, to wave - perhaps to fly. While they work, I'll think. I'll have time to think out certain puzzles. They must work and work hard - but what of it? They are simple things and know only to work and sleep and eat. In time, when I've plenty, I'll give them more to eat and a better place to sleep. Only I must not spoil them or get them out of their place. Above all they must not think; thinking is bad for laborers. I'll do the thinking. Moreover, they can't think. They have no brains.

Violet. White Man has no heart.

White Man. (Sharply) What's that? (To Black Man, Yellow and Red, showing them food.) Look sharp now, don't loiter, make me a bow and arrow and some fish hooks. Stop slobbering over Black Man. He isn't hurt much. And stop dividing your food with him, unless he works. All right then, so much the less for you! Come now, look alive!

(He cracks his whip)

(Red and Yellow in the cellar go sullenly to work. Black Man arises dazed and sinks in a stupor. Then he works mechanically and listlessly staring toward the sea. Once he starts - raises his great arm and grasps the stones; then his head falls. He lets go; sometimes he sways stupidly.)

White Man. (To Violet who is perched on the edge of the platform.) Another thing I got to do and that is to tame the Beasts. Make friends of them.

Violet. And fool them into working for you instead of running and playing and loving.

White Man. Well - why not? Why don't you go to work?

Violet. White Man has no heart.

White Man. What's that? What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think. What more?

Violet. You are cold, bloodless, unfeeling. You have no knowledge of joy and pain; of sunset and song, of love. You cannot laugh nor sing. Black Man, our poor father, forgot; he gave his Shadow no heart.

White Man. You haven't good sense and until you get to work with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you do down there.

Violet. All right - open the door.

White Man. (Starts, pauses) No, I won't. See here, you get out, go - We have no room for such as you in the world. You see too much. You're fit for nothing but poetry.

Violet. Poets dream.

White Man. But they dream foolishness - colors and sounds and idleness. I dream useful things - food and clothes and city walls -

Violet. I see a star. It is larger than yestereve. I think it is coming nearer.

White Man. Go to it - star-chaser.

V

At Midnight, the floor of the Second Story of the Tower is crowded with piles of goods and food. In front are four unfinished Machines.

White Man. God! But I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. Nobody to sympathize with me or talk to me - if only these machines could live and talk!

Violet. I'll talk to you.

White Man. Who are you? Where are you? O, you don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to guide and plan and build civilization.

Violet. Why do it?

White Man. You fool. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't even appreciate my genius. Notice how I raise food and make things? See my land out there.

Violet. It is not yours. It never was. It belongs to God, the Sun; and they my brothers work harder than you do.

White Man. I don't care whose it is, I have got it. I find food for the Niggers to eat. Could they work without food?

Violet. You chain them to their work.

White Man. Do you think they'd work if I didn't? They'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

Violet. What for?

White Man. To make more food and clothes and shelter.

Violet. For them?

White Man. No. They'd get lazy and impudent.

Violet. For you?

White Man. Say! Whoever its for, it's hard work and it must be done. It's no fun to keep three husky brutes at work and they hating you like hell and ready to slit your throat when your back's turned. I work harder than they do - a damned sight harder. I risk and worry and fret. They mutter and whine. I've a notion to give up and let them starve. I'm tired. I'm sick. I'm lonesome. Why don't you show yourself? Where are you hiding?

Violet. You work too hard.

White Man. It is the truth.

Violet. Making others work.

White Man. That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

Violet. You need help.

White Man. I know it and I've made some. I've made me four machines - perfect tireless workers who never complain. And they're white too - white steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

Violet. What are they?

White Man. You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway. You belong to that parti-colored brood. I guess it's because I'm lonesome. Well, here they are: Radio, Dynamo, Gun and Loom. Dynamo drinks water and makes electricity. Radio eats electricity and talks. Loom eats coal and makes cloth; gun eats lead and kills.

Violet. Kills? Murders? Takes beautiful lives? Why? When?

White Man. When they get dangerous to me - when anybody gets dangerous to me - when I get dangerous to myself - perhaps; I don't know - you better look sharp - but they can't think or feel. Radio talks nonsense usually. Dynamo spurts light whether I want it or no. Loom knows no patterns. See? I want them to have souls - not too much, not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent and let me rest and enjoy myself - and sleep. You seem to know a lot - mostly foolishness - but where do souls come from?

Violet. They come from dreams.

White Man. Nonsense, you want to get me off to sleep, don't you, so that you can snoop and steal? Well, I don't believe your lies, but - I got to sleep - I'm dead - tired; I got to -

(White Man drops to sleep on the trap door, grasping his whip.)

Violet. Souls? Souls! If I could get the right soul for these terrible steel monsters, we would heal this sick world.

Voice. Why not the souls of your dead brothers?

Violet. Dead - brothers - who speaks? The star in the east is gone! There is a mist where it was and a wind in the mist. I thought I heard the mist speak. Can stars talk?

Voice. Yes, my son.

Violet. Who speaks? Can it be yonder star that was growing hourly brighter?

Voice. Yes, my son.

Violet. Your son!

Voice. My Moonbeam - last of the Angels.

Violet. Mother - Moon-Mother of Earth and Sky
Bearer of sun-rays
Star of evening
Wife of Black Man
Mother of me and mine
You are dead and yet speak.

(The Moon enters as a Woman in Grey.)

Moon. I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger;
But seeing Earth's evil
He has repented
And called me back from the swoon of Death
To redeem mankind.

Violet. And may I help and what's to be done? Shall we kill White Man? See! He sleeps - he is very still - helpless and still. Shall we kill him and free the world?

Grey Woman. We may not kill him; Life is our mission.

Violet. Shall we smash his machines?

Grey Woman. No - not Destruction but Creation is good and White Man has created this wonderful work; let it endure.

Violet. But souls - it needs souls; he says so.

Grey Woman. Listen, my boy. There are two ways and only two to redeem the world - by Dreams and Death. But not his death - ours! Will you help?

Violet. So willingly!

Grey Woman. First, we will try Dreams - but if you fail -

Violet. What?

Grey Woman. Death, little one, only Death; and not his - yours.

Violet. Welcome Death! Say on.

Grey Woman. Below lies Dragon eating the bodies and prisoning the souls of four of my children. I shall loose Dragon. You will hear the thunderous rush of his going, the heat and fury of his fire. Then, I will gather the souls of my dead sons and stand them here with these machines. Then little one, comes your task.

Violet. What - what?

Grey Woman. White Man sleeps in deep and dreamless stupor. The thunder of Dragon will wake him to dreaming. He will feel the soul of Orange beside Radio; of Blue beside Dynamo; of Green beside Gun and Indigo beside Loom. He will dream these ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone lest his heartless head complete disaster. It is your task to make the world dream with him. Black Man must dream and Red and Yellow and you yourself must dream. Already I dream. If all of us dream hard and sure, the machines and the souls of my sons will be one and like to the souls of the fullest truest dreamers. If we fail, we shall create half men and monsters and then there is no Salvation but Death. Go, and while you dream, I will loose Dragon from his bitter slavery of fire, lest the souls

of my children, weary and confused, creep back to their mangled bodies again and die forever.

Violet. But if Dragon turn on us?

Grey Woman. He will not. He has learned the Hell of Human Hearts. He will spurn the earth and cleave the sea and fly beyond the stars. Go! Put all the world to sleep. When Dragon thunders, awake! Go! And oh, my boy child, try! - try hard! For if you fail, there is but one salvation - the sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling, Dreams or Death - go!

VI

At one o'clock in the morning, the lower story of the Tower is visible and the floor of the second story. Above lies White Man asleep. Black Man is in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At his right is Yellow Man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.

White Man. (Stirring in his sleep.) I thought I saw ghosts - and heard the Voice of God.

Violet. He sleeps. Soon he shall dream my brothers back to life. If I dream too - if my father dreams and all my father's children, then will the machine and the dream be wed and true and the rainbow of the world live again in beauty.

Violet flies down below.

Black Man. The mud of the world,
The offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Curséd of sun and sea,
Deserted of Moon and star,
Inert, nerveless, more than dead and less.
A dog to be kicked
A worm to be trodden
"Dago" - "Chink" - "Sheeny" -
"Nigger" - "Nigger" - "Nigger"!
Nought - Nothing.

Violet. Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? God the Sun commands us to dream. Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our brothers who still sleep as ghosts and let them mate with steel and redeem the world. Dream hard - harder than that white wraith above, so that new beings, colored with our brothers hearts and souls may be mighty men of brain and brawn and free us all from ill. O, listen to me, Father, wake and listen. I tell you, I know, I was told. I - I - I -

Yellow Man. Toil!

Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,

Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;

Till the muscles ache,

Till the blood swims in the eyes,

Till the back shrieks

And the limbs cramp.

Toil!

Crouching and gripping and groaning,

Scraping and grinding and breaking,

Ripping and smashing and squshing.

Winds, roars, explosions, yells -

Noise, noise, din and noise.

Toil!

Till thought dies,

And dreams disappear;

Till hunger flames and flees;

Till sleep is a drug,

And waking, shrinking; and living, dying!

And life a nightmare of pain on pain!

Violet. O, brother, brother! Listen to me - listen but a moment! I am little, but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls return - I've seen their ghosts - great, beautiful, pale ghosts. Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like machines - and pack-horses - sleep! dream!

Red Man. I will live no more.
Neither will I dream
I will die.
Toil!
Without rest or song,
Without laugh or ease,
Without hope or death,
Without sky, sun or sea!
Without home, without love,
Without God.
Toil!
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil,
To toil to rest;
To moan unheard,
To cry unpitied,
To be alone in Crowds,
And crowded alone!
To remember nothing -
With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no Body,

To have no soul!

Toil?

Toil!

I will not toil -

I will be free!

I will not dream

I will die.

(All three sink down in dreamless stupor. Violet rushes at them. Shakes them; weeps and cries:)

Violet. O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream? I do not think they dream. They do not sleep like dreamers - they lie like logs. The new machines will be born white - pale, heartless monsters; My brothers will be half-hearted ghosts, encased in steel.

I, only little me, am left

To dream in them a heart

I will sleep. I must sleep.

(He lies down and tosses; tries to sleep; turns and twists.)

Violet. I cannot sleep; my head's afire, but a cold

White hand has gripped my brain.

I cannot sleep -

O God! I cannot sleep.

(Slowly, wearily Violet climbs aloft)

Violet. I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I? I - I couldn't sleep. O - Moon Mother! I have failed. Dreams have failed - there is only - Death!

(He starts up, for with sudden thunderous rush of sound and rage of smoke and fire, Dragon passes seething to the Sea. The sea boils and Dragon flies beyond the stars.)

VII

It is two o'clock in the morning. The world has been transformed; not entirely - there is still human labor below, black, white, yellow and red; but here above is a new laboring class: machines; half-human, to be sure, but also half machines; and as such, curious, sinister, startling phenomena.

White man is on a gorgeously furnished platform making a sort of fourth story of the Tower at the back. He sits, hunched forward, amazed, afraid, self-conscious, yet trying to look dignified. He blinks as he sees in front of him a singular person. Tricked out in yards of orange braid and clothes, cut square with pale green inset panels, enters Radio. He is a square, tall and pompous butler, but he has no eyes. He is blind, but can hear a pin drop and has a voice like the crack of doom.

"At your service, Sir," he booms, so loudly that White Man jumps on his throne.

Then he looks all about suspiciously. At his right holding Radio's hand is Dynamo, steel-blue, short and squat, with lumps of flesh. He has a big mouth and tiny, wicked little eyes that flash continuously. But he has no ears; he is stone deaf. Yet he is always humming to himself; humming a low monotone without tune and drinking from a great flagon of water. At the left, White Man descries Gun - long, think and metallic green. He has a dozen eyes arranged in a circle around his round, open, mouth. But he has no hands nor skin. He cannot feel. On his spinly legs he can move fast. Behind them all lumbers Loom; a vast bulky lump of iron; unhealthy purple in hue, as if always choking; with soft, solemn eyes and big ears; a mouth but no tongue; he is always silent; he utters no word; always with

Clanking

his big hands and long arms, he is continually mixing cotton and coal, flax and coal, wood and coal; he chews them; slavers at the mouth while behind his entrails eject huge rolls of smooth and beautiful cloth.

White Man glares at all of these uncertainly, then spies Violet fluttering among them.

White Man. Say you!

Violet. Yes.

White Man. Do you believe in ghosts.

Violet. I don't know.

White Man. I do. I saw four ghosts last night - or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly but I half believe the ghosts got into my machines and made them men.

Violet. Half-men.

White Man. Half-nothing. White men - my equals - my helpers.
Hell and furies! I see it all now; why I'm God!
I've created Man; a new kind of man
They talk and hear and see.
That was the voice I just heard, wait. I'll try and see. What -

Radio (With cockney accent) To serve you, Sir, and entertain you, even if I am blind.

White Man. See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve and all servants should be blind.

Violet. Orange has forgotten all his poetry; he no longer knows what poetry is.

White Man. (To Dynamo) What do you want?

Radio. 'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see and 'e wants to work for you (if I hold his hand I can make him understand)

Violet. He don't want to dream; he don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! Dear God!

White Man. Good! That's the ticket. Give him plenty of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

Dynamo. (In low rumbling voice with German accent). De eart' is de Lord's and de fullness der of.

White Man. What's he muttering about? Here you (to Gun) What do you want? (Gun salutes by clicking smartly and whirling his cylinders.

Gun. To kill, sir! I want to fight.

White Man. Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun clicks again.) And you? (to Loom)

Radio. 'E's dumb, sir, but 'e can see and hear. He built your throne out of stuff we got from the Niggers below. He made ~~our~~ my liv~~ing~~ing and he's working on a coronation robe for you.

White Man. Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to his job.

Violet. They're only half men. We failed.

White Man. We failed - I succeeded, you mean. I'm the Creator. I'm a God. I've made a world of white men.

Violet. They're not white.

White Man. Yes, they are too - of course, not pure white - not Nordic like me, but that tint of their's is - sun-tan and star-shadow. I tell you they're white - inside.

Violet. And your equals? Yes - your equals!

White Man. Sure - that is - in a way - Oh you get out. Here Dynamo. (beckons)

Dynamo. Yes, Sir!

White Man. (Explaining by signs and talking too.) Come over here by this trap door. Lift it this way. See them niggers down there? See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Light up and get going. O yes, and keep Radio's battery full-charged and weld steel. So he can cook as well as talk.

(Dynamo humming to himself begins to work.)

White Man. Hey! Loom. (Loom approaches.)

Take the goods Dynamo raises up and make cloth and weld Steel ~~weld steel~~. Look alive now.

Violet. I'll teach them.

White Man. Teach them what?

Violet. What every white man should know.

White Man. You keep your mouth shut. You can't teach white man. They naturally know it all. Now, Dynamo and Loom, drive the niggers to work. Spur them on. Call for more, more, more goods. Set a swift pace. I'll whip 'em if they loiter; you pile the goods up here. O yes and we might as well smother Dragon now. We can make our own heat and light.

Violet. Dragon's gone.

White Man. (Starting.) What? He'll kill us - who—

Violet. He has flown beyond the stars.

White Man. Oh well - I'll keep an eye on the stars. Gun!

Gun. (clicks) Yes sir!

White Man. Get a khaki uniform and plenty of amunition. Then stand here and look alive. Keep a special eye on him. (Pointing to Violet.)

(Gun rolls out.)

Work begins with a vast and rising roar, with dust and swift motion. White Man rubs his hands and looks at his watch.

White Man. Where's Gun?

Machine Gun rolls back in uniform and stands stiffly.

White Man. Present - hrm! Right shoulder - hrm! Right about - face! Stand there on guard. Now Radio, for a dinner and a good one. Hurrah for culture and white civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. While you're ordering dinner, Radio, order me some Art and Literature on the side - a million dollars work.

Dinner is served quickly with great circumstance and low music from Radio who is very busy. There are flowers, fruit, china and silver.

White Man. O, I dine!

A Bronx cocktail - potage a la crême, sole frite, (with chablis),

Pate de foie gras - champignons!

Canard roti aux truffles (a bit of Burgundy)

Salad (very rare - try this hock)

Patisserie -(Moët et Chandon, to warm the heart)

Cafe noire. (What about this Port!)

Lord, how I've stuffed myself and I wasn't even hungry.

Sing Radio.

(Radio sings)

White Man (Beating time.)

Work!

Work hard!

Pile up the goods, drive the niggers.

Here's the whip. I'll use ~~them~~ it if necessary.

The harder they work, the more bread they get!

If they work like Hell - there's a bit of cake -

I don't want it. I can't digest the stuff.

I really need exercise to keep fit and fix me for another meal.

(Doffs his dinner suit for sport clothes. Plays hard ball and golf and swings Indian clubs. Sits down panting.)

Violet. You still seem overworked.

White Man. You still here? Gun, watch him!

Violet. They're hungry below.

White Man. Sure! See 'em? Hear 'em growl and fight. (Tosses a bone over the side.) Here Radio! A liqueur! Something good and costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent - Benedictine - Excell - ent! (Looks down at the workers.) Liqueur's bad for laborers - makes 'em lazy and inefficient; besides its against the law. I made the law myself.

Violet. I thought these new folk were white men?

White Man. They're all laborers - my laborers. I own them. If I want to, I'll whip them. I'll whip them with hunger. I'll drive them with the scorpions of pain, Hunger is the whip of Man!

Violet. Machines don't eat.

White Man. They're not machines - they're men - laboring men; white laboring men and naturally better than niggers; better men and better machines.
They don't need rich food nor expensive clothes.
For me?
What is nicer than clothes -
Silk and linen,
Soft and subtle wool,
Sweet, bending leather;
Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling;
Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls!
Why I got so many clothes I can't wear 'em.
I don't know what to do with the damned gew-gaws.
They're in the way - but
Laborers don't need clothes, -
Black laborers don't need any
White laborers don't need many.

They don't appreciate them;
They're too dirty and careless;
They live in dirt;
They twist and bend;
They work!
They can wear this worn-out stuff.
They don't deserve more.
I worked and saved and thought
They dawdled and squandered.

Violet. You didn't save, you Found.
You don't work, you loaf.
You don't think, you count,
You don't play, you gorge,
Your limbs are prisoners of your stomach,
Your brains serve your body
Your muscles are water,
Corns crust your feet
You're a fool,
Because you have no heart.

White Man. (Staggering to his feet.) Hear that? Hear that traitor - that viper I've been nourishing - catch him - put him to work. (Staggers in a drunken stupor and is put to bed by Radio.)

Violet. I don't work.
I am free
I play
I fly and sing, I cry
Work is the child of Hell
I am a son of Heaven.
(Rushes down to Dynamo and writes a note. Dynamo reads)

Dynamo. (Reading.) All - Men - are brudders? (Stares in surprise) (Loom, listening - works more slowly. Violet writes again eagerly.)

Dynamo. (Reading.) All men - are born - free and equal! Vy-dem black fellers down dere - brudders? Equal?

(Loom stops work and stretches his arms toward the cellar.)

Radio. (Listening) Hey - what's up. I don't hear Loom.

Gun. Gwan there - get to work. (Violet writes again, swiftly.)

Dynamo. Liberty - Equality - Fraternity. (Dynamo stops work.)

Radio. What's that? Bli—me, they've both stopped work. What's up?

Gun. Shall I shoot?

Radio. No - lead me nearer. What are you up to? (Violet writes.)

Dynamo. Life - Liberty - and the pursuit - of Happiness?

Gun. What's that? Is it something to eat? I'm hungry, give me some more bullets.

(Loom starts toward White Man beckoning the blacks in the cellar.)

Radio. Stand back!

Gun. Shall I shoot?

(Violet writes.)

Dynamo. (Walking forward slowly with rapt expression.)

All - wealth belongs - to de vorker.

Gun. Which one shall I kill? Why don't somebody order me to shoot?

Radio. 'old on there. I want to get this 'ere talk straight. I don't trust that there mulatto, Violet, but there's some sense in what he's saying. Natural enough, all white men are equal and if you ask me, I wouldn't half mind pursuing a little 'appiness.

Violet. Workers unite! Solidarity forever! (Sings) "Allons enfants de la patrie!"

White Man. (Starting up from sleep.) What's that?

Radio. (To Gun) Quick, lead me - 'is robe (holds his robe so as to cut off the view of the advancing workers.) Present ! hrm! Aim! 'old 'em back. (To White Man.) Nothing sir - 'ere's your robe.

White Man. (Stretching.) I feel rotten.

Radio. The morning h'after the night before, Sir! Bath? Shave? Breakfast?

White Man. Breakfast? Bah! Fix a bath and -

Dynamo and Violet. (They have paused as Gun aims, but now they surge forward, Violet leading with a red flag, Loom beating a drum and Dynamo, a triangle.) "Solidarity forever -"

White Man. (Wheeling about) What the hell! Why this? Why ain't they working?

Radio. They've stopped work, Sir. Sort of strike. Been list'ning to agitators - that there Violet.

Dynamo. All men are brudders.

White Man. Like hell they are! If you don't -

Radio. I think he means white men, Sir.

Gun. Shall I kill him?

White Man. I don't care a damn what he means -

Dynamo. All men are born free und equal.

White Man. I'll free and equal you - Gun - Attention! Present - hrm! Get back to work!

Dynamo. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

White Man. Take aim. (Loom rushes up to White Man.)

Dynamo. Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Habbiness.

White Man. Don't put your hands on me! Don't touch me! Fire! (Loom dies and turns into a machine.)

White Man. (Trembling) My God!

Violet. Indigo - Brother Indigo! dead - all dead!

Dynamo. All men - are born - free and equal. (Falls weeping on the machine. Gun clicks his rifle to fire again.)

White Man. Stop!

Radio. Beg pardon, Sir - but 'adn't we better h' arbitrate? You see I need Dynamo to re-charge my battery and you need me. My idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights but goes too far.

Dynamo. All wealth belongs to de workers.

White Man. You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world!

Radio. Well, sir, h'it's this way. H'it's that Kid, Violet. He's been a tampering with industry. H' I don't like his looks noway. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me. Dynamo, 'e started it with this equality business. Now I should say how all white men was brothers and should stand together but I don't 'old with niggers. We white folks should be free and equal and share whatever happiness we can get.

(While he is talking, Dynamo retreats before Gun.)

White Man. What the devil are you talking about?

Christ almighty, - Look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to raise the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo.)

Radio. Give me the whip. No sir - don't you risk nothing. Gun - guide me.

(Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash below. Red and Yellow raise their heads.)

Get down there, you red son of a bitch'. H'out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see 'im? Gee! This is fun.

Violet. Don't strike your brothers!

Radio. Brothers? 'ell, they're lice. I'll show 'em -

(Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Dynamo stare silently after them. Radio and Gun march back.)

Violet. Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom.

Don't go back to him.

White Man. Don't listen to that mischief maker. Come here.

(He seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag.)

"O say can you see". -

Violet. (Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie - "

Gun. (Singing) "God save the Czar!"

Dynamo. (Singing) "Solidarity forever - "

Radio and White Man. (Singing) "God save our gracious King."

Violet. "La Jour de grace êtes arrive!"

Gun. (Doing the goose step.) "Deutchland, Deutchland, ueber alles!" -

White Man. My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet). You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun.) Here, give me that gun.

Gun. No.!

White Man. What?

Gun. No - I'm the killer!

White Man. God damn you!

Violet. Come, Gun and Radio - join us, brothers -

Radio. Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in.

Violet. What are we doing? What are we saying?

Why do we quarrel!? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brotherhood.

Up and on. Blue - Brother Blue - kill him and save the world.

Dynamo. (Staggering toward White Man.) All men - free - habbiness-vorkers-forever!

White Man. Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar!

Stand back - fire! (Gun fires.)

Dynamo. Long Live - the Revolution!

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr; White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring.)

Violet. Brother Blue's dead now - all dead. His body died before - now his soul is dead. He will never live again. He needed more heart - he was more than half-hearted. Almost I dreamed a soul in him. Almost, - and then I couldn't sleep. White Man dreamed hardest, but White Man has - no heart.

Radio. Well, we're rid of those Bolsheviks. The H'idea! h'asking equality with us. H'ts a good thing they're dead. Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and I just stand together and run this thing?

White Man. You and I?

Radio. Why yes; you see - we are alone now with Gun to guard us.

White Man. Are we?

Radio. Yes. Can I sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers.

White Man. Well, of course, sometime - when there's more room. It's cramped now.

Violet. All men are equal.

Radio. Yes - no - not you. We white folks are equal, ain't we?

White Man. Why - yes, of course.

Radio. Well, then 'ereafter we'll live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have and wear some of them good clothes you can't use and then we'll rule the world. I may write a bit of poetry now and then - I used to.

White Man. What the devil!

Violet. All men are brothers.

Radio. That's it. No, it ain't. I don't mean you - all white men, and I want to eat and get drunk like you, right now.

White Man. (Starting up angrily). Well you won't.

Radio I won't, hey.

(He starts toward White Man. Suddenly Radio stops. Static flickers in his voice.

"My batteries," he gasps - "Dynamo!" and be comes a silent radio cabinet.

White Man. (Thinking Gun had killed Radio. What did you - do that - for? You damned blundering idiot.

Machine Gun. (Whirls about and glares. Stares at the corpse of Radio. Stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun.)

White Man. About - face! (Machine Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man ~~shoots~~ stabs him in the back. He becomes a machine gun.)

White Man. It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class! Only me - alone - with dead machines - and niggers.

VIII

It is three o'clock in the morning. In the lower story of the Tower a Grey Woman is seated before the grating. Black Man sits in the center, bowed. Red and Yellow are stretched asleep at either side.)

Grey Woman. O Black man!

(No answer)

Grey Woman. King of Night!

(No answer)

Grey Woman. Where is your Majesty!

(Groan.)

Grey Woman. Why do you lie in the mud - you who were born to a Crown, a crimson mantle, a crystal sceptre, a throne of gold -

Black Man. (Starting) Who calls?

Grey Woman. I call.

Black Man. Whose Voice is that?

Grey Woman. The voice of the Dead.

Black Man. There is but one Dead and two - She and Me.

Grey Woman. You are not dead.

Black Man. I am more than dead.

Grey Woman. Arise you that sleep - arise I say - Black Man, King of Night!

Black Man. (Struggles, swaying, to his feet.) Who calls - who calls? That voice!

White Man. (Above) I didn't call, I am alone, go to work!

Grey Woman. Behold, I call!

(She unveils her face. Bright Moonlight floods the scene.)

Black Man. Eternal King of Glory. Son of the Suns! Thou hast sent her back.

O Moon, Moon of my Delight.

(He tears the grating down.)

Away cobwebs!

(White Man leaps down from above.) Out, gnat!

(He hurls White Man headlong.)

(Red Man and Yellow Man leap to their feet. The machines become silent.)

Black Man. Peace fools! Come, my beloved. O my beloved!

IX

It is the sea-shore; behind the Tower is beautiful, save below. Violet is perched on its walls. The Moon and Black Man are in the center. White Man lies unconscious at their feet. Red Man and Yellow Man are kneeling at either side.)

Violet. I see flowers. I hear them wave, I smell their gorgeous hues. I'm going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I don't know how or when but sometime she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't even be. I can't think it possible. Are impossible things possible? I can't see how anything will be, if I'm not. And yet I know it must be so for my brothers, my giant and beautiful brothers, with all of their poetry and song and joy - they are gone. I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only glanced back and died again forever. I failed. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. I've had such fun. And yet I'm glad to be able to do something - something great for mother and father. Yes - I'm even glad to die.

Red Man and Yellow Man. (Advancing with knives) Let us kill White Man quickly while he faints. He has no heart. He never had one. He enslaved us. He shut us up. He must die.

Moon. What says the King's Majesty?

Black Man. (Slowly) No, no! His sin is mine. He is a soulless thought-machine because I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I withheld all that makes life living. I forgot in selfishness, and forgetfulness is sin. And as this man grew strong, I fed his strength with my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I handed him fear and submission instead of steadfast death. Now I pay the price on

the altar of Sacrifice. The world needs the cunning of this man as it needs the gifts of all men.

Yonder City is fair despite its cruel founding stones. Yonder machines are marvellous even if insensate. He must live and for his life, I will face death. Moon-wife, behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief until no living thing rests upon it. I made it. I saved it for my self-destruction, to end despair. Take it. Call my children to aid. Array yourselves as Priests in cloth unspotted. Place him and me together on this bier, - hand-in-hand, heart-by-heart and face to heaven. My heart is large, too large for this narrow earth. Cut and cut again and give to him who has none.

Moon. And if, O King, I cut - too much?

Black Man. Have you not heart enough for us twain, O Queen?

Moon. And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should slip?

Black Man. Then will I die, Sweet Woman, surrendering perfect love for a perfect world.

Red and Yellow and the Moon array themselves as operating surgeons. A sheet is spread and all are in white save Black Man and the faces of Moon, Red Man and Yellow Man. Violet, alone, sits stiff in front staring sea-ward, his back to the operation.

Violet. I smell the ether; I see the knife. It shines. It tears the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. On, on it glides, - careful - ah - it heads for a river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood - the angry crimson rages. Ah! they bind it back - they curb it, they still it; the knife glides on; and now - ah - I cannot look - I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul - ah - ah - come

blessed darkness and tell me not what lingers in that fearful pool of blood. (He grovels, hands on eyes - silence.)

Moon. (Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes.) Dance, child, before your God! All is well and all is well.

Violet dances; Black Man and White Man stir, open their eyes - and slowly turn their heads.

Black Man. Brother!

White Man. Brother!

X

It is sun-rise. There is a double throne; on one ~~side~~ the full Moon sits lightly veiled, with robe and sceptre. Beside the armpost, Black Man, clothed in simple white with a gold circlet in his hair and a staff in his hand. Before them, seated on the ground facing the audience, White Man in black; with back to the audience, Red Man in green, Yellow Man in blue. Down in front facing the audience, Violet in many colors, with wings.

Violet. I wonder when I shall die?

White Man. How soft the light is on thesea. You are weary brother (To Red) rest on me; (To Yellow Man) Your hand, for I am troubled. Listen: Have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream - a feeling of some far off ill. Once I caught a gleam of it in the eyes of Red Man, whom I love. Once Yellow Man recoiled from my embracing arm. And even you, Great King of Night, though you are ever kind, I sometime have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised you who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound, - a slave! Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; cried to the hills where you were hid; grovelled and wept in mine abasement, tried to leap into the sea and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine, - Brother! Tell me whence comes these vague and vicious visions - was I ill?

Black Man. Ill - very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to re-build this beautiful world.

Red Man and Yellow Man. Let's tear the city down and build anew.

Black Man. All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this city! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

White Man. I? When?

The Moon. On foundations laid by elephant and the beasts and built on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is done anew.

Black Man. Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder city. Indeed all that is worth while and done by our hands is there incorporate - it must not die.

Red Man. But is it founded on evil?

White Man. It looks evil beneath.

Yellow Man. No good can build on evil.

Black Man. All good must build on evil. All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And beside in yonder city lie the wonder works
Of White Man's brain - Radio and Loom, Dynamo
And Gun.

White Man. I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

Red Man. But foundations are first.

Black Man. Foundations are last.

Yellow Man. They must be first, else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold these shining towers in place lest they fall?

The Moon. Violet.

Violet. Ah! My time has come. - Yes, Mother!

Moon. Violet, can you do this thing - this mighty task for me and the world?

Violet. Yes, I will cable this fair city to thestars. I will go to my Moon Mother's father, All Glorious, the Sun. I will drag down golden chains

from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and nailed together the fabric of the world.

The Moon. Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest born! He who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall see again - invisible, imponderable, incalculable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

Violet. Shall I - ever see - the Moon?

The Moon. Yes, but never again shall the Moon see you.

Violet. I go.

(He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms and flashes up to heaven.)

Black Man. Fly little flame of sunlight, home to God!

The Moon. (Watching Black Man) And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

Black Man. O Moon of my desire,
Two things alone I asked of the Sun;
You and eternal life.

The Moon. Two things the Sun has sent you: Me - and eternal life.

Black Man. Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new City rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be timeless; Space shall be Time. O Moon, lead us to Eternal Life.

The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled. She is red-gold in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair.)

Moon. Love is God
Love is God
There is no God but Love
And Work is his prophet.

(Slowly the Moon rises and points to the mountain top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn.)

Moon. Behold!

(Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song.)

The Moon. Behold! The flower-children of Eternal Life. The life once born in thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on eternal in ever widening floods of foaming ~~life~~ film. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. See how your Flower-Children paint the world in every color and hue - hues of men that live, hues of them that died that you might live. Behold, my King and my brother and my children, all these are yours, born of your dear bodies and mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls, always and forever us.

Black Man. Forward brothers, to the Children of Eternal Life and the City just and beautiful. There let me reign as king.

The Moon. And call to your company, Man of Men
Beasts of Fold and field and forest
Fish of the twelve and seven seas
And from this day forever
Peace be between them and you.

Black Man. Peace be between Man and Beast and Fish.

(Beasts furtively powl by and fish leap in the sea)

And now -

Bring me my crown, for God the Sun is near.

(To the sound of low music, the coronation takes place. Black Man sets a coronet of stars on the Moon's hair and a crown of gold on his own head. Red and Yellow invest him with a blood-red robe shot with broideries of silver. White Man hands him his ebony sceptre. Suddenly Dragon appears above the morning star and belching flames winds a trumpet call that

Y.M What means this comedy
RM I call it Tragedy; and you?
YM I am 2 minds – one yes, one no.
RM I'll trust the Duke one when there's Hell
YM Hark here speaks Love & the Infinite Slave

resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low in the East, while in the West stand Moon and Night. The Sun rises and Moonlight fades away but the voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appear birds and flowers walking like people and of all kinds and colors, passing, singing, dancing and lying at ease.

XI

It is high noon and the voice of Black Man floats over the broad and shining city:

Imperial Ruler - God the Sun
Father of all, almighty -

Our royal consort,
Queen of Night

And Princes, Yellow
Black and White,
Our high and loving greeting!
Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;

Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill.

This city wide and tall
With tower, sward and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.

Our land belongs to God
Our need, its measuring rod;
We let no rent of money lent
Monopolize our sod.

Here no man leaves his son
The wealth that he has won
He leaves him Health and Skill and Will
For some good deed well-done.

Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where ghosts abide -
We seek no dreams to kill.

We make and grow such things
As are for men not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings.

We know no judge nor jails
Nor ropes nor fiery flails
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that one fails.

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.

We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor murder gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal, -
We conquer Pain and Fear.

Here is no church nor creed
Religion is a deed
Here no man's hope demands a pope
And no faith, bloody seed.

Here is each woman free
To choose what she will be:
An unwed mother, wife or other
Child of the sun or sea.

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed
Or green with blue or any hue,
That wins Life from the Dead.

The children of our day
Are neither chance nor play
We plan their birth and weigh their worth
And give their mothers pay.

We let no family pride,
Mold secret sins to hide;
Who soar or plod are sons of God
Who falter, souls that died.

Each man and child must know
What Life and Science show;
Learning is free what e'er Truth be;
Stupidity is woe.

We do not fear to die
We do not rage nor sigh
We sow and reap and fall asleep
We smile and say good-bye.

O happy, happy dale -
Triumphant human vale
Great thundersong of conquered Wrong
Made music of the grail.

The Sun glows and the music rises higher, sweeter and clearer.

BLACK MAN AND THE MOON

A DRAMATIC PHANTASY

by

W. E. B. DuBois

PROLOGUE

ACT I DARK OF THE MOON

Scene I — The attack of the beasts at midnight
Scene II — The battle on the mountain and slavery at dawn
Scene III — The fort

ACT II THE NEW MOON

Scene I — The machines at noon
Scene II — The revolt at twilight

ACT III THE FULL MOON

Scene I — The operation at midnight
Scene II — The new city at dawn

EPILOGUE

THE SCENERY

ACT I
Scene I — Shore and mountainside
Scene II — The mountain top
Scene III — The two-storied fort

ACT II — Scene I and II — the same

ACT III — Scene I and II — On the esplanade before the fort

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BLACK MAN — King of Night

MOON — Daughter of Sun and Earth

THE SEVEN CHILDREN OF BLACK MAN AND THE MOON

RED MAN	Red-skinned with black Hair
ORANGE WOMAN	A giant, orange-hued with blue hair
YELLOW WOMAN	With golden skin and black hair
GREEN MAN	A giant, green-skinned with red hair
BLUE MAN	A giant, blue-skinned, with yellow hair
INDIGO WOMAN	A giant, indigo-hued of skin, with green hair
VIOLET	A sprite

LONG-NOSE — A mastodon, nurse of the children

WHITE MAN — Shadow of Black Man, made to live

THE MACHINES

RADIO
DYNAMO
LOOM
GUN

Entered by the soul of

ORANGE — but blind
BLUE — but deaf
INDIGO — but dumb
GREEN — but without feeling

PROLOGUE

TIME: Earth and Sky and Sea in mists before the Dawn.

SCENE: Man stands upon the rim of the Earth silhouetted against space, his back to the audience, his arms raised in adoration towards a soft Radiance which gradually reveals itself as Woman. Their voices are heard as coming across great distances.

Voice of MAN

Where did I find you and when, O Moon, daughter of the Sun? I remember you always and yet saw you first tonight. You are Beauty, Poetry and Music; Color and Dream; Song and Light.

Voice of WOMAN

For us there is all beginning, O Man of my Heart. Earth welcomes us. See how the soothing rain hides us from the wrath of my Father, the Sun.

Love has outstripped
His hot and high command!
To Him, Father of all
Humble my reverence;
But my obedience to Love alone!
To Love and Life!

Voice of MAN

To Love and Life!

WOMAN
(descending from the heights)

Come out into the mists of morning and view our brood of children, born full grown of our love. Take heart and sing while the world dances about our feet. Our children are seven, three men and three women and one who is neither and both; four are giants and one is very small; they are of all the colors of the world.

MAN

Our children shall be rainbow of the earth and promise of its joy and strength.

THE MOON

(appearing, with silver face and long light blue hair, wrapped in winding veil.)

Come children.

(BALLET OF THE CHILDREN OF MOON AND NIGHT)

THE MOON

This is my man of force and flame!

MAN

He is Red; let him work and rage!

THE MOON

This is our daughter who makes poems!

MAN

She shall be Orange; hearken to her words!

THE MOON

And here is our second daughter, who dreams.

MAN

She is Yellow Woman... Let her foretell the future.

THE MOON

Behold my giant twins, who sing and dance!

MAN

Green Man and Blue shall they be called; Let them fill the world with rhythm.

THE MOON

Despise not this frightened girl; married at birth by the Sun. She paints and carves.

MAN

Be not afraid, Indigo; color and mold the earth!

THE MOON

And last and best this sprite, neither man nor woman,
but both!

MAN

Violet, the angel of revelation!

THE MOON

Receive my brood, O my husband - - -

(Suddenly there is a rent in the clouds
and a brilliant flash of sunlight
bursts through. There is consternation
among the dancers.)

MAN

Hark, hide; again comes the Sun, burning away mist and cloud
with searing heat. O bitter, bitter heat!

(The children rush off stage)

THE MOON

Fly, fly and hide, my children! Yet shall your Father rise and rule.

(Another blinding flash of light accompanied
by a thunder of sound.)

MAN

(Holding the woman close)

Are you sorry, Sweet, sorry and afraid?

THE MOON

No, never! I am glad, forever glad!

MAN

(Beseeching)

Halt, Heat and Glare!
For love of heaven, forbear!
Desist, abate, be merciful!
Have pity on our blinding pain!

(He sways and falls. The Woman stands above
him and lifts her hands to the sky)

THE MOON

Father of all brilliance!
Son of the Suns!
Master of all but love!
Abate thine anger

Father, I have met a man! A man of Earth and loved him. I have given myself to his arms and felt his soul burst within me. Already Father, we have children, seven — three tall sons and three broad daughters and a little sprite. Assoil us, God! — and Forgive!

THE MAN

(Leaping to his feet)

Harken, Lord of Hate and Hurt
Crimson Curse of Hell!
I dare defy you!
I challenge you to fatal fight!
Behold my Kingdom comes!

(He flings off his coat)

Nestle within my cloak! I'll never yield!

(He stands naked while the blinding rays beat upon him until the earth about his feet smokes and curls. He chokes and gasps.)

Let the vengeful Sun burn my skin black, let my hair crisp, scorch the very shadow white upon my back! I'll never yield!

(The MAN's skin turns black; his shadowy cloak fades to white — the MOON gasps as the cloak slips from her faint clasp and streams out pale and white behind them. She falls to the ground and dies. The Sun's rays fade. MAN tottering to her, lifts THE MOON in his outstretched arms. Darkness falls on all the earth.)

CURTAIN

ACT I
DARK OF THE MOON

Scene I
THE NIGHTLY ATTACK OF THE BEASTS

(A gray stand by the sea. Behind the shore rises to a forest-clad mountainside. It is twilight. Longnose aloft guards the group as they stroll about. A mutter of thunder is heard.)

VIOLET

What is that?

LONGNOSE

It is your father's voice.

GREEN

Where is our father?

LONGNOSE

Aloft on the mountain.

BLUE

Why is he there?

LONGNOSE

He mourns.

INDIGO

Why?

LONGNOSE

Listen children! Death came when the Sun's daughter married Night. Lest Night become more beautiful than Day, the Sun killed the Moon. Now Evil looms for the Beasts gather to destroy us.

RED

Who are these beasts?

LONGNOSE

It is a dark and ancient tale, perhaps never to be repeated; of how the young Sun raped the Moon out of his own daughter Earth; and how the Earth grown wanton, lay with some Being from the outer stars, and birthed the Beasts. The Beasts hate you as misborn intruders and the Beasts fathered Men. Now they have sworn to rid the Earth of human kind. Now they gather; they counsel in the gloom. O that your father would harken! Alas, he is naught but Sorrow and Evil comes apace.

(Thunder, like a sound of mourning rolls down the mountain)

RED

Hark! What is that?

LONGNOSE

It is death and pain! Come let us build a wall to hold back the ..... (?)

(They talk as they build)

VIOLET

What is Death?

YELLOW

What is Pain?

VIOLET

I hear the Light!

BLUE

I see the singing of the sea.

RED

Listen to the war of the wind in the trees!

VIOLET

I do not remember our father. What is he like?

BLUE

He is mighty and powerful!

ORANGE

He is beautiful and Black!

VIOLET

His face is black, but his shadow is white.

YELLOW (startled)

How do you know that, child?

VIOLET

I see it — it moves as he moves. Why is he black and why is his shadow white? Why is he not colored like the rainbow of us all?

LONGNOSE

The colors of the Sun together are white, but the Sun burned the King of Night black, when he married his daughter, the Moon.

VIOLET

His shadow is white!

LONGNOSE

It is perhaps his shadow — perhaps his cloak. I heard him call it his shield and buckler; then he reviled it bitterly, when it could not shield the Moon from the wrath of the Sun. Then he threatened to cast it adrift and make it a separate soul — but whether friend or enemy, I do not know. But hark!

VIOLET

See — the heart of Long Nose races — she hears something! I see a huge black bulk to westward.

LONGNOSE

Come we must build; bring stones, water and clay. Raise a great wall between us and the Beasts.

(They all begin to build a wall)

(Off-stage the Lion stalks along the shore from the west. From the northwest the Bear lumbers down slowly. From the northeast, slinks the Leopard. Violet with second sight sees the Beasts and warns)

VIOLET

I see a mighty head beside the sea.

LONGNOSE

Red! Yellow! Stand there and watch for the King of Beasts!

RED, YELLOW

He'll never pass!

VIOLET

Yonder moves the Bear like a mountain

LONGNOSE

Green, Blue, cut clubs; off to the left and ward off Little Eye, the Bear.

BLUE

Come and kill him! (Silently Green follows)

VIOLET

Lo! Leopard leaps

LONGNOSE

Indigo, Orange! Your spears! Plunge them into Soft Foot the Leopard.

ORANGE

What? Into that beautiful skin?

INDIGO

What? Must he die? (They go slowly out right)

VIOLET

Mother Longnose, what may I do?

LONGNOSE

Watch the mountain top! Perhaps your mighty Father, hearing may come!

VIOLET

May I call him?

LONGNOSE

Not yet. Wait! Hearken! (The roar of the Beasts)

VIOLET

It is dark, but I see. O Mother Longnose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air. Ah! Where are Orange and Indigo. I hear them writhe in horrid dance.

(Longnose rushes out right trumpeting)

VIOLET

The blood of Longnose bursts through her hide. She wraps her nose about the Leopard and slowly, slowly with wrench and scream; wrench of Longnose, scream of Leopard, quiver of both, they come rolling down the hill. They shudder and sleep. Quietly they sleep, as the blood, the thick, red blood of their hearts, flows, gushes, trickles. Still they sleep. Here comes Indigo staggering. Where is Orange?

(From the northwest comes the sound of battle)

VIOLET

The earth is crimson, wet and crimson. Blue comes limping in with Green in his arms. Green lies very still. O God! Green has no head. His head is gone! Where, O where is his head? Where are his soft eyes that danced?

BLUE

Bear has eaten the head of Green. Bear is dead.

(Violet tries to stop the bleeding wounds of Blue and then stands staring at his own red hands. Orange comes slowly across the stage from the right with rolls of parchment in her hands. She bends over Indigo)

ORANGE

Here are my poems. I die.

(Indigo leaps to her feet; takes the poems, and drops head)

BLUE

Hearken! (The roar of the Lion splits the silence)

BLUE

Let's fly!

YELLOW

Let's go!

RED

Come on!

(A shriek. The voices of Red and Yellow in triumph)

RED

The head of the King of Beasts!

YELLOW

Blue cut it off and died!

VIOLET

This is death! The Giants are dead; dead is Poetry; dead is Color; dead is the Song and Dance.

RED AND YELLOW

We have conquered the Beasts.

VIOLET

And Death has conquered us. Hark! I hear a light!

RED AND YELLOW

You cannot hear light. Come! We must bury our dead.

(They gather the bodies of ..... Green, Blue, Indigo and Longnose and pile them in a great heap, singing and dancing as they work.)

RED

The King of the Beasts came clawing the air;
The roar of the trees was the growl of the Bear,
The shriek of the Leopard flamed up in the night,
The wail of the Mastodon trembled in fright.

YELLOW

The Leopard and Mastodon frozen in death;
The Bear and the Lion all quivering breath;
The pall of the crimson that covered the fight, —
The scream of the wind in the star-spangled night.

RED AND YELLOW

The silence our dead ones forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
No longer their laughter, no lilt of their song, —
No victory nor triumph of Right over Wrong

VIOLET

Hearken — a light!

RED

It is the light of a vast flame!

YELLOW

Something rises from the sea!

VIOLET

It is an island belching fire!

(The rage of the Sea redoubles)

RED

Hark! It is Dragon; he comes, leading the fish of the Sea, the snakes of the Swamp and the insects of the Air!

YELLOW

It is the End! Dragon walks land and sea.

RED

Shall we fight?

VIOLET

No - No! You will die — you will sleep and leave the world dead to Father and to me.

RED

Away! Sprite!

YELLOW

Wait! Black Man! He may help!

RED

No, he sits up there, whimpering, and forgetting!

YELLOW

Let's hide! But where? Where will Dragon attack?

RED

Hush! Leave Violet on guard. Listen child, do you fear?

VIOLET

What is Fear?

RED

Good! Go down to the sea. Watch for Dragon. When you see him, scream and tell us which way he comes.

YELLOW

But where will we be?

RED

We'll be flying to the mountain top; if we hear, we hear! If not, still we fly — we must fly! And Violet? — if he dies, he dies! Go, little Moon-Beam, and remember, wait, wait and scream!

VIOLET

I hear Dragon. I see him ere he comes. Ah, but his mouth is red and vast! Oh, but his teeth are long and sharp! His great gills blush and pale, their fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot! Ah! His crest is curled and high and beautiful — but — oh—oh—oh! I am afraid! He swerves and curves and circles up to the left. Red! Yellow! Answer! Answer!

CURTAIN

ACT I
Scene II

WHITE MAN IS BORN

(A dark blue forest with stars above. In the center a Bier with a little wavering flame. Black Man kneeling in front, his face to the audience, feeds the flame. His shadowy cloak, flowing down behind him, is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises ever and anon in low monotone.)

BLACK MAN

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O woe, woe, woe, that is death!
Oh Death in Life,
And Life in Death,
And Horror over all!

O hate, hate, hate, that is Life;
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in Life,
And Hate in death,
And horror over all!

O woe, woe, woe, that is Life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

(Red and Yellow creep panting out of the forest)

VIOLET
(Gliding in silently behind them)

Red, Yellow! You did not answer! I was afraid! I ran — forgive me — ah! Father!

YELLOW
(On her knees)

Royal Night!

BLACK MAN

I am not royal — I am WOE.

RED

King!

BLACK MAN

I am no king — I am Hurt and Horror;
The bottom and end of Life,
The death of Happiness
The night of joy
I am Woe, — go, go, go!

VIOLET

Father!

BLACK MAN

I am no father — (he turns) Violet — child; last of the moonbeams — (he looks sadly about) Poor deserted, distorted souls — where — where?

VIOLET

Dead. All dead.

YELLOW AND RED

And now Death follows us — and you.

BLACK MAN

Death never follows — he leads!

VIOLET

See yonder where Dragon circling, reddens the sky?

BLACK MAN

Have done. I will meet Dragon; go down to the sea and wait!

RED

Await Death? Will you not come with us?

YELLOW

We are but two — and this child!

RED

May we not die fighting together?

BLACK MAN

No. I am already dead. But I will give you a helper, if haply helper he can be; if even Help can be helpful.

VIOLET

You will send us your Shadow?

RED AND YELLOW

Even your Shadow will help!

VIOLET (aside)

His shadow is white.

BLACK MAN

Strange you should want so much to live, when Death is life and life the gate to Death! For what would you fight? But you are you; you know what you will. If you have heart to stretch this life another heartbeat to one more ecstasy of hurt, who am I to gainsay you? Here, take this cloak of my dead life and with it writhe toward doom. Let my Shadow help you, if help it can. Let it be, if it will, bloodbrother of my children, until the world ends.

(Rising, Black Man turns from the altar, and loosens the cloak from his shoulders, standing shadowless in the gloom. He pricks his left arm with his spear and the blood drips on the curling ends of the cloak. He touches it to the funeral flame, and it takes the semblance of a man.)

BLACK MAN

Arise, live and breathe!

(He bends to breathe into its nostrils, when with a roar, Dragon roars its blazing head from the other side of the mountain, and crawls toward the funeral flame; before he has breathed into White Man's nostrils, Black Man, with a bitter cry, leaps toward Dragon and battle shakes the mountain. Meantime, White Man, pale, thin and keen, steps forward and peers curiously at the world.)

CURTAIN

ACT I

SCENE III
THE WALL

(White Man, Red, Yellow and Violet stand facing the Wall)

VIOLET

White Man has no heart. Black Man gave him blood; he gave him fire; but he did not breathe a heart into his soul. White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

(with thin, high, metallic voice pointing up to the battle)

What's that?

YELLOW

Dragon!

WHITE MAN

What does he want?

RED

Us, Black Man and us!

WHITE MAN

(looks about; spies the wall)

What's that?

RED

Our wall.

WHITE MAN

What's back of it?

YELLOW

Our dead — Green, Blue, and Indigo, and the Nurse.

WHITE MAN

What are we waiting for? Let's hide there too.

RED

If Dragon kills Black Man?

WHITE MAN

We'll be safer there!

YELLOW

But if Black Man kills Dragon?

WHITE MAN

We'll still be safe. He'll either win or lose. If he wins, he won't need us; if he loses, we won't need him. Now we need a place to hide. Come!

(White Man walks toward the mountain, while behind him Red, Yellow and Violet follow, staring back toward the smoking mountain. White Man inspects the Wall. Then he turns and looks at his companion.)

WHITE MAN - (to himself)

They are a queer-looking crew; all parti-colored; sort of dirty-looking; quite different from me.

RED

He looks bloodless

YELLOW

His skin is naked

VIOLET

He has no heart.

WHITE MAN

I have a plan. We'll build this wall higher and close it in so as to make a fort. We'll cover it with stout logs to form a roof. We'll make a great gate to close and keep us safe. We'll gather food and store it there.

RED

Why store food; why not eat? It's all about.

WHITE MAN

Because all the beasts may not be dead. Dragon may have him.

(The low continuous din of battle on the heights now rises to a climax and then ceases and there is long silence. All stand and stare. On the crest of the mountain, slowly descending, bloody and covered with dirt appears Black Man. He halts and straightens.)

BLACK MAN

Hail! Dragon is dead. Long live my children, if they so will!
(He turns to go back and falls prone.)

(All except White Man rush to his rescue. They bring him down to the Wall)

WHITE MAN

Lay him here in the shade. Bring water and covering and food. Violet will nurse him. The rest of you listen. Finish this fort. Then gather and store food.

RED

Why? We've eaten! We're clothed!

WHITE MAN

Today; this is for tomorrow and the days after. We must guard against the beasts —

YELLOW

They're dead! I saw them die!

WHITE MAN

Not all! And there are millions of great insects. We must protect ourselves.

(All work slowly)

VIOLET

My brothers, night falls. Let's hasten and bring Father to the Fort.

WHITE MAN

Wait! Don't put your father among the piles of food and fibre. Leave him here in the shade while we build a roof. Then we'll lift this stuff to the roof. Then there'll be room for all.

(The food is lifted to the roof and covered. All enter the fort except White Man and Violet)

WHITE MAN

Now the gate and the ladder to the roof

(The gate is built and hung)

WHITE MAN

Enter!

(All go in, save Violet who climbs to the roof and White Man who stands by the gate. When all are in, White Man, from outside, closes the gate and fastens it with a tree trunk)

WHITE MAN

Now, brethren, suppose you stop sulking and loafing and go to work. If you don't work you won't eat. (He climbs to the roof and sees Violet.)

WHITE MAN

Where the devil did you come from? Why aren't you down there with the others?

VIOLET

Why aren't you?

WHITE MAN

I'm going to build Civilisation.

VIOLET

What's that?

WHITE MAN

Shut up! It is something we all must have.

VIOLET

White Man has no heart.

WHITE MAN

What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think, what more?

VIOLET

You are cold, and bloodless. You have no knowledge of joy and pain; of color and song. You can neither laugh nor sing. Black Man forgot; he gave his Shadow no heart.

WHITE MAN

You haven't good sense and until you get to work down there with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond. I'll not give you a bite until you go down there.

VIOLET

But I don't want a bite. I've just eaten and why should you or anyone give food or clothes? The wood is full of fruit; the fields are lush with fibres and grain; the sea is full of fish; why should man work when the wealth of the world is free?

WHITE MAN

Can't you reason? These fools won't work until they're cold and hungry; once full and warm they'll stop work and sleep. If we hide all the food and stuff up here in my control, and shut them up down there where they can't run loose we can get a lot of things done. That's the point, you fool, wealth mustn't be free, else men wont work. We've got to make wealth scarce and keep the workers shut up so they won't go wandering about to find more. Then civilization can begin.

VIOLET

For whom?

WHITE MAN

For me — for everybody — what difference does it make?

VIOLET

All the difference between you and me and them! (Slipping silently back towards the ladder) You are going to make slaves of us all to serve you.

WHITE MAN

The only way to serve yourselves is to serve me. You see, I know ..... you colored folk just feel. You're fit for nothing but work and —

VIOLET

(edging close to the ladder) Dream!

WHITE MAN

Yes; but you dream foolishness — sound, colors, idleness; I dream useful things — food, clothes, walls — so you must work. See? I'll make you —

(Violet leaps for the ladder and screams, dropping half-way down, as White Man seizes his heels)

VIOLET

Father, Brothers, hear, hear — White Man will enslave th—eh-e-eh!

(Red and Yellow hammer at the doors and tear them down. They raise the faint Violet and reach for White Man)

WHITE MAN

Easy now, easy, I'm coming in!

BLACK MAN

(turning slowly) Who am I and where? Where am I and Whence? Why am I and what do I do? (Raises himself to his feet) Who are you? I seem almost to remember. (Looking at Red and Yellow) Yes, you and you. But who is this? This pale and shadowy thing? Whence did it come?

WHITE MAN

Surely you know me. Violet got excited and nearly fell. She's a mite nervous you know, and imagines things.

BLACK MAN

(Taking Violet in his arms and soothing her)

RED AND YELLOW

White Man tried to kill her. Let's strangle him!

BLACK MAN

Wait! Let White Man explain!

WHITE MAN

That's better. Let's sit down and be comfortable. May I bathe Violet's head? She seems to have a congestion.

RED

Leave him alone. Talk!

WHITE MAN

If we eat, we work!

BLACK MAN

We work.

WHITE MAN

This is a dangerous place ——

YELLOW

Since you came!

BLACK MAN

Some danger lurks! Once I knew and understood; but I've forgotten. What is it?

WHITE MAN

Beasts, Insects and Dragons; Hunger and Cold threaten us always. We should build higher and stronger; we should store and preserve, garner and save. It is not enough to work alone and at will. We must work together. We must have a leader and commander. We must have a plan.

RED

We can work alone and get what each needs.

WHITE MAN

We'd get more if we worked together, each for all ——

BLACK MAN

But why, why, why, White Man! Something is missing! Something you leave out, something I cannot remember! True, there is logic in this man's plan. If we live, we must eat; if we eat, we must work. On to the work: Gather more food and fibre, lift it to the roof and cover the road; we would live! But why live? I do not know!

(Red and Yellow scowl and hesitate; Violet climbs back to the roof)

BLACK MAN

Do you hear me? Work! I'll work with you!

WHITE MAN

Sure. Work heals; work remembers!

(Black Man stiffens and stands still)

VIOLET

(above on the roof) I see a star! Yesterever it was but a crack in the sky!

WHITE MAN

Go to it, star-chaser! I'll get you to work yet!

(Black Man, Yellow, and Red all work, bringing in the materials, sorting, hailing, lifting them aloft, where White Man stores them)

BLACK MAN

(suddenly, stopping work and striding out of the tower) I remember! Where is the body of the Moon? What ho! What is this summery of work, while the funeral flame of my murdered bride is untended and the dead bodies of my children rot, unburned! Bring me the flame! Bring me my dead bride! Unbury me my children!

(White Man stands in the door of the tower, Red and Yellow disinter the dead from the graves. Black Man faces the mountain, Violet beside him)

WHITE MAN

Hold on there!

BLACK MAN

The Tomb! My bride! The Flame!

WHITE MAN

Hearken! There are beasts up there! You will never get through! If you steal through, you will never get back! Who will guard our hordes, if all of you run away from it?

(Red and Yellow bring in the bones of the dead Orange, Green, Blue and Indigo; they add the bones of Elephant, and pile all on a funeral bier.)

BLACK MAN

Violet! You remember the path: climb up! Slip through; bring down the Flame and tell me where lies my Bride!

WHITE MAN

I'll go too and watch him die, or help him crawl back!

RED

No! He'll kill Violet! Let me —

BLACK MAN

No! Let Violet go alone, search!

(Violet rushes into the forest)
(Violet rushes out and flies back)

VIOLET

Father, the funeral flame!

BLACK MAN

And the tomb? The Body?

VIOLET

There was no tomb! There was no body!

BLACK MAN

(Bows his head a while, with closed eyes)

It is well! First, the funeral rites of our dead! Then on to the Mountain! (The bier is covered with flowers and the funeral flame set on it. Black Man leads the dance of Death, his children following)

BLACK MAN

I call on the Mountain, bend down on our fright!
I challenge the Sun-God, beware the black night!
Yet shall our vengeance encrimson you sky
The death of the World shall thunder reply!

(As Black Man starts to light the funeral pyre, the forest bursts into flames. White Man steps toward the scorched earth and digs. Dipping up handsful of earth, he molds it and brings it to Black Man)

(Black Man turns facing White Man, Red, Yellow and Violet gather about)

BLACK MAN

White Man, come here:

(White Man approaches, hesitatingly)

What is all this play-acting? Did you set you forest aflame?

WHITE MAN

No or I did not mean to. I am not acting! This is serious; it is terribly important!

BLACK MAN

(Taking White Man by the shoulders and regarding him keenly)

WHITE

White Man — son or changeling, shadow or substance! I cannot fathom you — I do not know you. But hearken, Man! By the stars in Heaven, if you deceive me, I will kill you by every pang of pain Earth knows! Now talk!

WHITE MAN

I went to help Violet find the tomb — or at least prove he couldn't. I lost him, but I found iron — a dirt which mixed with fire makes new stone. I lighted a fire and welded chains, when some evil thing, Beast, Insect or Snake, stole the flame and threw it on the forest. I ran home with my chains.

BLACK MAN

What are Chains? I have long know Iron —

WHITE MAN

Listen! Life is Work. Work is Plan. Plans are Chains. We cannot work together if each runs when and where he will. All must chain themselves to the common aim. Think what can happen, if we roam about, separate and loose? If we leave our horde untended and our tower unguarded — if we stop work when we feel like it — we'll be fit for younder urn of the dead. I tell you this is a bad world. We have got to work together chained each to each. That's the way to Civilisation.

BLACK MAN

To Hell with Civilization! I want the Moon!

WHITE MAN

Wait! I speak truth; hear me: you are not liked on this earth. Why, I do not know, I do not care. The Head Guy tried to kill you and did kill your wife. The wild beasts ate up most of your children. The King Fish did his best to eat you up and God knows what the Insects are planning now. The world don't want you and is out to get you. Are you going to wait until it does, or strike first? If you want to strike first, I'm here to help you. Of course there's some mystery about me. I may be kin to you or some special breed from the Milky Way. But let that go. I'm with you, if you're with me.

RED -- (Suddenly, interrpting)

Hark! The Sun!

YELLOW -- (starting to run)

The Sun is rising!

RED -- (following)

To the forest!

WHITE MAN

You cannot enter the forest -- it's burning! Just what I was saying! Running away from work.

VIOLET

We always used to run and hide at sun-rise!

WHITE MAN

A hell of a note! How can work get done if the world hides at sunrise? Black Man, we must do something! We must chain these workers together or they'll never amount to a damn.

(Black Man stands staring at the dawn)

BLACK MAN

Sunrise! The Sun! He is my enemy! Once we fought almost to death! Where, where is the body of the Moon?

WHITE MAN

I'll tell you!

BLACK MAN (seizing him)

You know?

WHITE MAN

No, No! But I can find it!

BLACK MAN

Quick, where is it?

WHITE MAN

First all into the tower — then close the doors! Forest then cannot burn us. Sunlight cannot harm us — we'll be safe! There is a trap door to the roof.

(all file in and stand in darkness as the sun rises)

VOICE OF WHITE MAN

Now we must chain ourselves together lest any stray; none must be lost. I have the manacles here. First I fit my own wrist. Now Red!

VOICE OF RED

No, No chains!

V OICE OF YELLOW

No, no chains!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN

Here, chain me! This will keep us close and together! What is a puny chain to those born free! Alas! What is it that I want but the End!

VOICE OF WHITE MAN (as he chains Red and Yellow)

Harken! What's that? Did I hear the roar of beasts? Is that the fish of the sea? We must be wary! We must all work together hereafter. We must stop scattering and running about. Now we are all chained but Violet — Where's Violet? He's little and may be lost!

VOICE OF VIOLET

I'm up here, watching the sunrise!

VOICE OF BLACK MAN

Be careful Violet! Keep hidden from the Sun. When we signal, open the trap, slip down! And now, White Man, what next?

WHITE MAN

We'll work here quietly in the dark. After sun-set, we'll go out, gather more food and fibre, until we have all the stuff we need, and the tower is re-built and my plans are on the way. Then we can go fighting stars and

and hunting corpses.

BLACK MAN - (moving impatiently in the dark)

Do you talk lightly of my quest, my life?

WHITE MAN

No, no! Black Man — Father! (one hears a stealthy movement) It will be but a day — at most, a week; or barely a month! Only at first, safety, care, work!

(The trap-door opens, Violet looks down and White Man glides up)

BLACK MAN

White Man! Where are you?

RED - (bitterly)

Gone; he slipped up through the trap-door. Here is his empty manacle forged large enough for Black Man's own mighty wrist!

YELLOW

Let's follow!

RED

Get him! Tear the tower apart!

BLACK MAN

No, No! He holds little Violet prisoner; we can do nothing!

(as the sun sets the gates to the tower fly open, revealing an iron grill-work, preventing egress. Without is White Man, dressed in sombrero and top-boots, with a long whip. Dim star-light makes the lower story of the tower visible. Black Man, Red and Yellow stand chained)

WHITE MAN

At last I've got you where I want you. We're going to have work and hard work and regular work! I tried toget you to do this of your own will. But no! You knew more than I did; you were wilful and lazy. So I had to lie. I didn't want to lie, but there was no other way. I'm not going hunting corpses: there are none. The insects have eaten the tomb of the Moon clean. I don't care anything about revenge on Sun or Star. I'm going to build a world and you're going to do the work. So, look alive now and stop slobbering. Here's food. When you do your tasks, there will be more. If you don't work,

you won't eat. Weld me more irons; fashion fishhooks; weave me whip-lashes; make cloth and nets; hand all these to me upstairs. Come now, hop to it. The time for loafing is past!

ACT II

SCENE I

(The New Moon — Machines at .....)

(White Man stands on the roof of the tower. The floor is covered with bundles and four large bales stand in the rear. Below is the dungeon in darkness)

WHITE MAN

I'm scared; I'm lonesome; I'm tired. My plans are not working. I want someone to talk to; I'm scared of those workers downstairs; they hate me; they mean me harm! I dare not rest — I dare not sleep! And then — this frightens me most — my plans are not working; my machines are dead — Who's that? Who is it? Stop!

(Violet slips out of a cranny on the opposite side of the roof. She perches warily on the parapet, munching food)

VIOLET

Hello'

WHITE MAN

O, it's you! Where did you come from? How did you get loose?

VIOLET

The same way you did.

WHITE MAN

What are you snooping about for? Trying to steal my machines?

VIOLET

Machines? What are machines?

WHITE MAN

Don't pretend! You saw them!

VIOLET

O, you mean those big things, hidden back there. Yes, I saw them; what are they for?

WHITE MAN

Wouldn't you like to know? Why don't you stop stealing? Why don't you go below and work for your food like an honest man?

VIOLET

There's plenty here.

WHITE MAN

But it's mine.

VIOLET

Where did you get it?

WHITE MAN

I took it —

VIOLET

So did I.

WHITE Man

Listen, pretty soon I shall have to kill you; there's no other way. You've seen too much. But now I've got to talk to somebody. I must talk; I'm scared!

VIOLET

What of?

WHITE MAN

I won't tell you; but I must talk to somebody! I'm lonesome; I'm tired — dead tired.

VIOLET

I'm often lonesome and tired too!

WHITE MAN

O, you don't understand. This is nothing small and silly. Listen! (he yawns and nods) I've got my labor where I want it. I own all the shelter, food and materials; even the air and water is under my control. But I'm afraid. Those darkies down there hate me, I feel it. They give me no credit for all I've done. I have to watch them ceaselessly. Yet I need more labor and better trained workers so as to leave me some leisure and rest. I want time to think, to plan, to sleep. It's damned little I'm

getting out of civilization. And yet there's so much to do. I must fly through the heavens; I've got to dive beneath the sea; I must talk to the stars; I've got to burrow into the insides of matter — I need help; I can't do this all alone. Beside that I've got to talk to somebody.

VIOLET

I'll talk to you.

WHITE MAN

(He nods again; then leaps up and walks)

Pshaw! You don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to build civilisation.

VIOLET

Why do it?

WHITE MAN

You fool! You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't see my genius. Notice how I get food and make things? See this my tower and that my land yonder? Hear my slaves below?

VIOLET

This tower is ours. The land is not yours, it belongs to God, the Sun; and they down there are not your slaves, they enslave themselves.

WHITE MAN

I don't care whose the Tower and land is, I control them. Could niggers work without me?

VIOLET

Yes

WHITE MAN

Why don't they then! They work only when I drive them! If I didn't they'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

VIOLET

Why don't you work for yourself? (White Man almost falls asleep)

WHITE MAN

I do work. It's no fun to keep husky brutes at work and they hating me like hell and ready to slit my throat when my back's turned. I work harder than they do — a damned sight harder.

VIOLET

You work too hard.

WHITE MAN

That's the truth.

VIOLET

Making others work.

WHITE MAN

That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

VIOLET

You need help.

WHITE MAN

You're right. And I have plans — I've long had secret plans. I don't know why I'm telling you. But I don't care; you can't tell anybody because you're not going anywhere. Not when I'm through with you. So listen: first I made tools —

VIOLET

Or used tools which Black Men, Red and Yellow made.

WHITE MAN

What's the difference? I used them. Then I saw need of better, more intricate tools. I planned Machines to use more power than I had and work longer and harder. I planned to create Labor!

VIOLET

Some sort of God!

WHITE MAN

Precisely; and I'm going to make a sort of Labor that will do what I say without back-talk; won't think of wages, work as long as I say and get no fool ideas in its head.

VIOLET

Perfect! Where do you aim to find this paragon?

WHITE MAN

I'm going to make it! I'm going to make it so perfect that it can do everything better than men. In fact ———

VIOLET

Good! Then human beings will have nothing to do. They can rest and sleep.

WHITE MAN

Not by a damn sight. If they don't work, I'll let them starve.

VIOLET

But why? Machines will do the work; what will become of men with nothing to eat?

WHITE MAN

What the Hell do I care, except -- well, I might get lonesome, that's the point -- unless --

VIOLET

With lovely labor Machines and so efficient?

WHITE MAN

Yes -- I would get lonesome, unless --

VIOLET

Unless?

WHITE MAN

Listen, I'm going to tell you all; I must talk; listen: I've already made these Machines! There they stand, hidden yonder -- behind the bales of --

VIOLET

Yes, I saw them.

WHITE MAN

You snooping thief -- I knew you did! I've made me four machines -- perfect workers who will never tire and never complain. And they're white too -- white stainless steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

VIOLET

What are Machines?

WHITE MAN

You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway. Well, here they are: (he uncovers them) Dynamo, Radio, Loom and Gun. Dynamo drinks

water and makes electricity; Radio eats electricity and talks, Loom eats Coal and makes cloth; Gun eats lead and kills.

VIOLET

Kills? Murders? Why? Whom?

WHITE MAN

When anybody gets dangerous to me — you better look sharp; but somehow the machines don't work quite right. That's why I'm frightened. They are inert — dead. They are not alive! They can't think nor feel. Radio babbles nonsense. Dynamo spurts and roars aimlessly. Loom knows no patterns.

(Suddenly White Man leaps and seizes Violet. He binds his hands and feet and starts to fit a noose about his neck)

WHITE MAN

See what you've made me do! Now I must kill you. I told you my Secret. I never meant to tell. Now you know too much. You have got to die. I hate to do this but I must. I wish you could live and help me. But you're too colored. You belong to that parti-colored crew without brains. No, I can't let you live. You must die.

VIOLET

What's the rush?

WHITE MAN

True, there is no hurry. You must die; but before I kill you I will talk to you since there is no one else and I'm tired. But don't feel yourself. Before I sleep you die. Since I have told part why not tell all, just to get the truth out of my soul. You won't understand, of course. You can't understand. I have immense plans. First I'll clear the mountainside; then I'll level the seashore; then I'll build a sea wall to hold the tide and catch the fish. Next I'll corrall the rest of the beasts. Then the city will rise, the great and glorious city with topless towers and endless streets. But — O Lord how tired and sleepy I am. Just this one thought and you die and I sleep.

I want them to have souls — not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent. Then they can control the darky labor and let me ..... and rest and sleep. You seem to know a lot — mostly foolishness — but where do souls come from?

VIOLET

They come from dreams.

WHITE MAN

So? I thought dreams came from souls. And whence come dreams?

VIOLET)looks up and answers)

Down from the sky.

(Violet continues to stare upward fascinated)

There is a new star in the sky. (White Man is half asleep but struggles up)

WHITE MAN

Nonsense. I see through you. You want to get me off to sleep, so you can steal my Machines; yes and even open that trap and loose black labor free on the world. I tell you I can't sleep; each time I nod, I see a yellow leg writhing along the roof; I see a red and bloody hand gripping the trap; I see an ugly black — I've got to sleep — I'm dead tired — don't you dare —

(White Man drops suddenly into deep sleep, falling across the trap door and dropping his whip)

VIOLET

Souls? Souls! If I could get the right souls for these terrible steel monsters, we would heal this sick world. ~~Why not the souls of your dead brothers?~~

VOICE

Why not the souls of your dead brothers?

VIOLET

Dead? Brothers? Who speaks?

(Violet stands staring)

VIOLET

What shall I do? What can I do? He sleeps; he dreams; perhaps he'll dream souls into these Machines. They will be souls like his — cold, calculating, precise, wilful! I might destroy the machines —

A VOICE

No!

VIOLET (Looking about)

Ho?

A VOICE

Why not dream intotheee machines — the souls of your dead brothers and sisters? And the soul of your father — and mother?

VOILET

Who speaks? My brothers, my sisters, my father — my mother — Who speaks? The light in the east is gone! There is a wind in the mist where it was and a star in the wind. I thought I heard it speak! Can stars talk?

VOICE

Yes, my son!

(The mist-veiled Moon appears)

VIOLET

Mother, Moon-mother, daughter of God and wife of Eternal Night! You are dead and yet speak?

THE MOON

By grace of the Sun, I die and live forever.

VIOLET

O Mother, your children are dead and Black Man is living death! And White Man, once his shadow, lies yonder, dreaming the Earth to Hell with his machines. Come, Mother, let's smash his machines.

The MOON

No, they are miracles, and the World needs miracles. But if White Man dreams, may we not dream too, and harder, truer? Listen, my darling, there are but two ways to redeem the Earth — by Dreams or Death. Will you help?

VIOLET

With all my heart and all my mind and all my heart.

MOON

White Man sleeps in dreamless stupor. He will feel the dream soul of Orange into Radio; of Blue into Dynamo; of Green into Gun and Indigo into Loom. White Man will .....dream ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone, lest his heartless head complete disaster. We must make this the world dream with him. Black Man must dream, and Red and Yellow, and you yourself must dream. Already I dream. If all of us dream hard and sure,

the machines and the souls of my children will be one and like to the souls of the greatest truest dreamers. Go! Put all your world to sleep. Go! And oh! my boy child, try! try hard! For if you fail, there is but one salvation — the sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling, Dreams or Death — go!

(Violet lets himself down and stares into the darkened dungeon below. The men there appear as shadows. Black Man is in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At his right is Yellow Man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.)

BLACK MAN

Mud of the world,
The offal of mankind,
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Curses of sun and sea,
Deserts of Moon and Star
Inert, unnerved, more than dead and less,
A dog to be kicked
A worm to be trodden
"Dago" — "Chink" — "Sheeny" —
"Nigger" — "Nigger" — "Nigger"!
Nought — Nothing.

VIOLET

Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? The Moon lives again. Do you hear? Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our dead brothers as ghosts and let them mate with steel and redeem the world.

RED

Work!
Without rest or song,
Without laugh nor sense,
Without hope nor death,
Without sky, sun nor sea!
Work for work's sake,
Hunger to toil again;
Work to rest; Rest to work
To remember nothing —
With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no body,
To have no soul!

YELLOW

Work!
Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;
Till the blood swims in the eyes,
Till the back shrieks
And the limbs cramp.
Till thought freezes,
And dreams die
Till hunger flames and flees;
Till sleep is a drug,
And waking, shrieking; and living, dying!

VIOLET

O, brother, sister! Listen to me — listen but a moment! Look up! You're free, I am little, but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls return — I've seen their ghosts — great, beautiful, pale ghosts! Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like pack-horses - sleep! Dream!

RED MAN

I will live no more. Neither will I dream. I will die.

(All three sink down in dreamless stupor. Violet weeps and cries)

VIOLET

O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream?
I do not think they dream. They do not sleep like dreamers -
They lie like logs. They do not know they are free.
The new machines will be born white —
pale, heartless monsters; My brothers will be half-hearted ghosts, encased in steel.
I, only little me, am left
To dream in them a heart
I will sleep. I must sleep.

(He lies down and tosses; tries to sleep; turns and twists)

VIOLET

I cannot sleep; my head's afire, a cold white hand has gripped my brain.
I cannot sleep —
O God! I cannot sleep.

(Slowly, wearily Violet climbs aloft)

I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I? I - I couldn't sleep. O — Moon Mother! I have failed.

SCENE II
Revolt of the .....

(The world had been transformed; there is still human labor below — black, yellow and red; but here above is a new laboring class: machines; part human, from White Man's dreams, but also half machines; and as such, curious, sinister, startling phenomena)

(White Man is standing on a platform making a sort of third story of the Tower at the back. He is hunched forward, afraid, self-conscious, yet trying to look dignified. He blinks, as he sees in front of him a singular person. Tricked out in orange braid, and clothes — cut square, with pale green inset panels, enters Radio. He is a pompous butler, but he has no eyes. He is blind, but can hear a pin drop and has a voice like the crack of doom.)

RADIO

At your service, Sir.

(He booms so loudly that White Man jumps. Then he looks all about suspiciously. At his right holding Radio's hand is Dynamo, steel-blue, short and squat, with lumps of flesh. He has a big mouth and tiny eyes that flash continuously. But he has no ears; he is stone deaf. Yet he is always humming to himself; humming a low monotone without tune, and drinking from a great flagon of water. At the left, White Man descries Gun — tall, thin and metallic green. He has a dozen eyes arranged in a circle around his round, open, mouth. But he has neither hands nor skin. He cannot feel, but on his spindling legs, he can move fast. Behind them all lumbers Loom; a tall, wide grill of iron; unhealthy purple in hue, as if always choking; with soft, solemn eyes and big ears; a mouth but no tongue; he is always silent; he utters no word; Always with his big hands and long arms he is continually mixing cotton and coal, flax and coal, wood and coal; he chews them; slavers at the mouth while behind his entrails eject huge rolls of smooth and beautiful cloth)

(White Man glares at all of these uncertainly, then spies Violet)

WHITE MAN

Say, you! Are you still alive? I meant to kill you.

VIOLET

I live

WHITE MAN

Do you believe in ghosts.

VIOLET

Yes!

WHITE MAN

So do I. I saw four ghosts last night — or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly, but I half believe the ghosts got into my machines and made them men.

VIOLET

Half-men!

WHITE MAN

Half-nothing. White men — my equals — my helpers.
Hell and Damnation! I see it all now; why I'm God!
I've created Man; a new kind of man
They talk and hear and see.
That was the voice I just heard; wait! I'll try and see.
What — what is it you fellows want?

RADIO

(With cockney accent) To serve you, Sir, and h'entertain you, even if I am blind.

WHITE MAN

See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve; and all good servants should be blind.

VIOLET

Orange has forgotten his poetry; he no longer knows what poetry is.

WHITE MAN

(To Hymmo) What do you want?

RADIO

'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see, and if I hold his hand I can make him understand. He wants to work for you.

VIOLET

He don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! Dear God!

WHITE MAN

Good! That's the ticket. Give him plenty of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

BIMBO

(In low rumbling voice, with German accent) De eart' is de Lord's and de fullness der-of.

WHITE MAN

What's he muttering about? Here you - (to Gun) What do you want? (Gun salutes by clicking smartly and whirling his cylindrical eyes.)

GUN

To kill, sir! I want to fight.

WHITE MAN

Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun clicks again.) And you? (to Loom)

RADIO

'E's dumb, sir, but 'e can see and hear. He built your throne out of stuff we got from the Niggers below; and he's working on a coronation robe for you.

WHITE MAN

Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to his job.

VIOLET

They're only half men. We failed.

WHITE MAN

We failed? I succeeded, you mean. I'm the Creator. I'm God. I've made a world of white men.

VIOLET

They're not white.

WHITE MAN

Yes, there are too — of course, not pure white — not Nordic like me, but that tint of theirs — is sun-tan and star-shadow. I tell you they're white — inside.

VIOLET

And your equals? Yes — your equals!

WHITE MAN

Sure — that is — in a way — Oh you get out! Here Dynamo, (beckons)

DYNAMO

Yes, Sir!

WHITE MAN

(Explaining by signs) Come over here by this trap door. See those darkies below? See the goods they're piling up, Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Light up and get going. O yes, and keep Radio's battery full-charged. (Dynamo humming to himself, begins to work.)

WHITE MAN

Hey! Loom. (Loom approaches) Take the goods Dynamo raises up and make cloth and weld steel. Look alive now. Now Radio, what do I need next?

RADIO

Well, sir, might h'I suggest first, a sort of throne? (Radio drapes a chair, White Man drops into it.) Now sir, how about some Art and Literature?

WHITE MAN

All right — get me a million dollars worth! Modern!

RADIO

And now, sir — a dinner! What say?

WHITE MAN

Fine! Hurrah for culture and white civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. (Dinner is served quickly with flowers, fruit, china and silver.)

RADIO

'ere Sir! A Bronx cocktail — and hors-d'oeuvres — potage a la creme; sole frite, (with Chablis); Pate de foie gras — champignons! Canard roti aux truffes (a bit of Burgundy); a salad — (try this Rock, very rare); Patisserie — (Moet et Chandon '28, to warm the heart); cafe noir, (What about this Port?)

WHITE MAN

Lord, how I've stuffed myself; and I wasn't even hungry! Sing, Radio! (Radio sings softly to the tune of "Sleep, baby, sleep" — White Man beating time)

WHITE MAN

Work, nigger, work!
And never dare to shirk!
Roll up the goods and till the ground,
And pile the wealth h'around and 'round! Work, nigger, work!
Work, Nigger,work!
And never, never shirk!
Obey your master, love your God!
And keep your dumb face in the sod!
Work, nigger, work!

WHITE MAN

That'll do! Come, come! I can't sit around like this, I'll get fat! I need exercise. (Radio rushes out)

VIOLET

There's plenty to do down stairs.

WHITE MAN

You still hanging around? Get out!

RADIO

(bringing in sport clothes, golf and Indian clubs and a tennis racquet)

WHITE MAN

That's it; I'll work up an appetite for another meal. (He exercises vigorously)

VIOLET

You still seem overworked.

WHITE MAN

Are you still here? Gun, watch him!

VIOLET

They're hungry below.

WHITE MAN

Sure! I like to hear 'em growl and fight. (Tosses a bone through the trap) Here Radio! A liqueur! Something costly. Ain't it good? Hey? Excellent — Excell ——ent! Looks down at the machines) The nice thing about machines is that they don't get hungry — at least not very hungry: oil, water and they're satisfied.

VIOLET

Listen, White Man: these laborers here — are they men or machines?

WHITE MAN

They are both; they are neither; they are machines; no, they are men — White Men. They are the free white laboring class!

VIOLET

You dont seem sure.

WHITE MAN

I am sure!

VIOLET

Are they sure?

WHITE MAN

They dont need to be. They love work. They hate niggers. When they work they make me rich and civilised. When I am rich, they are rich. Because we are one and the same.

VIOLET

I see. I thought machines would free men. Now I see they enslave men and yet they themselves are men. It's complicated, isn't it?

WHITE MAN

It's clear as day. See this chain? It's gold beset with jewels. They made it for me yesterday. the darkies found the gold; .....planned the chain; ..... hammered the links; Loom wove it together! Gun wound it close about my shoulders. They're awful proud of it. It's theirs because it's mine!

VIOLET

And it's yours because it's theirs; and it's theirs because it belongs to all men who toil above and below.

WHITE MAN

Poppy-cock! It's mine because I made them into machines. I worked and saved and thought. They just existed until I showed them what life means.

VIOLET

You didn't save, you found!
You dont work, you steal!
You dont think, you scheme!
You dont create, you kill!
You make play, gambling; and laughter, mockery!
You make Love a whore!
You buy Art and enslave Knowledge!
Your belly drowns your brains!
Your muscles are water!
Corns crust your feet!
You are a fool
Because you never had a heart

WHITE MAN (leaping to his feet)

Lese Majeste! -- he blasphemes! Kill the little devil! Kick his carcass down to his kin --

(White Man stumbles over his golden chain and falls senseless. Radio and Gun lift him and carry him to a couch behind a screen. Violet seizes a garland hanging above the throne chair and swings across the stage to the tower wall. He writes upon the wall in clear sight of all)

VIOLET (writing in flaming letters)

"ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS"

DYNAMO (reading slowly aloud)

All men are brothers? (Stares in surprise. Loom, listening, works more slowly)

VIOLET (writing)

"ALL MEN ARE BORN EQUAL"

LOOM (stops work, gesticulates, pointing below)

—DYNAMO—

DYNAMO

The colored follows below — Brothers? Equal? See how they are getting on? Are they hungry? Do they need air? Go see!

(Boom moves blunderingly toward the trap-door)

RADIO (turning his blind eyes and listening)

Hey there! What's h'up? Dynamo is slowing down! Loom has stopped work — what is he muttering?

GUN

Rat-a-tat-tat! Get to work!

VIOLET (writing swiftly)

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY"

DYNAMO (stops work entirely)

Liberty, equality, fraternity; for Whom? Where? When?

RADIO

What's that you say? Blimey! They've both stopped work!

GUN

Shall I shoot?

RADIO

Not yet; lead me nearer? Where is that Violet?

GUN

He's up yonder, writing something on the wall

VIOLET (writing furiously)

"LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

DYNAMO

Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness? Happiness? Happiness! Once I sang of Happiness! All should be happy!

GUN

Happiness? What is happiness? Is it something to eat? Give me some bullets!

LOOM (opening a trap door and peering down)

Are you happy down there? Come up!

RADIO

Stand back! What is Violet writing? Who's at that trap-door? Get to work or I'll order Gun to shoot!

GUN

Shall I shoot?

VIOLET (still writing rapidly)

"ALL WEALTH BELONGS TO THE WORKERS"

DYNAMO (walking forward with lifted eyes)

All Wealth belongs to the workers! To me, to them, not just to him!

GUN

Hurry! Which one shall I kill? Why dont somebody give me orders? Where is White Man?

RADIO

Hush! Wait a moment! 'old on! Let me get some of all this talk straight. There's some sense in it. Natural enough all white men are equal; h'and if you ask me, I wouldn't mind pursuing a bit of 'appiness. But who's saying all this? Whose giving out these h'ideas? If it's that Violet it's a lie!

VIOLET (still writing)

"WORKERS UNITE; SOLIDARITY FOREVER"

DYNAMO (bursting loudly into song)

Allons, enfais de la Patrie!
La Jour de grace etes arrive!

WHITE MAN (starting up from his swoon and knocking the screen away)

What's that? Whose talking?

RADIO (rushing to him)

Gun, lead me! Quick, 'is robe! (holds up the robe so as to shut out the scene)

Nothing, Sir; Nothing; feel better? That was a nasty tumble!

WHITE MAN

I feel rotten. Damn these chains. Bring me some breakfast. Fix me a bath — What? It aint morning? Well what is it? Where are the workers? Stand aside!

(Violet drops to the floor and waving a red flag, follows Dynamo and Lotta toward White Man. Louis beats her great breasts like a drum)

DYNAMO (sings)

Solidarity forever!

WHITE MAN (wheeling about)

What's this? Why aint they working? What do they want? Who's waving that flag? Ah! I see. I thought I killed that pest. That's where all the trouble comes from. Gum! Get ready. When I tell you I want you to kill that Violet. Move quietly until you get a bead on him; but careful — dont harm my machines! Now what is all this?

RADIO

They've stopped work, Sir! Sort of strike! Been list'ning to h'agitators — and Communists!

WHITE MAN

Who wrote all the stuff up there? Erase it!

RADIO

What is it? I can't see — but I know it was that Violet.

DYNAMO

All men are brothers.

WHITE MAN

Like Hell they are! If you don't —

RADIO

I think he means white men, Sir!

WHITE MAN

I don't care a damn what he means —

DYNAMO

All men are born equal!

WHITE MAN

Dont talk like damned fools; listen Mem; I created you; if it wasnt for me you wouldnt be. I do what I will with what's mine. Do you understand?

VIOLET

Did you make the land? Did you make the sea? Did you make the Sun, Moon and Stars? Did you make the food and drink and the labor there —

WHITE MAN

Shut up! Gun, attention! Present — hrâ! Right shoulder — hrm! Take aim at Violet — Fire!

(Loom rushes in front of Violet and receives the charge in the breast. She slowly turns into a lifeless machine)

WHITE MAN

You fool! You damned fool! You've ruined a machine and that little devil still lives.

VIOLET (gripping Loom and weeping)

Indigo — Sister Indigo! No longer afraid! Dead! All dead!

DYNAMO

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

WHITE MAN

Gun! Take aim!

RADIO

Beg pardon, Sir — but 'adn't we better h'arbitrate? My h'idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights, but goes too far!

DYNAMO

All wealth belongs to the workers.

WHITE MAN

You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world?

RADIO

Why Sir, h'it's this way; h'it's that agitator, Violet! 'e's been a-tamperin' with h'industry! H'I don't like 'is looks nowy. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me! Dynamo, 'e started talking this equality business. Now I should say 'as all white men was brothers and should stand together, but I don't 'old with niggers. We white folks should be h'equal and share whatever 'appiness we can get! (While he is talking Dynamo retreats before Gun.)

WHITE MAN

What the devil are you talking about? (Dynamo rushes to the open trap door) Christ Almighty — look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to raise the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo)

RADIO

Give me the whip. No Sir — don't you risk nothing! Gun — guide me!

(Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash to where Red and Yellow raise their heads above the trap)

Get down there, you red son-of-a-bitch! H'out of that, you yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see 'im? Gee! This is fun!

VIOLET

Don't strike your brothers!

RADIO

Brothers? 'all, they're lice. H'I'll show 'em —

(Red and Yellow sink back. Violet and Dynamo stare silently at Radio and Gun)

VIOLET

Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom! Don't go back to him!

WHITE MAN

Don't listen that mischief maker! Come here! I mean to be fair, once I kill Violet. If you want more wages, all right, although I dont see what you'll do with them but loaf. If you want shorter hours you can have them to sleep away and rust. But you can't upset the world. You can't try to make darkies men. That's my business when I get good and ready. But now you all must be patriotic. Love God, and honor the King — that's me!

(he seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag, singing)

"O say can you see," —

DYNAMO (Singing)

"Allons enfants de la patrie —"

RADIO (singing)

"God save our gracious King."

GUN (singing)

"God save the Czar!"

VIOLET

"La Jour de grace etes arrivé!"

GUN (doing the goose step)

"Deutchland, Deutchland. Ueber alles!"

WHITE MAN

My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet) You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun) Here, give me that gun — Damn these chains!

GUN

No!

WHITE MAN

What?

GUN

I'm the killer!

WHITE MAN

God damn you!

VIOLET

Come, Gun and Radio — join us, brothers —

RADIO

Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in!

VIOLET

What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrel? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brotherhood. Up and on! Greet Brother Green, kill White Man and save the world!

DYNAMO (staggering toward White Man)

All men are equal — happiness — workers forever!

WHITE MAN

Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back — fire! (Gun fires)

DYNAMO

Long live — the Revolution!

(Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr. White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring)

VIOLET

Brother Blue's dead now — all dead! His body died before — now his Soul dies! We tried to dream a soul in him — and then we couldn't sleep! White Man dreamed, but White Man has no heart!

RADIO

Now wait a minute! What are you tryin' to do? What with your war and murder you've already killed h'eff 'alf the white laboring class. Only me and Gun is left. Now with Gun to guard us we might still make a go of it and keep the blooming world from turning h'upside down. But that means some clear understanding between you and me. That Gun is beginnin' to get h'ideas. That won't do at all! Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and me just stand together and run this thing?

WHITE MAN

You and me?

RADIO

Why yes; you see, we are alone now, with Gun to guard us!

WHITE MAN

Are we?

RADIO

Yes, I can sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers!

WHITE MAN

Well, of course, sometime — when there's more room. It's cramped now.

VIOLET

All men are equal.

WHITE MAN

Yes — no — not you!

RADIO

We white folks is equal, ain't we?

WHITE MAN

Why — yes, of course!

RADIO

Well, then 'ereafter, we'll both live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have, and wear some of that good silk cloth you can't use; and well, Sir, we might get hitched!

WHITE MAN

Get what?

RADIO

Hitched — you know — married.

WHITE MAN

What the devil!

VIOLET

All men are brothers.

RADIO

That's it! No, it ain't! I don't mean you — all white men, and since there ain't no other white woman for you to marry — why not me? I ain't so bad-looking!

WHITE MAN (Starting up angrily)

You darn fool — I'd marry that yellow bitch below first.

RADIO

You would, you bastard! (Starts toward White Man)

(Gun shoots. Radio becomes a radio cabinet, broadcasting an advertisement of soap)

"The cleanest soap on earth is Smith's mild, mild, mild!"

WHITE MAN (Turning radio off)

What did you — do that — for? You blundering idiot!

(Gun whirls about and glares; stares at the corpse of Radio; stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun)

WHITE MAN

About face!

(Gun half turns and hesitates. White Man shoots him in the back. He becomes a silent mounted machine gun)

It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class! Damn these chains! Only me — alone — with dead machines — and niggers!

(CURTAIN)

ACT III
SCENE I
The operation at midnight

(Violet lies prone in front. White Man in the center sits crouched on his throne. Before him the Machines stand silent. Behind the Machines and Violet is the .....? Gradually the light of the Moon increases. Slowly the trap door opens, and the head of Black Man appears. He steps out and stands facing the footlights and Violet, old, dirty, half-blind. At either side Red and Yellow appear. White Man springs to his feet. Black Man approaches slowly, Red and Yellow follow as White Man shrinks away)

BLACK MAN

It is you! Traitor, slave-driver, Beast! To whom I gave my blood of life and the fire of death! Black Man (chanting)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is death;
O death in Life
And Life in death
And horror over all!
(A moon-beam lights on him)

A VOICE

O Black Man (The light grows) King of Night. (Black Man stiffens and stops)

(The full light of the Moon pours down)

Why stand you in dirt and shame — You who were born to a Throne, a royal robe, a golden sceptre, and a crown —

BLACK MAN (starting)

Who calls?

A VOICE

I call.

BLACK MAN

Whose voice is that?

A VOICE

The voice of the Dead.

BLACK MAN

There is but one Dead and two — She and me.

A VOICE

You are not dead.

BLACK MAN

I am more than dead. (A woman enters, veiled)

THE MOON

Awake you that sleep — awake I say — Black Man, King of Night! Arise and look!

BLACK MAN

That voice! Who calls?

THE MOON

Behold, I call! (She unveils her face, bright moonlight floods the scene)

BLACK MAN

Eternal King of Glory, Son of the Suns! You have sent her back. O Moon, Moon of my Night! Away cobwebs! (He sweeps the machines aside with powerful gestures — White Man leaps at him.) Out, Ghost! (He hurls White Man headlong, White man arises dizzily and rushes off-stage with Violet Red and Yellow in pursuit)

BLACK MAN

What is this paradox and contradiction called Life: You were dead — you live. I was black despair, now Joy intolerable! I was a slave — I am King! Tell me, O my beloved, what is Truth?

MOON

I am not dead but harnessed to earth; to live with earth's people whom the Sun distrusts; for Earth alone of all the stars has Life that dares to challenge God! To win back his love for me and respect for you and ours, I keep monthly ward around the Earth forever. But dark or light, dead or alive, ever I am ever yours. (Turning to Black Man) Who comes?

(Red and Yellow enter with White Man,
still bound with golden chains)

BLACK MAN

Our family, broken by death and pain; tall Red; broad Yellow; and here is Violet.

THE MOON

And there?

BLACK MAN

White Man, Shadow of my death, enslaver of mankind!

THE MOON

Planner of work and contriver of Machines.

RED (pulling forward)

He should be burned alive!

YELLOW (pulling back)

No, No. Just cut off a couple of his legs and blind him/

WHITE MAN (staring at the Moon)

God! But she is beautiful!

BLACK MAN

He cannot live

THE MOON

He must not die.

(Black Man casts off his clothes and stands naked save a white breech-cloth. He holds a long shining knife. White Man stripped to a black breech-cloth. Down front at the left stands the Moon, and opposite, Red, Yellow and Violet crouch)

RED

He's going to kill him! He's going to cut his heart out and eat it!

YELLOW

That's a shame! Just cripple him; that's enough. Then we could have sport with him!

THE MOON

Must you do murder?

BLACK MAN

This soulless Thought-Machine, whom I myself created. You are right. He must not die and you alone can save him.

MOON

How?

BLACK MAN

Cut out half my heart. It is too large. Plant half of it in him. If he lives he will live as a man. If he dies, I die too.

MOON

I cannot, I dare not.

BLACK MAN

You can. You will. He must live, if I live. This shadow of mine has brain and lacks love. That is my fault. I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I withheld all that makes life living. I forgot in selfishness, and forgetting is sin. I gave him a brain instead of a heart. And as he grew strong, I fed his strength with my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I heaped him fear and submission instead of steadfast will. Now I pay the price on the altar of Sacrifice. Yonder Tower is fair despite its graves beneath. Yonder machines are marvellous even if insensate. White Man must live. Behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief. I made it. I saved it while in slavery and jail to end despair. Take it. Array yourself as a Priest in cloth unspotted. I will place myself with him on this bier — hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart and face to heaven. Cut and cut again. Cut out half my heart and plant it in him.

MOON (hesitating)

And if, O King, I cut — too deep?

BLACK MAN

Have you not heart enough for us both, O Queen?

MOON

And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should falter?

BLACK MAN

Then I will die, Sweet Woman, surrendering to you the dream of a perfect world. Red, lay me here, where once I mourned .....

RED (to Yellow)

Come — run! They're going to kill them both!

THE MOON

Yellow, my daughter, array me in white, swathe my head .....me gloves. Violet, take this vial of ether and drop it on their faces when I call you.

(Black Man is laid beside White Man as Violet takes the vial and climbs to the top of the bier and leans over)

VIOLET

I smell the ether; I see the knife. It cuts the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. Oh, on it glides — careful — ah — it heads for the river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the flood — the angry crimson rages! Ah! She binds it back — she curbs it; the knife glides on; and now I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul — ah — come blessed darkness, and tell me not what lingers in the fearful pool of blood. (He grovels, hands on eyes, in silence)

MOON

(Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes)

Dance children! Before your God! All is well and all is well!

(Violet dances; Red and Yellow stand still) White Man stirs, opens his eyes — and slowly turns his head)

RED AND YELLOW

She didn't kill them. They both live!

BLACK MAN

Brother!

WHITE MAN

Brother!

SCENE II

The New City at Dawn

(There is the same greensward lifting to a mountainside. Under a great oak stand two arm chairs on a dais. Red, Yellow and Violet enter)

RED

What's going on here?

VIOLET

Today is coronation. We crown a King.

YELLOW

Why?

VIOLET

To found a State.

RED

What's a State?

VIOLET

I do not know. It's something to make everything go right. You see somehow all is mixed up. White Man tried to lead us but went astray. Then I tried first to dream and then to kill; but neither worked! Now the Moon is risen Black Man is free and White Man ..... a Heart. Now comes the King and the State and all will be well -- only before that I will die!

RED

WHY?

VIOLET

Moon-mother said so. She said Dreams or Death; and Dreams failed. So I die. I don't know how or when, but sometime soon she will call. I wonder what dying is and how it feels? I won't even be. I can't think that possible. Are impossible things, possible? I can't see how anything will be, if I'm not. And yet I know it must be so for our brothers, our giant and beautiful brothers and sisters, with all of their poetry and song, they are gone. I tried so hard to bring them back. But they only glanced and sighed and died again forever. I failed. I hate to die. I hate to leave this beautiful place. There will be new earth under new law. The coronal carpet is laid. I see the flowers. I smell them/ wave, I hear their gorgeous hues. But I am going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I hope first to see the coronation. It is time for the birds to sing the coronal. It is time for the beasts to trumpet and parade.

WHITE MAN

Great King of Night, though you are ever kind, I some time have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised you who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound — a slave! Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine — Father! Tell me whence came these vague and vicious visions — was I ill?

BLACK MAN

Ill — very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

YELLOW (Aside to Red Man)

They did not kill him. Let's tear the tower down.

BLACK MAN

All building is re-building. No building can be new. Behold this Tower! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

RED MAN

Toil? Hell! Slavery! Degradation! Has Black Man no guts? Shadow or no shadow, let the bastard die.

WHITE MAN

I? When?

THE MOON

On foundations laid by elephant and the beasts and built on Coral. Coral built on nameless things and they on Rock and Rock on Sea and Sea on Sun. All doing is re-doing. Nothing since the Sun is done anew.

BLACK MAN

Yes, there is much beautiful and useful in yonder Tower. Indeed all that is worth-while and done by our hands our souls are there incorporate — it must not fall.

RED MAN

But it is founded on evil?

WHITE MAN

It looks evil beneath.

BLACK MAN

All good must build on evil.
All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And beside in yonder Tower lie the wonder works
Of White Man's brain: Radio and Loom, Dynamo and Gun.

WHITE MAN

I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

RED MAN

But foundations come first.

BLACK MAN

Foundations come last.

YELLOW WOMAN

They must be first, else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold, all the shining towers in place lest they fall? Only the Sun can hold the Earth. I talked with God the Sun; he pitied my despair, he yielded; he granted me life and lets me reign at night dying each month to live again, pure, in ecstasy. He hails you the King of Night. But for all this he exacts a pledge, a sacrifice: Violet, our fay, our latest born must go to the Sun and with him live forever lest at any time Night should dare to conquer Day.

BLACK MAN

Whatever must be, is. You tell the child. I cannot.

MOON

Violet.

VIOLET

Ah! My time has come. — Yes, Mother!

MOON

Violet, Can you do this thing — this mighty task for me and the world?

VIOLET

I will go to my Moon Mother's Father, All Glorious, the Sun to be your pawn and pledge. I will drag down golden chains from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and nailed together the fabric of the world.

THE MOON

Amen and go! But remember, little one, my last and sweetest born! Who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall know again — invisible, impenderable, incalculable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

VIOLET

Shall I — ever see — the Moon?

THE MOON

Yes, but never again shall Moon nor Night see you.

VIOLET

I go.

(He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms and flashes up to heaven)

BLACK MAN

Fly little flame, up to the Sun! Tell him this, only this — Earth is redeemed, Man Lives!

THE MOON (Watching Black Man)

And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

BLACK MAN

O Moon of my desire.
Two things alone I asked of the Sun;
You and eternal life.

THE MOON

Two things the Sun has sent you: Me — and eternal life.

BLACK MAN

Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new city rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be timeless; Space shall turn back space. O Moon lead us to Eternal Life.

(The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled. She is bright blue in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair.)

MOON

Love is God
Love is God
There is no God but love
And Work is His prophet.

(Slowly the Moon points to the mountain-top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn.)

Behold!

(Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song)

Behold! The flower-children of Eternal Life. The life once born to thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on in ever widening floods of foaming life. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. See how your Flower-Children paint the world in every color and hue — hues of men that live, hues of them that died that you might live.

Behold, my King and my children, all these are yours, born of your dear body and mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls, always and forever us.

BLACK MAN

Forward brothers, to the City just and beautiful.

VOICE OF THE MOON

And call to your company, Man of Men, Beasts of fold and field and forest,
Fish of the twelve and seven seas
And from this day forever
Peace be between them and you.

BLACK MAN

Peace be between Man and Beast Insect and Fish.

(Beasts prowl fish leap in the sea insects buzz)

And now — bring me my crown, for God the Sun is near.

(A trumpet call resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low in the East. The Sun rises and Moonlight fades away but the voice of Black Man, full and

clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appear birds and flowers walking like people and of all kinds and colors, passing, singing, dancing and lying at ease.)

THE MOON

And now, O Black Man, a rescript of your laws for the State; for a way of life and guide to happiness for all.

RED (muttering)

Must we have a State? Must we have a King?

YELLOW

Does this mean more work and weariness? I want Music and Joy!

BLACK MAN

Children! I am your father and your king! I am not Wisdom but I am Age; I am not Power, but I know Pain! By divine right of Life and Sorrow, I will be your Dictator until the Day, when knowing enough of Goodness, Justice and Truth, you dare Democracy. Kneel and swear me allegiance!

(Quickly the Moon kneels and clasps his knees; slowly White Man kneels behind her and kisses her veil; Yellow whirls and throws herself prone upon the ground; Red hesitates, turns half around, sinks upon one knee and looking away from Black Man, states into the sea.)

Repeat — "Under God the Sun
I will be leal and liege to my Sovereign Lord,
Until I die! God save the King, and his Sun-born Queen!"

THE MOON

God save the King!

WHITE MAN

And his sun-born Queen!

YELLOW

Liege to my Lord!

RED

Until I die!

(Trumpets across the sea blare; drums in the forest roll; a royal standard of black, crimson, blue and gold, breaks from the oak tree above the throne

(The Moon drawing Black Man to the seat beside him)

WHITE MAN

God! She is Beauty's Self! O King! What am I to you?

BLACK MAN

You are my younger brother and my son!

WHITE MAN (To the Moon)

But to you, most beautiful of women, what am I to you?

MOON

All that you are to him: brother and eldest son.

RED

I am the eldest.

MOON

Yes, of course! Infinite is my happiness to see such loving rivalry in my strong sons; to know you both as children of my husband and of me.

WHITE MAN

But am I only your son? Or something more?

MOON

What could be more? Save my husband's love!

YELLOW (To Red)

She leads them all by the nose.

RED (aside)

They will not kill White Man; nor tear his tower down!

BLACK MAN

Be seated, my children! Bring me the rescript of my reign and realm. I shall read it and then, my bride, I know a cave where velvet gloom hides springing moss and singing waters.

THE MOON

I know a cave where moonbeams
creeping through found you asleep
and pressed you deep within my heart forever.

BLACK MAN

Thither will we go
To rest and sleep and love,
Until the Voice of the Sun wakes us to Work.

(Two horned unicorns bring in the
illumined rescript)

Listen! For God the Sun draws near.

(A trumpet call resounds across the
skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing
in the East. Moonlight fades away; as
the voice of Black Man, full and clear,
rolls down across the world)

BLACK MAN

Imperial Ruler — God the Sun
Father of all, Almighty —

Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;

Our royal consort,
Queen of Night

And Princes, Yellow, Red
and White,
Our high and loving greeting!

Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill

This city wide and tall
With tower, bridge and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to one and all.

Our land belongs to none
It's free like sea and sun;
But each man's toil upon the soil
Brings wealth to everyone

The work all men pursue
Is wage for them not you
No single deit may one exploit
For work he does not do.

We make and grow such things
As are for men, not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings

Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat.
No goods to sell send souls to hell,
No poverty can cheat.

We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail;
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that we fail.

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.

We have no soldiers here
Nor wars nor martial gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal —
We conquer Pain and Fear.

Here is each maiden free
To choose what she will be:
An unwed mother, wife, or other
Pilot of wind or sea.

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed
Or green with blue or any hue
That wins Life from the Dead.

Here is no church nor creed,
Religion is a deed,
Here no man's hope demands a pope,
And no faith, bloody seed.

We do not fear to die
We neither rage nor sigh
We guide and heal and seek man's weal
We smile and say good-bye.

THE MOON

O happy, happy dale ——
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of rightened Wrong,
Ghost music of a grail.

(The shadows of the Moon and Black Man fade slowly into the night as the Sun rises full and clear)

CURTAIN

EPILOGUE

(The shore, with the mountain rising in the background. The rising sun floods the scene. The last echoes of Black Man's rescript are faintly heard. Red stands facing the sea, White Man facing the mountain)

VOICE OF BLACK MAN (echoing)

O happy, happy dale ——
Triumphant human vale
Great thunder-song of rightened wrong —

RED (leaping to his feet)

Belly-wash! Slop for sissies! Posturing and preening, and now gone whoring to breed new broods of devils! Damn their souls to hell! Wait! (Red seizes a stout sapling and begins furiously fashioning a bow)

YELLOW (stretching herself indolently on the left, and looking up the mountain-side)

They're walking yonder, amid the song of birds, the smell of flowers and the purr of beasts; to hide in cool caves of dark waters until moon-break and night-rise; until they hear the lonesome, liquid laughter of the loon.

WHITE MAN (Turning to the sea)

I did not know there was such beauty on earth! I want a city just and beautiful; but above all I want the Moon. Why did she leave? Where did she go?

YELLOW (snickering)

The Moon hides by day; Black Man is King of Night. They nestle in their nuptial bed.

WHITE MAN (closing his eyes and shuddering)

It's false! She's too pure! and he too Great!

YELLOW

I too, am pure.

WHITE MAN

No, No! You are my sister — you are good — but I want the Moon!

YELLOW (bitterly)

These fools of men — all in love with the Moon. Moon-mad-loonsy! The witch has spread her web to enmesh earth, sky and sea! Why do men want film and gossamer? What's a baby face to breadth of hip or height of breast? What's moonshine to a thick round thigh?

RED (staring wildly at the forest)

They are lying yonder, twined as one! That ape shall not prostitute my mother! She belongs to me! (to Yellow) Find me a lithe, hard hickory haft. I want an arrow. (Yellow brings him a thin, straight stick)

WHITE MAN (starting forward)

What are you doing? What are you daring to think? You cannot kill them. She is holy!

YELLOW (edging near him)

So am I.

WHITE MAN (recoiling)

But I want the Moon.

YELLOW

You'll never get her, while Black Man lives; and he's too wise to die.

(The Sun has waxed to high noon and now drops toward the mountain)

RED (facing the Sun with outstretched arms)

An omen! God the Sun! An Omen!

(Suddenly there drops from Heaven a blazing meteor; as it hisses into the sea, the voice of Violet sings on the water shrill and clear)

VIOLET

I saw the Sun face to face and saw no more. I heard the Sun, heart to ear and heard no more. He hung this Thing about my neck. I gripped it and fell and fell; and fell. And as I fell, I heard God whisper in the dark; I heard the Sun sigh like a wind of stars. Father! Moon-Mother! Where are you? I come — receive the Gift and message of the Sun!

(Afar on the mountain, as the crimson sun begins to set, appear the shadows of Black Man and the Moon. The sea roars)

YELLOW

See the Moon? She pulls and drags up the sea. It swells to drown us. Burn the Witch!

RED

Quick, a bow-string; cut me a thong of your hair and braid it! I'll kill that black bastard, who seeks Earth, Moon and Stars!

WHITE MAN

No, No! Listen! Neither must die. The one is Beauty; the other Wisdom. Hearken and I will bargain with you to spare the twain. My head is full of new contrivances, look! I will give you my last machine. Here, take this long lumbering pile built of gold — and split the Atom. Destroy the Earth, destroy the Sea! Save Moon and Man!

YELLOW

But, Fool, what of us? Where would we be, without Earth, Sky or Sea?

WHITE MAN

Where are we now, with Might in our hands and Confusion in our hearts!

RED

Shut up! Hand me the tool! Where is the Atom?

WHITE MAN

Everywhere!

RED (to Yellow)

Here, bind this rock to my arrow! Now, the Tool! Lift! Lift, Fool!

WHITE MAN

But Remember! You must not kill Black Man! The Moon must never die! I want the Moon!

RED (thrusting him aside, rudely)

They cut the guts out of you, you imbecile! (to Yellow) Quick! Strive with me! This hot, unsteady thing is bursting to explode.

YELLOW

Kill the bitch! Then come to me Men of the Earth, my womb is wide, I can fill the world with children — toilers and thinkers, dreamers and drones —

WHITE MAN

No No! Never that!
Kill you and me
Let Night and Noon
Dwell in the stars forever!

RED (pulling the bow)

I'll kill us all, fool and futile! Hound and harlot! I'll kill the whole damned crazy world; I hate it!2

(He dances the dance of death, raises the war-cry, "EI-AH"; shoots the arrow, leaps and shrieks, his arms and body aglow. The forest bursts in flames. The sun goes down. There comes flash and roar. The world lies in ashes)

CURTAIN

THE FIRST TALE

Black Man, a Fantasy

This is a story of the Earth's beginnings, when the Moon was young. But the Universe was old and white with eons and nearing its end. The Sun, flaming King of the Hither Stars was angry with the white wrath of thwarted Omnipotence. His youngest daughter, Moon of the Earth, beautiful beyond dreaming, had grossly disobeyed him and married Black Man. True it was that the Sun expected his last-born to wed as had all her gorgeous sisters; but they with royal ceremony, had married princes, heat-born, and age-tested, sprung from mighty Jupiter, magnificent Venus, and multi-haloed Saturn, and received presents from brother Suns, a thousand and a thousand years away. This young and wayward Earth-Moon, had wed a being from a planet only just born- - less than a million years alive; wed the first struggling man-life this impudent speck had spawned, before one could possibly know what it would be or whether indeed it would live at all, in any real sense. Seeing the start of their dalliance, the Sun with veiled face, thundered his command, and in the face of Him, of God's own self, they wed - Black Man married the Moon. With one red burst of wrath, Father the Sun struck her dead.

He saw not and cared less that in the instant of their wedding, there sprang to birth, Seven Sons of Black Man and the Moon -- Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet. Black Man, too, saw and heeded not his many colored brood, but leaving the moaning Sea, climbed to the mountains, and sat there in the dark forest, distraught with nameless grief, while behind, his c ildren apace and alone, guarded only by Long-Nose, the Elephant.

The little years like seconds ticked away, and found once on a day, a curious group gathered on the sand. Here follow the record of that single day.

IT IS SUNSET, Afar a storm rushing inland is lashing the sea to fury and screaming aloud. The group on the shore is just finishing the evening sun dance. They make a vivid scene.

There is tall Red man, vivid crimson of skin, with long green hair and coal black eyes. He stands quite naked, beautifully molded in body and proudly poised. Beside him sits a little man whose skin is bright blue with golden curls and grey eyes, lolling against a massive tree trunk. Beyond glides a mighty man of golden skin, with pale blue hair and brown and slanting eyes, holding a rude zither. Beside his stalks a thin man, his skin a vivid green, his hair a flame of red, his eyes dark and smoldering. Apart and on the opposite side staring out to sea, stand two other men, one with orange skin, green-blue hair and borwn eyes; the other dark indigo, with greenish-yellow hair and eyes pale to whiteness. Nervously litting among them all, now here, now there; never still, always darting, leaping, climbing was a sprite all violet; violet of skin and hair, of eye; and yet always subtly changing in glow: becoming almost reddish, then yellowish and green and then back to pale dim violet again. All these boys seem young, very young, despite their size; all seem strong, and vivid with energy, sparkling with hard-held spirits and scintillating intelligence; but all are frightened of the sea. Over them all like a guardian spirit looms Long Nose, the Mastodon, enormous, gray and wrinkled with age. She stands swaying with wide swingling motion; watchful with her little eyes; listening with her mighty ears; alert, intense. Just as the last songs die away she trumpets her warning.

IT IS SEVEN O'CLOCK. The shriek of Mastodon rising now above the sea rage startles all to silence and as the storm rolls up into low thunder on the mountain top they all come running. "What is that?" asks Violet. "Hush", cries Green. "It is our father's voice."

Violet — Where is our Father?

Green — Aloft on the mountain.

Violet — Why is he there?

Yellow — He mourns

Violet — For my mother?

Green — For the dead Moon, mother of us all.

Violet — What is he like?

Green — He is mighty and powerful and Black.

Violet — His shadow is white. (They all start and stare at Violet.)

But Mastodon speaks:

Evil threatens.. The moon is dead and darkness rules the night, - Now that Black Man no longer sees nor cares, the Beasts of Hell gather to destroy us. Always they have sworn to rid the Earth of Human Kind, but they move in darkness and long have feared the Moon. Now they gather. They counsel in the gloom. East looms Little Eye, the Bear, with the strength of ten; south slinks Soft Foot, the Leopard, full of guile. West rages Great Mane, the Lion, King of Beasts; and behind the beasts are the Fish of the sea and above the Fish, the Birds of the air; and under all, Dragon. O, that your mighty Father would hearken. Alas, he is naught but sorrow, and evil comes apace.

Red Man — Let's fight, Mother Long-Nose.

Blue — Let's lay traps and snares.

Long Nose — Nay, we must build.

Green — What is "building"?

Long Nose — I do not know. But let us try. Here are stones where once your father reared his home; and underneath are stones where once a nameless Being builded his hut; and underneath are stones which Coral speech-less spun; and underneath are stones, but I know not whence they came. Now we must build, for building is human. Build then, - as once Black Man built.

Indigo, search clay!

Indigo I fly.

Long Nose Red Man, stones!

Red Man They're here.

Long Nose Blue Man, water!

Orange 'Tis there - an ocean full. (Indigo writes on the sand, while Blue brings water.)

Violet I see a mighty head beside the Sea.

Long Nose Red Man! -- Yellow Man! stand in front to meet the King of Beasts.

Red Man & Yellow Man Ay-ah!

Long Nose Indigo and Green, to the right! Cut clubs and ward off Little Eye, the bear.

Green We go, he'll never pass. Ay - ah! (Green moves out - and Indigo follows thoughtfully.)

Long Nose. Orange and Blue! Take clubs and ward the Left against the guileful soft-foot, the Leopard.

Orange and Blue What! Beautiful Leopard? -- we'll beguile him and sing him into a trap. (They go out whispering.)

Violet Soft-Foot prowls in the West - where are Orange and Blue? Mother Long Nose, what can I do?

Long Nose You are small and young; you must watch the hill; perchance your mighty father, hearing, may call.

Violet Or shall I go and call him?

Long Nose Not yet, wait! I must dig - a great cellar for the Dead.

Violet Who are the Dead?

IT IS NIGHT O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. Earth's human kind are fighting the Beasts of Hell. Afar, ever nearer grow the sullen roar and snarl of

the beasts and the shrill cries of the fighters. In front lie the stones and clay of the unbuilt Tower, beside a great hole in the earth. Red Man and Yellow Man stand guard. Violet flits from the back, weaping and moaning:

Violet — It is dark here - it is dark, but I see. O mother Long Nose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air, beware! Ah! Where, where are Orange and Blue? See how they turn and twist and twine. See Leopard! The blood of Mother Long Nose flows without her hide. She trumpets and stamps. She wraps her nose about, and slowly, slowly with great wrench and scream - scream of Long Nose, scream of Soft-Foot - quiver and scream of both and they, they sleep. They roll together down into the pit. Both of them shudder and sleep. I cannot understand. They must be very, very tired. And the red blood - the thick, red blood of their hearts flows, gushes, trickles; and they sleep, they sleep. Ah - what moves yonder in the forest? Indigo! Green!

Indigo and Green, standing at the right, look out. Violet points.

Violet — See!

Indigo and Green — I see nothing!

Violet — See you not that dark vast hill that moves softly, terribly?

Indigo — I hear something.

Green — I see two little stars.

Violet — 'Tis Little Eye, the Bear - the cruel, terrible bear. Shall we fly?

Green — And leave our brothers alone? No, to the forest! Come brother, out and on!

They rush out tempestuously. There is silence, then scuffling; then a howl and the sounds of terrific battle. Violet veils his eyes, and then looks.

Violet — The earth is all crimson - wet and crimson. Indigo lies

very still. He sleeps. He breathes not. Green sleeps - O God! he has no head! His head is gone! Where, O where is his head? Little Eye has it. Little Eye groans and rolls here and there. Now he sleeps, too. He is still. He breathes not. I am afraid of this strange sleeping. Never before ----

The roar of the Great Mane, the Lion, is heard. Red and Yellow rush out in front but Blue wounded crawls in slowly from the left dragging Orange after him across the grass. Violet stops their wounds and then stands staring at his own bloody hands. Orange rises and falls. Blue rises, leaps over him and rushes out after Red and Yellow. One hears the battle rage. Orange staggers to his feet.

Orange Here are - my poems - I die.

The voices of Red Man and Yellow Man rise: Hear us, our father! We conquer the King of Beasts! They stagger in with the Lion's head and the body of Blue. Violet gazes on them.

Violet There is a new sleep come to us - it stops heartbeats.

Red Man & Yellow Man
It is Death. Never more shall Indigo and Green and Orange and Blue and Mother Long Nose speak.

IT IS NINE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

Violet And this is Death. All the giants are dead!

With solemn ceremony, sprinkling water and earth, the survivors bury their dead beside the stones of the unbuilt Tower, marching in file and chanting:

The silence our brothers forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
The end of their laughter, the end of their song, -
The terrible downfall of right under wrong.

They sit down moodily, with hanging hands Violet starts up:

Violet I hear a light.

Red Man Hearken - a light!

Violet — It is the light of a vast flame.

Yellow Man — Something rises from the sea.

Violet — It is an island belching fire.

Red Man — It is a great Fish - but fear not! It cannot walk the land.

Yellow Man — It is Dragon - it is the End.

The light brightens and the rage of the Sea redoubles.

Red Man — Dragon comes, leading all the fish of the Sea and belching fire.

Yellow Man — It is the End. Dragon walks both land and Sea.
Sea and Land are raging.

Red Man — Let us fight and die.

Violet — No - No! Will you both sleep and leave the world dead to me?

Red Man — There is but one last refuge - Black Man. Little Brother stand by these stones.

Yellow Man — He is weak and small, but he's the fastest runner of us all. He can tread the underbrush, glide through the trees and fly up the face of the rocks. If he but dares to face Dragon - if he has courage. - Listen, boy, do you fear?

Violet — What is Fear?

Yellow Man — Go out yonder to the shore. Meet Dragon. Stand there - Stand until you hear us call. Then away after us through the jungle and the forest and up the mountain and run for your life and ours.

Violet hesitates, looks at his brothers appealingly and then walks slowly and alone to the shore. He stands there, watching Dragon.

Violet — Ah, but his mouth is vast! Oh, but his teeth are sharp! His great gills redden and pale, the fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot! - I - Oh - Oh - Oh! I - am afraid!

The ringing cry of the fleeing brothers is heard and Violet flies.

IT IS TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. On the Mountain Top is forest. Stars

gleam above. In the center is a Bier with crimson flame. Black Man at the right sits on a throne and feeds the flame. He is huge, tall, thick and broad. His skin an unrelieved velvet black. His mass of angry hair curls and clinches into his scalp. His vast buttocks, great hands and mighty feet match the majestic thunder of his rolling voice. His Shadow is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises over and anon.

Black Man (Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is death!
O death in Life,
And Life in death,
And horror over all!

O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Age in life,
And dread in death,
And horror over all!

O hate, hate, hate, that is Life;
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in life;
And Hate in death!
And horror over all!

O woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

Red Man and Yellow Man fall on their knees and cry: Father!

Black Man — I am no father - I am Woe.

Red Man and Yellow Man
King!

Black Man — I am no king - I am Hurt and Horror;.

Red Man and Yellow Man
Father - King Eternal Night - Behold Death comes -

BlackMan — Death has come and gone.

Red Man — Death seeks to destroy us -

Black Man — I am destroyed.

Yellow Man (Pointing to the fire.) He will destroy - the Flame!

Black Man starts to his feet, crying: Who? Where? How?

Red Man — Dragon comes raging.

The voice of Violet with crackling branches and gleams of fleeting light comes up:

Help! O, Father.

Red Man — Send but your voice.

Yellow Man — Wave but your hand.

Voice of Violet — Send but the Shadow of your Soul.

Red Man — (Aside) His shadow is white.

The thin, long, white shadow slithered along the ground; scarce visible in the starlight and unseen in the storm, it glowed pale grey in dragon's flame.

Violet enters screaming:

See .. yonder - Dragon.

The breath of the Dragon from afar dims the flame. Black Man stands up and steps forward. Dragon howls.

Violet - Your shadow - your white shadow - only your shadow if not yourself!

Black Man bends slowly; regards and raises his white shadow; it thickens the edges swells a bit and flattens. Thins again, curves, bulges and shudders. From the bier he pours the Flame of Life into it; he pours Blood from his gashed arm into it; he breathes his Breath into it; the shadow lives; but is inert; vacant-eyed. Gradually it becomes a long, thin man crouching on the earth with flexed and quivering limbs. He is dead white in color - white haired, white eyed, white skinned. Unearthly pale and dead to look at yet palpitating, starting dancing. Stealthy and noiseless he arose. His gaze darting here, there, up, down, beyond. He stands like a runner set to go. He glances at the staring throng. Then glances away and looks back again. He fumbles at for words until at last his voice comes thin, high and rapid. Black Man hesitates. Then slowly he lifts a hammer and a knife. He bears his breast and uncovers his head. He crushes his own head and lifting part

of his brain, forces it into white man's mouth; he starts to gash his left breast, but already White Man with keen eyes and listening ear has leapt to his feet.

White Man — What's that?

Dragon shrieks and appears.

White Man (Seizing the hammer and knife, leaps forward.) He seeks?

Red Man — Us.

White Man — (Looking about) Let's run.

All the Brothers: — And leave Father?

White Man — Listen! Either he can kill Dragon or he cannot; if he can, he'll be safe. If he can't, we'll be safe. Let's go!

All: — Whither?

White Man — What's that, down yonder?

All: — A pile of stones. We planned to build a tower, but knew not how.

White Man — Let's learn. First find a steep hole on the mountain-side.

Violet — Here's one beside our brothers' grave.

White Man — Just it.

He rushes down and examines the stones, looking at them curiously, feeling them as though he had never seen such things. Then he beckons for help. They roll the stones together, pile them a-top each other, daub the interstices with mud. He hurries them on even as Dragon rushes past and up. The brothers pause aghast, but White Man muttering, peering, calculating, urges them on, until on the side of the mountain, rises a tower, with a deep hole for a cellar, a high wall at the back, and low walls at the side.

White Man — There goes Dragon. Now watch the fight and cut down trees.

Red Man — Watch Father!

Yellow Man — When Dragon kills him --

White Man — He'll start for us -- cut trees, cut trees!

Violet — White Man has no heart

White Man — When Dragon comes, run to the tower. Cling to the side walls as he plunges down. Then pile trees upon him. We'll have him fast.

Slowly Red Man and Yellow Man follow White Man into the Tower, and peer out. There rises the sound of a mighty conflict. Above in crimson light appears Black Man fighting the Dragon. He falls and rises. The Dragon forces him back. He drives Dragon back in turn. Then he yields, attacks, returns, falls; rises with one great effort and drives Dragon toward the Sea. Dragon rushes into the great hole and the trees are piled upon him. Black Man staggers after him and falls prone on the trees. The beacon of the Funeral Pyre flickers and the flame leaving the earth mounts heavenward like a star.

IT IS ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. Within the Tower, deep in the pit, wedged by boulders and covered by trunks of trees, interlaced with vines, lies Dragon, struggling and belching fire. Above him fainting, lies Black Man, huge, wounded and gasping. Around him, ministering to him are Red Man and Yellow Man. Violet flits here and there like a colored flash, while White Man, walks in the back-ground, like a dim blur. The brothers are becoming vaguely conscious of this new-born stranger and peer at him furtively as they serve Black Man, and speak to each other low:

Red Man — How is our Father?

Yellow Man — Better, I think.

Red Man — It was a mighty battle.

Yellow Man — It was that.

Violet — I see a new star in the east.

Red Man — I still fear Dragon.

White Man gradually loses his furtive air. He becomes seonscious of accomplishment. He realizes that these others look upon him with a certain wonder and ill-conceived fear. He finds his words more quickly and more words rush to his use. He speaks with greater confidence. He stands straighter and as they all note this, Violet whispers:

Can we trust White Man - he has no heart.

Slowly they all enter the tower and under the blaze of light f rom Dragon's breath they stand and stare, seeing each other clearly for the first time. They are astonished and half afraid.

Red Man — He looks bloodless.

Yellow Man — His skin is naked.

Violet — That is because White Man has no heart.

White Man — They are a queer looking crew. All parti-colored; look dirty. I'm different. I'm entirely different. Another sort of being. But I must watch my step and fool them. They look nasty. I wonder what they are muttering amongst themselves. (White Man approaches them diffidently.)

"I have a plan. This floor of the tower above Dragon's cellar we will use to work and store our food and goods against the onslaught of the beasts. Above we will build a second story where we can live." He hurries out and and slowly the others follow.

Soon the walls of the tower rise with a cellar, a first story closed and dark with noisesome smells and a second story bright and clean open to the sky. White man looks about keenly and says,

"Now food, let's gather food." They all disperse and bring fruit and herbs and roots. Deftly White Man constructs a ladder to the second story through a small trap door. He climbs nimbly up and says, "Hand the food up here. It will be safe and clean." They start to climb up with it but he reaches down

and relaives them of their loads, working furiously. Violet flits about peering and flashing, but does little work. Suddenly Violet cries,

"Now it is all up. Lift Black Man. Come. We will all climb to the second story".

But White Man quickly draws the ladder up.

"No, no," he cries hurriedly. "Not yet. We must get more food. We must tame beasts and use them for work. I have plans. I have large plans."

Slowly again they disperse and bring in horses and cattle, pigs and sheep but when they look up the ladder has disappeared and the trap door is a grill.

"That is all right", cries White Man. "Tether the animals. It is time to eat. Lift up your hands. Climb on the backs of the beasts."

Each sticks a hand through the grill. White Man fills each hand with food but simultaneously and deftly ties each wrist, so that they sit on the beasts with one hand upraised and manacled. Black Man is swaying and drooping; Red Man suspicous and excited; Yellow Man calm and watchful.

All are manacled save Violet. He has flitted out the door and sits on the ramparts of the second floor.

"Where is Violet?" asks White Man.

"Here I am", says a small voice. And White Man turns upon him. He becomes truculent and domineering. Safe here above and with his brothers chained he feels his power.

"How in hell did you get here?" Then apparently changing his mind he gives Violet a little food and says,

"You don't understand. I have great plans and must have time to think them out. There is a lot of work to be done. Work, hard work, digging, pulling, lifting, shoving, hauling. The mountain side must be cleared and fenced and planted. The seashore needs levelling and a sea-wall must be built to guide the tide and imprison the fish. I am going to build civilization with wheels and power, engines

and machines. I have got three laborers for my work; husky fellows too. Now you go down and join them and work with them. They are simple fellows and know only enough to work and sleep and eat. They have no brains".

Violet — White Man has no heart.

White Man — (Sharply) What's that? (To Black Man, Yellow and Red) Look sharp now, don't loiter, prepare food and fibre. Stop slobbering over Black Man. He isn't hurt much. Come now, look alive!

Red and Yellow in the cellar go sullenly to work. Black Man awakes, dazed and sinks in a stupor. Then he works mechanically and listlessly staring toward the sea. Once he starts - raises his great arm and grasps the stones; then his head falls. He lets go; sometimes he sways stupidly.

White Man — (To Violet who is perched on the edge of the platform.) Another thing I got to do and that is to tame more Beasts. Make friends of them.

Violet — And fool them into working for you instead of running and playing and loving.

White Man — Well - why not? Why don't you go to work?

Violet — White Man has no heart.

White Man — What's that? What's a heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think. What more?

Violet — You are cold, bloodless, unfeeling. You have no knowledge of joy and pain; of sunset and song, of love. You cannot laugh nor sing. Black Man, our poor father, forgot; he gave his Shadow no heart.

White Man — You haven't good sense and until you get to work with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond.

Violet — I see a star. It is larger than yestereve. I t hink it is coming nearer.

White Man Go to it -- star-chaser.

IT IS MIDNIGHT. Three hands: black, yellow and red protrude from the floor. They are hard and soiled but powerful. Their fingers stretch toward the food. Below their other hands, their bodies and their feet work beside the beasts and mold and move masses of material, of food and fibre, of metals and bright scintillating stones. White Man weary and spent is leaning against the side of the tower panting. In fromt of him stand five unfinished machines.

White Man God! But I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. Nobody to sympathize with me or talk to me - if only these machines could live and talk!

Violet I'll talk to you.

White Man Who are you? Where are you? O, you don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to guide and plan and build civilization.

Violet Why do it?

White Man You fool. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't even appreciate my genius. Notice how I raise food and make things? See my land out there.

Violet It is not yours. It never was. It belongs to G od, the Sun; and they my brothers work harder than you do.

White Man I don't care whose it is, I have got it. I find food for the Niggers to eat. Could they work without food?

Violet You chain them to their work.

White Man Do you think they'd work if I didn't? They'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

Violet What for?

White Man To make more food and clothes and shelter.

Violet — For them?

White Man — No,. They'd get lazy and impudent.

Violet — For you?

White Man — Say! Whoever its for, it's hard work and it must be done. It's no fun to keep three husky brutes at work and they hating you like hell and ready to slit your throat when your back's turned. I work harder than they do -- a damned sight harder. I risk and worry and fret. They mutter and whine. I've a notion to give up and let them starve. I'm tired. I'm sick. I'm lonesome. Why don't you show yourself? Where are you hiding?

Violet — You work too hard.

White Man — It is the truth.

Violet — Making others work.

White Man — That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

Violet — You need help.

White Man — I know it and I've made some. I've made me five machines - perfect tireless workers who never complain. And they're white too -- white steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

Violet — What are they?

White Man — You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway. You belong to that parti-colored brood. I guess it's because I'm lonesome. Well, here they are: Radio, Dynamo, Gun, and Loom and Airplane. Dynamo drinks water and makes electricity. Radio eats electricity and talks. Loom eats coal and makes cloth; gun eats lead and kills.

Violet — Kills? Murders? Takes beautiful lives? Why? When?

White Man — When they get dangerous to me - when anybody gets dangerous to me - when I get dangerous to myself - perhaps; I don't know - you better look sharp - but they can't think or feel. Radio talks nonsense usually. Dynamo spu rts light whether I want it or no. Loom knows no patterns. See? I want them to have souls - not too much, not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent and let me rest and enjoy myself - and sleep. You seem to know a lot - mostly foolishness - but where do souls come from?

Violet — They come from dreams.

White Man — And whence come dreams?

Violet looks up and answers:
Down from the sky.

White Man — Good. Airplaine shall take me to them. Only I have not tried it yet. I'm afraid. I may be too heavy.

Violet (eagerly) Let me try it?

White Man — No, no, not you. You'd jolly well like me to try and fail.

Violet — Well then, sleep and dream.

White Man — Nonsense, you want to get me off to sleep, don't you, so that you can snoop and steal? Well, I don't believe your lies, but - I got to sleep - I'm dead - tired; I got to --

Inspite of every effort and starting now and again to wakefulness, White Man at last succumbs to utter weariness and drops down to dreamless sleep. White Man drops to sleep on the floor, grasping his whip.

Violet — Souls? Souls! If I could get the right soul for these terrible steel monsters, we would heal this sick world.

Voice — Why not the souls of your dead brothers?

Violet — Dead - brothers - who speaks? The star in the east is gone! There is a mist where it was and a wind in the mist. I

thought I heard the mist speak. Can stars talk?

Voice — Yes, my son.

Violet — Who speaks? Can it be yonder star that was growing hourly brighter?

Voice — Yes, my son.

Violet — Your son!

Voice — My Moonbeam - last of the Angels.

Violet — Mother - Moon-Mother of Earth and Sky
Bearer of sun rays
Star of evening
Wife of Black Man
Mother of me and mine
You are dead and yet speak.

(The Moon enters as a Woman in Grey.)

Moon — I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger;
But seeing Earth's evil
He has repented
And called me back from the swoon of Death
To redeem mankind.

Violet — And may I help and what's to be done? Shall we kill White Man? See! He sleeps - he is very still - helpless and still. Shall we kill him and free the world?

Grey Woman — We may not kill him; Life is our mission.

Violet — Shall we smash his machines?

Grey Woman — No - not Destruction but Creation is good and White Man has created this wonderful work; let it endure.

Violet — But souls - it needs souls; he says so.

Gray Woman — Listen, my boy. There are two ways and only two to redeemthe world - by Dreams and Death. Will you help?

Violet — So willingly!

Grey Woman — First, we will try Dreams - but if you fail -

Violet — What?

Grey Woman — Death, little one, only Death; and not his - yours.

Violet — Welcome Death! Say on.

Grey Woman — Below lies Dragon eating the bodies and prisoning the souls of four of my children. I shall loose Dragon. You will hear the thunderous rush of his going, the heat and fury of his fire. Then, I will gather the souls of my dead sons and stand them here beside you in these machines. Now little one, comes your task.

Violet — What - what?

Grey Woman — White Man sleeps in deep and dreamless stupor. The thunder of Dragon will wake him to dreaming. He will feel the soul of Orange beside Radio; of Blue beside Dynamo; of Green beside Gun and Indigo beside Loom. White Man will greem these ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone lest his heartless head complete disaster. It is your task to make the world dream with him. Black Man must dream and Red and Yellow and you yourself must dream. Already I dream. If all of us dream hard and sure, the machines and the souls of my sons will be one an d like to the souls of the fullest truest dreamers. Then you will place yourself in Airplane and take man's message to the stars. If we fail, we shall create half men and monsters and then there is no Salvation but Death. Go, and while you dream, I will loose Dragon from his bitter slavery of fire, lest the souls of my children, weary and confused, creep back to their mangled bodies again and die forever.

Violet — But if Dragon turn on us?

Grey Woman — He will not. He has learned the Hell of Human Hearts. He

will spurn the earth and cleave the sea and fly beyond the stars. Go! Put all the world to sleep. When Dragon thunders, awake! Go! And ahh my boy child, try! - try hard! For if you fail, there is but one salvation - the sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling, Dreams or Death - go!

AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

The lower story of the Tower is visible and the floor of the second story. Above lies White Man asleep. Black Man is in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At his right is Yellow Man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.

White Man (Stirring in his sleep.) I thought I saw ghosts - and heard the voice of God.

Violet He sleeps. Soon he shall dream my brothers back to life. If I dream too - if my father dreams and all my father's children, then will the machine and the dream be wed and true and the rainbow of the world live again in beauty.

(Violet flies down below.)

Black Man
The mud of the world,
The offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Cursed of sun and sea,
Deserted of Moon and star,
Inert, nerveless, more that dead and less.

Violet Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? God the Sun commands us to dream. Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our brothers who still sleep as ghosts and let them mate with steel and redeem the world.

Yellow Man Toil!

Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;
Toil!
Till thought dies,
And dreams disappear;
Till hunger flames and flees;
Till sleep is a drug,
And life a nightmareof pain.

Violet — O, brother, brother! Listen to me - listen but a moment!
I am little, but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls return - I've seen their ghosts - great, beautiful, pale ghosts. Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like pack-horses - sleep! Dream!

Red Man — I will live no more.
Neither will I dream
I will die.
Toil!
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil,
To toil to rest;
To remember nothing -
With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no soul!
I will not dream
I will die.

All three sink down in dreamless stupor. Violet rushes at them. Shakes them; weeps and cries:

Violet O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream? I do not think they dream. They do not sleep like dreamers - they lie like logs. The new machines will be born white - pale, heartless monsters; My brothers will be half-hearted ghosts, encased in steel.
I, only little me, am left
To dream in them a heart
I will sleep. I must sleep.

He lies down and tosses; tries to sleep; turns and twists.

Violet I cannot sleep; my head's afire but a cold White hand has gripped my brain.
I cannot sleep-
O God! I cannot sleep.
(Slowly, wearily Violet climbs aloft)
I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I?
I - I couldn't sleep. O - Moon Mother! I have failed.
Dreams have failed - there is only - Death!

He starts up, for with sudden thunderous rush of sound and rage of smoke and fire, Dragon passes seething to the Sea. The sea boils and Dragon flies beyond the stars.

IT IS TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

The world has been transformed; there is still human labor below, black, yellow and red; but here above is a new laboring class: machines; half-human, to be sure, but also half machines; and as such, curious, sinister, startling phenomena.

White Man is on a gorgeously furnished platform making a sort of third story of the Tower at the back. He sits, hunched forward, afraid, self-conscious, yet trying to look dignified. He blinks as he sees in front of him a singular person. Tricked out in orange braid, and clothes -- cut square with pale green inset panels, enters Radio. He is a pompous butler, but he has no eyes. He is blind, but can hear a pin drop and has a voice like the crack of doom.

"At your service, Sir," he booms, so loudly that White Man jumps on his throne. Then he looks all about suspiciously. At his right holding Radio's hand is Dynamo, steel-blue, short and squat, with lumps of flesh. He has a big mouth and tiny, eyes that flash continuously. But he has no ears; he is stone deaf. Yet he is always humming to himself; humming a low monotone without tune and drinking from a great flagon of water. At the left, White Man descries Gun - tall, thin and metallic green. He has a dozen eyes arranged in a circle around his [illegible]round, open, mouth. But he has neither hands nor skin. He cannot feel, but on his spindly legs, he can move fast. Behind them all lumbers Loom; a vast bulky lump of iron; unhealthy purple in hue, as if always chocking; with soft, solemn eyes and big ears; a mouth but no tongue; he is always silent; he utters no word; always with his big hands and long arms he is continually mixing cotton and coal, flax and coal, wood and coal; he chews them; slavers at the mouth while behind his entrails eject huge rolls of smoth and beautiful cloth.

White Man glares at all of these uncertainly, then spies Violet in the Airplane.

White Man — Say you!

Violet — Yes.

White Man — Do you believe in ghosts.

Violet — I don't know.

White Man — I do. I saw four ghosts last night - or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly but I half believe the ghosts got into my machines and made them men; all except my airplane.

Violet — Half-men.

White Man — Half-nothing. White men - my equals - my helpers.
Hell and furies! I see it all now; why I'm God!
I've created Man; a new kind of man
They talk and hear and see.
That was the voice I just heard; wait! I'll try and see.
What - what is it you fellows want?

Radio — (With cockney accent) To serve you, Sir, and h' entertain you, even if I am blind.

White Man — See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve; and all good servants should be blind.

Violet — Orange has forgotten all his poetry; he no longer knows what poetry is.

White Man — (To Dynamo) What do you want?

Radio — 'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see and if I hold his hand I can make him understand; 'e wants to work for you.

Violet — He don't want to dream; he don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! Dear God!

White Man — Good! That's the ticket. Give him plenty of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

Dynamo — (In low rumbling voice with German accent). De eart' is de Lord's and de fullness der of.

White Man — What's he muttering about? Here you (to Gun) What do you want?
(Gun salutes by clicking smartly and whirling his

cylindrical eyes.)

Gun — To kill, sir! I want to fight.

White Man — Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun clicks again.) And you? (to Loom)

Radio — 'E's dumb, sir, but 'e can see and hear. He built your throne out of stuff we got from the Niggers below; and he's working on a coronation robe for you.

White Man — Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to his job.

Violet — They're only half men. We failed.

White Man — We failed - I succeeded, you mean. I'm the Creator. I'm God. I've made a world of white men.

Violet — They're not white.

White Man — Yes, they are too - of course, not pure white - not Nordic like me, but that tint of their's - sun-tan and star-shadow. I tell you they're white - inside.

Violet — And your equals? Yes - your equals !

White Man — Sure - that is - in a way - Oh you get out. Here Dynamo. (beckons)

Dynamo — Yes, Sir!

White Man — (Explaining by signs) Come over here by this trap door. See those hands? They belong to laborers below. See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Light up and get going. O yes, and keep Radio's battery full-charged. (Dynamo humming to himself begins to work.)

White Man — Hey! Loom. (Loom approaches.) Take the goods Dynamo raises up and make cloth and weld steel. Look alive now.

Violet — (Tuning up his airplane) I'll teach them.

White Man — Hey! quit that. Teach them what?

Violet — What every white man should know.

White Man — You keep your mouth shut. You can't teach white man. They naturally know it all. Now, Dynamo and Loom, drive the Niggers to work. Spur them on. Call for more, more, more goods. Set a swift pace. I'll whip 'em if they loiter; you pile the goods up here. O yes, and we might as well smother Dragon now. We can make our own heat and light.

Violet — Dragon's gone.

White Man — (Starting) What? He'll kill us - who

Violet — He has flown beyond the stars.

White Man — Oh well - I'll keep an eye on the stars. Gun!

Gun — (clicks) Yes sir!

White Man — Get a khaki uniform and plenty of amunition. Then stand here and look alive. Keep a special eye on him. (Pointing to Violet)

(Gun rolls out.)

Work begins with a vast and rising roar, with dust and swift motion. White Man rubs his hands and looks at his watch.

White Man — Where's Gun?

(Machine Gun rolls back in uniform and stands stiffly.)

White Man — Present - hrm! Right should - hrm! Right about - face! Say, see Airplane? Put a boom in there - a big one. I'll run him after dinner and patrol the world. Stand there on guard. Now Radio, for a dinner and a good one. Hurrah for culture and civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. White you're ordering dinner, Radio, order me some Art and Literature on the side - a million dollars work.

Dinner is served quickly with great circumstance and low music from Radio who is very busy. There are flowers, fruit, china and silver.

IT IS THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

White Man — O, I dine!
A cocktail - potage a la creme, sole frite, (with chablis),
Pate de foie gras - champignons!
Canard roti aux truffles (a bit of Burgundy)
Salad (very rare - try this hock)
Patisserie - Moet et Chandon(to warm the heart)
Cafe noire. (What about this Benedictine!)
Lord, how I've stuffed myself and I wasn't even hungry.
Sing Radio.
I really need exercise to keep fit and fix me for another meal.

Doffs his dinner suit for sport clothes. Plays hard ball and golf and swings Indian clubs. Sits down panting.)

Violet — You still seem overworked.

White Man — You still here? Gun, watch him! Keep him away from Air-plane.

Violet — They're hungry below.

White Man — Sure! See 'em? Hear 'em growl and fight. (Tosses a bone and the hands grip it.)

Violet — I thought these new folk were white men?

White Man — They're all laborers - my laborers. I own them. If I want to, I'll whip them. I'll whip them with hunger.

Violet — Machines don't eat.

White Man — They're not machines - they're men - laboring men; white laboring men and naturally better than niggers; better men and better machines.
They don't need rich food nor expensive clothes.

For me?
What is nicer than clothes -
Silk and Linen,
Soft and subtle wools,
Sweet, bending leather;
Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling;
Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls!
Well, I deserve it!
I worked and saved and thought
They dawdled and squandered.

Violet — You didn't save, you Found.
You don't work, you loaf.
You don't think, you count,
You don't play, you gorge,
You're a fool,
Because you have no heart.

White Man — (Staggering to his feet.) Hear that? Hear that traitor -
That viper I've been nourishing - catch him - He's is the airplane, take him our -- how'd he get there anyhow? [illegible]
There's a boom in there. He's no ghost - or is he? - Put him to work. (Staggers in a drunken stupor and is put to bed by Radio.)

Violet — I won't work.
I am free
I play
I fly and sing, I cry
Work is the child of Hell
I am a son of Heaven.

Violet stands disconsolate -- a moment silent - then he becomes suddenly alive. He sees a last effort, seizing paint and placards he rapidly outlines a half dozen signs. He is determined to put thought and rebellion into the glimmering minds of these half men. He leaps back into the airplane, tunes it and sweeps aloft, circling the tower, swooping down toward dynamo. Dynamo stares at the sign and slowly reads it. Clumsily he begins to talk.

Dynamo (Reading) All - Men - are brudders? (Stares in surprise)

(Loom, listening - works more slowly. Violet swoops again)

Dynamo (Reading) All men - are born - free and equal! Vy-dem black fellers - dem hands, down dere - brudders! Equal!

(Loom stops work listenes, and stretches his arms toward the cellar.)

Radio (Listening) Hey - what's up. I don't hear Loom; what's that buzzing?

Gun Gwan there - get to work. (Violet swoops again, swiftly)

Dynamo Liberty - Equality - Fraternity. (Dynamo stops work.)

Radio What's that? Bli--me, they've both stopped work. What's up?

Gun See that airplane. Shall I shoot?

Radio No - lead me nearer. What's airplane? What are you h'up to?

(Violet flies by Gun)

Dynamo Life - Liberty - and the pursuit - of Habbiness?

Gun What's that? Is it something to eat? I'm hungry, give me some more bullets. (Loom starts toward White Man beckoning the blacks in the cellar.)

Radio Stand back!

Gun Shall I shoot? (Violet whirls)

Dynamo (Walking forward slowly with rapt expression.)

All - wealth belongs - to de vorker.

Gun Which one shall I kill? Why don't somebody order me to shoot?

Radio — 'Old on there. I want to get this 'ere talk straight. I don't trust that there mulatto, Violet, but there's some sense in what he's saying. Natural enough, all white men are equal and if you h'ask me, I wouldn't half mind pursuing a little 'appiness.

Violet — Workers unite! Solidarity forever! (Sings) "Allons enfants de la patrie!"

White Man — (Starting up from sleep) What's that?

Radio — (To Gun) Qqick, lead me - 'is robe (holds his robe so as to cut off the view of the advancing workers). Present! hrm! Aim! 'old 'em back. (To White Man) Nothing sir - 'ere's your robe.

White Man — (Stretching) I fell rotten.

Radio — The morning h'after the night before, Sir ! Bath? Shave? Breakfast?

White Man — Breakfast? Bah! Fix a bath and -

Dynamo and Loom have paused as Gun aims, but now they surge forward, Violet leading in the plane with a red flag, Loom rolling a drum and Dynamo blowing a trumpet.

"Solidarity forever -"

White Man — (Wheeling about) What the hell! Why this? Why ain't they working?

Radio — They've stopped work, Sir. Sort of strike. Been list'ning to agitators - that there Violet.

Dynamo — All men are brudders.

WhiteMan — Like hell they are! If you don't -

Radio — I think he means white men, Sir.

Gun — Shall I kill him?

White Man — I don't care a damn what he means -

Dynamo — All men are born free and equal.

White Man — I'll free and equal you - Gun - Attention!

Present - hrm! Get back to work!

Dynamo — Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

White Man — Take air. (Loom rushes up to White Man)
Dynamo — Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Habbiness.
White Man — Don't put your hands on me! Don't touch me!

Fire! (Loom dies and turns into a machine).

IT IS FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

White Man — (Trembling) My God!

Violet — (Beside his plane, - sits with bowed head)

Indigo - Brother Indigo! Dead - all dead!

Dynamo — All men - are born - free and equal. (Falls weeping on the machine. Gun clicks his rifle to fire again.)

White Man — Stop!

Radio — Beg pardon, Sir - but 'adn't we better h' arbitrate? You see I need Dynamo to re-charge my battery and you need me. My idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights, but goes too far.

Dynamo — All wealth belongs to de vorkers.

White Man — You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world!

Radio — Well, sir, h'it's this way. H'it's that Kid, Violet. He's been a-flying about and tampering with industry. H' I don't like his looks noway. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me. Dynamo, 'e started it with this equality business. Now I should say how all white men was brothers and should stand together but I don't 'old with niggers. We

white folks should be free and equal and share whatever happiness we can get. (While he is talking, Dynamo retreats before Gun)

White Man What the devil are you talking about?
Christ almighty, - Look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to release the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo)

Radio Give me the whip. No sir - don't you risk nothing. Gun - guide me. (Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash to the grating. Red and Yellow raise their heads above it)
Get down there, you red son of a bitch'. H'out of that, you Yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see'im? Gee! This is fun.

Violet leaps down from his plane!

Don't strike your brothers!

Radio Brothers? 'ell, they're lice. I'll show 'em -
(Red and Yellow sink back - Black Man has not moved. Violet and Dynamo stare silently down upon them. Radio and Gun retreat)

Violet Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom.
Don't go back to him.

White Man Don't listen to that mischief maker. Come here.
(12) (He seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag.)
"O say can you see". -

Violet (Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie - "

Gun (Singing) "God save the Czar!"

Dynamo (Singing) "Solidarity forever -"

Radio and White Man (Singing) "God save our gracious King."

Violet "La Jour de grace etes arrive!"

Gun (Doing the goose step.) "Deutchland, Deutchland, ueber alles!"

White Man My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gonemad? (To Violet) You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun.) Here, give me that gun.

Gun No!

White Man What?

Gun No - I'm the killer!

White Man God damn you!

Violet Come, Gun and Radio - join us, brothers -

Radio Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in.

Violet What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrell? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brotherhood. Up and on. Blue - Brother Blue - kill him and save the world.

Dynamo (Staggering toward White Man) All men - free - habbiness-vorkers-forever!

White Man Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back - fire! (Gun fires)

Dynamo Long Live - the Revolution!

Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr; White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring)

Violet Brother Blue's dead now - all dead. His body died before - now his soul is dead. He will never live again. Almost I dreamed a soul in him. Almost, - and then I couldn't sleep. White Man dreamed hardest, but White Man has - no heart.

Radio Well, we're rid of those Bolsheviks. The H'idea!

h'asking equality with us. h'ts a good thing they're dead. Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and I just stand together and run this thing?

White Man — You and I?

Radio — Why yes; you see - we are alone now with Gun to guide us.

White Man — Are we?

Radio — Yes. Can I sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers.

White Man — Well, of course, sometime - when there's more room. It's cramped now.

Violet — All men are equal.

Radio — Yes - no - not you. We white folks are equal, ain't we?

White Man — Why - yes, of course.

Radio — Well, then 'ereafter we'll live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have and wear some of them good clothes you con't use and then we'll rule the world. I may write a bit of poetry now and then - I used to.

White Man — What the devil!

Violet — All men are brothers.

Radio — That's it. No, it ain't. I don't mean you - all white men, and I want to eat and get drunk like you, right now.

White Man — (Starting up angrily) Hell you won't.

Radio — I won't, hey.

He starts toward White Man. Suddenly Radio stops. Static flickers in his voice.

"My batteries," he gasps - "Dynamo!" and becomes a silent radio cabinet.

White Man — (Thinking Gun had killed Radio) What did you - do that - for? You damned blundering idiot.

Machine Gun — (Whirls about and glares. Stares at the corpse of Radio.

Stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun.)

White Man — It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class! Only me - alone - with dead machines - and niggers; - except my airplane - where's my plane?(Violet rushes to the airplane, starts it and sweeps aloft, dropping the boom wi As it bursts we flees away.

IT IS FOUR O'CLOCK in the morning. In the lower story of the Tower a Grey Woman is seated. Black Man in the center with upraised shacked hands. Red and Yellow also shackled areasleep at either side.

Grey Woman — O Black man!

(No answer)

Grey Woman — King of Night!

(No answer)

Grey Woman — Where is your Majesty!

(Groan)

Grey Woman — Why do you lie in chains - you who were born to a Crown, a crimson mantle, a crystal sceptre and a throne of gold -

Black Man — (Starting) Who calls?

Grey Woman — I call.

Black Man — Whose Voice is that?

Grey Woman — The Voice of the Dead.

Black Man — There is but one Dead and two - She and Me.

Grey Woman — You are not dead.

Black Man — I am more than dead.

Grey Woman — Awake you that sleep - awake I say - Black Man, King of Night!

Black Man — (Struggles, swaying) Who calls - who calls? That voice!

White Man — (Above) I didn't call, I am alone, go to work!

Grey Woman — Behold, I call!

(She unveils her face. Bright Moonlight floods the basement)

Black Man — Eternal King of Glory. Son of the Sun! Thou hast sent her back.

O Moon, Moon of my Delight.

(He tears the grating out)

Away cobwebs!

(White Man leaps down from above.) Out, gnat!

(He hurls White Man headlong)

(Red Man and Yellow Man leap to their feet. The machines become silent.)

Black Man — Peace fools! Come, O my beloved!

IT IS FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Here is the sea-shore; behind is the Tower, beautiful, save below. Violet is perched on its walls in his plane. The Moon and Black Man are in the center. White Man lies unconscious at their feet. Red Man and Yellow Man are kneeling at either side.

Violet — I see flowers. I hear them wave, I smell their gorgeous hues. I'm going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I'm glad to be able to do something - something great for mother and father. Yes - I'm even glad to die.

Red Man and Yellow Man — (Advancing with knives) Let us kill White Man quickly while he faints. He has no heart. He never had one. He enslaved us. He must die.

Moon — What says the King's Majesty?

Black Man — (Slowly) No, no! His sin is mine. He is a soulless thought-machine because I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I withheld all that makes life living. I forgot in selfishness, and forgetfulness is sin. And as this man grew strong, I fed his strength with

my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I handed him fear and submission instead of steadfast death. The world needs the cunning of this man as it needs the gifts of all men. He must live and for his life I will face death. Moon-wife, behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief. I made it. I saved it for my self-destruction. Take it. Call my children to aid. Array yourselves as Priests. Place White Man and me together on this bier, - hand-in-hand, heart-by-heart and face to heaven. My heart is large. Cut and cut again and give to him who has none.

Moon — And if, O King, I cut - too much?

Black Man — Have you not heart enough for us twain, O Queen?

Moon — And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should slip?

Black Man — Then will I die, Sweet Woman, surrendering perfect love for a perfect world.

Red and Yellow and the Moon array themselves as operating surgeons. All are in white save Black Man and the faces of Moon, Red Man and Yellow Man. Violet, alone, sits stiff in his plane staring sea-ward, his back to the operation.

Violet — I smell the ether; I see the knife. It shines. It tears the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle's mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. On, on it glides, - careful - ah - it heads for a river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the

flood - the angry crimson rages. Ah! they bind it back - they curb it, they still it; the knife glides on; and now - ah - I cannot look - I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul - ah - ah - come blessed darkness and tell me not what lingers in that fearful pool of blood.

(He grovels, hands on eyes - silence.)

Moon (Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes.) Dance, child, before your God! All is well!

Violet leaps from his plane and dances; Black Man and White Man stir, open their eyes - and slowly turn their heads.

Black Man Brother!

White Man Brother!

X

IT IS SUN-RISE.

There is a double throne; on one seat the full Moon sits lightly veiled, with robe and sceptre. Beside the armpost of the other stands Black Man clothed in simple white and a stave in his hand. Before them seated on the ground, White Man in black; Red Man in green, Yellow Man in Blue. Down further in fromt, Violet sits, clad in many colors, with wings. He whispers:

I wonder when I shall die?

White Man — How soft the light is on the sea. You are weary brother (To Red) rest on me; (To Yellow Man) Your hand, for I am troubled. Listen: Have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream - a feeling of some far off ill. Once I caught a gleam of it in the eyes of Red Man, whom I love. Once Yellow Man recoiled from my embracing arm. And even you, Great King of Night, thought you are ever kind, I sometime have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised you who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound, - a slave! Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; cried to the hills where you were hid; grovelled and wept in mine abasement, tried to leap into the sea and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine, - Brother! Tell me whence comes these vague and vicious visions - was I ill?

Black Man — Ill - very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

Red Man and Yellow Man — Let's tear the city down and build anew.

Black Man All building is re-building. No building can be new.
Behold this city! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

White Man I? When?

Black Man There is much beautiful and useful in yonder city. Indeed all that is worth while and done by our hands is there incorporate - it must not die.

Red Man But is it founded on evil?

Yellow Man No good can build on evil.

Black Man All good must build on evil. All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And beside in yonder city lie the wonder works
Of White Man's brain - Radio and Loom, Dynamo and Gun.

White Man I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

Red Man But foundations are first.

Black Man Foundations are last.

Yellow Man They must be first, else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold these shining towers in place lest they fall?

The Moon Violet.

Violet Ah! My time has come. - Yes, Mother!

Moon Violet, can you do this thing - this mighty task for me and the world?

Violet Yes, with airplane. I will cable this fair city to thestars.
I will go to my Moon Mother's father, All Glorious, the Sun.
I will drag down golden chains from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and mailed together, the fabric of the world.

The Moon Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest

born! He who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall see again - invisible, imponderable, incalculable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

Violet I go.

He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to h is mother's arms, enters his plane and flashes up to heaven.

Black Man Fly little flame of sunlight, home to God!

The Moon (Watching Black Man) And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

Black Man O Moon of my desire,
Two things alone I asked of the Sun;
You and eternal life.

The Moon Two things the Sun has sent you: Me - and eternal life.

Black Man Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new city rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be timeless; Space shall be Time. O Moon, lead us to Eternal Life.

The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled. She is red-golden in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair.

Moon Go Love is God
Love is God
There is no God but Love
And Work is his prophet.

Slowly the Moon rises and points to the mountain top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn.

Moon Behold!

Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song.

The Moon Behold! The flower-children of Eternal Life. The life once

born in thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on eternal in ever widening floods of foaming life. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. See how your Flower-Children pain the world in every color and hue - hues of men that live, hues of them that died that you might live. Behold, my King and my brother and my children, all these are yours, born of your dear body and mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls, always and forever us.

Black Man — Forward brothers, to the Children of Eternal Life and the City just and beautiful. There let me reign as King.

The Moon — And call to your company, Man of Men
Beasts of Fold and field and forest
Fish of the twelve and seven seas
And from this day forever
Peace be between them and you.

Black Man — Peace be between Man and Beast and Fish.

Beasts furtively prowl by and fish leap in the sea.

Black Man — And now -
Bring me my crown, for God the sun is near.

To the sound of low music, the coronation takes place. Black Man sets a coronet of stars on the Moon's hair and a circlet of gold on his own head. Red and Yellow invest him with a blood-red robe shot with broideries of silver. White Man hands him his ebony sceptre. Suddenly Dragon appears above the morning star and belching flames winds a trumpet call that resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low inthe East, while in the West stand Moon and Night. As the Sun rises and Moonlight fades away, -- the

voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appear birds and flowers walking like people -- of all kinds and colors, passing, singing, dancing and lying at ease.

XI

It is high noon and the voice of Black Man floats over a broad and shining city.

Imperial Ruler- God the Sun
Father of all, almighty -
Our royal consort,
Queen of Night
And Princes, Yellow
Red and White,
Our high and loving greeting!
Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;
Receive our Word and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill.
This city wide and tall
With tower, sward and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.
Our land belongs to God
Our need, its measuring rod;
We let no rent of money lent
Monopolize our sod.

Here no man leaves his son
The wealth that he has won
He leaves him Health and Skill and Will
And -- some good deed well-done.
Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where ghosts abide -
We seek no dreams to kill.
We make and grow such things
As are for men not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings.

We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that we fail.

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.

We have no [illegible]soldiers here
Nor wars nor murder gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal, -
We bury Pain and Fear.

Here is no church nor creed
Religion is a deed
Here no man's hope demands a pope
And no faith, bloody seed.

Here is each woman free
To choose what she will be:
An unwed mother, wife or lover
Toiler in sky or sea,

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed
Or green with blue or any hue,
To win Life from the Dead.

The children of our day
Are neither chance nor play
We plan their birth and weigh their worth
And give their mothers pay.

We let no family pride,
Mold secret sins to hide;
Who soar or plod are sons of God
Who falter, souls that died.

Each man and child must know
What Life and Science show;
Learning is free where e'er Truth be;
Stupidity is woe.

We do not fear to die
We do not rage nor sigh
We sow and reap and fall asleep
We smile and say good-bye.

O happy, happy dale -

Triumphant human vale

Great thundersong of conquered Wrong

Made music of the grail.

CHAPTER 10

THE SLAVE, THE SERF, AND THE BLOND BEAST

In the middle decade of the twentieth century, Lieutenant Sam Browne of the George State Police was hurrying home to Atlanta from La Grange. It was about six o'clock of a September evening and because of the rain and mist, a little dark. He was a young white man of middle height, with sandy hair and gray eyes: sturdily built but not large. The road was well paved but narrow with some dangerous curves for one who did not know; but Browne knew and drove his Ford car accurately and carefully despite the growing darkness. He was eager to get home to report, and get a bath and good supper. He noted the light on the left as he approached a long curve. That row of half-deserted houses had one occupant and he meant to look into it. She was one of those fortune-tellers so common since the war, probably running an ilicit center for whiskey and dope and worse carryings-on. He must get the goods on her and tell -- then came the crash. It sounded like the end of the world.

Even he was startled, although he knew the symptons well. Just around the curve, two cars had come together, head on; probably a big one and a small one. He hurried to the scene, which was in front of the house with the light. He coasted up on the side beyond them keeping his head-lights on, so as to warn approaching travellers. Feeling for his book and pencil, he approached the wreak. It was as he had thought, a bad smash of a Ford and Buick. The Ford evidently was on the wrong side of the road. A Black man arose from the wreck. He was tall and well-dressed, and bleeding from a cut on his head.

"The wrong side of the road, eh?" growled Sam truculently and, ignoring the Negro, started to pass him and speak to the white man beyond, so as to get the facts.

"That's my car on the right side," said the colored man as he passed, pointing to the Buick.

Sam scowled, said nothing, and approached the rather dased man sitting down beside the road with his head in his hands. The man rose unsteadily and looked up.

"My God, he's a Chink or a Jap," muttered Sam.

The Chinaman bowed courteously. "It was my fault. My fault entirely." But the black man, following, intervened.

"No, I don't think so, -- altogether," he said. "That is a bad curve there, and you are a stranger; I ought to have slowed up and sounded my horn as I saw you coming. I'm afraid I was nodding -- I've had a long day --"

The state policeman stared first at one, then the other. Nigger was probably a doctor. Who was the Jap? "Well, I be damned," he said at last. "Have either of you guys been drinking?"

"OH, No, sir," said the Chinaman, while the Negro simply stood straight.

Sam was angry, although he could not have explained exactly why. This thing was not at all according to his usual patterns. There was no white person to refer to for the facts, and both these fools accuses themselves. "I think I had better run you both in," he said. Neither of them replied, but waited expectantly. Then Sam noticed a third person, a small wizened white boy, a typical Cracker, standing silently at the side.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"Just a passenger," said the colored man; "I was giving him a lift to direct me to my patient in the country."

The boy stood sullenly silent, with a vacant look in his eyes. There seemed no point in questioning him. But he might make these niggers pay the boy or his people a good round sum as damages. "I must find a telephone," finally said the officer briskly. He glanced up at the pôles and wires. "Sure, there must be a phone in that house." Here was a chance to get two birds or three, or even four, he thought, again looking doubtfully at the boy with the old eyes.

"Don't leave here," he said, but neither of the three had showed any disposition to leave. Sam approached the house. The door opened before he could knock. He looked inside and started to remove his cap. Then he looked again at the woman and left it on his head. She was pretty dark with an olive face and slight curl in her hair. "Could be a mulatto," thought Sam. He fumbled with his book. "Ood a telephone?"

he asked brusquely. When he heard her soft and cultivated voice, he again reached for his cap and this time got it off and entered the room. It was large, larger than it had seemed from the outside, and was simply furnished with a certain sombre approach to comfort. A black teak-wood table stood in the center covered with a velvet cloth which bulged in the center. Behind the table was a bright open wood fire. At the side was a fragile brass stand with a telephone. He called the wrecking company and reported to headquarters. Then he turned around. At the door the woman was standing witha basin of water. Ehe Chinaman was washing and binding up the Negro's head. Sam grimaced and glanced toward the road. The boy was out by the wreck with a flash light.

"Won't you come in," said the woman to the Chinaman and the Negro. Sam strode by them and stood in the door, staring half angry at the wreck. He was hungry.

The woman looked at all three with the ghost of a smile:

"The Slave, the Serf, and the Blond Beast," she said at last.

The black man bristled. "Slavery was abolished in 1863", he said.

"Yes?" she asked.

"We of the East serve, but we are not Serfs," added the Chinaman, bowing gravely.

"No?" she answered.

Sam Browne turned around and stared straight at her, with his official look. "Whaddye mean, 'Beast'?" he growled. But she only laughed lightly.

"You all had better have some coffee," she said, and glided behind curtains in the rear. Soon a delicious aroma was filling the room.

Sam hesitated. Oh, well, he needn't sit down with them; and he needed coffee; he was pretty empty. He would take his standing up. It was good coffee; it was the best he had ever tasted. The Chinaman seated himself on one of the two mahogany chairs that flanked the black table. He waved the Negro to the other chair. The Negro hesitated, glanced at Sam, then sank heavily into it, as though tired out. The woman stood back of the covered table and leaned on it, watching her guests with a more obvious smile. Sam stood in front with his back to the door, his legs apart, and

stared at her boldly. She did not seem to notice him particularly. They all drank slowly and she replenished their cups. Then she said pleasantly, "Perhaps you would like your fortunes told?" And she added quickly, glancing at Sam, "There will be no charge." She did not await his answer, but stepped again behind the curtains.

She returned presently, gorgeously arrayed in an embroidered gown and shimmering veil with jeweled head dress. Sam grinned tolerantly. Approaching the table slowly she threw aside its covering. Resting on a rich crimson cushion, was a startlingly large and beautiful crystal sphere which seemed to emit dull light. They all bent involuntarily toward it. Sam, a little startled, approached from the door. She raised and lighted incense in a little silver censer, and the sweet smell penetrated their nostrils. Sam watched her and the luminous ball, until he felf sleepy and tired; half reluctantly he pulled up an old carved bench without a back, and sat down facing the table, but some way back. He noticed the others were nodding. Suddenly he straightened. He glanced back out the door. The boy was still there. The wreckers had not come yet. Had the coffee been doped? He wondered; but the incense rose in a little cloud and partly obscured the woman with her jewels and gorgeous veil and robe. Sam arose and closed the outer door, and sat down again, sprawling sideways on his elbow, and was still. The crystal glowed softly. He heard the words of the woman, coming as from a great distance:

"I am the old All-Mother
Nurse of the wide, dark world.
Three unborn sons, I bear,
That swell beneath the mighty pulsing
Of my soul;
Three sons of God; a Child of Night,
A Dream of Dawn, and the First-born of Morning!"

Sam straightened up and stared into the crystal. It glowed with crimson light and seemed as large as the whole side of the room. Shadows, thicker and thicker shadows passes within, and then abruptly he sees the colored doctor standing in the

heart of the crystal. No -- the Negro is asleep in his chair at the left. And beside, this figure with the Negro's face is an African warrior, tall and lithe, full-panoplied in ivory, gold, and ostrich plumes, with spear, and shield. He stands erect and easily between the two great trees. The fortune-teller appears in the crystal as part of the scene. She seems lightly veiled; her garments flicker and fly, and her flesh is brown. The black man speaks:

Africa -- I am Africa! Out of thy soul I come.

All-Mother -- Africa, thou Star of Night!
The world's first-born and mine!
Listen, thou son of ever-living God;
I it is, All-Mother, I,
Who in fright and soul-pain
Shot thee wondering to the world.
Wend thou the way of life!
Sin-vengeance followeth me!
What seest thou?
Whence? Whither?

Africa -- (Peering across the world.)
All life is love!
The world is flower and fruit,
The sun doth laugh and sing!
I hunt, I run, I sleep,
I feast and laugh and quaff
In great clear springs
Of ravished beauty!
A gladness rains upon the hills,
A joy bursts from above,
The bird with song its bosom fills,
And life, all life is love!

All-Mother -- (Her deep eyes open and shine. Her bosom swells.)
Love! Ah, Love, --
I see the Way.
I mind me how in arch-dawn,
When thy soul pierced to mine, O Africa, my Son,
How leaped and sang my heart
Before its God! -- until I sinned!
Aye, that was Life and Life was Love!
But where is it not -- where dost thou seek it?

Africa -- I seek it not. It comes!

All-Mother -- It came today?

Africa -- Each day.

All-Mother -- Tell me, then, where hast thou been? What didst thou do yesterday? Nay, yesterday thou wast not --

Africa -- I always was and ever will be; tomorrow, yesterday, today:
I woke to sense the incense of the hills!
The royal sun sent crimson heralds to the dawn. --
She blushed beneath her silken veil of mist;
I felt her heart swell, while the King
Paused on the world's rough edge,
And thousand birds did pour their little sould
To maddened melody.
I leaped and ran and found
My breakfast poised aloft,
All served in living gold;
An purpled wold
I wondered,wreathed in crimson, blue and green,
And slept away the liquid languor
Of the noon;then leaping,

Chased a wild, new creature down the bush,
Till wheeling, furious,
It fetched its fangs across my breast;
I poised myspear -- then saw its fear-mad, piteous eyes --
I gave it life and food.
The shadows whispered 'round
The mystic moon-dance of the elves,
Amid the mirth-mad laughter of the stars!
I watched, till far away some Voice
Did wind the velvet trumpet of the night -- and then
In glooming caves;
I laid me with the lion,
And I slept.

All-Mother Murmurs:

O joyous child -- O Land of Love. Life is Love. But --
Life is not love.
Life?
Why life --
Is cold and hate,
Flame and pain,
Dread and guile,
Age and treachers,
Death and mockery!
Lo, Africa, I saw --
Once in a forest -- fastness, hell-begot --
Africa! Africa'.
Ho! Africa, my Son, my Son!"

Slowly Africa fades out and in the center of the crystal, which now gleams golden yellow, another form appears. Sam leans forward, fascinated. It is the chink -- no, yonder the yellow man sits dozing. This figure, with his countenance, is small, delicate, and enthroned; gorgeously attired in silken and broidered vestments. Before him stands a golden idol set in a temple of green jade. He speaks:

Asia -- I am Asia

(The woman turns and sees him. A glory steals into her face.)

All-Mother Strange, weird strange the morning
That thou didst light mine eyes,
O Dream-Child!
(Stretches her arms toward him.)
Asia, my Asia, what doest thou?

Asia -- Dreams, Mother, Dreams!
(It lightens.)

All-Mother Asia, arise! Thy light is come!

Asia -- Peace! I dream.
(It thunders.)

All-Mother (In terror)
It is the All-Father, flee his awful voice!
And the full flashing of his eye!
Some sin doth seek me,
And He seeks my sin,
I want the Way of Life --
Whither, whither, O Asia, shall I flee?
(In majestic silence Asia slowly arises and sweeps forward, his eyes in rapt contemplation.)

Asia -- Life is thought and thought is dream,
And dream ends in Nirvana and in peace!
Whatever is, is dream;
We think the world,
And lo! It is e'en as we think it!
We think not -- lo! There is no world.
All pain is Thought, and cold and flame,
And Thought is Pain,
And Happiness, forgetting!"

All-Mother -- (answering)
O, blessed vision!
Endless sleep!
Dream of untroubled dreaming --
Sin of my soul, forget me!
On, Asia, On! We seek the Kingdoms of Forgetting!
(She hesitates and looks back)
And yet -- and yet -- there are some things I would not quite forget --
Some little things, and others --
The last light that lingers on the hills;
Bird-songs;
The voice of my first-born --
Ah! And the dread-splendid wooing of the Lord --
And love -- and love -- and love!"

Asia interrupts --
All is naught,
And naught is all,
And naught is wrought
Of dreaming --

Slowly Asia fades away and in the center Sam sees himself. He rises to his feet and reaches for his pistol. But save the crystal, glowing now with bluish light, the cabin is dark and silent; seating himself afain slowly, he sees in the crystal a man like himself. He notes with satisfaction that he is shaven and tailored in modern clothes, and not in robes and gew-gaws. His sandy hair looks golden, but his eyes are hard and stern. Behind him lurks a child like the cracker boy now without watching the road. Where are the wreckers: He carries in him hand -- is it a note book or a pistol? No, it is a wheel, and somehow he knows that he must be Europe. He is proud. He hears himself talking:

Europe -- Well, who are you?

All-Mother -- I am thy mother.

Europe -- Mother? What's that? Oh, I remember -- you bore me through the shadows. It was a good deed. It was a great deed. I'll pay you well for it. (Studies the wheel.) By the way, I need some help --

All-Mother -- And I need -- Oh, I am all need ! Once in a forest fastness hell-begot --

Europe -- Good, we'll trade ! But wait. What do you need?

All-Mother -- I seek the Way of Life. I have sinned; I have lost the Way.

Europe -- Easy! Life is Deed. The Way is Work. The end of Deed is doing!

All-Mother -- My soul doth whirl! Thy brother Africa -- knowest thou Africa?

Europe -- Oh, yes; I know the nigger! Half-witted child, butterfly-chaser, lazy.

All-Mother -- He says all life is Love!

Europe -- Idiot!

All-Mother -- And Asia, thy brother -- knowest thou Asia?

Europe -- Oh, yes, I know the chink -- cunning fool, -- liar!

All-Mother -- He tells me life is Thought!

Europe -- Stuff! He's trying to spoof you. I tell you life is deed, and --

All-Mother -- (Thoughtfully) Ah!
The World is Love.
And thoughts of love --
What, then, is deed and doing?

Europe -- Out with your prattle. Look you! I have a wheel; a wonder-wheel of frozen flame pierced with hardened sun-beams welded sturdily together with steel. See it? It runs of its own will and mine. With it I can rip primeval force up from the atom and weld it with the infinite electric power of the cosmic ray. With it I can twist the ends of the earth together. With it I can twirl the stars; around it I can curl the thunderbolts of heaven in sputtering slavery. But, Harken! It needs but one thing more -- Strings! Hear you? Cables! With Cables I can hook the universe together and drag it whither I will; and in the end I will reach the inner citidal of Life! Hearest thou? Life itself, which needs nothing which is All. All I need for Cables is a thing called gold -- do you know gold?

All-Mother -- Abstracted.)
I know no gold --
Life is Love
And dreams of love
And deeds turn dreams to doing. (Excitedly.)
The Way! The Way! Have I not found the Way!
Forget me, oh, my sin!
Listen, Oh boy, oh, wonder-boy, this is the end of deed, is it not?

Europe -- What?

All-Mother -- Love and dreams of love?

Europe -- No!

All-Mother -- What, then? Why do men deeds?

Europe -- For the world's work,
To live and dig and push,
To eat and drink and move,
To shelter, clothe and feed,
To live!

All-Mother -- But why? Why live ?

Europe -- Why live? Why -- why, live to live!

All-Mother -- Punster! Do to live and live to do? It is a mad thought-circle!

Europe -- Damn your logic! I am no word trickster. I do because I do.
I ask no why, I want no why, I am the great I WILL.
I dig, I delve, I kill;
I seek, I find,
I loose, I bind,
I doom, I live, I WILL!

All-Mother shrinks back and calls:

Africa! Asia! Europe wants gold!

(Asia appears; far in the distance Europe stares.)

Europe -- Asia has gold!
(He rushes out.)

The crystal grows dark and outside one hears the sigh of heavy winds. Slowly the crystal lightens. One sees Europe with Asia's golden idol and the All-Mother spinning gold into long threads. Behind them still lurks the child. The All-Mother peering says, "This gold -- is it not Asia's?" And Europe answers shortly, "Yes."

All-Mother -- Thou -- Thou thief!

Europe -- (Whirling upon her.) Thief? Well, then, Thief? Yes, thief, if you will; I seized it; it is mine!

All-Mother -- By what right?

Europe -- By might's eternal right.
Whereby the sun did snatch the earth from darkness,
Whereby the twelve seas thunder back the land,
Whereby the lightning threads the world.
And the vast unconscious power of giant earth
Rends him a way whereto he will!
I am that great I WILL!

He lifts the wheel and whirls it, feeding into it the golden tendrils. It rises aloft. Europe dances and shouts. He tosses his gold in the air, drinks wine, eats fruit, He rushes to the woman:

Here is the perfect machine;
It is my slave.
With it, I conquer the Universe.
God is but good;
I am more than good, --
I am Reason.
I seek the blind and cruel Cosmic Urge,
To bind it to my will.
I'll drive the nail of logic
To its guts,
That Pain may give it life.
I gather the strength of all the world;
And crush it to me in one unending universe,
Where Time is Space and Space is Time
Where curves are straight and straightness curves
Where Death is life
And Life is Death!
Me alone, God fears!
From me he hides Eternal Life
Others have shrunk before his voice;

I fear nothing; I laugh at lightning and his thunder --
Life, Life, Life! I will have it, and forever!
I'll bind in thought
And grind in one
And swing the stars
And leash the sun
With gold for food
And brains for lever,
I'll murder Time,
And rule forever!

(But the wheel is running slower. Abruptly it stops and falls. Europe pauses aghast, runs wildly and catches it deftly)

Now what?

All-Mother -- Thy gold is all out-woven; it is gone!

Europe -- Gone! Gone! Devils in hell! You lie -- witch, sorceress --
You've wasted it; you've stolen it, and by the blood-moon,
I'll have your life!

(All-Mother raises herself majestically)

Europe -- No! No! I rave! I spoke wildly -- but God! I must have more gold! Help me, All-Mother, lest I die! Lest the world die!

Then from down at his side almost unnoticed, the half-naked starveling cracker boy speaks and says, "Gold is Blood and Tears."

Europe -- (Starting) How now?

The Child -- Blood and Tears! Blood and Tears!

All-Mother -- Only America -- a brat of mine.
Good! Imp! -- You've got brains; perhaps too many. Blood and tears, then, I need. I know a fountain filled with

blood -- but tears? Tears? I know not tears; I have
no tears, -- I never wept. All-Mother! Help! Give me
tears, find me bitter tears.

All-Mother says -- Tears?

Tears and blood? Blood? Tears
And is it bitter tears thou wilt?
Dear God! I know where lurk the tears of all sad women
since old time began!
'Tis a league this side the world's wild end --
A lofty place, mad-mountainous!
Low lips this inky tarn on great, cracked crags,
And dark wild witch-winds
Wail above it bitterly,
While all about hang skyward,
Grove on grove of stark, stiff, dead and naked pines!
Ah, me! The bitter salt of these dread tears alone
would savour all the seas!

(Europe pushes All-Mother back into the shadows and shrieks)

Go, woman, weep your tears!

He rushes out as Africa approaches full-panoplied and surging. Abruptly Africa stops in sudden silence and a great [illegible] swells up. Soon Europe staggers back with the blooding corpse of Africa across his shoulders. He meets All-Mother stumbling blindly with a great white vase of tears. She sets it down and faints. Quickly Europe seizes the vase of tears, and lays the corpse of Africa athwart its brim. The child with fascinated eyes climbs up and drinks of the flowing blood. Angrily Europe pushes it into the vase, crying, "Drink, America -- Imp! to thy fill." Europe climbs to the rim of the vase and dips the wheel, and holds it aloft, whirling with its now new thrilling, curling tendrils. Their ends flying out everywhere, seem to catch hold of something far up in the ether. They grow taut.

(The All-Mother staggers to her feet, stares, and totters forward.)

All-Mother -- Thy lips are cruel --

Europe -- This is my challenge, all earths and airs and ethers!

All-Mother -- Thy hands are terrible!

Europe -- Africa is not -- Asia shall not be -- to hell with America!
I am, and I alone -- I and God!

All-Mother -- Thy breast is damp --

Europe -- You, then, I challenge, All-Father --

All-Mother -- With trickling, oozing slime!

Europe -- I mount to meet your might --

All-Mother -- (In fury) Thy brother's blood is on thy soul!

Europe -- (Now noticing her at last)
Brother? Soul? Aha! Away -- Ho -- Unreason!
Surrender me, eternal Might.

All-Mother -- (Shouting) Murderer!

Europe -- (Pausing, proudly poised on the great vase's rim)
Murderer? Why, yes, I kill!

All-Mother -- Thief!

Europe -- Thief? Why, yes, I take!

All-Mother -- Liar!

Europe -- Liar? Why, yes, I use the truth to my own ends!
What else? (With wild abandon, drawing himself to full height)
I doom, I live, I will!
I take, I lie, I kill!
I rend and rear
In deserts drear;
I build and burrow well --
With wrack and rue
I hound and hew --

On founding stones in hell:
On topless air I fly,
In sunless depths I lie!
I throw my word
To lands unheard
With buried ghosts to dwell!
My temples rise and split the skies.
My winged wheels do tell
The woven wonders of my hand,
The witch-work of my skill!

Europe

I writhe, I rave!
I chain the slave,
I do the deed, I kill!
Now what care I
For God or lie?
I am the great --

All-Mother

I bore the knave!
My soul to save
The monster I must kill!
Now what care I?
This fiend must die!
I'll do the deed --

Both: I WILL!

(She strikes Europe tothe earth)
Again the crystal is black. The cabin fire is out. Nothing is seen. Sam lies prone on the bench. He cannot stir, but he hears.

The voice of Europe --

How dark it is -- Ah!
Death sits beside me!
And Pain, his great prime minister,
Stands silent by his side,
Gripping his mighty hands!
Hell is loose within me!

I hear the thunder of eternal guns!
My guts are rent in sunder!
Lightnings leap from vein to vein --
And all the blood of all the world
Beats in mine eyes --
Oh, Europe is with Europe all at war!
And all the wars of all the worlds
Are mine! (One hears him fall. After a pause.)
Mother!

The voice of All-Mother -- I have killed thee, -- O, my son!

The voice of Europe -- No. I killed myself; I burst within; I failed. I dreamed as never mortal dreamed before. My very death is splendid. I shall not all die. Long years my ghost shall haunt the earth and bear my name. To time's dark and there shall be men who never knew my death. And when my dream comes true -- who shall make it true? Who shall storm the ramparts of Unreason, drive his heel in basic anomaly, leap beyond ultimate paradox, tearing the false face from the thing called God, hurl it to hell and reign forever. Who but America? For all I was, this one shall be atonement. His heart of hardened gold shall melt to its constituent -- blood and tears. Africa shall live and love again. Asia shall dream and do, and I -- I, Europe --

The voice of All-Mother -- No, no, no! There is no atonement. I, the All-Mother of Despairs declare. The Beginning and the End is Sin. The world is dying.

The voice of Europe -- But, All-Mother, hark, turn, look Eastward! What see you?

The voice of All-Mohter -- I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the corpse of Asia, struggling in death!

The voice of Europe -- Struggling? It is well!

But, Mother -- Mother ! Quick! Look into the black South -- tell em, and truly, -- what do youfind?

The voice of All-Mother -- I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the mighty frame of Africa, gasping in death!

The voice of Europe -- Gasping only? But All-Mother, hearken! Hearken toward the West.

No, -- quick! Your hand -- raise me -- look -- Westward, All-Mother -- no, not yet, but -- now -- now!

(Shrieks)

Now ! Look into the crimson West, All-Mother. What -- what is there?

The voice of All-Mother -- I see the wide earth weeping tears, and on its breast a great white vase of blood.

The voice of Europe -- Look! Look again! Peer within the vase. Look through it -- what is there?

The voice of All-Mother -- I see in front, sweet fields and hills and singing waters -- and then behind, I see armies -- endless armies -- of children; children, children everywhere -- dead and living, poor and rich, born and unborn -- yellow, white, and black -- everywhere children. Ah -- no -- no -- no -- no -- no! They are not children -- they are men -- no, not men -- they are bits of men -- sightless heads that roll,

unmatched limbs that hop, arms that fly and grasp, hands that hover and plead, ears and eyes that never hear nor see.

The voice of Europe -- Reason returns -- I know it! Look again; who leads? Who beckons these things on?

The voice of All-Mother -- There comes, me-seems, a world-old man across the earth. I know his eyes -- where have I know his eyes? Nay, it is no man. It is a child! It is an elf-child! Its baby eyes, God-lit, look out from looks white with hoary age! It is that starveling waif of Europe; it is America! See how it feeds on a ravished stricken world, that out of drear damnation, it may wake and live again. Just is it born -- yet is it old as hell!

The voice of Europe -- (Calm and still) Have done! My end is near. Death has girded up his loins and pain is sudden still.

The voice of All-Mother -- Tell me this, my son, who is America?

The voice of Europe -- She is my -- daughter.

The voice of All-Mother -- Whence came this child?

The voice of Europe -- I raped it of Mother Earth herself.

The voice of All-Mother -- You -- you? Was it you? Incestuous hound of hell! I am -- All-Mother -- Earth!

The voice of Europe -- You?

The voice of All-Mother -- God pity me! My sin is bare!

The voice of
Europe -- Her hair was midnight.

The voice of
All-Mother -- You stung it white!

The voice of
Europe -- Her eyes were stars.

The voice of
All-Mother -- You dimmed their holy light!

The voice of
Europe -- But she y was young!

The voice of
All-Mother -- You made me live ten thousand years!

The voice of
Europe -- She was the bride of no man!

The voice of
All-Mother -- Nay! I was bride of Almighty God!

The voice of
Europe -- Ah! Then -- then -- then indeed must America live ?

The voice of
All-Mother -- Then must America die! It is a thing accursed.
Happy the hand taht kills it and thee!

The voice of
Europe -- Then must America live! Brother of mine, out of mother of mine, sister of one and all. Above all law, beyond all wish and will.
She is America!
In her, inbreeding horror will go on
In ever bursting strife.
She as you will mary God
And spawn a son
Whose hell of incest will be path to heaven.
His body shall creep through
And touch the soul of the God-Idea
And spawn a world to burn it down

That from its ash the spark of freedom, reason, and creation
Live and die and breed again forever.

The voice of
All-Mother -- My sin is naked before me -- unknowing victim of unknown guile who mistook this for God.

The voice of
Europe -- America? I hate it! I threw my offal at it! I mocked it! I -- yet in my heart I knew it was greater than I. It lived a mongrel thing -- streaked blackand yellow, blue with my scum and spittle, crimsoned with blood. Twice I killed it -- yet, it lives. It lives as I die -- I who planned the Super-man, must die and leave this heir to all my dream -- aye! And to greater dreams to come. I was but a quivering bit of protoplasm in an ocean of relentless time and force, yet sought to be dictator and ruler of a world. What monstrous mockery. And yet -- yet, there is hope! Through this Conquerer of Time, even the Dead may live again -- Africa, Asia, and Europe. Once in its first two hundred years of infancy it was but echo of my boasting. It is now re-born of blood. It is a race of all races. It may become the concentered effective Reason of mankind guiding the victory of re-born Thought over the dead Idea. If only it knows; if only it sees! Woman, strike the vase! Open the way.

The voice of
All-Mother -- I dare not.

The voice of
Europe -- Strike!

The voice of
All-Mother -- I cannot.

The voice of
Europe -- (With frenzied accents) Strike the vase! Strike! Lift me, then, and hand me yon boulder. Come forth, America,

live, live, live!

(The vase falls in ruins. Out of it rises in shadowy light the colossal figure of a woman, bare to the waist. Her flesh is black, her eyes are yellow, her hair is gleaming silver; and the gown that sweeps from hip to ground is blood-red. In her hands is a dripping sword.)

(Dimly the All-Mother and Europe are seen cowering in front)

All-Mother -- What art thou -- Thing?

America -- I am the Son of Men -- Woman!

All-Mother America, thou crimson knell of night!

Europe -- America, far-flaming herald of a dawn!

All-Mother America, daughter of my sin, sin of my son!

Europe -- America, born beyond Time, and daughter of the fear of God!

America -- (Chanting in vast monotone)

I am new, new, new,
I am old, old, old,
Begot of endless time to endless space
I am Africa
I am Asia
I am Europe
White and Black
Red and Yellow,
I am all and in all.
Out of the world's destruction I am born.
I am America.
I am a slave,
I shall be free.
Rich beyond dreams,
I am poor.

Wise, I am foolish.
But I, Toil, will wed God
And from us twain alone
Shall wealth be born
And brook no bastard
Form of theft and chance.
The great unconscious
And uncharted seas of Life
Shall burst and boil
To reason and to deed.
The dull and blustering habit
Of the dead shall blossom
To the free will of the wise.
Toil-Soil shall vote.
Work alone shall rule.
Law shall be,
And beautiful, the Anarchy of Art
Shall live ofrever.
Come forth, ye hypocrites!
Behold my mighty limbs!
My bounding breasts,
My great round navel!
Sweat, smirk and stew in your vile souls,
For I am virgin, --
Not in ignorance but knowledge;
Not in empty unfilfillment,
But in fullness of love and true and beautiful passion.
I am America -- Ishall be free!
I am all America

From ice and snow
To show and ice;
Through boiling sea,
From Barrow to Horn.
I am the hills and hives of light,
The caverns and cairns of dying night,
Jewels and stars and flitting flames,
Clamor and clang of climbing cliffs,
End of the earthand start of the shining sea!
I am the thud of racing steel,
Splitting the night with seethe and sound,
Grinding and shivering throes and threads,
Sweeping the prairies, kneading the swamps,
Shivering sullen silence to song!
I am the sky that courts the sun,
Kissing the wild shy stars,
Boy flames of heaven!
I laugh and laugh and laugh!
Thrill am I in the throat of love, --
I am the Woman Everlasting!
Always and forever free!

Suddenly Sam Browne of the Georgia State Police awoke. He felt chilled. He was lying stretched on the bench. He glanced toward the table. The woman had covered the crystal. She had thrown aside her jewels and her veil, and was lighting the wood fire. The Negro and the Chinaman were still asleep. Someone was pounding at the door! Sam peered out.

"Where is the wreck?" he said

"They done come and got it long ago."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You-all was asleep."

Sam glanced at his watch. It was midnight. He stirred himself into life. A conflict of emotion surged through him: curiosity, alarm, anger, surprise; all mingled with hunger and fatigue. His feelings without thought, blurted out in a "Come, get going!" and despite an inner hesitation, without further look, he stalked into the night.

The Negro arose slowly and painfully, but the Chinaman leapt up quickly.

"Won't you have more coffee?" said the woman.

"No," said Sam shortly, already out the door.

"No," said the Negro.

"No," said the Chinaman.

The Negro came forward slowly and stood before the woman. She held out her hand and he grasped it firmly in both his palms, and said:

"Lady, I have learned a heap!"

The Chinaman stood straight before her and bowed in deep obeisance.

"Madam," he said, "we have walked in high places thisnight!"

The woman swept her skirts aside and curtsied low.

They followed Sam to the road, leaving the woman standing in the door. Behind her the halo of the fire flickered crimson and yellow. Reaching his car, for a moment Sam hesitated. How should he dispose of his passengers? Finally he put the black man on the farther side and the Chinaman in the middle. The Cracker boy without a word climbed into the rumble seat. This was not the correct racial pattern, but what of it? Sam was thinking. He put his foot on the starter; it began to whirr; he hesitated a minute and then looked toward the door. Then he raised his hand.

"So long!" he cried.

The woman,raising both her arms, said, "So -- long!"

RACE

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

I

Heredity is a strange and secret thing of which are only the beginnings of knowledge. Physical resemblance between a man and his children we easily note. Mental and emotional likeness we grasp less clearly but understandingly. Beyond this all is vague, and yet from time to time characters and persons, dispositions and emotional selves strike us as recurring over such long stretch of time that it almost seems that souls long dead have come back to earth again. Ofcourse we have no means of real comparison -- only vague tradition and inaccurate observation and record; and surely even prodigal nature is surprisingly limited in respect to its human patterns in lipses of centuries, when in truth there is no continuity nor real recurrences.

On the other hand it is always possible that in this life, souls entities and personalities may repeat themselves, return and live again, themselves scarcely remembering or comprehending previous existense. Whether this be really true or not, here is a tale that assumes it; that seems to see in from long centuries the triple return to earth of three souls who die and live again and meet and die; and in this three-fold meeting strive fiercely and vainly and yet with tragic determination, to unknot a bitter problem of human life. The truth of the dream I neit her prove nor defend; but here it is.

In the sixteenth, the eighteenth and the twenth centuries, lived three human beings, appearing first as an Old Black man, a black Indian Princess and a white grandee of Spain; two hundred years later the trio are born again, similar yet different: the Old Black man, a brown courtesan and a white Catholic friar. The centuries roll on and in the twentith of Christ come again to earth and life - an old Black man, a white lady of high social position and intelligence and a brown politician with the blood of Spanish nobles, Indian peons and Africian slaves. These are the fortunes of fate we seek to follow.

II

It is the second quarter of the sixteenth century. Atualpa and Huascar, sons of the reigning Inca, Indian claimnants to the throne of Peru are locked in internecine strife. A swarm of Indian warriors appear on the mountians facing the sea, in deadly combat. Their leaders taunt each other.

Huascar — Cursed be your soul, you hound of hell,
The earth-fiend drink your bitter blood!
Liar!

Atualpa — The Sun Divine burn out your heart
And sear your shameless carcass ---
Coward!

Struggling Indian warriors range round, writhing and fighting. As they fight furiously, an Old Man is seen in the very center of battle; his face is black, his hair crisp and snow white; his eyes are deep and cavernous, and his face shows endless age. Raising his hand, he cries:

Hold!

Both princes cry:

Back, fool!

But the Old Man points down to the shore of the sea and says,

"Behold!"

III

Far down upon the sand beside the Pacific ocean, appear a group of men; they are evidently strangers, deathly pale, tall, grim, armed with strange harness and with horses and fire arms. The Indians, high above, cease fighting and gaze down at them. As t he Old Man points the group appears more and more distinct, nearer and nearer until at last their voices rise clearly over the intervening miles of space. The leader of the Spaniards speaks. H e is Tafur a proud and portly man.

'"Tis madness! The heavy heat of all this sun-
cursed land
Had melted down your brains! The fever burns in
your mad blood,
Pizarro! Away, we go --
All they that come, aboard!

The man addressed, lean, cadaverous, and hard, almost hisses his answer:

Go!
Low lies this line
On yellow sun-kissed sand
And here stand I, Pizarro !
Who crosses to my sword?

A few of the adventurers respond: I, I! I! I.

Pizarro continues to talk -- Ponder well, ponder well!
Let no coward come!
Senors, this line signifies
All labor, hunger, thirst and wounds;
Sickness and the whole brood of dangers
That must be in this wild war of men,
Even to Death's self!
Let those who dare then cross the line,
And all who hesitate hasten back to Panama!
For me and mine, I trust
The good God and the King! ---
Who comes?

More of the adventurers yell, cross to his side and yell assent .

Tafur turns away: Fools and madmen ---
Linger then and rot in this hell haunted land!
Sailors, ahoy! Prepare to hoist sail! Mann the anchor chains.
Once more -- do you come or stay?

Most of the adventurers cluster about Pizarro and stay.

Tafur embarks crying -- Farewell, forever!

Pizarro grins: Let the cowards scamper to their toast and milk
Look upward where the gleaming silver of that awful peak
Doth rend the riven sky:
See where beyond, the mist-clad mountains
Roll and billow to the south!
Hark! Where the great hot seas
Do boil and riot at the feet
Of forests black and mad
With beast and giant tree---
See ye this, comrades?
I tell thee yonder lies
El Dorado, land of living gold!

The Vale of life eternal,

And unquenched joys!

Forward! We'll sieze the land

Or bathe it in our heart's

Hot blood!

Meantime the old man had slowly left the watching Indians high on the hills above and desending silently, he moved over the distance so quickly, that it seems as though the sea approached him. He nears the band of Span iards.

They espy him and

"Hist! What comes here?" ---

"I sore mislike his whitened blackness." --

"Beware, his eyes do flame with some unearthly glow." --

"He glides too spirit-like along ---"

"Thrust your good sword between his ribs

And see if honest blood lurks therein."

Pizarro interveness: "Nay, wait, 'tis some wandering slave,

Ho! stranger, stand!

Old Man paused "I come in Peace."

"Ha! and speak the King's fair tongue - 'tis well.

Whence do you come and whither?"

Old Man replied "I am African."

Pizarro doubtfully: "What, here in America?"

Old Man Before America was, Africa is;

When America dies, Africa shall be.

I come o'er endless ways

And paths that wind this great world through;

I go to hidden thrones

And hearts that yearn for Peace --

Pizarro Do you know Peru?

Old Man Aye, well I know it;

Pizarro And the Land?

Old Man Is sweet and fair, fair as was that ancient Vale
Of Paradise, wherein man sinned.

Pizarro — And rich?

Old Man — And rich in human love and longing
In laughter, joy and song!

Pizarro — And gold?

Old Man — Aye, in pain and gold and sorrow
And the blood guiltiness of strife.

Pizarro — Ha! They fight?

Old Man — They fight as whirling wolves
That gnaw and tear
The hungry night.

Pizarro — Good - Good! - hear that, comrades?
They'll fight themselves to death
And then their gold, their women and their land
Lie naked to our grasp
Mark you, Old Man - if you
Lead us to this land
We'll make you one
With us - you'll be
As rich and drunk
As any Lord of lordly Spanish Ind
Come on! the time
already winks and beckons.

Old Man — Aye, good my lords and gentlemen;
And the great land that sleeps
Beyond the frowning ramparts
Of yon hills frowns and beckons too.
But hold; how come you here?
Come you heart, hand and life-ful
Of the things they need?

Cunning you are in skill and knowledge.
And the high wisdom of your Gods
They need you -- these simple striving souls
Who through the darkness of uncounted ages
Have blazed their way alone
To work, and weal and God.
Stretch forth your hands and help them
Bring them your knowledge of Good and Peace.

The Adventurers murmur among themselves:

"Peace - ha!"
"They'll get a piece of good Toledo blade."
"Their knowledge of good gold will serve them b est."
"And to our God we'll swift
Baptize them in red blood
The day they thwart our will!"

Pizarro stops them: "Enough of this chatter -- Old Man -
Beshrew your babble -
Lead us you will and must;
And if you veer one hair's breadth
From the straight road to rich Peru
I'll bore your eyes out with hot irons,
Disbowel you and drag your limbs insunder."

Old Man turns and says, "Beware, Pizarro, I can forsee your end."

Pizarro
Ha! You know me by name?
Who are you, then?
Are you a seer?
Answer, or By Christ --

Old Man — Seer am I none
And yet I see.

Pizarro — Good - soothsay then -- Here's pay

Old Man — I see a goodly land
Where temples blaze with gold,
And people writhe and die;
Where over all sits Spain's adelantado -

Pizarro — Who - Who shall he be?

Old Man — Captain - General ---

Pizarro — Quick, the name!

Old Man — The Marquis --

Pizarro — Ho!

Old Man — Dan Francisco de Pizarro!

Pizarro — Praise to San diego and the Virgin Queen of God!
Old Death's head, here is gold, I'll -

Old Man — But --

Pizarro — But?

Old Man — His face is old!

Pizarro — Old? I? Old? I am but twenty-five.

Old Man — His body sick and seared with awful pain!

Pizarro — Pain? - Sick?

Old Man — His hands are red!

Pizarro — With good spilled blood, in noble battle fought, -

Old Man — With old Amalgro's soul

Pizarro — You lie, you -

Old Man — His lips do twitch and gibber-

Pizarro — By God, old man, now you go too far ---

Old Man — He grovels to the ground and dies in one wild gasp,
Beneath his comrades' angry swords!
Two black men drag him to his doom.

With unsheathed swords, led by Pizarro, the Spaniards rush at the black man:

"Kill him -- slay the blaspheming Negro!"

"Kill him -- where is he?"

"There he goes."

"Here he skulks."

"Yonder he flies."

"He's gone."

"What was this thing?

"'Twas fever-brewed, a vision foul of hell."

"'Twas some false masquerading priest or spy!"

"Let's search --"

Pizarro holds them back: Search nothing!

Out with these African lies!

And once we meet him again

God save his soul; but now

Let the snake writhe on;

We've work to do

The Andes beckon

We'll view this hidden land

And lay it at the feet
Of our puissant lord and king, Charles,
Of all the Spains and Germanies

Of Burgundy and Italy,

Of the Indies and the world! — Emperor!

They all cry out:

Away - on - away.

IV

Years later and far away from Peru, lie the gardens of the royal palace in Toledo, Spain, across the Atlantic. There, apart from the waiting couriers, a young grandee, Francesco de Saaveedra walks excitedly up and down as Pizarro approaches.

He'à here, Pizarro!
His eyes have seen the Mystic land.
His feet have trod great
El Dorado!
My blood boils to go
And go I will.

He rushes out as Pizarro and his men enter. The clus tered courtiers watch them and whisper aside.

"'Tis he the tall one."
"Ill-favored knave!"
"Baked and leathery, and hard as heartless flint."
"How does the king regard him?"
"Long live the King!
All hail the Holy Roman Emperor."

Charles the Fifth enters with Las Casas, Gonzales and a retinue.

King: God's greeting, my lords
We hasten on to Italy,
Yet must needs pause a breath
To hear this man Pizarro here
New come from far off India!
Pizarro, we have heard your fame, welcome to Spain!
And if you have a prayer,
We'll hear it.

Pizarro: Sire, mine eyes have seen
A goodly land -
A land wherewith
The kingdoms of this earth
Do pale - I'd bring it to your feet
O King
Had I your royal mandate;

The King regards him: What land is this?

Pizarro: Peru!
Picture the wide and Peaceful Ocean,
Stretched like a living emerald
Between the soft sierras and the sun:
Yonder sweeps the great Unknown,
But here the land does hurl itself
In panting throes of cliff and crag,
Till far aloft the gnarled and blazing silver
Of its peaks do cut and grip
The sky.
Below twixt sun and sea,

Stretch rolling hills and vales,
Of beauty such as mortal man
Has never seen,
Since the vast vengeance
Of God's blazing sword
Swung before Paradise!
Gold is as grass;
Great golden temples
Lift their lofty heads in air;
On golden plate
The king and all his court
Do dine;
In gold and jewels
Women walk the golden streets,
And all the rivers pour
Their golden flood
Down to the Golden Sea!

The King smiles: Pizarro, Pizarro, you rave
And yet my blood hastens
At your word- Ah! were I not
A King, and but a goodly free and Spanish gentleman
How soothly would I foot
The waves away to yonder fairy-land!

Pizarro bows: Pardon, My Liege,
And were I but a King
How quickly would I send you
Right good conduct and a seal
And all the drippings of my royal purse

To harness out your company.

King — Ha! Ha! Out-spoken like a soldier!
To your knees:
My sword-
Arise, Marquis Don Francisco de Pizarro,
My royal Captain-General
And Adelantado of Peru.
The purse my good queen-mother
Shall insure and draw a contract too;
For soothly we need gold in haste and plenty.

Pizarro — Have no fear, your Majesty,
You shall have gold in store unheard of.

Las Casas — My Lord, the King!

King — Ah, the good Bishop of Chiapa-

Las Casas — Humbly I crave
That in this contract drawn
My poor dark Indian children
Be not all forgot
Or sold for gold.
Send, I pray
The Black Moors of Africa
To work in their stead;
They can defend themselves
They are cunning and strong.

King — Mine own far-reaching dread command
Has long ere now gone forth
To protect these poor weak Indians
And that you know well, Las Casas;
But a few black moors shall too be sent.

Las Casas — True, O king and good
Yet cries do come across the sea,
And the sick tale of blood,
E'en now my Jewish brother here
Has just received a letter
Signed and sealed,
With nameless deeds therein.

King — How now, old Gonzales, stand forth.

The old black man lately seen in Peru appears draped now in a Jewish gabardine.

Pizarro starts and whispers: Ha! By God - that black and bold-tongued spy.
His companions gather and scowl:

"How came he here? And so soon?"
"Tis the witchery of the devils self."
"Who is he?"

King — Speak Old Gonzalez, your gold is your good passport.

A Courtier tells Pizarro: "He's a banker - black Jew or some such carrion.

Pizarro — But why went he to Peru?

Courtier — He's never been there that I know.

The Old Man speaks — Decrees indeed have gone and great commands your Majesty has thundered forth;
But do your Captains there obey?
Have governors respect for your all royal will?
Do your red children thrive?
Can even the black Moors endure?
Ah! I have here a tale to melt the hardest gold in all Peru.

Pizarro interupts — "Dare this blaspheming Jew accuse a Christian soldier, Sire?"

A Courtier whispers to the King.

King — I come -- Peace. We'll send a new protector to the west.

Pizarro — Your Majesty, I beg for one indeed; My comrade Luque,
A blameless man, will watch them fervently.

King — Good -- Let Luque be the new Indian protector;
I have signed a contract for more blacks;
And now farewell! See that thy gold come
Quickly, for still the Turk hammers hard,
The Frenchman bursts with pride
And all the Germanies are mad - stark mad! -adieu!

As the King and his court leave, a young nobleman enters and approaches Pizarro. He bows low.

Pizarro, I would join you, Sir!

"Who are you?" asks Pizarro.

"Francesco de Saaveedra, a count of old and noble birth, yet poor.

Pizarro regards him carelessly and turns to go

"Good, Don Francesco, kill me that Jew and bring his spoil to blossom in Peru."

Francesco starts to say more but spies the Old Man standing in the shadows. The Old Man stretches out both hands:

"Do you wish Gold or Blood?"

Francesco stares and sees that one hand holds a locket.

"What is this gilded and bejewelled thing?"

He siezes the picture rudely.

Old Man says solemnly: "'Tis a woman! Look not upon her twice -"

Francesco studies the miniature

"Mother of God - how strange a face -
A form that mocks the Zephyr's gentlest curvings

And where her breasts do bubble 'neath
The dark full sweeping of her smoke neck
Black is her face -- her face is black and velvet--
God! What bursting lips to kiss, what midnight
eyes to gaze upon!
What mass! Midnight mass of close curled hair
for two to nest in.
Who is she - tell me -- I will know, Or else-

The Old Man grimly Put up your sword -
Your fate is written,
Petulant boy!
Go -- take the jewelled gold
[illegible]
And journey to Peru. It is written.

Francesco But, - Who is she, I say?

Old Man Ximena, Araucanian princess of the land
That lies beyond Peru in snow girt Chili.
She is no mere woman.
She is a black goddess of Congo and of Nile,
A soul transplanted centuries before Columbus,
A stream of blood from Nefertari
Candace - and Judith, poured out
To re-build, re-vivify and
Re-found a world!

Francesco Ximena! (An echo seems to float in from the West.)
Hark, did you hear that call?
I'll have her though I wade
The fires of hell,
And naked walk thro' frozen seas!

I'll snatch her from the throne of God himself!

I'll know her-

Old Man — Go! rash reveller

But if you harm a hair

Of that young head

Your soul shall burn for twice

Two hundred years

In hell!

Francesco — Hush -- Die fool, your life is forfeit to Pizarro.

(He kills the old man,-takes his purse-wipes and sheathes his sword.)

Now,

Hail Love and war

Ximena! (The echo calls again. 'Francesco'.)

V

Again in far Peru, the old black man stands, amid glowing inhabitants, throngs of Indians, while with fan-fare of trumpet and roll of drums, the Princess Ximena of Chile arrives, seeking to settle the strife of her brothers of Peru. In the silence after the drums a great cry rends the air: "Ximena!" The princess starts an involuntarily answers:

Ximena — "Francesco!"

Then she sits straight in her Palanquin and whispers to herself:)

Whence leaps this strange new name

So coldly to my lips -- and that

Pale bloodless face I seem to see afar,-

So sharp and queer- I hate it!

Yet how lithe and strong he looks

How wilful!

The gods of the Moluchi grant
I never see his face!

Meanwhile, the warring princes, lowering their arms and veiling with difficulty their anger, greet and bow before their young sister.

Atualpa — Greetings, O Daughter of the Moon
What do you here on this field of battle?

Ximena — I have heard of your fatal fighting and of the strangers
Who have landed on these shores, unmolested.
(She turns to the Old Black Man, as to a well known friend and counsellor)
Who are these bloodless ghosts?

Old Man — They are devils that come from nether hell
To torture them that torture their own selves!
(He addresses Atualka and Huascar)
Cease war and murder of thy kin!
Face this fierce foe
With grim and undivided strength
And your great sinewed arms
Shall squeeze from out their greed
The secret of the power you have viewed.

Atualha — Thus have I ever said
And say again, but this base brawler here—

Huascar — Peace is my dearest dream, but peace with Honor, and
This foul liar here—

A movement is seen among the Indians. A messenger bursts through and cries

Messenger — Ho! have care - look yonder!
There comes upon the mountain paths
A mighty cloud of men

"Pale as the dead they are, and bloodless;
"And Murder sits upon
"Their sharpened cruel faces!"

Atualpa — Ho! Save the princess
She who hath plead so vainly
With this stark mad usurper, for my throne.

Huascar — Ho! save the princess
She who sacredly refuses to supplant
A royal sister!

Atualpa — What! And will your lips profane
The King's betrothéd,
This black and royal child of God?

Huascar — You are no King - you are no man
You are a dog that vomits forth
Your filth --

The Spaniards enter suddenly from the forest, and Atualpa, wild with rage, rushes to Pizarro.

Atualpa — Ho! white and gleaming host
Help me to kill this false and
Lying thing that dares blaspheme an Inca of Peru!

Pizarro, puzzled, seeks an interperter in vain -- but soon by signs understands and replies joyously. Meantime the Old Man hastily withdraws leading the princess away. As she turns in her flight, she sees Francesco de Savedra in Pizarro's retinue; and he spies her. He cries:

Francesco "Ximena!"

Unconsciously she answers: "Francesco!"

Francesco rushes madly forward, but the whirl of battle engulfs him, and Ximena disappears.

VI

A month has dragged by. In Chile, a crag surmounted by a fortified Indian palace is closely guarded by silent warriors. The princess stands upon it and sadly looks across Vale, and mountain, to the rolling ocean.

Ximena

There sits an awful silence
On the Sea, and o'er the mighty mountains-
The hushed air doth creep with weak
And trembling foodsteps.
The rivers smell of blood
And yonder carrion condor,
Drunk on human hearts
Shrieks and wheels up and homeward
To his babes. O fated land!
O vale of Death, O Mother of red murder
And of war--hark!
What roars from out the glen?
With human accents? - My God! they come!
The blasphemy of cursing
Cuts the air;
The muttered mouthings
Of their barrelled thunder knells
From out the dells and echoes and re-echoes

On the vast
Andean shoulders of the hills.
They come, ye gods, they come!
Around that silvery gleaming central core,
Dark terrible the soldiery of my great father's realm
Do swarm and sting.
Ha! How hateful, harsh, and hideous
Gleam the bloodless masks
On that in-human host.

A band of Spaniards headed by Francesco appears upon the hills below, fighting.

Ximena leans and looks

See that iron-nosed monster far ahead
Who plows with devilish skill
The dark flesh of our nation -- Great Father!
Make me once ah man - give me a spear -
Ah! - That face - that fearful face!
That pale and bloodless face afar
So sharp and queer - I hate it!
Yet how lithe and strong he looks
How wicked willful!

He comes! Francesco! My god! I know him. How do I know him?
His spear points toward my heart
His eyes do glisten as the sun's
Horrid gaze!

The battle rages close to the palace gates and Ximena screams:

Ximena
What Ho, Moluchi
Fend me - here! there, stand! fight!
Your princess calls! Father! Brother!
Cousin!
'Round me!
On thy dead souls
That monster dare not woo!

Fierce and bitter struggle ebbs and flows at the gates.

Ximena
Hush!
Eyes! see not!
Ears! hear not!
Heart, lift up prayer to your God!
Spirit of Wonder
Daughter of Thunder
Fire that lurks in the cavernous sea!
Mist of the Mountain
Song of the Fountain
Mingle your might to the guarding of me!
God of the Day,
Lord of the Way!
Fire that flames for the Child of the Sun
Conquer the Terrible,
Vanquish the Horrible,

Rescue your daughter, adorable One!

Ximena rises from her knees and looks; the main battle has swept onward leaving but Francesco fighting his way up to Ximena.

Ximena What new and creeping silence is this not?
I hear the ring of silver-ringing, ringing, ringing!
Far off the echoes of the battle die.
As it sweeps past.
But here! -father of mercies!
Here! and alone!
All silent
Bloody, wounded-
Torn and terrible - comes -
Francesco!

Francesco Ximena!

The family of the princess and the palace guard attack Francesco.

Ximena My older brother dies - his hands
Claw the red earth -
(What eyes this white-faced monster hath!)
The head of my great cousin grins
A yard from his vast shoulders.
(Oh, the dread strength of that long slim white arm
How thrills and throbs his thin thrust
Through the air!)
My little brother sinks and sighs as he did use
To sigh in sleep, Oh-Oh-
(What wondrous courage this white warrior hath!)
My uncle yells his last great war-cry
To the hills!
Lo! the white spirit sways and falls

God pity him - no-no, you, O fate, he dies?
Wonder! he staggers up again, his
Great green eyes on me
(What love must nerve his iron will!)
On, on he reels, -
My father cuts the silver from his head-
Ah! Ah! Softly- ah softly, Father——
Was that my father once-
That drabbled bloody thing that spurts its slime
On my cold breast?
The gates do yield!

(She steps within the palace doors)

He comes - nearer - nearer - near - here
Hear - Hark!

(She closes them)

Francesco — Open or by Christ the King-

(She opens them and stands within upon the alter alone)

Ximena — Francesco!

Francesco! — Ximena! (He stands panting and swaying on his sword; she recoils)

Ximena — Beast!

Francesco! — Woman!

Ximena — (Whispering) I--love you!

Francesco! — Gone!

Ximena — (Wildy) And I hate me that I do!
Ah!

Francesco sieses her and forces her to the floor before the altar. Night falls and the moon arises. The doors open. Francesco appears alone, pale and erect)

Francesco — How whirls the world
The mountains dance in drunken revel

I am so strangely weak

What's this? Why 'tis blood

Good red and streaming blood!

The Old Man appears in the door, Ximena lying black and bloody across his arms with clouds of curling hair.

Francesco I - Ximena!

Ha! who art thou

That stands above my wedded wife?

I know thee- ha!

I know thee, black Jew--old death's head!

Thou risest from the grave to mock me

I fear thee not - I'll kill thee presently again.

Wipe first the trailing blood

From off the princess' bridal gown

It is not meet- (Sways and totters, loses sight of the Old Man and fights an imaginary foe).

Ha! What-

What sayest thou, so silently?

Thou are Death?

What have I to do with death?

I am young!

I am strong!

I am wed!

Art thou, Death?

Then I'll kill thee, Death,

Grip fast thy scythe

Defend!

One, two-

Coward,dost thou run?
Thinkest thou thus to escape Saavedra's
Mighty sword? -
Unhand me - off with thy cold, wet hands!
Knave! base-born, unknightly caitiff!
Unhand me I say or by the great King
I'll run thee through -- I'll -
What! callest thou witchery
To darken all the world,
In this bright morning hour?
Thy magic all be damned
I'll grope thee out thro' blackness ten times
blacker than the blackest hell!
Take - that - and that, and that --
I warned thee fair -
What Ho! Ximena!
Death is dead
We'll live forever.

Francesco crashes to the earth and dies, leaving the Old Man still standing with the dead maid across his arms.

Part II

Two centuries pass. In Valparaiso, Chile, two men sit round a table littered with maps, papers and specimen of ore. Pedro de Guzman is a white Chilean of Spanish descent and his partner, Milo Diaz, a brown Mestizo, owner of silver and copper mines; while Juan Mendoza, a Spanish capitalist is bargaining to buy. But at the last minute Mendoza is hesitating. Diaz stands smoking by a window, while De Guzman talks. Mendoza is a gentleman by birth and training; handsome and well-groomed, unused to business and anxious to get home to Spain and civilization. De Guzman is a grasping business man, a social climber, hard and unscrupulous. He is flashily dressed. Diaz is rough man of the people; a harsh, driving executive.

De Guzman — Good! In other words, I take it
You willingly would pay
Ten thousand doubloons down,
For this rich mine ~~for this rich mine~~-

Mendoza — Yes willingly, if only I were sure
Of laborers in plenty.
Rich mines unworked are quite
As poor as mines unfound and all unknown.

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! Milo, Senor Mendoza
Fears lack of labor here!

Diaz — Ha! Ha! Good God! look yonder!
The vermin spawn in the very gutters -
They overflow the filth and crawl
Beneath the feet of gentlemen abroad!

Mendoza — Aye! Aye! But will these dirty
Black and lazy cattle work?
There's the rub--I sought
One only yesterday to bear a load
He grunted and rolled in his drunden sleep
Out into mid-highway, and slept again.

De Guzman — Will they work? Drive them, beat them
Kill them. You should have kicked the pig.
Who of us all will work undriven?
We gentlemen are driven
By our loves and thirst and tastes - we drive these dogs
With whips and scorpions.

Mendoza — But the law-?

De Guzman — The law is made in Spain
But executed here.

Mendoza — Yes, Yes! I've heard all that
But know you Armendaris
Governs now, and he's a straight - laced
Sour churl, mule-stubborn,
And filled with tales of fancied wrongs.

De Guzman — O, yes, we know; against him
Will we marshall armies three:
A regiment of gold -which carries
Most positions;
Skirmishers of deceit - they
Blind most eyes.
Or, at worst, a whole artillery
Of influence at home
And lo! he goes -- richer,
Sadder, wiser, or all three.

Mendoza — Yes-yes- that's fair in promise -- but-

De Guzman — Listen, my love, we joke:
WE stand here to take contract
Firmly backed and bound
To furnish you continuously
All needful help from one unto
A thousand thousand men-

Mendoza — Enough - with that, the bargain's struck!
The mine is mine
The contract shall be witnessed, sealed
And signed -- when, sir, and where?

De Guzman — Now - 'tis here.

Mendoza — Good - I sign -Don Juan Mendoza
For the Company Anonymous of Madrid.

De Guzman — And I, Don Pedro de Guzman
For the firm, Guzman, Diaz and Andrade - there!

Mendoza — Check signed, crossed and certified.

Diaz — And now we write the bond.

De Guzman — 'Tis done - Gentlemen; now we'll celebrate!
You are my guests.

Mendoza — I'm honored.

Diaz — Thousand thanks!

De Guzman — What shall we do?

Diaz — A dinner, first, such as old Pedro cooks
And then a night's carousal-

Mendoza — Wine, women and song!

Diaz — Ximena, we must have Ximena!

De Guzman — Yes, yes by every odds, Ximena!

Mendoza — Who is she?

Diaz — The daintiest chit in Chile
A fiery buxom half-breed --
Nigger, Indian and Spanish
Handsome as hell and hotter;
Wise, witty, dainty, devilish-
The loveliest woman
Ever man desires, fights for, dreads,
Dies for, and is damned.

Mendoza — Ha-ha-ha! good, Ximena!

De Guzman — Here, boy! -damn you-
Move your carcass - here
This to the old cook, Pedro - a soup, some fish,
A fowl; some dainty venison roasted,

De Guzman — Salad, sweets, three wines
And above all - Ximena and two other pretty girls
Go! --

Mendoza — But wait-

Diaz — He's gone - they know to mind De Guzman.

Mendoza — I forgot, I have an engagement, I meet a priest tonight -

Diaz — A Priest? So ho! Good, bring him also. Bid him meet
you at Pedro's.

Mendoza — What - a priest? And there?

Diaz — Ha! Ha! Old man, this is America
Not dawdling Europe.
Bring your priest along
And fill his belly and his soul.
If need, we'll get another girl.

Mendoza — Well - so be it, if you think --

Diaz — Think? I know; he'll not be the first
Gray cowl that's graced
Our board.

Mendoza — 'Tis some small matter of place or promotion;
Some secret and left-handed influence,
I ween, of old Castilian blood-

De Guzman — Come, time's up. Leave word for him to meet you at Pedro's.
We're off, gentlemen.

II

In the private dining room at Pedro's, De Guzman, Diaz and two women are at table, drunk and hilarious.

All — Down with the wine
Damned be the swine

Who dare to despise it
Or rudely misprise it -
It's honor is mine
It's flavor, divine
Down with bubbling, gurgling, juggling,
Troubling, struggling, muddling wine!

Ximena and Mendoza burst in from a door of the room at the left. Ximena is boldly handsome, impetuous and swept by extreme moods. Her wild Indian ancestory is shown in her eyes and hair while her small hands and feet indicate good Spanish blood. She rushes in half clothed; her eyes darting here and there and appraising the elegant gentlemen.

Mendoza — Hurrah! Encore! By San Diego
This is the loviest wench
This side the Sea. (Embraces Ximena)

Ximena — Aye and the other, too!
By heaven, I'll - I'll --

As they drink and sing, Ximena leaps on the table and dances, whirling her brown body sinuously and clinking castanets.

Servant — A Priest, Sir, to see Senor Mendoza.

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! He needs none.

Ximena — Ho, a priest - a conquest new.

Diaz — I'll wager a hundred pesos
You cannot drag a tiny smile
From his drawn lips.

Ximena — Done - and more - a thousand that I'll
Take him to my room.

Diaz — Hurrah! Done!

Mendoza — Nay, nay the wager shall be this (whispers)

Ximena — Ha! Ha! done: two thousand pesos 'gainst (She slaps him)
O, you valiant devil - sh-- he comes.

Brother Francesco enters. He is a thin man, young and dark brown, in the grey costume of a monk. His face is beautiful, his eyes, unworldly. Seeing the company, he draws back timidly, and says, softly and hesitantly:

Pardon gentlemen - here's some mistake, I fear;
I sought the Senor Mendoza
Who brings a message from mine uncle -
Pardon -

Mendoza — Nay - no excuse - welcome - twice welcome, Father.
I am Pedro Mendoza and right glad to greet
A scion of Saavesdra;
Come -- sit at meat with us, and drink
Here is Senor de Guzman,
Brother Francesco; and Senor Diaz, and these ——

Francesco — No, no -, my duties call --

Ximena — What, not a glass of wine, Father --

(She murmurs involuntarily: "Francesco! --then stares, scowls and recovers her smile. Francesco gives a half embarassed smile.)

Francesco — I thank thee, Madame Ximena!

As the name slips out, he looks puzzled and apologetic.

De Guzman whispers: "A thousand, Mendoza; see, they know each other."

Mendoza answers "Done!" and then to the friar
"Father just a sip
"Of rich red wine to make your spirits glow
"And set your cool young heart a blazing?"

Francesco shrinks away

No -- the message, Sir - my duties call.

Mendoza rises and going to his coat, takes out a small leather case

"Here is the packet -- I am sorry, Brother -"

Ximena who, losing her customary gayety, has sat deep in thought, now throws off her momentary hesitation at some old memory of the

priest's face and name and leaps on the table again:

"And here, Sir Priest, is yet a sweeter message."

She throws him a kiss.

Francesco takes no notice of her but taking the packet turns to bid them an embarrased adieu. "Gentlemen -- Good-night."

Ximena looks toward the door with mischief in her eyes. She whispers to De Guzman, "Hold him a moment. I am coming right back," and steps noiselessly into the hall. Diaz whispers "Wait, rich deviltry brews". But Mendoza hesitates and whispers back "It is a hard joke. The boy is scarcely more than a novice". Then De Guzman turning to the priest with a word of pardon says smoothly:

But a moment, father - the woman fortunately is gone.
We wished to ask about this kind of maid
She came upon us suddenly,
She and her -- her sisters, of an ancient profession --
We could but ask them in - in courtesy, to dine,
But she, - they - are strange to us - what think you?

Francesco I know not, Sirs: she seemed to me
O'er forward, - altho somehow - some way I almost seem to remember her;
But it cannot be ——— ofcourse, it cannot be.

Diaz smiles politely "Perhaps you've met before -- in lonilier surroundings - Or ——— at confession."

Suddenly through the door Ximena rushes, half-disguised in black mantilla. She looks about in distraction acting her part convincingly.

"Help gentlemen, I seek a priest here. O there --
Help, Father! My mother lies in burning throes of death
E'en now the potent poison of disease
Rattles in her throat -- she dies
Unshriven.
Come, in God's piteous name!

The friar in consternation, cries:

"I am no priest -- my vows of brotherhood are but begun -
Strange am I to the city streets, I - I scarcely know --"

Ximena — Streets? Who spoke of streets -- she is here -
In this hotel. ~~Is~~ no not?
She is always near - her daughter.

De Guzman, Mendoza and Diaz can hardly hold their smiles; the friar hesitates.

Ximena — What? do you pause,
Do you hesitate when death calls?

Francesco — Nay - nay - I come;
I can give no sacrament -- but I can pray.

Ximena (in passing whispers) Five thousand, Mendoza.

Mendoza, Diaz and De Guzman (convulsed in laughter) - Unfair - unfair.

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! Ha! that she-devil

Diaz — Ho! Ho! Ho! Saw you ever such acting -
By God t'would grace the stage of old Madrid.

Mendoza — Will she lure him to her room?

De Guzman — Will she? 'Tis already done
And once in her embrace, good God forget him.

Mendoza — Hold! But I don't like this -- she's mine
Let's follow and behold --

De Guzman — Follow? 'Tis the funniest thing I ever heard --
Not so crestfallen, Mendoza, she'll return.

Diaz — And we need not follow, -- just peep, her room along
the further hall backs on this. (They listen at the wall.
One hears the priest and Ximena enter. Silence.)

Voice of Francesco Where is she?

" " Ximena (In surprise) Who -- she is not here!

" " Francesco But where then, quick! We must hurry ---

" " Ximena (Mischievously) She's gone -- but I am here.

" " Francesco I do not understand -- you said

" " Ximena I said, O brown and pretty priest -- a lie.

The three listening are convulsed with suppressed laughter. It begins to rain without.

Voice of Francesco Do you sport with death?

" " Ximena No, but with you -- you are much sweeter, dear, than death. (One hears the priest pounding at the door in the hall)

" " Francesco This door -- open it -

" " Ximena The key is hidden -- in my shift

" " Francesco Open the door

" " Ximena Take the key --

" " Francesco (Raised in swift anger) No, no, no
Open or by Christ the King
I'll curse your soul to perdition.

" " Ximena (sullenly) No -- not that - I -

" " Francesco You wretched shameless hag of hell
You spawn of vermin and of beasts
You black blasphemer of the great white Christ --
I curse you in the name of God
(The storm bursts without. Ximena screams)

" " Ximena O! I am afraid of lightening.
Forgive me -- father --

" " Francesco I curse you in the name of his begotten Son
The Savior of this world-

" " Ximena Pity me, pity me - I did but play -- I fear the storm

Voice of Francesco I curse you and yours.

The thunder and lighting increase. Ximena screams, rushes into the hall and throws open the door to the dining room. The men leap back and the women scream)

Francesco -- (Staggering dishevelled and blinded into the doorway)

In the name of the Holy Ghost

Forever and forever --

Each anathema shrinks Ximena like a physical blow. She stiffens, recoils and then fights madly back.

No! No! Curse me not no more -- not that - not that

You know not what you do.

Hear but one word --

Francesco lurches toward the door. Ximena sieszes his gown.

Francesco Touch me not -- your touch is filth.

Ximena binds her arms about him and holds him, disgust and loathing written on his beautiful and boyish face.

Ximena Christ, but you shall hear me -

Who are you, proud and awful Priest,

Are you bigger that Christ himself?

Listen!

I came from the mines

I lay in the gutter

I crawled from the dregs of earth

Hunger, thirst, cold and pain

Bit my heart till

Dainty gentlemen like these bought my body

For a song --

(She looses him suddenly)

De Guzman, Mendoza, and Diaz in half-drunken amusement in inbred courtesy stand swaying, smiling and bowing. The other women sing and dance. The monk staggers and stares -- falters, arranges his robe and bows.

Ximena — Yet to them you cringe
Them you greet all politely
They go full and free and have no curse,
You heartless servant of a heartless God:
While I, a shamed and stricken thing
Who lisp the filth and do the sin they teach me
I and I alone am cursed.

The monk passes silently out.

De Guzman and Diaz -- Ximena!

Mendoza — Come darling -- here's your thousand pesos --
You'll admit, the five thousand is unearned --

Ximena — Touch me not -- go -- go.
And the whole damned world
Go with you.

She rushes out into the storm.

IV

It is night on the side of Andes; in a hermit's hut. Francesco, ragged, without hat or cloak kneels before an Old Black Man.

Old Man — What now, my son?

Francesco — Father, I tell you this whole world is lost
The weight of some great primal sin
Has set upon its soul and ever shall-
There dwells naught righteous underneath the sun

Father away - let's leave this cursèd
Ground and high upon the Andes'
Snow-crowned crests
Await the coming of the Perfect Christ
In silence and in prayer.

Old Man — There lies a packet on your heart.

Francesco — 'Tis nought but vanity, brought by a son of hell.

Old Man — Open, read.

Francesco reads: "Pray for the soul of Francesco de Saavedra".

Old Man — Read yet again,
May close your wavering vision and open wide
The eyelids of the soul
What do you see?

Visions seem to sweep across the blackness of the night.

Francesco — Ah -
A whirl of blood and battle engulf this land
And on it its angry crest rides one whose
Face is hid
His mailèd heel crushes
The cringing shrieking souls beneath;
He steps upon their faces

The black mud oozes blood --
While that Hell's carrion
Climbs over on and up and on.
Wait!--

See where yonder and aloft
There sits a form of Splendor
In pure black beauty - In beauty pure and black
Such as once well - graced
The Virgin Spouse of God
Yes -- 'tis the black Virgin -- the very bride of God
Here he'll not dare - he-
O!
The monster tramples her to worse than death
He fouls her breast, and rapes her soul
She twists her dying neck in dumb appealing pain -
Pitiless Christ -- it is Ximena!
It is -- it cannot be --
It is the whore, Ximena.
Is right wrong and wrong right
Is good evil and good evil pure?
Is it indeed theMother of God
Whom I have dared to scorn!
(The vision fades)
Father! Father!
I know -- i see.
Who was this mailed murderer of women and of Men ?

Old Man — He was Francesco de Saavesdra

Francesco — And shall I pray for him? Never! no never! and again no!
His soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred years
Until the day he drags you virgin up from
Out the pit and sets her before God,
Redeemed.

Old Man — Amen! But lo! he comes again and turns his haggard
Eyes on thee.

The vision bursts nearer and clearer inflaming the sides of the Andes.

Francesco — Merciful God! Merciful God! - It is I.

He faints and lies cold and alone. At dawn afar within the hall of a convent, the voices of nuns softly chanting are heard.

Nuns — Ave! Maria!
Mother-maid pitiful
Sister of sorrows
And daughter of men (The procession of Nuns passes by)
Ave! Maria!
Mother of Miracles
Mercy made wonderful
To thy breast Bountiful
Gather the sorrowful
Daughters of sin
Ave! Maria!
Ave! Maria!
Gather them in!

They pause before the door of a cell, where Ximena lies on a cot. She shrinks back.

Ximena — Curse me no more, pitiless priest
O my little life had been all curses
Save its sin -- curses and sin, curses and sin;
I could not bear its curse, wherefore I did sin;
And sin -- ah sin was sweet -- so bitter sweet
Healing my pain with wine and food and secret ecstacy
Yet curse me no more, pitiless priest!

A Nun — The Peace of God which passeth understanding
Rest on your soul.

Ximena — How long have I been here?

Nun — Ten days of forgetfulness and pain -

Ximena — Oh! Nay I must go -- ten days! My God --
Listen, Mother
Yonder by the mines in my father's hut lives a child
My son --
I - I love it, and the plague
Hovers there -- I must go.

Nun — Nay you are sick to death
You cannot go:

Ximena — Go fetch it me, 'tis yonder -- go --
Oh -- curse me no more -- I
Ha! Ha! Ha! Down with the wine
Cursed be the swine --

The chanting nuns drown out the song as closing the cell door they pass slowly out.

Nun — Ave! Maria!
Mother of miracles
Mercy made wonderful
To thy breast bountiful

Gather the sorrowful
Daughters of sin
Ave! Maria!
Ave! Maria!
Gather them in!

VII

Two years later in the reception room of the Governor of Chile, in Santiago, Armendaris sits robed in the chair of state with a document in his hand. Around him are grouped lawyers and De Guzman, Mendoza and Diaz. At one side, poorly dressed as a lay sister of the convent and partly veiled, stands Ximena.

Armendaris This case comes to this highest
Court of Chileon petition
The charges are foul and terrible.
Slavery, debauchery, inhuman theft
And the wild unchecked ravishings
Of deadly plague.
In the King's great name,
If this be true
I'll rot the carcass of the churls
Who did this deviltry,
In the darkest dungeon depths I know!
Where are the witnesses who support this charge -- speak!

No one comes forward. The throng is silent and the governor stares about impatiently. Finally the lawyer for the defense, well-groomed and smiling arises.

Lawyer — Your Excellency knows well
The gentlemen here accused.
One of them is of noble Spanish blood and
All are men of wealth and standing
And good reputs.

Armendariz — I know them, but if this charge is true
Neither nobility nor blood
Neither wealth nor influence shall avail
In this court.

Lawyer — Precisely, your Excellency -- precisely
As I was saying -- these gentlemen
And their company are pillars of this state
They give employment to thousands of the poor
They stimulate trade, support the church
Give alms --

Armendariz — Well and good, And now -- these charges!

Lawyer — Precisely, your Excellency -- precisely;
As I was saying, your Excellency
Knows all too well the envy and cheap hate
Which success ever inspires.
The lazy -- the criminal -- the shameless
Seek to be smirch and libel the great and good
In this case this unsupported rumor --

Armendariz — But are there no witnesses present
To support this affidavit? I was told, they were innumerable.

Lawyer — Practically none.

Hundreds were promised,
But they are not here.
The record and affidavit are
Ignorantly done, confusedly written
And all awry - Sir --

Armendaris But here is the record of the Alcaldes court
Wherein is it faulty?

Lawyer There is no seal, your Excellency
It is not done in triplicate
The King is mentioned without all his proper titles; ---
--- ---

Armendaris O, out with technicalities and trifles!

Where are the witnesses.

Ximena I am a witness, my Lord.

Armendaris And the others?

Ximena There was a cloud -- but poor, ignorant, unlettered;
Some were dismissed from work; some beaten, all threatened.
I alone stole away by aid of the sisters.

Armendaris Who are you?

Ximena I am no one.
But mine oath is true (She raises her veil. The Spanish start, stare, and whisper).

De Guzman Ha, ha, ha -- Pardon my Lord -- this -- woman
Names herself too truly -- I call two witnesses
Where I might summon a half hundred --
Ask this gentleman -- Don Pedro
Mendoza, a Spanish gentleman, who this -- lady is.

Mendoza Her name, my Lord, is called, Ximena
And her fame -- She is the most
Shameless bawd in Valparaiso
She has some fancied spite against us
Because -- plying her trade -- some years since --
We refused to buy.

Armendariz Can this be true! Answer, Woman, and why have you
The garb of a holy convent?

Ximena It is true, as a child in the mines,
I was mother of unfathered children.
Afterwards coming to the city
I danced naked in a restaurant --
Then men desired me, and from then
Until two years ago
I was a prostitute of Valparaiso

Armendariz And do you dare to show your shameless
Face in this my court?

Ximena I dare -- for what I say is true.

Armendariz But even if it is, who shall believe it?

Ximena I have no witness but mine
Eyes and ears and these scarred
Hands and feet. But what I say is true --

Armendariz I -- but I am helpless
Let her stand aside
If there be no further witnesses
The case must be dismissed.

Voice There is another witness.

The messenger emerges from the crowd and hands the governor a letter.
The governor arises.

Armendariz Where is His Eminence?

Messenger He comes.

A georgeous litter is borne in with papal arms and guards. From it descends an old black man, meanly garbed as a mendicant monk.

Armendaris: Let the audience kneel and receive the benediction of The Ambassador of His Holiness.

Old Man The charge here brought
Is but half the full
And awful truth
The silver mines of Chili and Peru
Are the most shameless haunt
Of human misery underneath the stars
One gleam of light has pierced
This awful darkness:
Where two great, and all unselfish hearts
Have bent to this abysmal filth
And toiled to succor souls,
Neither knew of the other
Yet night and day and side by side
With only one great shoulder of the Andes
Spread between, they worked and wept.
The Holy Father in whose stead I stand
Has heard the beauty of their work
And called both: stand forth, Ximena!
Peace be with you. Your sins be all forgiven and forgot!
And you shall marry God.

With bowed head Ximena walks slowly out.

Old Man Here comes the other
Up the dusty way, with hastening feet -

(Enter a ragged cowled friar).

Welcome, Brother Francesco: the testimony you would give
Is given. Receive the mandate of the Pope --
This day you shall be Bishop in Holy Church.

Armendariz Arrest these men and take them away as prisoners
of the State.

Nay -- no word, Mendoza
Shall be shot; Guzman shall hang
Diaz shall toil in his own mines
Till the dark end of his days
Away! I have spoken.

The governor and his suit bowing low to the papel envoy go out followed by the chained prisoners. The Old Black Man and the friar stand alone.

Francesco on his knees supplicates.

Father -- I cannot, I will not.
I, a bishop?
I deserve punishment
Far worse than these who file away,
Whom I accuse; I am guilty in my soul -- I go back --

Old Man Lord Bishop of Conception, Arise!
And speak no further word
The Holy Father sues not -- nor begs
He commands.

They pass through the crowd and approach the Cathedral. Within altar boys robe the friar as an organ peals, and curtains reveal the high altar.

Francesco Father, thou hast spoken;
Pray, Father, pray each day

For my soul and the soul of one

Long dead.

Old Man — Amen, Arise! At the high altar kneels a woman!

Beside her stands the Holy mother of the

Convent of the Virgin, with bridal rober

For her, this child of Sin

Whom Christ in his vast pity has redeemed.

It was a pageant such as earth but seldom sees. Ten thousand workers, dark, half-naked, grovelling, beneath. Above, an altar in the purple and gold of imperial Rome; the song of children and chanting of vested priests. Before the altar stands a nun in black. As the bishop approaches she is unveiled and sinks to her knees and bows her forehead to the earth until she lies a billow of silk upon the marble.

Francesco — "Arise, Bride of Almighty God!"

Slowly she arises; her dark face gleams in its coronel of white, as the tears roll gently down. The bishop totters, sways and stands straight and still.

Francesco — Sister Ximena!

Ximena — Francesco -- Brother!

BOOK III

I

Two hundred years roll by with Frederick the Great and Napolaen, Washington and Lincoln, Wilson and Clemenceau riding the winds; with revolution after revolution in the air: French, Industrial, Prussian and Italian and Negro Emancipation; War wended its wide way: In China and India, in Europe and America, in all the world. South America sat new on the lap of time and counted its cost and place, its future. In the chilean office of trade and Education sat the Secretary, Juan Saveda, a brown mestizo; General Blanco de Guzman, secretary of War, a white Chilean of Spanish descent. De Guzman is talking. He is a large man, almost fat but trimly and carefully attired in the most expensive of uniforms. He is almost too polite and courteous; plausible but with a hard cold eye. He is talking in low confidential, rapid tones.

De Guzman — We must, of course, buy two new battle ships
Of latest type -- our iron-clads are but outdated hulks
The active army must gradually be swelled certainly
to fifty -- soon to a hundred thousand men -;
The harbor forts 'round Valparaiso and all adown the
coast like me but ill --
They'll need at least fifty million pesos -- while for-
tresses to frown along the heights of the Andes
Will ask a hundred million more. Two hundred and fifty
million pesos is the least increase,
My good Savedra,
That our long starved purse of war demands this year.

Savedra — Good heavens, De Guzman, are you mad?
That, with our present army and pensions, will make
Two thirds of our whole income,
Set to war? Aye and to the merest shadow of a dream of War.

De Guzman — Why a dream? Why not a certainty?

Savedra — What -- but De Guzman do you sanely dream
That Argentine and Chili would to War
For a few bald acres of bare rock?

De Guzman — Nay, certainly not ___ unless!

Savedra — Unless?

De Guzman — Unless we are ready to surrender Our Fatherland without
a struggle.

Savedra — What?

De Guzman — Listen Savedra.
We are threatened, we are beleaguered.
We are in danger of national death!
We must defend ourselves.
We must fight the last great Battle of the West or die.
In us puissant Latin blood —

Betrayed of Spain, diluted by France,
Impoverished by Italy ——— Takes again
World leadership -- yields no more -- may, advances!
What! Do we always and ever cringe to England
Or her bastard North America?
Shall Germany rule the world
Shall Russia steal wealth, kill God and conquer Asia?
Or shall yellow Japan climb on white suicide to empire?
Ocean of the future, vast Mediterranean of the West and East!
Let us fill our hundred harbors with
An Invincible Armada
Yield -- nothing, nothing!
No wisp of soil to Argentina;
No foot of coast to Boliva nor Peru;
Sieze again Lima which once we held and weakly surrendered;
Hold Tacna-Arica forever!
Make our claim of Andean boundaries
Basis of the widest seizure of Argentine territory;
Stand fast, implacable, while
They bicker and quarrel each with the other
This continent is a caldron of dispute,
Of writhing and unrest.
Not a single country of South America
Feels secure of certain of its bounds.
Venezuela and Guiana strive with Brazil.
Colombia is made to sell herself to North America.
Ecuador and Peru dispute their bounds
And Peru and Chile fight to keep Bolivia hemmed from the sea.

Bolivia will war with Indian Paraquay.
Chile must settle scores with Argentine in Patagonia
And Argentine should roll o'er Uruquay and Brazil.
Thus Antofagasta in Atacama, Tacna Arica, Gran Chaco are words
Pregnant with present meaning
Even if we do not listen to Panama and Falklands.
It is for us suddenly,
When they least expect -- to strike!
Hesitate, Savedra, and you must rest content
To end your promising political career this year.
Otherwise two men, (say you and I)
Must plunge all South America hot into War
With one swift move!

Savedra — But why should we of all folk lead this devils' ~~dance~~ clear?

De Guzman — First, your party's tricked and stolen:
You are without the breastworks;
The ring is in; your fate is sealed,
In three months, you'll leave office
And the world of power for good --
Unless -----
Look at yon map: down the last coast
Of Last America, west of the west - most world
Creeps a little starveling, headless snake -
That's Chili; we're hemmed and tethered in:
South: ice; west, Andes; north, Bolivia, and Peru;
Time flashes; Europe and greedy North America
Stretch itching palms this way. All Spain's Americas
Must be one or die! Who'll lead? I say Chile!
How? Level the Andes,
Cut Argentine in two with one swift stroke,

Hold capital and harbor
With mighty ships that frown
On Uruguay and Brazil
Then pause -- conciliate,
Spread jealously, alarm and fear,
Arm, build and arm again
Placate and threaten England and North America
Inflate the bursting ego of Germany and Italy
Then wheeling suddenly
On again!
Swoop north like an eagle
And conquer Bolivia and Peru,
The land of the Equator, Colon's land, and
Poor distracted Venezuela.
Atlast with great Brazil thus fast between our jaws -- bite!
Bite till her carcass and Uruguay's
Crumble in our mouth.

Savedra — But it is fantastic!
Argentine is twice our size,
Brazil has ten times our might.
Are you concocting suicide?

De Guzman — Fool, behold the map --
Know you not that strength
Lies in our very show of weakness?
Forge secretly a mighty weapon
While we prolong the quarrel with Argentine
Sharpen and train strong armies;
Make ready swift, fighting ships
Strike like a bolt of sudden lightning
Before even the thunder rolls --

Before they dream what we do;
It's done!
I tell you, man, for the called of God
The Impossible is the always and only Possible.
The Dream is the Deed --
Now hear me out:
In this great world crusade, who'll lead in Chili?
The president? I am dumb,
The timid councillors of State? 'Tis loud to laugh!
The Cabinet? One alone and that's -- Savedra.

Savedra — I?

De Guzman — You! I know my man - trained, quick, resourceful -

Savedra — Why not you?

De Guzman — Too old and too -- well-born
You have miraculous youth -- you are of the people.

Savedra — Guzman, you rave -- how could I prevail?

De Guzman — Softly! Walls do hear.
All that too, I've thought through!
With no ordinary slogan, can you win the crowd.
Raise then, the war cry of defense, subtly,
Masterfully and with skill.
The mob have all inborn
A most miraculous love for fight:
They'll turn to you in one great rush
And make you --- shall we say?
Of Chile -- President; of Argentine -- Conqueror!
Of Brazil, Emperor!
Of a full quarter of the world -- dictator!
Nay, no answer -- think!

I must away, but as earnest of my plan
I bring you your commissions to head an embassy of three
To settle, -- or unsettle -- this dispute
Between our fatherland and Argentine
I am the other one -- a dummy, Diaz, dignified in mien,
Makes three.

Savedra — De Guzman -- you o'er whelm me!

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! -- good day. (He bows and goes slowly out)

Savedra muses — De Guzman, I am not for a moment
Fooled by your plausibility.
You want me, you need me, you must have me,
For I alone have the popular support which you lack.
But the moment I serve your purpose
I shall be kicked out like a dog and you with birth,
Wealth and the army will rule this conquered quarter
of the world.
That is -- if I let you.
If I leave the army in your hands.
If I leave wealth for you to command. ---
Peru-Venezuela -- Brazil!
Of a full quarter of the world, dictator!
'Tis mad! And yet how vast a vision -- I what?

(The office bell rings. He listens at the receiver)

Savedra — I am busy.
How? An appointment? (Looks at memorandum)
Perdition that old loquatious President of the University,
With his annual plea --
Show him in (Enter Pérez)
Ah! President Perez -- I am honored to give
You audience, though hard-pressed, as well you know.

Perez — Senor Savedra, Iwill detain you as little as
The great cause I bear permits.
I am a teacher --

Savedra — And honored head of our great university,

Perez — Yet but a teacher, Senor;
We have three hundred thousand children
In our schools where we should have a million
We spend thirty million pesos where we need
Three hundred: Senor I come to plead
That the cabinet do straitly recommend
A doubling of the fund for training Chili's children.

Savedra — Senor President, you say well
Believe me, my sympathy is deep.
And yet, I fear it is impossible --

Perez — Sir, is anything impossible to the safe founding of the State?

Savedra — No.

Perez — And sinks a single founding stone so deep
As ingrained knowledge intelligence and skill?

Savedra — Yes -- the state's integrity.

Perez — Integrity? We are at peace -- none threaten-

Savedra — Are you sure?

Perez — Why I had not heard -- surely-

Savedra — Sir, the secrets of the state I may not loose.
This alone: We must prepare ofor war.
It may not come -- God grant --
But Soldiers, Ships, and Guns are to the Modern State
The one great Cash Reserve for Peace Insurance.

Diaz — Sir, I will not longer abuse your busy day
'Tis possible your fears are true, and yet -- and yet,

Believe me for my years:
There never yet was an unjust, Bloody, Cruel war
But what it stood firm-founded on such rock-bound words as yours,
And left the world more ignorant, more miserable,
More hungry than before (exit)

Madame Desmond pushes her way in unannounced. She is a nervous, little woman, dark, thin, almost pitiously sincere. One can see how deeply she feels the cause which she represents.

Savedra — What -- who is this -- Ah Madame?
Did I appoint this time?

Desmond — No, but I must speak!

Savedra — Time presses, Madame --

Desmond — So does sin!
Sir, in yonder purlieus, fester death,
Disease and crime
Three-fourth of us can neither read nor write --
The prostitute and thief, the cripple and the mad
Do mock the Christian culture of our State.

Savedra — Madame --

Desmond — We need a hundred millions but with twenty
We could start; the honored president
Senora Mendoza of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine
Joins me --

Savedra — But Madame --

Desmond — To hasten this reforming of the world
To make men chaste and honest
Pure and -

Savedra — Juan! Hither! the door!
Madame did mistake her way.

These are but Chili's humble offices of Trade and Schools
And not, dear madame,
The Kingdoms of Almighty God. (She is led out)

Savedra Perdition -- the day half spent
'Tis three and hither comes the Board of Trade
To ask some hundred millions for damming waters.
No argument! 'Tis useless! I'll say No!
(Enter members of the Board of Trade)
Gentlemen be seated.
I have read your plea --
'Tis smartly done -- and specious
I presume that dams to hold the great Spring floods
Till Autumn's heat, would flower the desert
and power all our factories
Doubtless, too, we could spend millions for new schools
And pile some millions on those millions for social reform --
Only gentlemen who'll pay the bill?
Will you invest your private means?
Will the State? Not while I control!
We need -- I say it privately -- two hundred round millions
now - today!
To defend the very land that you would sow and save
And till that land is ours, unthreatened by a foe
Gentlemen, we'll let this dreaming wait.
I bid you all -- good day --

They file out, a bit bewildered, incensed, resentful. They whisper among themselves: "Hé is fooling nobody". "Everyone understands that De Guzman has him in his clique". "They aim to seize power in Chile." "They plan to waste money on war." "They plot to steal our patrimony". "It is always so -- but it cannot last."

Saveda muses aloud: Fools -- thrice fools! Does Guzman for a moment dream that he deceives me? His stiff hidalgo blood, waters at the thought of equality with the Indian-Spanish-Negro mixture which is Chile.

He would gladly use my strength and brains, my reputation, to lift his gang to power. Then out and down with the damned Mestizo!

And these other idiots! As if I did not know far better than any one of them, not simply the ignorance, poverty, crime and degradation of Chile, but of all this South America; as well, its wanton waste and neglect and rape of the wealth and opportunity which God gave it. What then? As a cabinet puppet I'm but the catspaw of polititians like Guzman. Soon I'll be out of office clamoring weakly and vainly for the impossible -- unless! Even as President, as he can make me, I should be bought and owned by untaxed and untaxable wealth, and uncurbed power.

But hold -- of Argentine, conqueror? I should be master then of land and wealth plucked for new distribution in new hands; there might come real power, so long as I remain the head of disciplined troops. Again, of Brazil, Emperor: not blood and marriage, is a land where already the black stream of Africa has left its wide mark. As fount of social rank, could I not lead a group of nations effectively against this folk-lore of white blood?

Of a full quarter of the world, Dictator

To whose glory?

To strut in tinsel? -- But I am no child:

To lord it over sycophants? I would despise my-self

To spite a hated race? Such hate is far too costly

No -- to do and only to do the very things that must be done
If South America gains its place in the sun,
If dark and mixed races are ever to achieve equality with
mankind;
For all this,
Which these beg of me as if I were blinder than they:
To educate the Poor and abolish Poverty with food
And Shelter and the Work that creates;
To conquer Crime and Disease by Health;
To develope this El Dorado for Chile and the mass of men
And not merely for the millionaires of London and New York
And their local satelites ---
Dear God, is the path to all this, War?
I do not know!
But if it is, Hail War! --
Of Chile, President; of Argentine, Conqueror;
Of Brazil, Emperor; of a full quarter of the World, Dictator!

Meantime beyond the Andes and in Argentine, Senorita Ines Mendoza, President of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine, sits in her beautiful parlor of her home in Buenos Ayres. She is a young woman in her twenties, white and fair, full of vigor and enthusiasm.

Mendoza Welcome,
Full sensible am I of this rare honor.
Be more than my mere guest,
Be at home and cheery, while we ponder
The great cause we love.
(Brews coffee and sets a little table)

But enough -- draw to.

The Master has his coffee ever black and strong

Now, dear colleague, when will the treaty be signed?

Gonzales I do not know.

A sudden change has subtly swept over Chile.

It speaks not yet aloud

And I have rather felt than heard -- it until today.

Tales have been writ and letters;

Appropriations stopped and changed --

Fortresses looked over and reviews of soldiers held;

And now comes further delay --

Refusal to send an embassy to Buenos Ayres until next year

And yet new demands (reading)

"For Chilian territory claimed by Argentine in the

Puna de Atacama".

Senorita Mendoza looks shocked and disarmed. "It is impossible", she whispers. "Impossible." "What can it mean". Gonzales explains. "De Guzman rules and plots and at last has found him an efficient tool to his liking, Savedra, the new young cabinet minister and idol of the Masses." Senorita Mendoza sits thinking. "We must rush a message then to Savedra. I have a last card I have not played. I have a friend, a powerful friend known throughout the whole world. I know that if I ask, he will induce the Junta to bow to our request for instant conference".

Gonzales demurs "But they plead lack of time for so long a journey." The young woman's face lights up. "Very well, let them come no further than Mendoza. I have an old ranch there. It shall be fitted up to receive them and there we will bring to bear upon these stiff-necked scheming politicians the influence of the whole peace movement of South America".

Gonzales looks dubious but consents to the trial. Senorita Mendoza muses.

"Savedra, 'tis an old and honored name. I have often heard it.

Ah Gonzales, Look aloft!

Beyond those silver heights

Lies Chile, to whom once all this land belonged

On this slope and on that shelf,

Are out-worn and out-worked mines of misery;

Along those heights

Lay the bare bald regions in dispute 'twixt two great lands, --

A worthless waste. Yonder was once a mighty Convent

Where two centuries since, a holy woman labored for

the wretched in the mines

And yonder where afar you may glimpse

A beetling crag, hung a house of the brothers of St. Francis

Where long an aged Bishop of Conception did tell his

beads and pray and work

For the souls of the wretched.

Aye, and in the tale lies ancient romance too!

They tell us how at the same great dawning of the day

Two cowled and shadowy forms on yonder drag and this

Did always bow and pray for their two souls' redemption --

And in such sweet and far communion of twin spirits

Found blessed and eternal bliss."

Gonzales makes his adieus and departs. Less than a week later an old man, his face is almost black, meanly clad and yet walking with a certain dignity, enters the beautiful home of the Mendozas. The young woman greets him at the door.

Welcome father, thrice welcome!

Tell me quickly is all lost?

The old man smiles upon her and lifts his hand in benediction as he bows.

No,

Even now I am on my way to cross the Andes and face
the government of Chile.
Forget not the mighty past
Once black Haiti and her Petion
Succored our Bolivar as he faltered
And made him try again for the
Independence of South America;
Charging him only with freedom for the slave.
Once again these same new lands
Bent before world capital
And make serfs of black and Indian labor;
Then in civil strife
Blending revolted and groped toward
A new democracyof work.
Today in face of further war
The forces for Peace must stand and fight
I come with mandate of the President himself
To urge an embassy of Chile
To meet us at Mendoza.

On the private train of the Chilean Embassy, nearing Mendoza, De Guzman is lolling comfortably on the cushioned seat. Diaz is asleep. Savedra appears high strung and impatient.

Where are we stopping? We should be hastening on.

De Guzman replies tranquilly

For the best of reasons; we are here.

Savedra Arrived? Already? Is this Mendoza?
There should be despatches and reports.

(Guzman goes out and returns with a sheath of telegrams.)

Brace yourself, my good Savedra.
We are in for a desperate assault but
My agents are keen and leave nothing to chance.
A group of pacifists are in possession of the Mendoza
hacienda and plan to work on our sympathies.

Savedra — Who are they?

De Guzman — Most prominent, a certain Senorita Mendoza
Rich, young, handsome and of ancient
And pure Castilian blood; daughter of Grandees of Spain
Her father founded Argentine
And she owns wide lands
About this city
She is a faddist, unmarried and unsexed
Giving up husband, children, ease, society
To ramble and preach.
Her familiar is an old black man
Some left-hand spawn of Negro slaves --
Yet a man of brains
Withal, and uncanny power;
High in the councils of State and Church
Known to the Chancelleries of all Europe
And nuncio of the Vatican.

Savedra — Is he here? I know him

De Guzman — What? So -- I see!
The plot goes even deeper than I thought.
For here is a dangerous and wily opponent
Of vast learning and influence.
Their plan is clear
To cajole us with courtesies
Soften our demands

And blind our eyes.

Savedra — Good! Blithely let us enter the trap
But go you and do the honors tonight
Say I am ill ---
Held by affairs of State,

De Guzman — But you must at least appear!

Savedra — I am half Indian and other dark blood,
Sprung from the soil
I am blunt and forthright
I have no social graces
Nor chit-chat
Now you, De Guzman
Were born a courtier,
Used to salons and skilled
In repartee.
You coin a phrase
When phrases serve for food
And nourish idiots.

De Guzman — Very well --
But you must drop in after dinner -- late as you will -
It is courtesy
And mind you
Don your lordliest uniform, --
That colonelcy of the Guard

Savedra — Nonsense -----

De Guzman — But yes -- It is -- expected
And significant!

Savedra — Very well, I'll come late;
But I hate it

I'll drop in for a formal word
Brief, cold, hard.
For deep in my heart
I am not at ease
I do not love war --

De Guzman Who does? Remember the uniform!

III

The Mendoza ranch is old and rambling series of houses and rooms, beautifully but sparsely furnished with great spaces and a patio filled with trees, flowers and fountains. In the main salon the hostess and her ladies, the black counselor, in the robes of the cardinal of the Catholic Church, the Argentine and Chilean embassadors and their suites and other guests meet and mingle. The dining room is seen beyond.

De Guzman Madame, our chairman, the secretary Savedra
Regrets his lateness, sorely;
He'll drop in for coffee as soon as grave affairs of State permit.

Mendoza Ah! my equal regrets are deep. I did especially
Expect Senor Savedra early:
But, be seated gentlemen,
Dinner shall not wait.

A footman appears: "Madam is served."

Senorita Mendoza turns to De Guzman,

"Your arm, General."

They dine sumptiously and De Guzman and Senorita Mendoza put themselves out to lead the gay conversation. They talk of Madrid and its society. They know hosts of mutual and high-placed friends. They exchange witty anecdotes and repartee. Finally, Senorita Mendoza arises to excuse herself.

Mendoza Come, sit in the salon for coffee and liqueur

And excuse me while I run and join my maidens
They are eager to present you a little masque of peace
Which we have framed for your amusement.
I hope Senor Saveda will be coming soon.

Soon a series of living pictures appear in the patio. Voices are heard explaining.

First Voice — Behold a battle ship -- 'tis built of twenty thousand
School houses that should dot the hills around
It's every gun at every shot shoots ten thousand loaves of bread
Past twice a million unfed babes.

Second Voice — Behold how this black powdered bread of battle
Explodes and primal passions of the race:
Our from the blaze of battle steps
The Thief, the Prostitute, the gilded Murderer
And all the hellish horde of war.

Third Voice — Conqueror and conquered die, the camp-fires flash and fade
But on the hungry unschooled children
Fall all their lagacies of Hate and Crime
And pitiless Poverty.

Fourth Voice — The marshal music swells and rings
O'er the victorious hosts as they move flashing by
But after them all silently march
The other Army.

An army of widows, orphans, sick maimed, criminals, beggars and prostitutes and crippled horses file by. It is all beautifully and strikingly done with terrible realism. No one can wholly escape the thrill of its propaganda. De Guzman's face loses its courtesy and good humor and he swears under his breath.

Then smiles, after all the impressionable Savedra is not there.

Meantime Savedra in his room at the further end of the patio has been impatiently pacing the floor. He hates functions like this, but after all, he must be courteous. He has a role to play. Impatiently he dons his colonel's uniform and throws over his shoulders the white and gleaming cloak with its spangled trimmings. He looks distastefully at the sword but grips it in his hand and straightens himself. He pauses at the door to drink in the breath-taking beauty. Out beyond the patio in the western evening, gleams the new moon above the faint, white tracery of the Andes. Something grips him. This is his America. Yonder is its backbone. He raises his sword involuntarily and squares his shoulders, murmuring again, "Of a full quarter of the world dictator."

A sound, a very slight sound strikes his ear. He whirls still with up-raised sword, appearing in the moon-lit night like a mailed medieval warrior poised for combat. Glancing up he sees the door opening on an old chapel. Stepping down from it is an Indian princess in full panoply of plume and shell, of gleaming gold and silver. Behind her looms altar and crucifix, and the light of its candles inhaloes her form.

For a moment both stare at each other and catch their breath. Then all the world seems dropping away. Yearsand centuries roll back. He leaps up the stairs crying, "Ximena!" and she totters toward him shrieking, "Francesco!" He gathers her in his arms and kisses her lips and hair and as she swoons in his embrace, lifts her and steps upward toward the altar.

An old man appears silently from the shadows. His face is black, his eyes burning, but the crimson robe of a cardinal envelopes him. He takes the girl from off the hands of Savedra and turns away with no word. Softly the door closes. Savedra stands a moment in bewilderment and consternation. Then turning slowly, staggers back along the passage toward his room. There he sits down heavily, still too bewildered to think straight. Slowly he divests himself of his uniform and puts on plain evening dress.

Then at last gathering his wits together started down toward the patio. Beyond in the lighted salon he can see the guests beginning to rise and move after the masque. He walks slowly toward them, gripping himself to make due obeisance to his hostess and meet a few of the guests. Then he would withdraw. He had just stepped into the circle of light from the salon when a lady in white silken evening dress steps out. For a moment they stare at each other.

Mendoza — Sir -- I am most deeply shamed
By my silly - encounter - on the stairs
And spoiling your - uniform -
I cannot think -- (They come full into the light. She sees his face and starts back)
Francesco -- (She pauses bewildered)
What is this, then? I know you not, and yet -
And yet you are so strange familiar to my heart,
As though a hundred and hundred ancient years agone
My soul and yours had met. (He gazes at her, fascinated)

Savedra — Ximena -- Ximena -- somewhere I remember you
In the first and wondrous bursting of your girlhood
Ah you were splendid as the Night
Soft was the brown and velvet of your skin
And your curled locks --
But somehow - how? Did I not wrong you then?

Mendoza — No, Francesco, And I was ever fair -
But - but color is so slight a thing;
My dearest friend is black,
You never wronged me, dear - but
I remember you, golden priest of God
When your white face did quiver in its wrath

And underneath the golden cross of Christ
Did chide me for some sin -- some little sin, what was it?

Savedra — No, No Ximena, I was never priest, nor golden -
I am brown and Indian,
And you I never chided -- I could not
For I loved you then as now
With all the mounting madness, whirling maze and
fostered fury
Of double and redoubled floods of endless years!

Mendoza — Francesco!

Savedra — Ximena!

Mendoza — Me seems that once from out the dim made music
Of some soft Cathedral's gloom -
Up from the shadow of a vast despair
Your soul did call to mine - "Redeemed"!
My Saviour's was the voice -- the face was yours,
Francesco!

Savedra — And I, too, did hear that cry
Across the mighty distance of a world -- "Redeemed!"
It was the virgin mother of the Lord who spoke, -
Her face was yours, Ximena! -

Mendoza — O, we are mad - mad --
I care not if we are -- to love is marvellous!

Savedra — And whether this came flooding at the sight,
Or was in heaven born a thousand years

Ago -- this only now I know, I love you, O I love you --
Maiden glorious

Mendoza — I love you and I love you yet again!

Ladies (within) — Donna Inez? Donna Inez?

Mendoza — Yes, yes -- I - I come - Wait!

Savedra — Inez?

Mendoza — Yes, Inez Ximena Mendoza -- Ximena is my middle name, -- Long since I dropped it. How did you know it?

Savedra — (starts) Mendoza -- you, the Senorita Mendoza, Madame the President of -- the Clubs?

Mendoza — Yes - yes -- they wait -- ah but your name, I know it not -- not all?

Savedra — Juan Savedra -- Francesco Juan Savedra. My first name I do not use. How did you happen to hear it?

Mendoza — (starts) The secret emissary of war! (She turns away)

Savedra — Ximena -- God -- the vision of the Blessed,
Has it flown? Do you fly?

Mendoza — I - I - sit - listen, - Senor Savedra -- O let me speak!
You - you come --- from Chili?

Savedra — Yes.

Mendoza — On a great mission?

Savedra — Yes.

Mendoza — You - you believe in -- War?

Savedra — Sometimes -- I must.

Mendoza — And this mission -- may mean war?

Savedra — I ought not say -- but - alas, it may.

Mendoza — And there is cause?

Savedra — I fear there is.

Mendoza — What cause?

Savedra — The boundary between Chili and Argentine -- the coast of
Peru and Bolivia, and of Bolivia and Paraguay;
And other matters further afield.

Mendoza — Do you think these claims of Chile just?

Savedra — Before my God, I do.

Mendoza — But tell me, are they worth -- a War?

Savedra — Madame, -- the interests of the State -- (She rises).

Mendoza — No, Francesco, tell me in very truth, before high Heaven,
By the Great years my heart has wandered seeking yours
Why do you wish -- war?

Savedra — Receive the truth!
I truly believe the world in danger
I believe that with war led by courage
Chile may dominate South America for the good of its people
I believe that I have that courage
Moreover -- From you I hold no secret back --
I will be frank: Either I lead or De Guzman will be master
Of the state and murderer of South America.
With war I leap to power and life
I may become, of Chile - president
Of Argentine, Conqueror! Of Brazil, Emperor!
I may ward the greedy fingers of the world
Brom off the Americas.
I may make of many midgets one great world man
I may become --
Of a full quarter of the world -
Dictator! and as dictator ---

Mendoza — So this is your dream!

Saavedra — O 'tis a dream - an awful dream
It cannot half come true
I betray a trust when I reveal it
And yet, Ximena, who can know?
With me you might mount --
A throne! And there what could you not do
To raise the race of men?

Mendoza — It is a vision wonderful
I understand it perfectly.
I understand you, dear Man of my Heart
Me seems that in one short hour
I have looked on Heaven and Hell.
Francesco!
I have seen Kings and thrones
I want neither.
I have seen uniforms
Heard martial music
And the glorious tinsel of magnificent
Trumpet and fanfare,
And too, I have known the mud and blood of War.
I think that war
Is the filthiest, cruellest,
Blindest madness of Mankind
I believe it is the suicide of culture
The end of civilization
The renunciation of Holy Faith.
I do not believe that human uplift begins with blood

Rather with blood it ends. The final cost of war is
Degradation, prostitution, poverty,
Ignorance, crime and disease ---
There is no End, no Cause
No Ideal that is worth
Organized and nationwide murder of human kind
Wherefore, I am a child of Peace
Even before this sudden and miraculous
Gift of love such as I never knew before
Such as seems to stream down to me
From long centuries of longing and frustration --
Even in the presence of this, I will not swerve,
I am a child of Peace -
And you, Francesco, look to your Vision Splendid:
I love you -- O I love you
And yet I am not yours --
A fair full quarter of the world
You may rule by murder, war and pestilence-
But this one woman's heart
Is ruled by Love and Peace alone
So must you choose, Francesco, and now.

Savedra — I have already chosen ---
Ximena!

Mendoza — Francesco!

They embrace as the lights illumine the patio. The guests start in surprise and start to withdraw. De Guzman rushes forward and hisses in Savedra's ear, "Are you drunk fool?" Don't you know that you cannot play about with a Spanish lady, a Mendoza." Savedra bends a long look upon him.
"We are engaged."

De Guzman(stammers) What then becomes of our -- mission?

Savedra I have changed my mind.

De Guzman You mean what mind you had
Has been changed for you.

Savedra Have a care, De Guzman.

De Guzman -- to hell with you -- traitor (To Donna Ines)
Last and least, Senorita Mendoza let
Me give you all my good wishes and my personal thanks.
I am deeply your debtor, I was on the edge of a great mistake.
I had conceivee that this young man,
My distinguished and triumphant friend,
Senor Savedra, had within him the making
Of a great statesman and leader, patriot and master
Of nations; a ruler of the world's destines.
You have shown me, dear Madame, my sad error.
He is a romantic and half-baked Indian school-boy,
He is fitted to grace your apron strings, Madame
And not to guide States and command armies.
He wil l do excellently well to philander with of nights,
To father a brood of squalling parti-colored brats.
I thank you Madam, from the bottom of my heart
For this disillusion. Gladly I forgive you,
For I should never have forgiven myself had I continued
Another single minute to mistake this jackass for a Lion.

Exit De Guzman and the guests, except Savedra. He and Donna Ines and the Old Councilor take leave of the other guests. They sit down.

Mendoza My Friends let us lay aside suspicions
Lay aside fear
And sitting side by side as friends,

Talk and think. You, Francesco,
Must summon from Chile not adventurers and gamblers in men
But leaders -- real leaders.
Bring Perez and Donna Desmond;
The engineers and social seers;
Sit here with this our glourious new born and age-old love
Here with my oldest friend - the Councillor
And let us plan a world.

Savedra

Thrice in a thousand years
God gave me love.
Once I raped it;
Once I killed it;
Once I sought to make it
Footstool to a throne
Then I awoke. Suddenly, I awoke.
I rose from something worse than death
To something more than life.
Then came your eyes, Ximena
Peering from purple mists,
Then came your hands, your voice --
Suddenly I saw me as I was --
A wild brute murdering his mate.
A recreant priest despoiling the Virgin Mother of God.
A cheap politician trading Death for Power.
In the vain dream that Power means good.
I am awake!
But I am scared --
I am frightened of life;
Life is a terrible miasma

I have lost my confident grip on Fate
I feel the irresistible weight of woe
I quail,
Help me!
Help me!

Mendoza

Here then we stand united --
Wisdom, Love and Courage
We will found a Peace
Heard round the world
We will enthrone its Prince high on the Andes
We will proclaim through all the Americas
That here at last are lands
Too proud to fight.

IV

Summer home of Senor Savedra on the slopes of the Andes near Santiago. At the evening meal sit Francesco and Ximena and between them the Black Councillor. At Ximena's side stands a cradle. The setting sun shines in.

Ximena

Father, I could not guess where or why you lingered.
I knew it inconceivable that this great Festival of
Peace should take place without you.
It was your dream
And I know you seem it in some sense
The end and crown of your career.
Tomorrow we plan to place
That great stone Christ upon the Andes
To celebrate the treaty of eter nal Peace
'Twixt Argentine and Chile.
It's shadow shall sweep down
From wintry mountain unto Summer seas
Its voiceless voice shall thunder to the skies,

Its pale and pierced hands all silently shall beckon
to the world,
Its cross cry, Peace!
You will be here, O master, to see it dedicate!

Black Councilor — How could I not remember?
Living yet or dead, I shall be there, my children --

Ximena — And then thereafter,
Will you not ever stay, good Master?
Here is home -- you shall be one with us
All that is ours is yours -- we three, (Looks at the cradle and smiles)
We -- four.

Black Councilor — I thank you with all depth of gratitude --
You are true and good
And if in any place beneath the Sun ---
Save one -- I feign would linger
Here would it be, Francesco and Ximena,
Within this mighty fortress of your love
Which God defend.
But I must go. I go to die upon the Andes'
Topmost crags, where first I saw this land ---

Savedra — Nay, father but you are still young with age
And now the heavy mantle of your burden gone,
The cares of state and church laid by,
You should long live well and watch
The blossomed splendor of your days --

Black Councilor — I see them here, the fairest full fruition of my hope!
Nay, I woo you, Death!
O I have sought you all these endless years
Thro' war and pestilence and the mad misery of man.
Lo! now I sight afar the great Realm of Peace;

The kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God, ---
Whereof tomorrow's mighty festival is pledge and forecaste.
O -- that I may go -- with all work done;
That I may welcome Death and the deep sleep of endless night --
And yet -- and yet I fear! (Kisses the child and goes)

Savedra — How strange and true a man!

Ximena — How noble and how high his mien!

Savedra — Who is he, dear, in truth?

Ximena — I know not - his name I know, and yet who in very truth he is,
No man knows -- me seems as tho' he always was and will be --
We call him Master, Father, Good!
Some say he was a great Physician once;
Others, a Master of the Law; and others still tell tales
Of endless journeying to and fro amid the mighty of the earth --
I know not. This alone I know:
He came when I was social darling, choked in wealth and sunk
In silly games. He showed me life:
He lifted me from the depths and made me servant of all good!
My soul, raped, bleeding and dying, he saved from Hell.
He throned me, gave me deeds,
Let me love you and made me mother of this man.
All that I am, I owe to him and though he live afar
Our love must watch and ward, lest he at any hour,
Should know the shadow of a want.

Francesco He is a man of moods and silences
Yet singularly devoted to his Work,
Thorough in doing his dreams.

Ximena Devoted? True? Ah Francesco,
You do not know how true and with what endless devotion
He weaves his plan of life.
He has been my friend methinks
For a thousand years that were and centuries that will be.

Francesco But, dear -- surely --

Ximena Surely I speak riddles. Yet -- in some way
All these things are true and he is my Redeemer.

Francesco I know and in some dim way in all this I had part.
I, too, was mutinous; sick in soul and rescued --
By him but even more by you!

Ximena Yet, I am afraid. I am afraid!
I await his call.
He will need me, Francesco,
I know he will need me.

Francesco Fear not, and if he calls, call me.
We'll go. [illegible]
Duty calls -- I go to keep the councils of the State.
Wait not for me -- I shall be late.
Heaven send a golden day tomorrow
To greet this festival of Peace.

Ximena Farewell, President - to - Be.

Savedra Farewell, Plotter - of - all - Good,
Good night.

Ximean Good night. (Exit Francesco)
Tomorrow, tomorrow

O God send a glittering day
To make this great Peace Pageant of the Hills
A thing men shall not light forget,
Fit for the throning of the Christ of Peace
Upon the Andes.

IV

(Midnight Ximena awakens suddenly and sits up in bed)

Ximena The Master calls! Francesco! He is not yet returned,
I must go. The Master calls.
(She arises hastily. Throws a cloak about her and bends over the cradle. Softly she descends the stairs.)

Pedro Madame -- you go out? 'Tis a doubtful night
Black, still and moonless
A night for robbers
And beasts and snakes.
No Christian and no woman
Ventures the Andes on a night like this --

Ximena Peace! The Master calls
A lantern, Pedro come and send Juan for a mule,
Maria -- tell my husband I go to the Andes at the Master's last behest. Let him follow after.
Forth Pedro -- beshrew the night! What?
Do you shrink at darkness?
Come! Lead on!

V

(On the Andes)

Ximena Have you caught the mule? Bring him again.
And brace his bit.

Pedro — Madame, in God's name have care
Something ill breeds on this night
I feel a wild storm in my bones.
See how lightens a clear sky
Hark! -- Where rolls a distant thunder
The mule is mad with fright -- mount not again.

Xemina — Take him back -- here, Juan, go with him
You are mad as he -- come Pedro, on!

Pedro — O, Madame, my old legs do waver
I like not climbing the Andes at night
Paths waver -- animals crawl
Ghosts flit about,
I tell you, Madame, -- Death is here
Let us wait -- your husband will O'er take us
Soon --

Xemina — Good old Pedro -- death is everywhere and so are ghosts
I must go, time thirsts; but you Pedro
Sit here in mid-path and guide my love --
I hasten on --

Pedro — But Madame --

Xemina — Silence -- The master calls and I command.
(Exit. She appears climbing and disappears. Pedro waits.
Low winds moan. Enter Francesco hastily)

Savedra — Why went she forth in this still, dark
Night with but two serving men --
Great God --
Who's there? Ximena?

Pedro — No, 'tis I good master.

Savedra — Where's my wife?

Pedro — She's sent away the mule
And hurried on -- my old legs staggered,
And she made me sit and hasten your approach.

Savedra — What? You have let her forth alone
Upon the mountain's naked breast?
By God, old man -- but no --
Out of my way --

Ximena — How black the night and cold --
There is a false stillness in the air
Like to a world a-waiting disaster
Above, beyond this festival of Peace.
Apprehension sits upon my heart
In a clear sky the stars
Glare dull and ominous
Filled with mist.

Savedra — Where is my wife -- my love?
Knows who this hidden treacherous path
To that lone hut whereto my own hand
Has hitherto always led her?
Ximena! Ximena!
(Far winds rise to a shriek and a black cloud hastens
across the stars)
Dear God! Should she but misstep and
Go astray
Ximena! Ximena!
(He appears and disappears, crossing and recrossing.
At last leans panting by a tree)
Ah fool that I was to leave her thus
Uncounselled and alone --

With her wide woman's heart of duty and of Love,
So piteously open to a cry
Who is this old and nameless man
That dares to call a mother
Forth at midnight
And watch him whimpering
To the grave?
Ha!
At last, the hut
The wanton winds wail about it
A great rain drop falls --
Yet will I win unto it
If I do murder Death itself --
(Reaches the door and falls panting)
Ah!
(Calling)
Ximena? Are you there?
(Draws his pistol)
Open, or by Christ the King --
(Silently Ximean opens the door. A white and empty bed is seen with burning tapers. Low at the bedside bows Ximena. The wind drops suddenly.)

Ximena — Francesco!

Francesco — Ximena!

Ximena — Death is dead -- we'll live forever.

Savedra — Where lies the master?

Ximena — He is not here -- He is Risen!

(She points to the shadows in the rear. The back of the hut has been cut away, revealing a scaffolding about the feet of the great statue of Chrust on the Andes. On the scaffold and leaning back against the statue, with outstretched arms and closed eyes stands the Old Councilor, motionless. He forms a black cross against the white marble.)

Savedra — Who is -- this Man?

Ximena — (dreamily) His name shall be called --

Voice of the Old Councilor. — Wonderful. (His form looms larger)

Francesco — Councilor. (Still larger looms his dark figure)

Ximena — The Everlasting Father! (His form nearly covers the statue.)

(The back of the hut falls away revealing the Old Man, cross in Hand on a great pedestal -- Christ on the Andes. He appears like dark mahogany and living flesh, tremulous with life. His lips move -- his eyes are on the stars.)

Voice of the Old Councilor. — And the Prince -- of Peace!

(The Black Councilor becomes the statue. The white marble is his shining vestment, out of which his dark flesh glows and his wide opened eyes burn.

He starts to raise the cross aloft, when

Suddenly the world goes black and for an age, darkness broods. Suddenly the world is flame whose crimson and gold fill high heaven. Suddenly across the world, smite crashes of thunder. The silver Andes glow and blacken. The winds howl, the lightnings flash and sheets of rain sweep over the

mountain top. Above shows swirl, crags bend and break, the Andes shudder and the statue of Peace trembles. There comes nearer and even nearer the rhythm of the marching feet of endless armies; there echoes the thundrous roar and lightning flash of great guns, and the whine and whirl and tumult of bursting shells. Piling clouds of smoke blacken the skies and torrents of blood fall in rain. The statue of Peace pales and shrinks and disappears in a veil of mist.

One sees in the lightning, forms and faces of wounded, torn, scarred and stricken men and leading them the Black Councilor totters on, stricken with endless age, trembling, ragged, blood-stained, his eyes a horror of infinite pain. The roar of storm and battle ringing to the rhythm of drums and martial music engulf him. Northward the plunging flame swirls to a vortex and hits Haiti, throwing clouds of darkling foam to heaven; sweeping south it hisses between Pulamago and Maranoon, egniting the black Amazon; rising and dipping again its lured light burns Tacna-Arica and makes waste of waste El Chaco; and the while whirl wind sweeps the minds of men; setting up and dethroning dictators; building monopoly and starvation; sucking in foreign gold dragons to feed on native blood.

Voice of the Black Councilor. Hun and Hate —

Defence and Empire

Freedom, Revolution, Murder and God!

The world goes mad again.

Dear God, I cannot die!

I cannot die, I cannot live.

To do what I cannot do
Remains my eternal task,
World war, world war bursts and slays again
Again I wander for twice an hundred years --
Francesco and Ximena -- until I come again -- Farewell.

In flame and blood with scream of children and trumpets the storm rushes north but as it disappears one sees the Black Councilor riding the Flame. The flame engulfs him; he shrivels and expands. He looms to gigantic size.

His vast voice outshrieks the winds and thunders.

Francesco staggers blindly to his feet and rushes toward the Atlantic.

Francesco Ximena! Ximena! (He disappears)

Ximena, leaping up plunges toward the Pacific.

Ximena Francesco -- Francesco ! (She disappears)

(Their voices float back).

The sun rises, the vision fades and there is deep silence. The statue of Christ stands veiled in white mist. Far down the mountain side, in the calm peace of a beautiful morning, rise faintly the voices of thousands of children.

Children Joy to the World
The Lord is come
Let Earth receive her King
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing

(Ximena rushing in meets Madame Desmond)

Desmond — My dear! How early you are!
Did you spend the night in vigil?
How calm and still it was?

Ximena — Yes -- yes -- where --

Desmond — How lovely of you and how sad --

Ximena — Sad?

Desmond — We all know. The good archbishop telephoned at dawn
And told us how Holy Father had summoned your dear friend.
To think he will not see the dear work of his effort --
The statue of the Christ unveiled.

Ximena — The statue?
(The statue stands swathed in white cloth and the flags of Argentine and Chili are being draped about it.)
I must find Francesco.
(They go out. Francesco rushing in from the other side meets Perez.

Francesco — Ah --Perez -- did you see --

Perez — Welcome, my friend. Splendid and early!
You kept vigil with your parting councilor.
How thoughtful -- how kind.
And what a calm and perfect night.
Harbinger of eternal Peace.

Francesco — Yes -- splendid -- did you happen to see -- my wife?
(Ximena and Desmond enter. Francesco and Ximena rush to each other.)

Perez — They are still young lovers.

Desmond — Let us go and seek seats -- au revoir.

Ximena — What have we seen? Where have we been?

Francesco

Francesco — We have seen — nothing.
It was a dream, a portent and a prophecy!

Ximena — O Francesco — I am afraid.
What is that veiled thing there?
What hides within its folds?

Francesco — Hush, my darling, and be calm
We have peered into eternity this night, listen.
(The voices of children rise clear and soft)

Children — "He rules the world with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.
(The procession of children and peons, women and officials reach the top. All is peace and sunshine. Above, the great statue looms. Francesco and Ximena walk slowly forward from the edges of the crowd. The crowd whispers, smiles and stares. Greetings follow them, amid the trappings of celebration and festival, but they say nothing. They both stare at the veiled statue, clasping each others hands. Prelates, priests, nuns and choir boys approachand sing ---)

Chorus — No more let Sin and Sorrow grow
Nor thorns infest the ground
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the Curse is found.
(Silently the Archbishop cuts the cord)

Archbishop — Sooner shall yon mountains crumble into dust
Than shall fair Chile and great Argentine
Break the white Peace that thus they Swear
At the feet of Christ the Lord!

(The cloth and flags fall. The Christ stands unveiled. But he is no longer dark and living flesh. He is white marble, thin-lipped and vacant-eyed. He gleams cold in the morning sun.)

ENVOI

Forty years flew by, a whole generation of human souls. War whipt the world, fulfilling that wild prophetic vision atop the Andes in 1905. South America squirmed, twisted and strove in the witch winds of the world-wide convulsions. She sought repeatedly and eagerly more perfect democracy; she set aloft a vast ideal of peace, disarmament and social uplift, with universal education; she dreamed a free, autonomous Pan-America. She found internecine war, Nordic aggression, home-born dictatorship, fattening on monopoly and starvation wage, and sucked of their blood by foreign investors. It was a distraught and humiliated welter of peoples that faced the insane world of the second world-war.

Ximena, old, white-haired, her once so lovely flesh, pale dry and wrinkled sat clear-eyed, straight and strong, in her great chair, in the sun-washed patio of her old home, facing the Christ of the Andes. Before her stood two youths. She looked at them tenderly, but her mind wandered away. She saw herself as a slip of a girl, high on the Andes, watching blood-drenched Spanish and Indians warriors. Drawing her mind back she looked again upon the youth but saw beyond the girl, a great cathedral; heard its warm, sweet music and the voice of the bishop as he cried with uplifted arms, "Arise, Bride of Almighty God!" Again she looked upon the youth and saw in the boy the image of the man Francesco in his early straight and beautiful manhood as her bridegroom and husband. He had died of a broken heart, August 4, 1914 and yonder lay his grave. Slowly again her mind came wandering back and stood fast.

Before her stood two youth. One was a young man of ~~20~~ twenty, son of her own firstborn, who had been torpedoed at sea in the first World War. Her grandson was slight and fair, strong of countenance and of will, bitter and mutinous as he regarded her with implacable eyes. He was in Khaki uniform and carried a pistol and dagger.

"You have had your will", he grated. "You made a milk-sop of my grandfather, who might have been not only of Chile, president; but of Argentina, Conqueror; of Brazil, Emperor! of a full quarter of the world, Dictator! You made my father a beggar for peace, instead of a Crusader for War. God killed him -- I'm glad He did. And now, with the war might of Germany and Italy at our gates, in our harbor, on our sacred soil, you still babble 'Peace'".

His companion touched his arm. She was a young girl of radiant beauty, dark to brownness, slim and lithe, with a great cloud of clipt but clinging, enveloping hair, midnight in blackness. Her fathomless eyes, wet with tears, pleaded with the angry boy; he dropped his head:

"I'm sorry, Grandmother, but that's how I feel. I hate to hurt you, but my mind is set. I'm going to fight. We're retreating to the Andes, and there around your peaceful Christ, we'll raise a hell of war that will never stop until this world is free -- there is no peace and never will be. Nina goes with me. We will not marry. That would be silly. We will live and love and fight."

Gravely, Ximena looked upon them. They were so beautiful and young and confident. She said in low, caressing tones:

Perhaps this world is all Unreason, Parodox and Blunder,
With no guiding Hand or Brain, no Will to Good.
Perhaps it lies submerged by unpierced mazesof contradiction
And thrusting through the puny efforts of fools, and deaf and blind
Vain mockeries and waste struggle from above,
To make suicide of human effort and red abortion.
Perhaps. But this I do not believe.
What could it have meant to men, if my Francesco had been not only
President of Chile but conqueror of even half of the world,
At a cost to bankrupt civilization?
What could such conquest be but mad frustration, spiritual defeat,
Muddle, murder and self-killing Hate.
A tide of Death yearly twisting hell from sun-sets,
Birth kissing Death,and Love all leal to Lust,

My darlings, I know how you feel. Yet you are wrong.

To all Eternity, I am right

This wild whirlwind and distortion must pass.

It is perhaps the last expiring upsurge of Evil

Fundamentally and forever this World is Peace or God is dead.

Perhaps that mighty Over-soul which once I knew, will come again

In His dark and splendid glory in His calm Peace.

But if not yet, if never, yet Stand fast my Faith in Man,

For I know I am right.

The young folk bowed and turned their backs -- he in disgust she in pity; and they walked quickly toward the gate. Dumbly Ximena stared after them, and then tearlessly up toward the Christ-crowned peak. Vaguely she heard the tramp of soldiers -- the tramp, tramp of soldiers, the clank of tanks and colssons and whir of airplanes:

Company -- halt!

Ground -- arms!

At ease!

The crazy gate of what was once a wall flew back and through it strode an officer. He was magnificent in height and breadth; and faultlessly uniformed in white buckskin and silver; with golden curls, pale blue eyes and straight and Grecian lineaments. Two orderlies in khaki, with bayonetted guns, marched behind him.

He clicked the spurs on his shining boots, bowed stiffly and raised his right hand in salute.

"Francesco Savedra?" he asked.

Francesco bowed.

"Captain Freiherr zu Godesberg, at your service Sir, and an order for your arrest and that of your -- woman".

An orderly stepped forward and put his hand on the shoulder of Francesco. With no word Francesco drew his dagger and severed the orderly's jugular vein. Falling, he had scarcely touched the ground when the second orderly crushed Francesco's skull with his gun-stock. The girl, Nina, seized Francesco's pistol and shot the second orderly dead. Captain Freiherr zu Godesberg stepped forward, but a second bullet cought him squarely between the eyes and he fell like a log, and lay in white, gold and silver beauty, streaked over with flooding crimson. There came a dash of soldiers through the gate. Quickly the girl was seized and disarmed and the huge bulk of a carelessly accoutered subaltern stood regarding her with a grim smile.

"The favorite of the Führer", he muttered thickly, "--- murdered by a mulatto wench" ---

She stood still and looked him square in the face; her dark eyes a-glitter; her black curls fluttering in the breeze, her lithe young beautiful body, straight and still. The subaltern paused, then his rage burst:

"Attention!" he shouted. "Strip her!" he snarled.

She stood without a rag silently a-quiver, with unwavering gaze.

"March her to the barracks; rape the bitch, and shoot her!"

Ximena sat in her great chair, whence she had looked on ambassadors and presidents, ministers and judges; brave men, beautiful womena and lovely children. She tried to rise, but her head swam and her eyes grew dim. She saw her grandson lying still in oozing brains and blood; she saw his sweetheart stripped in broad day and moving away, with bayonets at her back. She heard swift commands and tramping, tramping feet and saw the flame curl up and start to eat her home. Low the crimson sun hovered above the Andes.

Ximena whispered -- Christ of the Andes! Jesus!

Where is god?

Slowly the white Christ of the Andes stepped down from the Cross. His flesh grew black. Gathering his crimson robe about him, he tottered, walked, marched across the world. Ximena stretched wide her arms and fell dead across the grave of her husband.

The dream is done, the fancy fallen. Perhaps -- who knows?-- there fight above, hugh Energies and vast Desires, partitioning myriad worlds of worlds; building empires of suns; and weaving Intricacies, Paterns, Calculations, Integrations and Hyperbolas, and Visions of unimagined Beauty, unimaginable.

Perhaps again, far, far beyond the stars, there lies at ease millenium mornings, a Prince of Heaven, upon a velvet green; beside a curling water, in whose limpid depths we are as puppets, dangling to his fingered strings and dancing our mad wars and insane tricks and silly capers.

Or, perhaps, at last, All is dim Mist, mad Mirage and feeble Fancy? This is fancy.

RACE and Peace

Black Man; A Fantasy

This is a story of the Earth's beginnings, when the Moon was young. But the Universe was old and white with eons and nearing its end. The Sun, flaming King of the Hither Stars was angry with the white wrath of thwarted Omnipotence. His youngest daughter, Moon of the Earth, beautiful beyond dreaming, had grossly disobeyed him and married Black Man. True it was that the Sun expected his last-born to wed as had all her gorgeous sisters; but they with royal ceremony, had married princes, heat-born, and age-tested, sprung from mighty Jupiter, magnificent Venus, and multi-haloed Saturn, and received presents from brother Suns, a thousand and a thousand years away. This young and wayward Earth-Moon, had wed a being from a planet only just born- - less than a million years alive; wed the first struggling man-life this impudent speck had spawned, before one could possibly know what it would be or whether indeed it would live at all, in any real sense. Seeing the start of their dalliance, the Sun with veiled countenance, thundered his command, and in the face of Him, of God's own self, they wed - Black Man married the Moon. With one red burst of wrath, Father the Sun struck her dead.

He saw not and cared less that in the instant of their wedding, there sprang to birth, Seven Sons of Black Man and the Moon -- Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet. Black Man, too, saw and heeded not his many colored brood, but leaving the moaning Sea, climbed to the mountains, and sat there in the dark forest, distraught with nameless grief, while behind, his children apart and alone, guarded only by Long-Nose, the Mastodon.

The little years like seconds ticked away, and found once on a day, a curious group gathered on the sand. Here follow the record of that single day.

IT IS SUNSET, Afar a storm rushing inland is lashing the sea to fury and screaming aloud. The group on the shore is just finishing the evening sun dance. They make a vivid scene.

There is tall Red man, vivid crimson of skin, with long green hair and coal black eyes. He stands quite naked, beautifully molded in body and proudly poised. Beside him sits a little man whose skin is bright blue with golden curls and grey eyes, lolling against a massive tree trunk. Beyond glides a mighty man of golden skin, with pale blue hair and brown and slanting eyes, holding a rude zither. Beside this one stalks a thin man, his skin a vivid green, his hair a flame of red, his eyes dark and smoldering. Apart and on the opposite side staring out to sea, stand two other men, one with orange skin, green-blue hair and borwn eyes; the other dark indigo, with greenish-yellow hair and eyes pale to whiteness. Nervously flitting among them all, now here, now there; never still, always darting, leaping, climbing was a sprite all violet; violet of skin and hair, of eye; and yet always subtly changing in glow: becoming almost reddish, then yellowish and green and then purple, mauve and back to pale dim violet again. All those boys seem young, very young, despite their size; all seem strong, and vivid with energy, sparkling with hard-held spirits and scintillating intelligence; but all are frightened of the sea. Over them all like a guardian spirit looms Long Nose, the Mastodon, enormous, gray and wrinkled with age. She stands swaying with wide swingling motion; watchful with her little eyes; listening with her mighty ears; alert, intense. Just as the last songs die away she trumpets her warning.

IT IS SEVEN O'CLOCK. The shriek of Mastodon rising now above the sea rage startles all to silence and as the storm rolls up into low thunder on the mountain top they all come running. "What is that?" asks Violet. "Hush", cries Green. "It is our father's voice."

Violet — Where is our Father?

Green — Aloft on the mountain.

Violet — Why is he there?

Yellow — He mourns.

Violet — For my mother?

Green — For the dead Moon, mother of us all.

Violet — What is he like?

Green — He is mighty and powerful and Blaqk.

Violet — His shadow is white. (They all start and stare at Violet.)

But Mastodon speaks:

Evil threatens.. The moon is dead and darkness rules the night, - Now that Black Man no longer sees nor cares, the Beasts of Hell gather to destroy us. Always they have sworn to rid the Earth of Human Kind, but they move in darkness and long have feared the Moon. Now they gather. They counsel in the gloom. East looms Little Eye, the Bear, with the strength of ten; south slinks Soft Foot, the Leopard, full of guile. West rages Great Mane, the Lion, King of Beasts; and behind the beasts are the Fish of the sea and above the Fish, the Birds of the air; and under all, Dragon. O, that your mighty Father would hearken. Alas, he is naught but sorrow, and evil comes apace.

Red Man — Let's fight, Mother Long-Nose.

Blue — Let's lay traps and snares.

Long Nose — Nay, we must build.

Green — What is "building"?

Long Nose — I do not know. But let us try. Here are stones where once your father reared his home; and underneath are stones where once a nameless Being builded his hut; and underneath are stones which Coral speech-less spun; and underneath are stones, but I know not whence they came. Now we must build, for building is human. Build then, - as once Black Man built.

Indigo, search clay!

Indigo — I fly.

Long Nose — Red Man, stones!

Red Man — They're here.

Long Nose — Blue Man, water!

Orange — 'Tis there - an ocean full. (Indigo writes on the sand, while Blue brings water.)

Violet — I see a mighty head beside the Sea.

Long Nose — Alas! Already we are too late! Red Man! -- Yellow Man! stand in front to meet the King of Beasts.

Red Man & Yellow Man — Ay-ah!

Long Nose — Indigo and Green, to the right! Cut clubs and ward off Little Eye, the bear.

Green — We go, he'll never pass. Ay - ah! (Green moves out - and Indigo follows thoughtfully.)

Long Nose. — Orange and Blue! Take clubs and ward the Left against the guileful soft-foot, the Leopard.

Orange and Blue — What! Beautiful Leopard? -- we'll beguile him and sing him into a trap. (They go out whispering.)

Violet — Soft-Foot prowls in the west - where are Orange and Blue? Mother Long Nose, what can I do?

Long Nose — You are small and young; you must watch the hill; perchance your mighty father, hearing, may call.

Violet — Or shall I go and call him?

Long Nose — Not yet, wait! I must dig - a great grave for the Dead.

Violet — Who are the Dead?

IT IS EIGHT O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. Earth's human kind are fighting the Beasts of Hell. Afar, ever nearer grow the sullen roar and snarl of

the beasts and the shrill cries of the fighters. In front lie the stones and clay of the unbuilt Tower, beside a great hole in the earth. Red Man and Yellow Man stand guard. Violet flits ~~from the back~~ in the background, weaping and moaning:

Violet — It is dark here - it is dark, but I see. O mother Long Nose, there slips a sleek and striped swiftness through the air, beware! Ah! Where, where are Orange and Blue? See how they turn and twist and twine. See Leopard! The blood of Mother Long Nose flows without her hide. She trumpets and stamps. She wraps her nose about, and slowly, slowly with great wrench and scream - scream of Long Nose, scream of Soft-Foot - quiver and scream of both and they, they sleep. They roll together down into the pit. Both of them shudder and sleep. I cannot understand. They must be very, very tired. And the red blood - the thick, red blood of their hearts flows, gushes, trickles; and they sleep, they sleep. Ah - what moves yonder in the forest? Indigo! Green!

Indigo and Green, standing at the right, "look out." Violet points.

Violet — See!

Indigo and Green — I see nothing!

Violet — See you not that dark vast hill that moves softly, terribly?

Indigo — I hear something.

Green — I see two little stars.

Violet — 'Tis Little Eye, the Bear - the cruel, terrible bear. Shall we fly?

Green — And leave our brothers alone? No, to the forest! Come brother, out and on!

They rush out tempestuously. There is silence, then scuffling; then a howl and the sounds of terrific battle. Violet veils his eyes, and then looks.

Violet — The earth is all crimson - wet and crimson. Indigo lies

very still. He sleeps. He breathes not. Green sleeps - O God! he has no head! His head is gone! Where, O where is his head? Little Eye has it. Little Eye groans and rolls here and there. Now he sleeps, too. He is still. He breathes not. I am afraid of this strange sleeping. Never before ----

The roar of the Great Mane, the Lion, is heard. Red and Yellow rush out in front, but Blue wounded crawls in slowly from the left dragging Orange after him across the grass. Violet stops their wounds and then stands staring at his own bloody hands. Orange rises and falls. Blue rises, leaps over him and rushes out after Red and Yellow. One hears the battle rage. Orange staggers to his feet.

Orange Here are - my poems - I die.

The voices of Red Man and Yellow Man rise: "Hear us, our father! We conquer the King of Beasts!" They stagger in with the Lion's head and the body of Blue. Violet gazes on them.

Violet There is a new sleep come to us - it stops heartbeats.

Red Man & Yellow Man
It is Death. Never more shall Indigo and Green and Orange and Blue and Mother Long Nose speak.

IT IS NINE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

Violet And this is Death. All the giants are dead!

With solemn ceremony, sprinkling water and earth, the survivors bury their dead beside the stones of the unbuilt Tower, marching in file and chanting:

The silence our brothers forever must keep;
The wreck of the beautiful bodies that sleep;
The end of their laughter, the end of their song, -
The terrible downfall of right under wrong.

They sit down moodily, with hanging hands Violet starts up.

Violet I hear a light.

Red Man Hearken - a light!

Violet — It is the light of a vast flame.

Yellow Man — Something rises from the sea.

Violet — It is an island belching fire.

Red Man — It is a great Fish - but fear not! It cannot walk the land.

Yellow Man — It is Dragon - it is the End.

The light brightens and the rage of the Sea redoubles.

Red Man — Dragon comes, leading all the fish of the Sea and belching fire.

Yellow Man — It is the End. Dragon walks both land and Sea.
Sea and Land are raging.

Red Man — Let us fight and die.

Violet — No - No! Will you all sleep and leave the world dead to me?

Red Man — There is but one last refuge - Black Man. Little Brother stand by these stones.

Yellow Man — He is weak and small, but he's the fastest runner of us all. He can tread the underbrush, glide through the trees and fly up the face of the rocks. If he but dares to face Dragon - if he has courage. - Listen, boy, do you fear?

Violet — What is Fear?

Yellow Man — Go out yonder to the shore. Meet Dragon. Stand there - Stand until you hear us call. Then away after us through the jungle and the forest and up the mountain and run for your life and ours.

Violet hesitates, looks at his brothers appealingly and then leaves slowly and alone to the shore. He stands there, watching Dragon.

Violet — Ah, but his mouth is vast! Oh, but his teeth are sharp! His great gills redden and pale, the fires rush and roar. Oh, but it's hot, hot! - I - Oh - Oh - Oh! I - am afraid!

The ringing cry of the fleeing brothers is heard and Violet flies.

IT IS TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. On the Mountain Top is forest. Stars

gleam above. In the center is a Bier with crimson flame. Black Man at the right sits on a throne and feeds the flame. He is huge, tall, thick and broad. His skin an unrelieved velvet black. His mass of angry hair curls and clinches into his scalp. His vast buttocks, great hands and mighty feet match the majestic thunder of his rolling voice. His Shadow is white. The low thunder of his mourning rises over and anon.

Black Man (Chanting thunder.)

O lie, lie, lie, that is Life;
O Woe, woe, woe, that is death!
O death in Life,
And Life in death,
And horror over all!

O age, age, age, that is death;
And dread, dread, dread, that is life;
Age in life,
And dread in death,
And horror over all!

O hate, hate, hate, that is Life:
And pain, pain, pain, that is death;
Pain in life,
And hate in death!
And horror over all!

O woe, woe, woe, that is life;
And lie, lie, lie, that is death!
O life in death,
And death in life;
And horror all in all!

Red Man and Yellow Man fall on their knees and cry: "Father!"

Black Man — I am no father - I am Woe.

Red Man and Yellow Man
King!

Black Man — I am no king - I am Hurt and Fear!

Red Man and Yellow Man
Father - King Eternal Night - Behold Death comes!

BlackMan — Death has come and gone.

Red Man — Death seeks to destroy us -

Black Man — I am destroyed.

Yellow Man (Pointing to the fire.) He will destroy - the Flame!

Blank Man starts to his feet, crying: Who? Where? How?

Red Man — Dragon comes raging.

The voice of Violet with crackling branches and gleams of fleeting light comes up:

Help! O, Father.

Red Man — Send but your voice.

Yellow Man — Wave but your hand.

Voice of Violet — Send but the Shadow of your Soul.

Red Man — (Aside) His Shadow is white.

The thin, long, white Shadow slithered along the ground; scarce visible in the starlight and unseen in the storm, it glowed pale grey in dragon's flame.

Violet enters screaming:

See - yonder - Dragon.

The breath of the Dragon from afar dims the flame. Black Man stands up and steps forward. Dragon howls.

Violet — Your Shadow - your white Shadow - only your Shadow, if not yourself!

Black Man bends slowly; regards and raises his white Shadow; it thickens at the edges, swells a bit and flattens. Thins again, curves, bulges and shudders. From the bier he pours the flame ~~cerides~~ into it; he pours Blood ~~from his gashed arm~~ into it; he breathes his Breath into it; the shadow lives; but is inert; vacant-eyed. Gradually it becomes a long, thin man crouching on the earth with flexed and quivering limbs. He is dead white in color - white haired, white eyed, white skinned. Unearthly pale and dead to look at, yet palpitating, starting, dancing. Stealthy and noiseless he arises, his gaze darting here, there, up, down, beyond. He stands like a runner set to go. He glances at the staring throng. Then glances away and looks back again. He fumbles for words, until at last his voice comes thin, high and rapid. Black Man hesitates. Then slowly he lifts a ~~hammer~~ and a knife. ~~He bares his breast and uncovers his head.~~ He crushes his own head and lifting part

of his brain, forces it into white man's mouth; he starts to gash his left breast, but already White Man with keen eyes and listening ear has leapt to his feet.

White Man — What's that?

Dragon shrieks and appears.

White Man (Seizing the ~~hammer~~ boulder and knife, leaps forward.) He seeks?

Red Man — Us.

White Man — (Looking about) Let's run.

All the Brothers: — And leave Father?

White Man — Listen! Either he can kill Dragon or he cannot; if he can, he'll be safe. If he can't, we'll be safe. Let's go!

All: — Whither?

White Man — What's that, down yonder?

All: — A pile of stones. We planned to build a tower, but knew not how.

White Man — Let's learn. First find a steep hole on the mountain-side.

Violet — Here's one beside our brothers' grave.

White Man — Just it.

He rushes down and examines the stones, looking at them curiously, feeling them as though he had never seen such things. Then he beckons for help. They roll the stones together, pile them a-top each other, daub the interstices with ~~mud~~ clay. He hurries them on even as Dragon rushes past and up. The brothers pause aghast, but White Man muttering, peering, calculating, urges them on, until on the side of the mountain, rises a tower, with a deep hole for a cellar, a high wall at the back, and low walls at the side.

White Man — There goes Dragon. Now watch the fight and cut down trees.

Red Man — Watch Father!

Yellow Man — When Dragon kills him --

White Man — We'll start for us -- cut trees, cut trees!

Violet — White Man has no Heart

White Man — When Dragon comes, run to the tower. Cling to the side walls as he plunges down. Then pile trees upon him. We'll have him fast.

Slowly Red Man and Yellow Man follow White Man into the Tower, and peer out. There rises the sound of a mighty conflict. Above in crimson light appears Black Man fighting the Dragon. He falls and rises. The Dragon forces him back. He drives Dragon back in turn. Then he yields, attacks, returns, falls; rises with one great effort and drives Dragon toward the Sea. Dragon rushes into the great hole and the trees are piled upon him. Black Man staggers after him and falls prone on the trees. The beacon of the Funeral Pyre flickers and the flame leaving the earth mounts heavenward like a ster.

IT IS ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. Within the Tower, deep in the pit, wedged by boulders and covered by trunks of trees, interlaced with vines, lies Dragon, struggling and belching fire. Above him fainting, lies Black Man, huge, wounded and ~~gasping~~ bloody. Around him, ministering to him are Red Man and Yellow Man. Violet flits here and there like a colored flash, while White Man, walks in the back-ground, like a dim blur. The brothers are becoming vaguely conscious of this new-born stranger and peer at him furtively as they serve Black Man, and speak to each other low:

Red Man — How is our Father?

Yellow Man — Better, I think.

Red Man — It was a mighty battle.

Yellow Man — It was that.

Violet — I see a new star in the east.

Red Man — I still fear Dragon.

White Man gradually loses his furtive air. He becomes conscious of accomplishment. He realizes that these others look upon him with a certain wonder and ill-conceived fear. He finds his words more quickly and more words rush to his use. He speaks with greater confidence. He stands straighter and as they all note this, Violet whispers:

"Can we trust White Man - he has no Heart?"

Slowly they all enter the tower and under the blaze of light from Dragon's breath they stand and stare, seeing each other clearly for the first time. They are astonished and ~~half~~ afraid.

Red Man — He looks bloodless.

Yellow Man — His skin is naked.

Violet — That is because White Man has no Heart.

White Man — They are a queer looking crew. All parti-colored; look dirty. I'm different. I'm entirely different. Another sort of being. But I must watch my step and fool them. They look nasty. I wonder what they are muttering amongst themselves. (White Man approaches them diffidently.)

"I have a plan. This floor of the tower above Dragon's cellar we will use to work and store our food and goods against ~~the~~ another onslaught of the beasts. Above we will build a second story where we can live." He hurries out and and slowly the others follow.

Soon the walls of the tower rise with a cellar, a first story closed and dark with noisesome smells; and a second story bright and clean open to the sky. White man looks about keenly and says,

"Now food, let's gather food." They all disperse and bring fruit and herbs and roots. Deftly White Man constructs a ladder to the second story through a small trap door. He climbs nimbly up and says, "Hand the food up here. It will be safe and clean." They start to climb up with it but he reaches down

and relieves them of their loads, working furiously. Violet flits about peering and flashing, but does little work. Suddenly Violet cries,

"Now it is all up. Lift Black Man. Come. We will all climb to the second story".

But White Man quickly draws the ladder up.

"No, no," he cries hurriedly. "Not yet. We must get more food. We must tame beasts and use them for work. I have plans. I have large plans."

Slowly again they disperse and bring in horses and cattle, pigs and sheep but when they look up the ladder has disappeared and the trap door is a grill.

"That is all right", cries White Man. "Tether the animals. It is time to eat. Lift up your hands. Climb on the backs of the beasts."

Each sticks a hand through the grill. White Man fills each hand with food but simultaneously and deftly ties each wrist, so that they sit on the beasts with one hand upraised and manacled, all save Violet. Black Man is swaying and drooping; Red Man suspicous and excited; Yellow Man calm and watchful.

All are manacled save Violet. He has flitted out the door and sits on the ramparts of the second floor.

"Where is Violet?" asks White Man.

"Here I am", says a small voice. And White Man turns upon him. He becomes truculent and domineering. Safe here above and with the others chained he feels his power.

"How in hell did you get here?" Then apparently changing his mind he gives Violet a little food and says,

"You don't understand. I have great plans and must have time to think them out. There is a lot of work to be done. Work, hard work, digging, pulling, lifting, shoving, hauling. The mountain side must be cleared and fenced and planted. The seashore needs levelling and a sea-wall must be built to guide the tide and imprison the fish. I am going to build civilization with wheels and power, engines

and machines. I have got three laborers for my work; husky fellows too. Now you go down and join them and work with them. They are simple fellows and know only enough to work and sleep and eat. They have no brains".

Violet — White Man has no Heart.

White Man — (Sharply) What's that? (To Black Man, Yellow and Red) Look sharp now, don't loiter, prepare food and fibre. Stop slobbering over Black Man. He isn't hurt much. Come now, look alive!

Red and Yellow in the cellar ~~go~~ work with their fine hands. sullenly ~~to work~~, Black Man ~~awakes~~ dozes, dazed; and sinks in a stupor. Then he works mechanically and listlessly staring toward the sea. Once he starts - raises his great arm and grasps the ~~stones~~ grill; then his head falls. He lets go; ~~sometimes~~ he sways stupidly.

White Man — (To Violet who is perched on the edge of the platform.) Another thing I got to do and that is to tame more Beasts. Make friends of them.

Violet — And fool them into working for you instead of running and playing and loving.

White Man — Well - why not? Why don't you go to work?

Violet — White Man has no Heart.

White Man — What's that? What's a Heart? I see, I hear, I touch, I think. What more?

Violet — You are cold, bloodless, unfeeling. You have no knowledge of joy and pain; of sunset and song, of love. You cannot laugh nor sing. Black Man, our poor father, forgot; he gave his Shadow no Heart.

White Man — You haven't good sense and until you get to work with the others you'll remain a useless vagabond.

Violet — I see a star. It is larger than yestereve. I t hink it is coming nearer.

White Man Go to it — star-chaser.

IT IS MIDNIGHT. Three hands: black, yellow and red protrude from the floor. They are hard and soiled but powerful. Their fingers stretch toward the food. Below their other hands, their bodies and their feet work beside the beasts and mold and move masses of material, of food and fibre, of metals and bright scintillating stones. White Man weary and spent is leaning against the side of the tower panting. He has a long cruel whip in his hand. In front of him stand five unfinished machines.

White Man God! But I'm tired. Tired and lonesome. Nobody to sympathize with me or talk to me - If only these machines could live and talk!

Violet (entering from wing) I'll talk to you.

White Man Who are you? Where are you? Oh, you don't count. Perhaps you think it's easy to guide and plan and build civilization.

(He starts toward Violet but the sprite darts beyond the menace of the whip.)

Violet Why do it?

White Man You fool. You don't understand. You can't appreciate things like this. You're too colored. You can't even appreciate my genius. Notice how I raise food and make things? See my land out there.

Violet It is not yours. It never was. It belongs to God, the Sun; and they my brothers work harder than you do.

White Man I don't care whose it is, I have got it. I find food for the Niggers to eat. Could they work without food?

Violet You chain them to their work.

White Man Do you think they'd work if I didn't? They'd sleep and starve. I feed them.

Violet What for?

White Man To make more food and clothes and shelter.

Violet — For them?

White Man — No. They'd get lazy and impudent.

Violet — For you?

White Man — Say! Whoever its for, it's hard work and it must be done. It's no fun to keep three husky brutes at work and they hating you like hell and ready to slit your throat when your back's turned. I work harder than they do — a damned sight harder. I risk and worry and fret. They mutter and whine. I've a notion to give up and let them starve. I'm tired. I'm sick. I'm lonesome. Why don't you show yourself? Where are you hiding?

Violet — You work too hard.

White Man — It is the truth.

Violet — Making others work.

White Man — That's just it. I don't even have time to sleep and eat properly.

Violet — You need help.

White Man — I know it and I've made some. I've made me five machines - perfect tireless workers who never complain. And they're white too -- white steel. I'm tired of colored folk.

Violet — What are they?

White Man — You couldn't understand and I don't know why I'm talking to you anyway. You belong to that parti-colored brood. I guess it's because I'm lonesome. Well, here they are: Radio, Dynamo, Gun, and Loom and Airplane. Dynamo drinks water and makes electricity. Radio eats electricity and talks. Loom eats coal and makes cloth; gun eats lead and kills, —

Violet — Kills? Murders? Takes beautiful lives? Why? When?

White Man — When they get dangerous to me - when anybody gets dangerous to me - when I get dangerous to myself - perhaps; I don't know - you better look sharp. But they can't think or feel. Radio talks nonsense usually. Dynamo spurts light whether I want it or no. Loom knows no patterns. See? I want them to have souls - not too much, not silly souls, but enough to make them intelligent and let me rest and enjoy myself - and sleep. You seem to know a lot - mostly foolishness - but where do souls come from?

Violet — They come from dreams.

White Man — And whence come dreams?

Violet looks up and answers:
Down from the sky.

White Man — Good. Airplains shall take me to them. Only I have not tried it yet. I'm afraid. I may be too heavy.

Violet (eagerly) — Let me try it?

White Man — No, no, not you. You'd jolly well like me to try and fail.

Violet — Well then, sleep and dream.

White Man — Nonsense, you want to get me off to sleep, don't you, so that you can snoop and steal? Well, I don't believe your lies, you're right - but - I got to sleep - I'm dead - tired; I got to --

Inspite of every effort and starting now and again to wakefulness, White Man at last succumbs to utter weariness and drops down to dreamless sleep. ~~White Man drops to sleep on the floor,~~ grasping his whip.

Violet — Souls? Souls! If I could get the right soul for these terrible steel monsters, we would heal this sick world.

Voice — Why not the souls of your dead brothers?

Violet — Dead - brothers - who speaks? The star in the east is gone! There is a mist where it was and a wind in the mist. I

thought I heard the mist speak. Can stars talk?

Voice — Yes, my son.

Violet — Who speaks? Can it be yonder star that was growing hourly brighter?

Voice — Yes, my son.

Violet — Your son!

Voice — My Moonbeam - last of the Angels.

Violet — Mother - Moon-Mother of Earth and Sky
Bearer of sun rays
Star of evening
Wife of Black Man
Mother of me and mine
You are dead and yet speak.

(The Moon enters as a Woman in Grey.)

Moon — I slept the sleep of Eternal Pain
For the Sun's hot anger;
But seeing Earth's evil
He has repented
And called me back from the swoon of Death
To redeem mankind.

Violet — And may I help and what's to be done? Shall we kill White Man? See! He sleeps - he is very still - helpless and still. Shall we kill him and free the world?

Grey Woman — We may not kill him; Life is our mission.

Violet — Shall we smash his machines?

Grey Woman — No - not Destruction but Creation is good and White Man has created this wonderful work; let it endure.

Violet — But souls - it needs souls; he says so.

Gray Woman — Listen, my boy. There are two ways and only two to redeemthe world - by Dreams and Death. Will you help?

Violet — So willingly!

Grey Woman — First, we will try Dreams - but if you fail -

Violet — What?

Grey Woman — Death, little one, only Death; and not his - yours.

Violet — Welcome Death! Say on.

Grey Woman — Below lies Dragon eating the bodies and prisoning the souls of four of my children. I shall loose Dragon. You will hear the thunderous rush of his going, the heat and fury of his fire. Then, I will gather the souls of my dead sons and stand them here beside you in these machines. I will unshakle the right hands of Black man, Red and Yellow Now little one, comes your task.

Violet — What - what?

Grey Woman — White Man sleeps in deep and dreamless stupor. The thunder of Dragon will wake him to dreaming. He will feel the soul of Orange beside Radio; of Blue beside Dynamo; of Green beside Gun and Indigo beside Loom. White Man will greem these ghosts into his machines. But he must not dream alone lest his heartless head complete disaster. It is your task to make the world dream with him. Black Man must dream and Red and Yellow and you yourself must dream. Already I dream. If all of us dream hard and sure, the machines and the souls of my sons will be one and like to the souls of the fullest truest dreamers. Then you will place yourself in Airplane and take man's message to the stars. If we fail, we shall create half men and monsters and then there is no Salvation but Death. Go, and while you dream, I will loose Dragon from his bitter slavery of fire, lest the souls of my children, weary and confused, creep back to their mangled bodies again and die forever.

Violet — But if Dragon turn on us?

Grey Woman — He will not. He has learned the Hell of Human Hearts. He

will spurn the earth and cleave the sea and fly beyond the stars. Go! Put all the world to sleep. When Dragon thunders, awake! Go! And child my boy child, try! - try hard! For if you fail, there is but one salvation - the sacrifice of Death. Dreams or Death, darling, Dreams or Death - go!

AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

The lower story of the Tower is visible and the floor of the second story. Above lies White Man asleep. Below the three prisoners are unchained: Black Man is in the center, seated with head bowed in his hands. At his right is Yellow Man shovelling dirt and stones. At his left is Red Man standing straight and still.

White Man (Stirring in his sleep.) I thought I saw ghosts - and heard the voice of God.

Violet He sleeps. Soon he shall dream my brothers back to life. If I dream too - if my father dreams and all my father's children, then will the machine and the dream be wed and true and the rainbow of the world live again in beauty.

(Violet flies down below.)

Black Man
The mud of the world,
The offal of mankind.
The beaten, spit upon and damned!
Cursed of sun and sea,
Deserted of Moon and star,
Inert, nerveless, more that dead and less.

Violet Listen, O Father! Listen, O Brothers of all mankind. Your hands are free Stars twinkle and Freedom comes. Listen, I have a message from on high. Saw you not the Star last night? God the Sun commands us to dream. Dream with me. Dream hard. Dream of our brothers who still sleep as ghosts and let them mate with steel and redeem the world.

Yellow Man Toil!

Moving, pulling, lifting, straining,
Twisting, pushing, throwing, gripping;
Toil!
Till thought dies,
And dreams disappear;
Till hunger flames and flees;
Till sleep is a drug,
And life a nightmareof pain.

Violet — O, brother, brother! Listen to me - listen but a moment! Look up! You're free.
I am little, but I know, I see, I hear. Our brother's souls return - I've seen their ghosts - great, beautiful, pale ghosts. Dream with me, dream hard, sleep and dream. Don't keep working like pack-horses - sleep! Dream!

Red Man — I will live no more.
Neither will I dream
I will die.
Toil!
Toil for toil's sake,
To hunger to toil again;
To rest to toil,
To toil to rest;
To remember nothing -
With nothing to remember;
To know no beauty,
To have no soul!
I will not dream
I will die.

All three sink down in dreamless stupor. Violet rushes at them. Shakes them; weeps and cries:

Violet O what shall I do? What can I do? They sleep but do they dream? I do not think they dream. They do not sleep like dreamers - they lie like logs. (They do not know they are.) The new machines will be born white - pale, heartless monsters; My brothers will be half-hearted ghosts, encased in steel.

I, only little me, am left
To dream in them a heart
I will sleep. I must sleep.

He lies down and tosses; tries to sleep; turns and twists.

Violet I cannot sleep; my head's afire but a cold
White hand has gripped my brain.
I cannot sleep-
O God! I cannot sleep.

(Slowly, wearily Violet climbs aloft)

I didn't dream. They didn't dream down there; they wouldn't dream. They only worked and slept. And I?
I - I couldn't sleep. O - Moon Mother! I have failed.
Dreams have failed - there is only - Death!

He starts up, for with sudden thunderous rush of sound and rage of smoke and fire, Dragon passes seething to the Sea. The sea boils and Dragon flies beyond the stars.

IT IS TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

The world has been transformed; there is still human labor below, (unchecked but unfreemed) — black, yellow and red; but here above is a new laboring class: machines; half-human, to be sure, but also half machines; and as such, curious, sinister, startling phenomena.

White Man is on a gorgeously furnished platform making a sort of third story of the Tower at the back. He sits, hunched forward, afraid, self-conscious, yet trying to look dignified. He blinks as he sees in front of him a singular person. Tricked out in orange braid, and clothes -- cut square with pale green inset panels, enters Radio. He is a pompous butler, but he has no eyes. He is blind, but can hear a pin drop and has a voice like the crack of doom.

"At your service, Sir," he booms, so loudly that White Man jumps on his throne. Then he looks all about suspiciously. At his right holding Radio's hand is Dynamo, steel-blue, short and squat, with lumps of flesh. He has a big mouth and tiny, eyes that flash continuously. But he has no ears; he is stone deaf. Yet he is always humming to himself; humming a low monotone without tune and drinking from a great flagon of water. At the left, White Man descries Gun - tall, thin and metallic green. He has a dozen eyes arranged in a circle around his round, open, mouth. But he has neither hands nor skin. He cannot feel, but on his spindly legs, he can move fast. Behind them all lumbers Loom; a ~~vast bulky lump~~ tall, wide giant of iron; unhealthy purple in hue, as if always choaking; with soft, solemn eyes and big ears; a mouth but no tongue; he is always silent; he utters no word; always with his big hands and long arms he is continually mixing cotton and coal, flax and coal, wood and coal; he chews them; slavers at the mouth while behind his entrails eject huge rolls of smooth and beautiful cloth.

White Man glares at all of these uncertainly, then spies Violet in the Airplane.

White Man — Say you!

Violet — Yes.

White Man — Do you believe in ghosts.

Violet — ~~I don't know.~~ Perhaps!

White Man — I do. I saw four ghosts last night - or dreamed I did and now here are these fellows. Sounds silly but I half believe the ghosts got into my machines and made them men; all except my airplane.

Violet — Half-men.

White Man — Half-nothing. White men - my equals - my helpers.
Hell and furies! I see it all now; why I'm God!
I've created Man; a new kind of man
They talk and hear and see.
That was the voice I just heard; wait! I'll try and see.
What - what is it you fellows want?

Radio — (With cockney accent) To serve you, Sir, and h' entertain you, even if I am blind.

White Man — See? He don't want to rule, he wants to serve; and all good servants should be blind.

Violet — Orange has forgotten all his poetry; he no longer knows what poetry is.

White Man — (To Dynamo) What do you want?

Radio — 'es deaf, sir, but 'e can talk and see and if I hold his hand I can make him understand; 'e wants to work for you.

Violet — He don't want to dream; he don't want to dance; he don't want to run! He wants to work! Dear God!

White Man — Good! That's the ticket. Give him plenty of water and tell him to light up and get going. I'll give him a good steady job.

Dynamo — (In low rumbling voice with German accent). De eart' is de Lord's and de fullness der of.

White Man — What's he muttering about? Here you (to Gun) What do you want?
(Gun salutes by clicking smartly and whirling his

cylindrical eyes.)

Gun — To kill, sir! I want to fight.

White Man — Great! Ideal soldier! He'll guard me. (Gun clicks again.) And you? (to Loom)

Radio — 'E's dumb, sir, but 'e can see and hear. He built your throne out of stuff we got from the Niggers below; and he's working on a coronation robe for you.

White Man — Capital! Perfect! What's better than a good laborer who can't talk back and has an eye single to his job.

Violet — They're only half men. We failed.

White Man — We failed - I succeeded, you mean. I'm the Creator. I'm God. I've made a world of white men.

Violet — They're not white.

White Man — Yes, they are too - of course, not pure white - not Nordic like me, but that tint of their's - sun-tan and star-shadow. I tell you they're white - inside.

Violet — And your equals? Yes - your equals!

White Man — Sure - that is - in a way - Oh you get out. Here Dynamo. (beckons)

Dynamo — Yes, Sir!

White Man — (Explaining by signs) Come over here by this trap door. See those ~~hands? They belong to~~ laborers below. See the goods they're piling up. Lift the stuff up here and hand it to Loom. Light up and get going. O yes, and keep Radio's battery full-charged. (Dynamo humming to himself begins to work.)

White Man — Hey! Loom. (Loom approaches.) Take the goods Dynamo raises up and make cloth and weld steel. Look alive now.

Violet — (~~Pushing up~~ approaching the airplane) I'll teach them.

White Man — Hey! ~~quit that~~ clear out. Teach them what?

Violet — What every white man should know.

White Man — You keep your mouth shut. You can't teach white men. They naturally know it all. Now, Dynamo and Loom, drive the Niggers to work. Spur them on. Call for more, more, more goods. Set a swift pace. I'll whip 'em if they loiter; starve them if they don't; you pile the goods up here. O yes, and we might as well smother Dragon now. We can make our own heat and light.

Violet — Dragon's gone.

White Man — (Starting) What? He'll kill us - who

Violet — He has flown beyond the stars.

White Man — Oh well - I'll keep an eye on the stars. Gun!

Gun — (clicks) Yes sir!

White Man — Get a khaki uniform and plenty of ammunition. Then stand here and look alive. Keep a special eye on him. (Pointing to Violet)

(Gun rolls out.)

Work begins with ~~a vast and~~ dark rising roar, with dust and swift motion. White Man rubs his hands and looks at his watch.

White Man — Where's Gun?

(Machine Gun rolls back in uniform and stands stiffly.)

White Man — Present - hrm! Right shoulder - hrm! Right about - face! Say, see Airplane? Put a ~~beem~~ bomb in there - a big one. I'll ~~run~~ ride him after dinner and patrol the world. Stand there on guard. Now Radio, for a dinner and a good one. Hurrah for culture and civilization. Here's where I get some rest and enjoy myself. While you're ordering dinner, Radio, order me some Art and Literature on the side - a million dollars work.

Dinner is served quickly with great circumstance and low music from Radio who is very busy. There are flowers, fruit, china and silver.

IT IS THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

White Man — O, I dine!

A cocktail - potage à la crême, sole frite, (with chablis),

Paté de foie gras - champignons!

Canard roti aux truffles (a bit of Burgundy)

Salad (very rare - try this hock)

Patisserie - Moet et Chandon(to warm the heart)

Café noire. (What about this Benedictine?)

Lord, how I've stuffed myself and I wasn't even hungry.

Sing Radio!

I really need exercise to keep fit and fix me for another meal.

Doffs his dinner suit for sport clothes. Plays hand ball and golf and swings Indian clubs. Sits down panting.)

Violet — You still seem overworked.

White Man — You still here? Gun, watch him! Keep him away from Air-plane.

Violet — They're hungry below.

White Man — Sure! See 'em? Hear 'em growl and fight. (Tosses a bone and the hands grip it.)

Violet — I thought these new folk were white men?

White Man — They're all laborers - my laborers. I own them. If I want to, I'll whip them. I'll whip them with hunger.

Violet — Machines don't eat.

White Man — They're not machines - they're men - laboring men; white laboring men and naturally better than niggers; better men and better machines.

They don't need rich food nor expensive clothes.

For me?
What is nicer than clothes -
Silk and Linen,
Soft and subtle wools,
Sweet, bending leather;
Jewels that gleam and sparkle and laugh and cling;
Gold, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and pearls!
Well, I deserve it!
I worked and saved and thought
They dawdled and squandered.

Violet — You didn't save, you Found.
You don't work, you loaf.
You don't think, you count,
You don't play, you gorge,
You're a fool,
Because you have no Heart.

White Man — (Staggering to his feet.) Hear that? Hear that tra[itor]
That viper I've been nourishing - catch him - He's in [the]
airplane, drive him out — how'd he get there anyhow?
There's a boat in there. He's no ghost - or is he? -
to work. (Staggers in a drunken stupor and is put to
Radio.)

Violet — I won't work.
I am free
I play
I fly and sing, I cry
Work is the child of Hell
I am a son of Heaven, — am I?

Violet stands disconsolate -- a moment silent - then he becomes suddenly al
He sees a last effort. Seizing paint and placards he rapidly outlines a ha
dozen signs. He is determined to put thought and rebellion into the glim
minds of these half men. He is going to make the masses not only walk but think.
He leaps back into the airplane, tunes it and st
aloft, circling the tower, swooping down toward dynamo. Dynamo stares at
the sign and slowly reads it. Clumsily he begins to talk.

Dynamo (Reading) All - Men - are brudders? (Stares in surprise)
(Loom, listening - works more slowly. Violet swoops agai

Dynamo (Reading) All men - are born - free and equal! Vy-dem
black fellers - dem hands, down dere - brudders? Equal?
(Loom stops work listens, and stretches his arms toward
cellar.)

Radio (Listening) Hey - what's up. I don't hear Loom; what's
that buzzing?

Gun Gwan there - get to work. (Violet swoops again, swift

Dynamo Liberty - Equality - Fraternity. (Dynamo stops work.)

Radio What's that? Bli--me, they've both stopped work. Wh

Gun See that airplane. Shall I shoot?

Radio No - lead me nearer. What airplane? What are you h
(Violet flies by Gun)

Dynamo Life - Liberty - and the pursuit - of Habbiness?

Gun What's that? Is it something to eat? I'm hungry, giv
some more bullets. (Loom starts toward White Man beck
the blacks in the cellar.)

Radio Stand back!

Gun Shall I shoot? (Violet whirls)

Dynamo (Walking forward slowly with rapt expression.)
All - wealth belongs - to de vorkers.

Gun Which one shall I kill? Why don't somebody order

Radio — 'Old on there. I want to get this 'ere talk straight. I don't trust that there mulatto, Violet, but there's some sense in what 'e's saying. Natural enough, all white men are equal and if you h'ask me, I wouldn't half mind pursuing a little 'appiness.

Violet — Workers unite! Solidarity forever! (Sings) "Allons enfants de la patrie!"

White Man — (Starting up from sleep) What's that?

Radio — (To Gun) Qgick, lead me - 'is robe (holds his robe so as to cut off the view of the advancing workers). Present! hrm! Aim! 'old 'em back. (To White Man) Nothing sir - 'ere's your robe.

White Man — (Stretching) I feel rotten.

Radio — The morning h'after the night before, Sir! Bath? Shave? Breakfast?

White Man — Breakfast? Bah! Fix a bath and -

Dynamo and Loom have paused as Gun aims, but now they surge forward, Violet leading in the plane with a red flag, Loom rolling his arms like a drum and Dynamo blowing a trumpet.

"Solidarity forever -"

White Man — (Wheeling about) What the hell! Why this? Why ain't they working?

Radio — They've stopped work, Sir. Sort of strike. Been list'ning to agitators - that there Violet.

Dynamo — All men are brudders.

WhiteMan — Like hell they are! If you don't -

Radio — I think he means white men, Sir.

Gun — Shall I kill him?

White Man — I don't care a damn what he means -

Dynamo — All men are born free and equal.

White Man — I'll free and equal you - Gun - Attention!

Present - hrm! Get back to work!

Dynamo — Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

White Man — Take aim. (Loom rushes up to White Man)
Dynamo — Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.
White Man — Don't put your hands on me! Don't touch me!

Fire! (Loom dies and turns into a machine).

IT IS FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

White Man — (Trembling) My God!

Violet — (Beside his plane, - sits with bowed head)

Indigo - Brother Indigo! Dead - all dead!

Dynamo — All men - are born - free and equal. (Falls weeping on the machine. Gun clicks his rifle to fire again.)

White Man — Stop!

Radio — Beg pardon, Sir - but 'adn't we better h' arbitrate? You see I need Dynamo to re-charge my battery and you need me. My idea, Sir, is 'ow these fellows has some rights, but goes too far.

Dynamo — All wealth belongs to de workers.

White Man — You blithering idiot! Gun! Attention! What the devil's the matter with the world!

Radio — Well, sir, h'it's this way. H'it's that kid, Violet. He's been a-flying about and tampering with industry. H' I don't like his looks nowsy. Bit of the tar-brush, if you ask me. Dynamo, 'e started it with this equality business. Now I should say 'ow all white men was brothers and should stand together but I don't 'old with niggers. We

white folks should be free and equal and share whatever 'appiness we can get. (While he is talking, Dynamo retreats before Gun)

White Man — What the devil are you talking about?
Christ Almighty, - Look! He's talking down cellar. He's trying to release the niggers! (Pointing to Dynamo)

Radio — Give me the whip. No sir - don't you risk nothing. Gun - guide me. (Seizes the whip and he and Gun dash to the grating. Red and Yellow raise their heads above it)
Get down there, you red son of a bitch'. H'out of that, you Yellow bastard! Don't you know a white man when you see'im? Gee! This is fun!

Violet leaps down from his plane!

Don't strike your brothers!

Radio — Brothers? 'ell, they're lice. I'll show 'em -
(Red and Yellow sink back - Black Man has not moved. Violet and Dynamo stare silently down upon them. Radio and Gun retreat)

Violet — Brothers! Join us and fight for freedom.
Don't go back to him.

White Man — Don't listen to that mischief maker. Come here.
(He seizes a flag. Gun leads, Radio next and White Man last with the flag.)
"O say can you see". -

Violet — (Singing) "Allons enfants de la patrie - "

Gun — (Singing) "God save the Czar!"

Dynamo — (Singing) "Solidarity forever -"

Radio and White Man — (Singing) "God save our gracious King."

Violet — "La Jour de grace êtes arrive!"

Gun — (Doing the goose step.) "Deutchland, Deutchland, ueber alles!"

White Man — My God, am I drunk or dreaming or has the whole damned world gone mad? (To Violet) You're the cause of all this, I'll fix you. Killing is too good for you. (To Gun.) Here, give me that gun.

Gun — No!

White Man — What?

Gun — No - I'm the killer!

White Man — God damn you!

Violet — Come, Gun and Radio - join us, brothers -

Radio — Don't call me brother, or I'll jolly well bash your mouth in.

Violet — What are we doing? What are we saying? Why do we quarrell? Let's keep up the battle for freedom and brotherhood. Up and on. Blue - Brother Blue - kill him and save the world.

Dynamo — (Staggering toward White Man) All men - free - habbiness-workers-forever!

White Man — Love your country! Serve God! Honor the King! God save the Czar! Stand back - fire! (Gun fires)

Dynamo — Long Live - the Revolution!

Silence. Dynamo loses the semblance of a man and becomes a machine running with a low whirr; White Man climbs to his high seat and stands staring)

Violet — Brother Blue's dead now - all dead. His body died before - now his soul is dead. He will never live again. Almost I dreamed a soul in him. Almost, - and then I couldn't sleep. White Man dreamed hardest, but White Man has - no Heart.

Radio — Well, we're rid of those Bolsheviks. The A'idea!

h'asking equality with us. It's a good thing they're dead. Now what I propose, Sir, is this: suppose you and I just stand together and run this thing?

White Man — You and I?

Radio — Why, yes; you see - we are alone now with Gun to guide us.

White Man — Are we?

Radio — Yes. Can I sit up there with you now and 'elp whip niggers.

White Man — Well, of course, sometime - when there's more room. It's cramped now.

Violet — All men are equal.

Radio — Yes - no - not you. We white folks are equal, ain't we?

White Man — Why - yes, of course.

Radio — Well, then 'ereafter we'll live up 'ere on the throne. I'll eat with you and drink a bit of that liquor you have and wear some of them good clothes you don't use and then we'll rule the world. I may write a bit of poetry now and then - I used to.

White Man — What the devil!

Violet — All men are brothers.

Radio — That's it. No, it ain't. I don't mean you - all white men, and I want to eat and get drunk like you, right now.

White Man — (Starting up angrily) Hell you won't.

Radio — I won't, hey.

He starts toward White Man. Suddenly Radio stops. Static flickers in his voice.

"My batteries," he gasps - "Dynamo!" and becomes a silent radio cabinet.

White Man — (Thinking gun had killed Radio) What did you - do that - for? You damned blundering idiot.

Machine Gun — (Whirls about and glares. Stares at the corpse of Radio.

Stares at White Man, slowly raises his gun.)

White Man — It is finished. I've killed the white laboring class! Only me - alone - with dead machines - and niggers; - except my airplane - where's my plane?(Violet rushes to the airplane, starts it and sweeps aloft, dropping the bomb. As it bursts he flies away, leaving White Man's throne in ruins

IT IS FOUR O'CLOCK in the morning. In the lower story of the Tower a Grey Woman is seated. Black Man in the center ~~with upraised shackled hands~~ bowed head. Red and Yellow ~~also shackled~~ are asleep at either side.

Grey Woman — O Black man!

(No answer)

Grey Woman — King of Night!

(No answer)

Grey Woman — There is your Majesty!

(Groan)

Grey Woman — Why do you lie in ~~chains~~ dirt - you who were born to a Crown, a crimson mantle, a crystal sceptre and a throne of gold -

Black Man — (Starting) Who calls?

Grey Woman — I call.

Black Man — Whose voice is that?

Grey Woman — The Voice of the Dead.

Black Man — There is but one Dead and two - She and Me.

Grey Woman — You are not dead.

Black Man — I am more than dead.

Grey Woman — Awake you that sleep - awake I say - Black Man, King of Night!

Black Man — (Struggles, swaying) Who calls - who calls! That voice!

White Man — (Above) I didn't call, I am alone! ~~go to work!~~ He will feed on me!

Grey Woman — Behold, I call!

(She unveils her face. Bright Moonlight floods the basement)

Black Man — Eternal King of Glory. Son of the Suns! Thou hast sent her back.

O Moon, Moon of my Delight.

(He tears the grating out)

Away cobwebs!

(White Man leaps weakly down from above.) Out, gnat!

(He hurls White Man headlong)

(Red Man and Yellow Man leap to their feet. The machines become silent.)

Black Man — Peace fools! Come, O my beloved!

IT IS FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Here is the sea-shore; behind is the Tower, beautiful, save below. Violet is perched on its walls in his plane. The Moon and Black Man are in the center. White Man lies unconscious at their feet. Red Man and Yellow Man are kneeling at either side.

Violet — I see flowers. I hear them wave, I smell their gorgeous hues. I'm going away. I'm going to die. Mother said so. I'm glad to be able to do something - something great for mother and father. Yes - I'm even glad to die.

Red Man and Yellow Man — (Advancing with knives) Let us kill White Man quickly while he faints. He has no Heart. He never had one. He enslaved us. He must die.

Moon — What says the King's Majesty?

Black Man — (Slowly) No, no! His sin is mine. He is a soulless thought-machine because I made him so. When in primeval grief I gave this being life, I withheld all that makes life living. I forgot in selfishness, and forgetfulness is sin. And as this man grew strong, I fed his strength with

my weakness. I yielded when yielding was slavery. I handed him fear and submission instead of steadfast death. The world needs the cunning of this man as it needs the gifts of all men. He must live and for his life I will face death. Moon-wife, behold this knife. It has been sharpened by exquisite pain. It has been cleansed with grief. I made it. I saved it for my self-destruction. Take it. Call my children to aid. Array yourselves as Priests. Place White Man and me together on this bier, - hand-in-hand, heart-by-heart and face to heaven. My heart is large. Cut and cut again and give to him who has none.

Moon — And if, O King, I cut - too much?

Black Man — Have you not heart enough for us twain, O Queen?

Moon — And if, O Love, above some mighty artery, my trembling hand should slip?

Black Man — Then will I die, Sweet Woman, surrendering perfect love for a perfect world.

Red and Yellow and the Moon array themselves as operating surgeons. All are in white save Black Man and the faces of Moon, Red Man and Yellow Man. Violet, alone, sits stiff in his plane staring sea-ward, his back to the operation.

Violet — I smell the ether; I see the knife. It shines. It tears the velvet skin. It wanders slowly downward, searching a way. It glides beneath a muscle a mighty roll; it grazes a cold white bone. On, on it glides, - careful - ah - it leads for a river of life. It cleaves its banks and plunges across the

flood - the angry crimson rages. Ah! they bind it back - they curb it, they still it; the knife glides on; and now - ah - I cannot look - I close my eyes; yet my soul sees that pulsing, straining morsel rise and sigh and bury itself in a brother's soul - ah - ah - come blessed darkness and tell me not what lingers in that fearful pool of blood.

(He grovels, hands on eyes - silence.)

Moon (Straightens, listens, looks and then cries, with streaming eyes.) Dance, child, before your God! All is well!

Violet leaps from his plane and dances in air; Black Man and White Man stir, open their eyes - and slowly turn their heads.

Black Man Brother!

White Man Brother!

X

IT IS SUN-RISE.

There is a double throne; on one seat the full Moon sits lightly veiled, with robe and sceptre. Beside the armpost of the other stands Black Man clothed in simple white and a stave in his hand. Before them seated on the ground, White Man in black; Red Man in green, Yellow Man in Blue. Down further in front, Violet sits, clad in many colors, with wings. He whispers:

I wonder when I shall die?

White Man — How soft the light is on the sea. You are weary brother (To Red) rest on me; (To Yellow Man) Your hand, for I am troubled. Listen: Have I been asleep? Have I been ill? For somehow I seem to remember a dream - a feeling of some far off ill. Once I caught a gleam of it in the eyes of Red Man, whom I love. Once Yellow Man recoiled from my embracing arm. And even you, Great King of Night, though you are ever kind, I sometime have the memory of an impossible thing; of having once despised you, who are of the blood royal; of having held you bound, - a slave! Nay, do not smile; I know the thing is fantastic and yet, last night, so strong the shadow of the memory came, I dreamed I leapt up in my sleep and sought you; cried to the hills where you were hid; grovelled and wept in mine abasement, tried to leap into the sea and woke to find you there beside me, your hand in mine, - Brother! Tell me whence comes these vague and vicious visions - was I ill?

Black Man — Ill - very, very ill. But now you are your real self, strong and good. See we wind our arms about you and go forward, beneath the Moon to rebuild this beautiful world.

Red Man and Yellow Man — Let's tear the city down and build anew.

Black Man — All building is re-building. No building can be new.
Behold this city! White Man built it with his brother's toil.

White Man — I? When?

Black Man — There is much beautiful and useful in yonder city. Indeed all that is worth while and done by our hands is there incorporate - it must not die.

Red Man — But is it founded on evil?

Yellow Man — No good can build on evil.

Black Man — All good must build on evil. All foundings and beginnings smell of wrong.
Beneath all towers of light, lurk caves of gloom.
And beside in yonder city lie the wonder works
Of White Man's brain - Radio and Loom, Dynamo and Gun.

White Man — I am glad I did something good in all my years of sickness.

Red Man — But foundations are first.

Black Man — Foundations are last.

Yellow Man — They must be first, else while we build, and burrow and reburrow and rebuild who shall hold these shining towers in place lest they fall?

The Moon — Violet.

Violet — Ah! My time has come. - Yes, Mother!

Moon — Violet, can you do this thing - this mighty task for me and the world?

Violet — Yes, with airplane. I will cable this fair city to thestars. I will go to my Moon Mother's father, All Glorious, the Sun. I will drag down golden chains from him and thread them to and fro until my net of sunbeams holds hinged and nailed together, the fabric of the world.

The Moon — Amen and go! But this remember, little son, my last and sweetest

born! He who meets the Sun, full face to face, no human eye shall see again - invisible, imponderable, incalculable, you are doomed to thread the universe thereafter all alone. Always heard and never seen, all-radiant voice of empty air. Will you go?

Violet I go.

He kisses the feet of Black Man; waves to the others; leaps to his mother's arms, enters his plane and flashes up to heaven.

Black Man Fly little flame of sunlight, home to God!

The Moon (Watching Black Man) And now, O Black Man, reign and rule.

Black Man O Moon of my desire,
Two things alone I asked of the Sun;
You and eternal life.

The Moon Two things the Sun has sent you: Me - and eternal life.

Black Man Then shall my arm be free; then shall the new city rise and Earth be glad. Time shall be timeless; Space shall be Time. O Moon, lead us to Eternal Life.

The Moon steps down from the throne unveiled. She is red-golden in flesh, naked, with clouds of filmy silver hair.

Moon Love is God
Love is God
There is no God byt Love
And Work is his prophet.

Slowly the Moon rises and points to the mountain top. A tender perfume fills the still air in the pause of morning before the dawn.

Moon Behold!

Flowers of every hue appear dimly waving in the twilight and above them fly the Birds of Everlasting Song.

The Moon Behold! The flower-children of Eternal Life. The life once

born in thee and me, O my husband, shall never die. It shall roll on eternal in ever widening floods of foaming life. It shall be you and more than you, ever dying, reincarnate Life, creating Life. See how your Flower-Children paint the world in every color and hue - hues of men that live, hues of them that died that you might live. Behold, my King and my brother and my children, all these are yours, born of your dear body and mine, life of our lives, souls of our souls, always and forever us.

Black Man — Forward brothers, to the Children of Eternal Life and the City just and beautiful. There let me reign as king.

The Moon — And call to your company, Man of Men,
Beasts of fold and field and forest
Fish of the twelve and seven seas
And from this day forever
Peace be between them and you.

Black Man — Peace be between Man and Beast and Fish.

Beasts furtively prowl by and fish leap in the sea.

Black Man — And now -
Bring me my crown, for God the sun is near.

To the sound of low music, the coronation takes place. Black Man sets a coronet of stars on the Moon's hair and a cirlet of gold on his own head. Red and Yellow invest him with a blood-red robe shot with broideries of silver. White Man hands him his ebony sceptre. Suddenly Dragon appears above the morning star and belching flames, winds a trumpet call that resounds across the skies. Slowly the Sun rises, glowing low inthe East, while in the West stand Moon and Night. As the Sun rises and Moonlight fades away, — the

voice of Black Man, full and clear, rolls across the world, reading the royal rescript of his reign and realm. As he reads and the light grows, there appear birds and flowers walking like people -- of all kinds and colors, passing, singing, dancing and lying at ease.

XI

It is high noon and the voice of Black Man floats over a broad and shining city.

Imperial Ruler- God the Sun
Father of all, almighty -
Our royal consort,
Queen of Night
And Princes, Yellow
Red and White,
Our high and loving greeting!

Visitors, guests and embassies
Beasts, birds and fish here meeting;
Receive our Lord and Will
To guide this Capital of Night
High Harlem of the Hill.

This city wide and tall
With tower, sward and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.

Our land belongs to God
Our need, its measuring rod;
We let no rent of money lent
Monopolize our sod.

Here no man leaves his son
The wealth that he has won
He leaves him Health and Skill and Will
And some good deed well-done.

Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where ghosts abide -
We seek no dreams to kill.

We make and grow such things
As are for men not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings.

We know no judge nor jail,
Nor rope nor fiery flail
The straitest cell and deepest hell
Is knowledge that we fail.

The man who does us ill,
We neither hurt nor kill;
We seek to find, unloose, unbind
The warden of his will.

We have no [illegible] soldiers here
Nor wars nor murder gear;
We fly to heal and not to steal, -
We bury Pain and Fear.

Here is no church nor creed
Religion is a deed
Here no man's hope demands a pope
And no faith, bloody seed.

Here is each woman free
To choose what she will be:
An unwed mother, wife or lover
Toiler in sky or sea,

Here men are gold and red,
And white with black may wed
Or green with blue or any hue,
To win Life from the Dead.

The children of our day
Are neither chance nor play
We plan their birth and weigh their worth
And give their mothers pay.

We let no family pride,
Mold secret sins to hide;
Who soar or plod are sons of God
Who falter, souls that died.

Each man and child must know
What Life and Science show;
Learning is free where e'er Truth be;
Stupidity is woe.

We do not fear to die
We do not rage nor sigh
We sow and reap and fall asleep
We smile and say good-bye.

O happy, happy dale -

Triumphant human vale

Great thundersong of conquered Wrong

Made music of the grail.

LOVE + Race

SEVEN-UP: A Tale

Section One

It was a little Southern town, with that characteristic combination of charm and tawdriness. On Lee Street, below the sprawling shining square, was the home of Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey. Her husband, Bill Carrington was dead. He had been a shrewd "cracker" from the hills, and had made quite a fortune from leasing Negro convicts. He married Imogene Gwathmey, whose uncle's father, before the Civil War, had owned a small plantation and a few slaves. Imogene consequently considered herself as belonging to the old Southern aristocracy. None disputed this, when she married money, even though it was encumbered by a "poor white". Mrs. Carrington-Gwathmey hyphenated her family name, kept Bill socially in the background and became an official of the local Daughters of the Confederacy.

Bill drank himself to death in 1915, to the relief of his family, which now consisted of a widow, a son of sixteen and two daughters, twelve and fourteen. Mrs. Gwathmey - the "Carrington" began to subside - began to handle the family finances with the help of lawyer Holt and they flourished in the post-war boom. The mansion was refurnished, the girls sent to a fashionable finishing school and George - named after the great uncle - to a military academy.

Then came the disaster of the panic and depression. The children came home from school. The lawyer who had been elected judge was trying to find work for George. The mansion sagged and the servants were now reduced to an old woman of allwork, a casual chore boy, Jim; and Celia. The family income consisted almost solely of rentals from a dozen Negro cabins whose denizens, being unemployed, paid but little and that intermittently.

Perhaps the greatest thorn in Mrs. Gwathmey's flesh had long been the Lyon's family. They were well-known locally, of poor white origin, intermarried with Northern

carpetbagers; but they had invested in cotton mills and had money even after the depression; and they put on airs. The mother brought back the newest fashions from New York; the father was retired and the three sons, insolently handsome, worked loafed, drank, played golf and relentlessly pursued women. Mrs. Gwathmey was particularly outraged when Mrs. Lyons blossomed as a D. A. R. from Northern forbears at whom Mrs. Gwathmey sniffed audibly; and Mrs. Lyons was now preparing to entertain the State Meeting. It was a social outrage. Of course, the D. A. C. outranked the D. A. R., socially, morally and in every way. But Mrs. Gwathmey was hurt.

Celia was eighteen, healthy, vivid, made for affection and marriage, but hopelessly frustrated by her circumstances. Her face was not pretty but bright and appealing, and her form was almost perfect. Men eyed her breasts and always turned to look at her legs; and she knew it. Under ordinary circumstances, she would have loved and married Jim the shore-boy, and raised a family. But Jim had neither a real job nor an education. He was a good-natured boy of twenty. He had never known parents nor regular home. His grand-parents had brought him up and when they died, he had gone to work for the Gwathmeys, lodging in an outhouse and eating in the kitchen or any where it was convenient. When the Gwathmeys were prosperous he received something like wages, which enabled him to have a dollar or so in his pocket, and to supplement his wardrobe with store clothes bought on installments. His recreations included some hunting and fishing and loafing about the pool room, owned by a white man but run ostensibly by a Negro. Here liquor could be had and women arranged for. But Jim did not drink much, disliking the taste of the crude spirits and not responding especially to their effects. As to women he was also rather guileless. He had always assumed that sometime he would marry Celia, and even in his few chance sex excursions he felt rather ashamed and disloyal and always vowed never to stray again, -- an easy matter as the wantons had little attraction for him, physical or spiritual. His chief problem since

the crash of the Gwathmeys' fortune, was earning money. He was not lazy -- in fact he liked work and went at a task quickly and thoroughly. But there had never been in his life any connection between work and wage -- between conscientious accomplishment and reward. He knew boys who got more money stealing and gambling, than he ever got by hard work. This did not lure him to crime -- he had good sense -- but it did puzzle him.

He knew and heard of colored folk who earned good livings; but how did they get their start? Of course, he knew that an education would help. But the local school was poor, crowded and ran but six months. He could go but irregularly at that and must now if he attended, be in class with little children who laughed at him. He heard of Negro boarding schools and colleges far away, but they cost fabulous sums of money and were for smart boys. He was not smart. He loved Celia and wanted, intended some day to marry her. But how could he support her and their children? He was always looking for jobs; but none came; or those that did, paid almost nothing for endless work. He was deeply puzzled and Celia did not help him dream or plan any more as she used to. Jim could not help but sense her growing entanglement with young Gwahtmey and he was worried. He knew how these things ended. He saved every cent to buy her little presents or take her to the Movies once a week. But she showed less and less interest, until he was certain she was clandestinely meeting George. He was torn between a desire to bash George's face in and to plead with Celia. But it was dangerous to hit a white man. It meant jail, beating or death -- perhaps all three. What could he do? He lived on the cast-off clothes and left-over food of the Gwathmeys and chance earnings. He could scarce support himself, much less a wife. And so while Celia liked him and had known him since child-hood, she could not think of marrying him.

Then too there was George Gwathmey. She had known him too since childhood, and played with him and Jim all over the Gwathmey acres. George

was weak and homely, but he was white. He belonged to a caste at which she was not supposed to aspire; and yet he was always tagging after her. When later, he began to make love to her, she was at first repelled, as though the thing was in some way unnatural; and it might have remained at that, had it not been for the sisters. They early acquired a sense of "race", and began to snub the nimble, impertinent little colored girl, and to try to keep their brother away from her; in this they were soon seconded by Mrs. Gwathmey.

The meetings of Celia and George gradually became more clandestine and more dangerous, because to the urges of adolescense, were added the romance of secrecy, and on Celia's part the thrill of circumventing the silly sisters and the white world.

When Celia's mother dropped dead, Celia inherited the cottage and washing; at first Mrs. Gwathmey thought of supplanting her; but who would do the laundry so neatly and subsist on so little actual pay? Secretly George of course augmented this when he could. Moreover, although, she tried to take notice, she saw nothing more of the once feared association of George and Celia. The girls were still suspicious, but their social station gave them few and fewer opportunities to spy.

George Gwathmey desperately desired to be a gentleman with plenty of money to spend on horses, drink and women. This was not because he was bad or debauched, but he envied the splendid Lyons boys and he did not want the drudgery of work. He felt early the urges of sex and would liked to have gotten married to some one of the rich and pretty white girls he saw. But he was not attractive, he had no money and no prospects. Celia at first was a resource. He liked her and he stood higher in her regard, than in that of any other woman. Moreover she was physically deeply alluring; he sometimes doubted if any other woman, of any race and color, could possibly give him that feeling of worth and mastery that he had in the company of Celia. Moreover his increasing desire and her shy, yet evidently less and less determined

repulse of his advances, led him insistently on. After all she was only colored; she could never hope for anything better than the affection and protection of a white man like him. He must of course ward off any chance of children. Here his friendship with young Sid Lyons was of prime help. Sid and his physician friends knew all the ways. But this exchange of confidences had one uppleasant result: he had in sheer boastfullness to mention Celia by name and Sid Lyons, master of philandering in all classes and races, took to noticing Celia's legs and light carriage; he was a bit peeved when she apparently never saw him. He bided his time.

This was the background of the week of our story. Celia, the servin maid, was pretty, curled and brown, and lived in the tiny cottage in the Gwathmey yard. Beyond a green and nodding garden, looms the pillared Big House where Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey lives. Out the window at the right, one may see the main village street, and, dimly, the square with its guardian courthouse. Through the square the last of a circus procession is passing and the fanfare of its clamorous band is heard before the curtain begins to rise; as it goes out the music is just dying away.

Celia is looking eagerly out the window, towards the square. When the last thrill of music has quieted, Celia, with a sigh, turns to her ironing facing the front window. To her left is a door; to the right, a bed, and opposite, a bureau. As Celia irons, Celia sings the St. Louis Blues.

Out of the window a lady is seen approaching from the Big House along the garden path. Just why Mrs. Gwathmey chose this day and time for a visit to the cottage it was hard to say. Perhaps the hints of her young daughters at last began to penetrate and spur her to watchfulness. After all, the lot of the Gwathmey girls was a bit unfortunate. They were too high-bred to have a career and too poor to be in society. They had little more to do than house work as elegantly disguised as posible, and ill-natured gossip. They too looked with envy and longing on the terrible Lyons boys and the

boys in turn leered at them. But they were not pretty enough to seduce, even if that were possible under the eagle eye of their mother. For although Mrs. Gwathmey might be lenient and careless about her son, she was and had to be by her code, a cerebus with her daughters. Marriage for them was impossible, because of poverty and waning social prestige. Celebacy was nevertheless imperative. What else could the poor girls do but suspect and gossip about the whole world?

Mrs. Carrington Gwathmey enters Celia's cottage.

Celia - Good evening, Mrs. Gwathmey.

Mrs. G. - Good evening, Celia, I clear forgot about the circus when I gave you those extra pieces to wash and iron.

Celia - Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. Gwathmey, they's mighty near done.

Mrs. G. - Well, let the rest go, and run along.

Celia - There, that's the last; now, I'll put them in the basket and take them up to the house.

A quick almost furtive knock sounds at the door; Celia starts, hesitates and opens; George Gwathmey rushes in.

G. G. - Celia--Oh,--Ma!

Mrs. G. - Why, George!

George is an anemic nervous youth and is evidently surprised and embarrassed to find his mother at the little cottage. Here without doubt he has been a frequent visitor. He grows red and stammers, but Celia's wit brings rescue. She speaks hurriedly.

Celia - Yes, Sir, I'se got the handkerchiefs done.

Mrs. Gwathmey is also perturbed. She doesn't at all like the idea of her son bursting into Celia's quarters so unceremoniously. It occurs to her that this is not the first visit and she is surprised at her ~~short~~ the excuse about handkerchiefs.

Mrs. G. - Handkerchiefs? Why, your bureau drawer is full -- the top drawer to the left--

G. G. - Yes? Why-- I must have overlooked them in my hurry; and Ma, by the way, Mrs. Lyons invites you to tea to meet the D. A. R. delegates--that is, Sid said so and left a note at the house.

Mrs. G. - The hussy! Why, George, you know it's just a public reception. And why couldn't old Mrs. Lyons call herself if she wanted me! I've called on her. D. A. R. ----- the idea! I've got as much right to join as most of them.

G. G. - Sure! Pa said we'd been over-seers and squatters on many a Georgia plantation- for

Mrs. G. - George! How can you! Just like your father! Well, I'm not going. Most of these climbers are no better than we are no matter what we've been.

G. G. - —O, I knew you wouldn't go; but I saw you come down in here, and I thought I'd deliver the message; of course, I made excuses.

Mrs. G. - —It wasn't necessary; very well, Celia, take the clothes up since they're finished, and then be off to the circus. (Celia starts out with the basket poised on her head) Oh, Celia, you forgot Mr. George's handkerchiefs, didn't you? Although, I can't understand how you missed all the others, George. (Celia sets down the basket.)

Celia - Oh, yes, ma'am; here, sir. Good evening. (Exit Celia with the basket of clothes)

G. G. - (Saumtering toward the door) Well, I'll toddle along.

Mrs. G. - (Looking at him uncertainly) I thought perhaps you'd like to drive me to the cemetery this evening and get away from the crowds.

G. G. - And pass the Lyons mansion? O Ma! but really I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. It's the biggest day of the year. Sid and I——

Mrs. G. - George, don't be so common and don't let those Lyons folks patronize you.

G. G. - Oh, it's only Sid—— he's a good sort. Well —

Mrs. G. - (Carelessly) And George — I don't think I'd be quite so familiar with Celia, if I were you. She's grown now, and you know how darkies are. Those Lyons men can do things that——

George answered hurriedly, "Oh, all right, Ma. So long!" And walks quickly away. The mother lingers a bit and looks about thoughtfully; then she goes out slowly and is seen moving up the garden path to the Big House. Presently Celia is seen returning ~~approaching~~ accompanied by Jim. She is walking ahead rapidly and tossing her

answers carelessly back. Entering the door, she shuts Jim out and talks to him through the window.

Celia - I tell you I ain't goin'.

Jim - Oh, come on, Celia, like a sweet, good girl; listen, honey' I got two dollars. (Shows the bills triumphantly)

Celia - (Obdurate) I ain't goin'; I'se tired of circuses.

Jim - Oh, git out; they ain't been no circus here in more'n a year and yisteddy you was wild to go.

Celia - I done changed my mind.

Jim - Celia, you sho' is pretty.

Celia - Oh, go long.

Jim - Celia, when ah looks at you---oo-,boi

Celia - Jim, you'se the biggest fool I knows of and I tell you I ain't goin' to no circus.

Jim - But, Celia, you promised.

Celia - I said p'raps.

Jim - But, Celia---

Celia - I got work to do--so go long and let me alone.

Jim - I don't believe it. All right for you. You'll be sorry; after all you ain't foolin' nobody.

Jim moves slowly from the window and walks toward the square. Celia turns away in disdain, but watches him furtively and listens to his dying foot-steps; then she peers out; she walks about uncertainly as if waiting; finally she begins to change her dress. The twilight deepens. A cautious knocking is heard at the door. George Gwathmey steps in quickly and closes the door. Celia rushes to him.

Celia - What's the matter, George? Tell me! What made you come in broad daylight. And your mother here! I was scared stiff!

G. G. - Pshaw, it's all right, sweetheart. I just dropped in a minute to tell you I had a date with Sid and couldn't get back until late.

Celia - Lordy! But you's so careless. You's done made your ma suspicion us, and I had to miss the circus waitin' for you! And I don't like Sid Lyons. I'se afeared of him. Don't go, George--stay here.

G. G. - I must go, dear, I promised; you go on to the circus to-night and say, I'll come back late--may I?

Celia - I reckon so--yes, anything you wants, dear, only I won't go out. Jim'll see me. It'll be so long waiting.

G. G. - Awful sorry, but you see, I promised. Don't wait up--go to bed--I'll waken you.

She shrinks away from him and he goes out. Celia closes the door and sits disconsolate. A while, she watches the night fall. Then lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, she sews a bit. Finally she arises, and after viewing herself in the glass, slowly undresses and goes to bed, leaving the lamp turned low and raising the curtain. Jim peers in the window, then disappears. After an interval, rollicking laughter and singing is heard. Celia sits up quickly and listens.

Voice - Celia! Celia!

(Celia, frightened, dresses partially in petticoat and shawl and runs to the door)

Celia - Who is it?

G. G. - It's me, Celia, open up.

Celia - (Hesitating) Hush, George; for God's sake don't make all that fuss. (She opens the door slightly and discloses two men)

Celia - No, no, no, - Who else is there?

G. G. - It's only Sid.

Celia - Oh, no, he can't come in here. You mustn't —

G. G. - Don't be afraid. It's all right. We had a game on when Connelly closed; we just come by to finish it. We won't stay long. Let us in like a good girl.

Celia - (Hesitating) -but--Wait--wait 'till I dresses. (She closes door and dresses now rapidly, now hesitatingly. They begin to laugh and sing again outside; with a scared look she tidies the bed and room, draws the curtains close, turns up the lamp and opens the door.)

Celia - Sh--please don't be so noisy; somebody's sure to hear. (Enter George Gwathmey and Sid Lyons. Gwathmey is flushed and bright-eyed. Lyons is cool and swaggering. He stares boldly at Celia.)

S. L. - By God! A little beauty, George!

G. G. - (Frowns)

S. L. - Here, little one, a kiss for luck.

Celia shrinks back. Gwathmey steps quickly in front of her.

G. G. - Here, none of that, Sid; she isn't that kind.

(Gwathmey and Lyons eye each other steadily. Lyons is the first to give away.)

S. L. - (Laughing) — Private preserves, eh? Beg pardon. Well, suppose I go.

G. G. - Not by a damned sight, you've skimmed me out of a hundred bones and we've got to have it out.

Celia - But it's so late—

S. L. - (Gaily) Late for cards--sure! But early for love.

Celia - And I ain't got no cards.

S. L. - Here's the pack we've played with; but where's the booze. We can't play without booze; I'm devilish thirsty again.

G. G. - I suppose we might-a staid at Connelly's place even if he had to close. He'd-a put us in back and he's got plenty of good whiskey. Celia, honey, got any of that home-made wine?

Celia - Oh, no.

G. G. - I tell you--you run up to Connelly's and tell him--

Celia - I'm afraid-- It's so late--and circus day.

G. G. - Well, I'll go--

Celia - (Quickly) No. (Glancing at Lyons)

G. G. - (Glaring at Lyons) Oh, well--

S. L. - (Easily) Let me go--this time.

(He goes out.)

Celia - Oh, George, you done been drinking again; and why did you bring that man here, I'se afeard of him-- Them Lyons men--and Sid's--

G. G. - Nonsense, sweet. I tell you he wouldn't believe you'd let me in and I just wanted to show him. We'll go in just a minute. We got in a game and he won a hundred. I must get it back. Won't take long. He's an awfully jolly fellow--he's all right. You see, we went to the circus and then to Connelly's and had a drink or so. Then we got into a game and, by gosh, he'd won a hundred before I knew it. I gotta get it back. 'Twa'nt mine, it's mother's -- I collected some rents for her shacks. Ma is tight now since the stock crash almost cleaned us out. We won't stay long. Don't be silly.

Celia - But why did you play with him? You knows he's just a gambler. Ef 'twuzn't for his family he'd be run out of town.

G. G. - O he's not so bad, and besides he's so damned superior I wanted to show him something. I just wanted to let him know that you're my girl. He said I couldn't get you, if you wouldn't notice him you

wouldn't notice no white man. I told him I knew a damned sight better. Then I said we'd stop by here 'till I got that hundred back. 'Twon't take long—

(He seizes Celia. She resists. The door opens suddenly and Lyons enters with a flask.)

S. L. - Ha, ha— don't mind me! (Gwathmey and Celia both look up shamefacedly. The men move to the table and sit down; Celia places herself near Gwathmey's chair, now and then stepping to the window and peering out.)

G. G. - Come, we haven't much time. It won't take me long to go broke or break even.

S. L. - What shall it be?

G. G. - I say, let's change the game.

S. L. - To what?

G. G. - Seven up—best three out of five.

S. L. - Good, then we'll quit! And the stakes?

G. G. - That hundred against my watch.

Celia - George! It's your father's — your ma— (Gwathmey motions her aside impatiently. The money and watch are laid on the table. Lyons smiles.)

(They play, smoking and talking and drinking.)

S. L. - High!

G. G. - Low!

S. L. - Pardon me, here's deuce.

G. G. - Fifty-two for game.

S. L. - It's yours. My deal.

G. G. - King leads.

S. L. - Got his Jack, by God! High, low, Jack—one game apiece. Whose deal?

G. G. - Well, what a hand — damn it, take it all.
(He drains the flask)

S. L. - High, low, game — two for me.

G. G. - (Showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Celia, more booze.

Celia - It's all gone, and it's awful late.

S. L. - Shall we stop here?

G. G. - No, by God—it was best three out of five. I've got one odd. You've only won two.

S. L. - All right, But we must drink; shall I—

G. G. - No, it's my turn. (Lurches to his feet. Celia also starts up.)

Celia - George!

G. G. - (Straightening up and looking at Lyons) Of course, Sid, you're a gentleman.

S. L. - (Wheeling on him) Sir?

G. G. - Beg pardon, old man— Oh, get out, Celia!

Celia - But Connelly will be a-bed. You shouldn't ought to rouse him.

S. L. - You'll find Brown's back door open.

Celia - But—

G. G. - Oh, don't be a fool! (Lurches out. Celia stands in half closed door. Lyons dallies with the cards and watches her smiling. Footsteps are heard along the road. Celia closes the door quickly and hastens to the window.)

Celia - (Whispering) —Put out the light.

Lyons puts the light out. Celia raises the curtain. Jim is seen passing slowly. He pauses, looks at the cabin and then goes on. Darkness and silence intervene and then the sound of stealthy moving in the cabin.

Celia - What's that? (Lyons seizes her. She gives a low scream and struggles)

Celia - Turn me loose--Oh! Oh! Please turn me loose--don't--
(The door suddenly opens and Gwathmey steps in. He stands uncertain in the gloom.)

G. G. - Celia? What's wrong? Sid?

Celia - (In panting whispers) Turn--me--loose! Stop, I say--

G. G. - (Leaps forward and strikes a match. He sees Celia struggling with Lyons at the edge of the bed.) Damn you--turn her loose.
(The match flickers out.)

Celia - (Screams furiously) Help!

G. G. - (Strikes another match and in the flare, stands with drawn pistol.) Stop, or I shoot.

S. L. - Shoot, and be damned! (Throws Celia on the bed.)
(Gwathmey shoots. Lyons falls heavily. The match goes out. A long silence ensues; then a furtive moving to and fro.)

Celia - Listen!

G. G. - What did you hear?

Celia - (Opening the door cautiously) Nothing.

G. G. - Sh'!

Celia - What?

G. G. - I thought I heard somebody.

Celia - (Moaning) Oh, my God, what will we do?

G. G. - Is he dead, Celia?

Celia - Yes!

G. G. - Where is it?

Celia - Over here--it's all sticky.

G. G. - Ah!

Celia - What?

G. G. - I slipped on the floor. It's all--blood.

Celia - (Moaning) Oh, my God! My God!

G. G. - Hush! For God's sake--shut up. Come here to the air, drink this; that's it--brace up. (They stand in the door) Now, what shall we do?

Celia - Oh, I don't know--I don't know.

G. G. - Hush! You must help me think it out. My head's all in a whirl.

Celia - I can't think--my heart's done stopped.

G. G. - (Whispering) Suppose I say he shot himself.

Celia - Oh, but it's -- your pistol.

G. G. - Well, then--let's see--we might tote him to the railroad track and let the train--

Celia - People would sure see us, and the blood would drip and drip--Oh!

G. G. - Well, how about self-defense--I killed him in self-defense. Yes, that's it, and--

Celia - He didn't have no pistol--I felt to see; and they'd know yours.

G. G. - Hell and damnation! Then, I'll tell the truth. I killed him defending you. That's it. I'll tell the truth.

Celia - (Breaks into hysterical sobbing) --But who'd believe it--who'd believe you'd tell a thing--like that!

G. G. - Hark! (Running and shouting is heard afar.) God! Somebody heard the shot. Somebody spied on us. They're coming this way. Celia, quick, give me the pistol. I'll stay out— (She stands with the pistol in her hand and he suddenly hesitates. She, too, starts and trembles.)

Celia - (Slowly) I might say that he— (She glances back at the body, terrified. He steps forward with fascinated eagerness.)

Celia - Oh, no, no, I dassent.

G. G. - (Eagerly) By God! That's it—that's just it. I was coming by. I heard a struggle and scream. I rushed in. He was attacking you. Just as I came in, you shot.

Celia - But it's your pistol—and I dassent—I dassent.

G. G. - I have it—I came in and drew my pistol. No, that won't do— you had my pistol; you were afraid of Sid; you borrowed it — or stole it, I came for it and you shot him.

Celia - That don't make sense. Oh, I'se afeared, and what would they care! He's a white man and I'm only a nigger.

(Steps and shouts are heard)

G. G. - (Retreating) I'll defend you; I'll be witness—the word of a white man will save you—quick.

(He leaps out of the window, runs into the garden and disappears) — Here—your watch. (She throws it after him)

Voices rise, and the flare of lanterns. The sheriff appears in the door.

Sheriff - Where was the shooting down here? Who 'phoned me? Was it you, gal?

Celia - (After a long pause) No. —yes.

Sheriff - Did you shoot?

Celia - (Slowly) Yes.

Sheriff - What you got there? Gimme that pistol! Was anyone hurt? Stand back! (He raises his lantern) Murder, by God—Girl, did you do this?

Celia - Yes!

Section Two

Mrs. Gwathmey was driven near to distraction. She seemed to feel the world falling about her ears. First there had been her disreputable husband but he at least had had the grace to die. Prosperity followed. Then came the crash of 1929 and the loss of her wealth. Then there was the bitter struggle to educate her children and keep up some vestige of appearances and not surrender her very home to the mortgagee. Now to cap all came the entanglement of her only son in a wretched brawl which involved a Negro wench. She saw all the power of the despised Lyon's family ranged against her to avenge the death of their good-for-nothing son. There was but one way of escape and she was ready to pay any price to keep her son from being involved and to put the blame where she knew it must belong, upon the black girl. She had heard about the murder late at night and sat up in the parlor in agony and apprehension the whole night waiting for George to return. She had not heard him come in but toward morning fell asleep on the couch. At sunrise she awoke with a start and rushed to his room. He was there fast asleep. She bathed and dressed and coming down stairs again helped the girls and the old black woman get breakfast ready. She and her daughters ate in silence and then she drove them off on various chores to the farthereat reaches of the home. She talked long and feverishly over the telephone watching the stairs the while.

It was ten o'clock. She knew he would be down to breakfast soon. She was keeping the breakfast warm and always watching the staircase. The broad front door was closed. Beyond it was a wide path and then up the street one could see the square and the court house. In the back of the hall was the dining room with the door slightly ajar and opposite the dining room under the stairs

was a cellar door and a window. Mrs. Gwathmey stood taut. She heard George coming down the stairs cautiously, hat in hand. As he reached the landing his mother emerged casually from the dining room.

Mrs. G. George, why don't you come in to breakfast? We've been through an hour and most everything is cold. You know I and your sisters have most of the work to do now -- we can't afford a house full of darkies to feed.

G. G. Thanks, Mother, I don't think I care for breakfast. (Moves toward the door.)

Mrs.G. But, George --

G. G. Yes, Ma?

(He pauses, nervous and hollow-eyed. His mother regards him narrowly.)

Mrs. G. Of course, George, we all feel awful over this mess, but really, it don't seem just decent for you to take on so. After all, it's only a low affair between one of those Lyons men and a colored girl.

G. G. Of course, Ma, but you see --

Mrs. G. George, I wouldn't go if I was you.

(He reaches for his watch and starts. His mother stares at him and he at her.)

G. G. But Ma, I'm already late and --

Mrs. G. - Dear, you ain't needed.

G. G. - I'm a witness, Ma. As I told you last night, I--I saw him go there. (He glances out of the window and shudders.)

Mrs. G. - But you didn't actually see the--the murder, dear?

G. G. - Why no--that is--I heard--and somebody must have seen us and got the sheriff.

Mrs. G. - And I told Judge Holt this morning that much over the 'phone; he said you would not be needed as she had confessed.

G. G. - (Starting) I tell you I must go, Ma. You do not understand. I can't let that---girl---

Mrs. G. - Girl! George, for God's sake remember your mother and sisters. What will folks say! You defending that black slut like she was a white woman. They'll twit us with being nothing but part white trash, born too low to look down on niggers. There ain't a thing you can do and no sense in your trying. The Lord knows we've always done what we could for Celia--you just can't keep colored girls straight--and I'm willing now to do anything in reason except allow my own son to smirch our family name, out of silly sentiment. I already had a talk with Judge Holt. As luck would have it, he presides today. You know he was a close pal of your father, and our legal adviser; and he's got no love for the Lyons family neither. One of them courted his daughter and wouldn't marry her. Of course, he must act like a white man, but he promised to be easy on Celia because she's young and Lyons had such a reputation. They found a whiskey bottle in her cabin and money which he was evidently paying her. She won't swing as she ought to for killing a white man--she'll just be sent to the penitentiary for life and--

G. G. - My God!

Mrs. G. - Hark!

Rapid footsteps are heard on the path and porch and Jim throws wide the door. He is a slim colored boy with dark brown face and close crimped hair. He is breathing heavily and evidently has run at top speed. Through the open door one can see ~~the street and square and~~ the court house in the distance. Jim leans panting for a moment in the open doorway and then gasps.

Jim - They's a-waiting, sir.

Mrs. G. - Jim, how dare you enter my front door? Who is waiting?

Jim - (Without flinching and looking steadily at George Gwathmey.) All of 'em--the Judge, the jury, Celia. The testimony's all in and the Judge he was just gwine to--to send her up, and she--Oh, sir, she just begged 'em to wait a minute. She said you'd come because you done promised and--Oh, Lord, sir--

Mrs. G. - Jim, that will do. You may go.

Jim - But you won't let--

Mrs. G. - Go!

Jim - I won't go 'till he goes. He's promised. He knows what he won't tell. He was in the cabin. I saw him, and (stepping towards Gwathmey) I phoned the sheriff and I found---your watch, what Celia threw after you.

G. G. - You damned, sneaking scoundrel!

Mrs. G. - What is it? What are you talking about? Tell me!

G. G. - He's got something of mine.

Jim - I'll give 'em it to him--soon as he testifies for Celia.

G. G. - You damned—

Mrs. G. - George! Be quiet. It's all right, Jim. You've always been a good boy. Give it to me and George shall go—right off—

(Jim hesitates and fumbles in his pocket)

Mrs. G. - Hark? Somebody's coming. Here, Jim, (opening the cellar door) quick, step in here. We'll talk later. George, hurry! Go! Immediately.

George Gwathmey opens the front door. Mrs. Gwathmey quickly locks the cellar door—, slams the front door loudly, and then quickly draws her son aside. They stare at each other silently.

Mrs. G. - (Whispering) George?

G. G. - He'll escape by the doors.

Mrs. G. - (Slowly) They are padlocked. I was afraid—last night.

G. G. - Or the windows?

Mrs. G. - Barred, since your father died.

G. G. - (Hesitantly) Ma, I must go.

Mrs. G. - Why?

G. G. - She used—my pistol.

Mrs. G. - Your pistol? My God!

G. G. - Yes, she killed him—

Mrs. G. - With your pistol?

G. G. - Yes; and Jim's got—my watch.

Mrs. G. - So you were there—you saw it all?

G. G. - Yes, we were—gambling—I lost some of your rent money—and—

Mrs. G. - Then the only reason in the world for hesitating is gone. She is guilty and you saw the murder. Let her go to jail. It will be an awful lesson for you, son. Merciful heavens! My son gambling in a wench's den! It must never be known. Do you

think the Lyons clan would see her let loose on your testimony? Why, they'd lynch her and ruin us--ruin us. He's safe at present (pointing to the cellar). Later I'll find a way to get that watch---if I have to kill him---in defense of my honor. Thank God! Your testimony is unnecessary and more than useless since she has confessed.

G. G. - But the pistol?

Mrs. G. - Who says it's yours? Who knows it's yours? She took it from you. She stole it. We needn't say when.

G. G. - But Ma--she--she--it was self-defense!

Mrs. G. - Suppose it was--fool! Can a white man admit it? What would the darkies say? What would the whites think? George, you must keep silence. Why, if you dared speak---

Jim is heard pounding frantically on the cellar door and then George Gwathmey looks out the front door, starts and says convulsively, "Good God, look!" The mother rushes to the door. Up the long walk from the street with manacled hands and flying garments Celia is running wildly. She stumbles into the house, bangs to the door and for a moment stands trembling and gasping against it, working frantically her locked wrists.

Celia - (Looking from one to the other) I begs pardon, ma'am--sir. I--I run away. They wouldn't wait, sir, they wouldn't wait for you and I knowed you was coming. The Judge, he said I ought to be hung, but it ain't fair--I never hurt nothing. I tried to be good. You know, Mr. George, you know how hard I tried and then--you know I never hurt---Oh, yes---yes---him---but you said---you

promised and I knowed you'd come, so I run--I just run--
It is hard to run with your hands tied--so-- They didn't
ought to tie my hands with such hard chains. I never hurt
nothing--but him, Mr. George--and now you'll come, I know,
Mr. George, you'll come and it'll be all right-- Mark! They'se
coming after me now. You won't let them take me, sir; the Judge,
he said I'd have to go to jail forever, Mr. George. Oh, think,
always, always tied in jail with--with them men--quick, Mr.
George, they're almost here. You won't let 'em hurt me--
Oh, don't hold him, Ma'am-- Don't, oh--

Outside one hears the ~~trembling~~ thunder of feet and the sinister babble of a mob of men. There is a ~~thundering~~ sharp knock on the door and George Gwathmey breaking from his mother's detaining hand, rushing forward, opens it while Celia retreating cowers at the foot of the stairs and the mother stands straight by the dining room door.

G. G. - What do you want?

Sheriff - Beg pardon, sir, but I am looking for--there's that damn wench now. I'll pay you, lady, when I gits my hands on you-- I'll teach you, you damn black--

Mrs. G. - Sir!

Sheriff - Beg pardon, ma'am, didn't see you, ma'am. But I must have this wench. You see, she ran away--bolted right out of court, just after she was sentenced to the pen. I was a-cutting a bit of terbacco and damned--beg pardon, ma'am--off she flew. She gave me a hell of a run, too. Come here now, you--

G. G. - Wait--

Sheriff - The law, sir, the majesty of the law! Here's my badge, and them boys out there is ugly.

George Gwathmey stiffens and looks belligerent. What, send the girl out to that mob? I will never do it." But the sheriff, concilliating, "Oh, they ain't so wild as they look. I know them all. She will be all right, I'll take care of her. He enters and seizes hold of Celia and drags her forward. "Oh yes, my lady, I'll see to you!" Celia, hanging back, pleads, "But Mr. George, you will say something won't you? You will speak." The sheriff pauses and gives them all a puzzled glance. Mrs. Gwathmey with her eyes fastened on George moves slowly toward the cellar door and absently inserts the key. A shuffling is heard within; then a knock and a muffled voice: "Here it is! Here it is!" George stands dazed, looking at Celia, then at the sheriff, lastly at his mother. At the voice he starts and quickly turns his back on Celia. Celia's hands drop. A moment she sways and then stands erect, facing the sheriff menacingly. He recoils against the door.

Celia - Wait, listen! I didn't kill Sid Lyons. I never touched him. (Pointing at George Gwathmey.) He killed Sid Lyons. Do you hear? George Gwathmey killed him with his own pistol. He promised to get me free if I'd lie him out of it— so I lied because he said he loved me and I thought I loved him. Do you hear? I lied. I hate him, the pale coward snarling. I didn't kill Sid Lyons, I never killed nothing. He killed him--it was his pistol—do you hear? His pistol!

The sheriff starts and hesitates and the growl of the increasing mob can be heard without. Mrs. Gwathmey intervenes. "Sheriff, come quickly, the girl's stark mad and you know I shall never forget your kindness in this trouble." The sheriff grabs Celia. "Out with you," he growls. The sheriff and forces his way out. George

Gwathmey starts to follow, but his mother closes the door and sinks on her knees with imploring hands and gray disheveled hair. Celia's voice dying gradually away can be heard mingled with the execrations of the mob.

Celia I lied -- do you hear? --I lied. He did it. It was his pistol!

Within, Jim continues to pound on the door.

Jim Let me out! Let me out! Here's his watch!

Jim hurls his body against the cellar door and his voice rises to a shriek. "Let me out." "Let me out." The mother rises quickly from her knees and moves swiftly toward the cellar. She motions to George and points to the dining room door. "The girls," she says, "keep them back! Shut the door!" George softly closes the door and cowers against it. With another lunge Jim bursts through the panels with shoulder and one leg. Then the hinges give way and door and the boy fall together to the floor. In an instant the woman is upon him. She grasps his shoulders and pushes his head to the floor while her weight on the door holds him helpless. "Hush!" she snarls. But he speaks rapidly, fiercely, wincing with the hurt of his fall.

"Don't for Christ's sake let 'em kill her! Don't send her to worse'n hell, that black Ben. I love her. Don't you understand? I love her better'n myself. I never had nobody but her to love. I know she don't love me. I knows it - but I don't care. She loves him, but I'll do anything to save her. I'll die for her. I'll even die for him. He loves her too, much as he knows how. Let me go. Let me -"

Gradually her fingers were slipping up toward his head. She feels the hard hair in his neck. She smells the acrid odor of warm sweat and dirt. Fear shakes her body like an ague and then stiffens to fierce determination

as she realizes that he cannot move; that he is at her mercy. Slowly she feels for the great pulsing artery in his neck. She squeezes and squeezes it, holds it hard till he gasps, strangles and is still; and then with horror filming her eyes, she faints atop his dead body.

Section Three

Out in the country beyond the town, in a region of gulleys and delapidated drab buildings, one hears the sound of clanking chains and sees the last three or four convicts of a long line filing into one of the buildings. Within is a narrow damp corridor, from the door of which one can see a mile or so away the Gwathmey mansion, the square and the court house. In the center of the corridor is a rickety table with a dingy lamp. As the convicts file through and out into the rooms where they sleep and eat, one hears a harsh voice yelling after them, "Move, damn you, or I'll strip the black hide off you." It is followed by the lashing of a whip and a scream. Later the guard enters angry and growling with whip in hand. He wears neither coat nor collar and one sleeve is rolled to his shoulder. He throws the whip to the floor and lounges in the chair. Then he drinks greedily from a flask. He had lowered the bottle when the sheriff drives up in his Ford car, yells out a greeting which is received with a grunt, and enters the corridor. "Hot, ain't it," he says, as he comes in with a handbag, places it in a corner and drops into a chair. The guard says nothing and the sheriff glances at him doubtfully.

Sheriff - Say, Bill--

Guard - Say yourself, God damn it! I'm damn near dead whippin' niggers. By God, I'll kill a few dozen more of the lazy skunks before I'm much older. Have a drink?

Sheriff - Thanks. Say, where'd you put that last girl--the pretty one I brought in this evening?

Guard - None o' your damn business. You've had the pick of every decent looking wench sent here this year and I get your leavin's. This one's mine.

Sheriff - Oh cut that--who got you your job?

Guard - You're damn welcome to it. I'm sick o' niggers.

Sheriff - You're done up, Bill. What do you say to another quart of whiskey, a good cigar and a game?

Guard - Now you're talkin' sense.

The sheriff goes to his bag, takes out a bottle of whiskey. They drink and smoke and talk on indifferent subjects, the guard usually grunting his answers. Finally the sheriff says, "Well, let's play. Where are the cards?"

Guard - In the drawer somewheres.

Sheriff - What shall it be--the old stand-by?

Guard - No--we'll change the game; --seven-up.

Sheriff - Good.

Guard - That's damned good whiskey.

(Murmurs from within)

Guard - Shut up, out there--or I'll lash hell out of you. (Starts to his feet. Dead silence) What's the stakes?

Sheriff - The girl, of course.

Guard - Not by a damn sight.

Sheriff - And a hundred to the loser.

Guard - I ain't got no money.

Sheriff - Oh, your word's good.

Guard - Your's aint. Gimme the whiskey.

Sheriff - Well, the girl if I win and hundred if you lose and here's the cash. Deal! Best three out of five.

(They play, talking now and then)

Guard - High!

Sheriff - Low!

Guard - You lie--here's the deuce.

Sheriff - Fifty-two for game.

Guard - It's yours--my deal.

Sheriff - King leads.

Guard - Got his Jack, My God! High, low, Jack and the game. One game apiece.

Sheriff - Whose deal?

Guard - Hell! What a hand. Damn it! Take it all.

Sheriff - High, low, game. Two games for me.

Guard - (Showing signs of intoxication) Next game's mine. Pass the booze.

Sheriff - Bottle's empty--shall we quit?

Guard - No, by God-- it was best three out of five. You've only got two.

Sheriff - All right--but booze! Wait till I get— (fumbling in his bag) Here's another quart.

Guard - (Suspiciously) Is it doped?

Sheriff - (Angrily) I'm a gentleman!

Guard - Well---ain't it?

Sheriff - Sure! Play!

(The guard drinks sullenly and plays more carefully. Suddenly he leans forward)

Guard - Let's see that trick?

The sheriff scowls and slowly starts to turn the cards when the guard throws out his chin belligerently. They look at each other fixedly. The sheriff's hand steals toward his hip-pocket but the guard has his pistol out first. The sheriff laughs grimly and exhibits the trick.

Guard - I played that ten!

Sheriff - No, you didn't---you played the nine.

Guard - You're a damned liar---that trick is mine. You think you got me too drunk to see?

Sheriff - It's mine but we won't quarrel---take it!

(They play on)

Guard - Queen, high! Game! Two games for me.

(The sheriff drinks but the guard waves the whiskey aside. They both lean forward and snap the cards down as they play. Toward the last they emit fierce explosions of breath.)

Sheriff - Huh!

Guard - Huh!

Sheriff - Huh! (Rising with a yell) Game! She's mine--- Where'd you put her, Bill?

The sheriff lurches out to the right removing his coat as he goes. Bill lights his pipe, drains the bottle and slowly counts and pockets the money.

POWER & War.

THE SLAVE, THE SERF, AND THE BLOND BEAST

A Vision

In the middle decade of the twentieth century, Lieutenant Sam Browne of the Georgia State Police was hurrying home to Atlanta from La Grange. It was about six o'clock of a September evening and because of the rain and mist, a little dark. He was a young white man of middle height, with sandy hair and gray eyes: sturdily built but not large. The road was well paved but narrow with some dangerous curves for one who did not know; but Browne knew and drove his Ford car accurately and carefully despite the growing darkness, ~~rain and mist.~~ He was eager to get home to report, and get a bath and good supper. He noted the light on the left as he approached a long curve. That row of half-deserted houses had one occupant and he meant to look into it. She was one of those fortune-tellers so common since the war, probably running an illicit center for whiskey and dope and worse carryings-on. He must get the goods on her and tell -- then came the crash. It sounded like the end of the world.

Even he was startled, although he knew the symptoms well. Just around the curve, two cars had come together, head on; probably a big one and a small one. He hurried to the scene, which was in front of the house with the light. He coasted up on the side beyond them keeping his head-lights on, so as to warn approaching travellers. Feeling for his book and pencil, he ~~hurried back.~~ approached the wreck. It was as he had thought, a bad smash of a Ford and Buick. The Ford evidently was on the wrong side of the road. A black man arose from the wreck. He was tall and well-dressed, and bleeding from a cut on his head.

"The wrong side of the road, eh?" growled Sam truculently and, ignoring the Negro, started to pass him and speak to the white man beyond, so as to get the facts.

"That's my car on the right side," said the colored man as he passed, pointing to the Buick.

Sam scowled, said nothing, and approached the rather dazed man sitting down beside the road with his head in his hands. The man rose unsteadily and looked up.

"My God, he's a Chink or a Jap," muttered Sam.

The Chinaman bowed courteously. "It was my fault. My fault entirely." But the black man, following, intervened.

"No, I don't think so, -- altogether," he said. "That is a bad curve there, and you are a stranger; I ought to have slowed up and sounded my horn as I saw you coming. I'm afraid I was nodding -- I've had a long day --"

The state policeman stared first at one, then the other. Nigger was probably a doctor. Who was the Jap? "Well, I be damned," he said at last. "Have either of you guys been drinking?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the Chinaman, while the Negro simply stood straight.

Sam was angry, although he could not have explained exactly why. This thing was not at all according to his usual patterns. There was no white person to refer to for the facts, and both these fools accused themselves. "I think I had better run you both in," he said. Neither of them replied, but waited expectantly. Then Sam noticed a third person, a small wizened white boy, a typical Cracker, standing silently at the side.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"Just a passenger," said the colored man; "I was giving him a lift to direct me to my patient in the country."

The boy stood sullenly silent, with a vacant look in his eyes. There seemed no point in questioning him. But he might make these niggers pay the boy or his people a good round sum as damages. "I must find a telephone," finally said the officer briskly. He glanced up at the poles and wires. "Sure, there must be a phone in that house." Here was a chance to get two birds or three, or even four, he thought, again looking doubtfully at the boy with the old eyes.

"Don't leave here," he said, but neither of the three had showed any disposition to leave. Sam approached the house. The door opened before he could knock. He looked inside and started to remove his cap. Then he looked again at the woman and left it on his head. She was pretty dark with an olive face and slight curl in her hair. "Could be a mulatto," thought Sam. He fumbled with his book. "Got a telephone?"

he asked brusquely. When he heard her soft and cultivated voice, he again reached for his cap and this time got it off and entered the room. It was large, larger than it had seemed from the outside, and was simply furnished with a certain sombre approach to comfort. A black teak-wood table stood in the center covered with a velvet cloth which bulged in the center. Behind the table was a bright open wood fire. At the side was a fragile brass stand with a telephone. He called the wrecking company and reported to headquarters. Then he turned around. At the door the woman was standing with a basin of water. The Chinaman was washing and binding up the Negro's head. Sam grimaced and glanced toward the road. The boy was out by the wreck with a flash light.

"Won't you come in," said the woman to the Chinaman and the Negro. Sam strode by them and stood in the door, staring half angry at the wreck. He was hungry.

The woman looked at all three with the ghost of a smile:

"The Slave, the Serf, and the Blond Beast," she said at last.

The black man bristled. "Slavery was abolished in 1863," he said.

"Yes?" she asked.

"We of the East serve, but we are not Serfs," added the Chinaman, bowing gravely.

"No?" she answered.

Sam Browne turned around and stared straight at her, with his official look. "Whaddye mean, 'Beast'?" he growled. But she only laughed lightly.

"You all had better have some coffee," she said, and glided behind curtains in the rear. Soon a delicious aroma was filling the room.

Sam hesitated. Oh, well, he needn't sit down with them; and he needed coffee; he was pretty empty. He would take his standing up. It was good coffee; it was the best he had ever tasted. The Chinaman seated himself on one of the two mahogany chairs that flanked the black table. He waved the Negro to the other chair. The Negro hesitated, glanced at Sam, then sank heavily into it, as though tired out. The woman stood back of the covered table and leaned on it, watching her guests with a more obvious smile. Sam stood in front with his back to the door, his legs apart, and

stared at her boldly. She did not seem to notice him particularly. They all drank slowly and she replenished their cups. Then she said pleasantly, "Perhaps you would like your fortunes told?" And she added quickly, glancing at Sam, "There will be no charge." She did not await his answer, but stepped again behind the curtains.

She returned presently, gorgeously arrayed in an embroidered gown and shimmering veil with jeweled head dress. Sam grinned tolerantly. Approaching the table slowly she threw aside its covering. Resting on a rich crimson cushion, was a startlingly large and beautiful crystal sphere which seemed to emit dull light. They all bent involuntarily toward it. Sam, a little startled, approached from the door. She raised and lighted incense in a little silver censer, and the sweet smell penetrated their nostrils. Sam watched her and the luminous ball, until he felt sleepy and tired; half reluctantly he pulled up an old carved bench without a back, and sat down facing the table, but some way back. He noticed the others were nodding. Suddenly he straightened. He glanced back out the door. The boy was still there. The wreckers had not come yet. Had the coffee been doped? He wondered; but the incense rose in a little cloud and partly obscured the woman with her jewels and gorgeous veil and robe. Sam arose and closed the outer door, and sat down again, sprawling sideways on his elbow, and was still. The crystal glowed softly. He heard the words of the woman, coming as from a great distance:

"I am the old All-Mother
Nurse of the wide, dark world.
Three unborn sons, I bear,
That swell beneath the mighty pulsing
Of my soul;
Three sons of God; a Child of Night,
A Dream of Dawn, and the Firstborn of Morning!"

Sam straightened up and stared into the crystal. It glowed with crimson light and seemed as large as the whole side of the room. Shadows, thicker and thicker shadows passed within, and then abruptly he sees the colored doctor standing in the

heart of the crystal. No -- the Negro is asleep in his chair at the left. And beside this figure with the Negro's face is an African warrior, tall and lithe, full-panoplied in ivory, gold, and ostrich plumes, with spear and shield. He stands erect and easily between the two great trees. The fortune-teller appears in the crystal as part of the scene. She seems lightly veiled; her garments flicker and fly, and her flesh is brown. The black man speaks:

Africa -- I am Africa! Out of thy soul I come.

All-Mother -- Africa, thou Star of Night!
The world's first-born and mine!
Listen, thou son of ever-living God;
I it is, All-Mother, I,
Who in fright and soul-pain
Shot thee wondering to the world.
Wend thou the way of life!
Sin-vengeance followeth me!
What seest thou?
Whence? Whither?

Africa -- (Peering across the world.)
All life is love!
The world is flower and fruit,
The sun doth laugh and sing!
I hunt, I run, I sleep,
I feast and laugh and quaff
In great clear springs
Of ravished beauty!
A gladness rains upon the hills,
A joy bursts from above,
The bird with song its bosom fills,
All life, all life is love!

All-Mother -- (Her deep eyes open and shine. Her bosom swells.)
Love! Ah, Love, --
I see the Way.
I mind me how in arch-dawn,
When thy soul pierced to mine, O Africa, my Son,
How leaped and sang my heart
Before its God! -- until I sinned!
Aye, that was Life and Life was Love!
But where is it now -- where dost thou seek it?

Africa -- I seek it not. It comes!

All-Mother -- It came today?

Africa -- Each day.

All-Mother -- Tell me, then, where hast thou been? What didst thou do yesterday? Nay, yesterday thou wast not --

Africa -- I always was and ever will be; tomorrow, yesterday, today;
I woke to sense the incense of the hills!
The royal sun sent crimson heralds to the dawn. --
She blushed beneath her silken veil of mist;
I felt her heart swell, while the King
Paused on the world's rough edge,
And thousand birds did pour their little souls
To maddened melody.
I leaped and ran and found
My breakfast poised aloft,
All served in living gold;
In purpled wold
I wandered, wreathed in crimson, blue and green,
And slept away the liquid languor
Of the noon; then leaping,

Chased a wild, new creature down the bush,
Till wheeling, furious,
It fetched its fangs across my breast;
I poised my spear -- then saw its fear-mad, piteous eyes --
I gave it life and food.
The shadows whispered 'round
The mystic moon-dance of the elves,
Amid the mirth-mad laughter of the stars!
I watched, till far away some Voice
Did wind the velvet trumpet of the night -- and then
In glooming caves,
I laid me with the lion,
And I slept.

All-Mother murmurs:

"O joyous child -- O Land of Love. Life is Love. But --
Life is not love.
Life?
Why life --
Is cold and hate,
Flame and pain,
Dread and guile,
Age and treachery,
Death and mockery!
Lo, Africa, I saw --
Once in a forest fastness, hell-begot --
Africa! Africa!
Ho! Africa, my Son, my Son!"

Slowly Africa fades out and in the center of the crystal, which now gleams golden yellow, another form appears. Sam leans forward, fascinated. It is the chink -- no, yonder the yellow man sits dozing. This figure, with his countenance, is small, delicate, and enthroned; gorgeously attired in silken and broidered vestments. Before him stands a golden idol set in a temple of green jade. He speaks:

Asia -- I am Asia

(The woman turns and sees him. A glory steals into her face.)

All-Mother Strange, weird strange the morning
That thou didst light mine eyes,
O Dream-Child!
(Stretches her arms toward him.)
Asia, my Asia, what doest thou?

Asia -- Dreams, Mother, Dreams!
(It lightens.)

All-Mother Asia, arise! Thy light is come!

Asia -- Peace! I dream.
(It thunders.)

All-Mother (In terror)
It is the All-Father, flee his awful voice!
And the full flashing of his eye!
Some sin doth seek me,
And He seeks my sin,
I want the Way of Life --
Whither, whither, O Asia, shall I flee?
(In majestic silence Asia slowly arises and sweeps forward, his eyes in rapt contemplation.)

Asia -- "Life is thought and thought is dream,
And dream ends in Nirvana and in peace!
Whatever is, is dream;
We think the world,
And lo! It is e'en as we think it!
We think not -- lo! There is no world.
All pain is Thought, and cold and flame,
And Thought is Pain,
And Happiness, forgetting!"

All-Mother -- (answering)
"O, blessed vision!
Endless sleep!
Dream of untroubled dreaming --
Sin of my soul, forget me!
On, Asia, On! We seek the Kingdoms of Forgetting!
(She hesitates and looks back)
And yet -- and yet -- there are some things I would not quite forget --
Some little things, and others --
The last light that lingers on the hills;
Bird-songs;
The voice of my first-born --
Ah! And the dread-splendid wooing of the Lord --
And love -- and love -- and love!"

Asia interrupts --
"All is naught,
And naught is all,
And naught is wrought
Of dreaming --"

Slowly Asia fades away and in the center Jan sees himself. He rises to his feet and reaches for his pistol. But save the crystal, glowing now with bluish light, the cabin is dark and silent; seating himself again slowly, he sees in the crystal a man like himself. He notes with satisfaction that he is shaven and tailored in modern clothes, and not in robes and gew-gaws. His sandy hair looks golden, but his eyes are hard and stern. Behind him lurks a child like the cracker boy now with out watching the road. Where are the wreckers? He carries in his hand -- is it a note book or a pistol? No, it is a wheel, and somehow he knows that he must be Europe. He is proud. He hears himself talking:

Europe -- Well, who are you?

All-Mother -- I am thy mother.

Europe -- Mother? What's that? Oh, I remember -- you bore me through the shadows. It was a good deed. It was a great deed. I'll pay you well for it. (Studies the wheel.) By the way, I need some help --

All-Mother -- And I need -- Oh, I am all need! Once in a forest fastness hell-begot --

Europe -- Good, we'll trade! But wait. What do you need?

All-Mother -- I seek the Way of Life. I have sinned; I have lost the Way.

Europe -- Easy! Life is Deed. The Way is Work. The end of Deed is doing!

All-Mother -- My soul doth whirl! Thy brother Africa -- knowest thou Africa?

Europe -- Oh, yes; I know the nigger! Half-witted child, butterfly-chaser, lazy.

All-Mother -- He says all life is Love!

Europe -- Idiot!

All-Mother -- And Asia, thy brother -- knowest thou Asia?

Europe -- Oh, yes, I know the chink -- cunning fool, -- liar!

All-Mother -- He tells me life is Thought!

Europe -- Stuff! He's trying to spoof you. I tell you life is deed, and --

All-Mother -- (Thoughtfully) Ah!
The World is Love.
And thoughts of love --
What, then, is deed and doing?

Europe -- Out with your prattle. Look you! I have a wheel; a wonder-wheel of frozen flame pierced with hardened sun-beams welded sturdily together with steel. See it? It runs of its own will and mine. With it I can rip primeval force up from the atom and weld it with the infinite electric power of the cosmic ray. With it I can twist the ends of the earth together. With it I can twirl the stars; around it I can curl the thunderbolts of heaven in sputtering slavery. But, Harken! It needs but one thing more -- Strings! Hear you? Cables! With Cables I can hook the universe together and drag it whither I will; and in the end I will reach the inner ~~citidal~~ citadel of Life! Hearest thou? Life itself, which needs nothing which is All. All I need for cables is a thing called gold -- do you know gold?

All-Mother -- Abstracted.)
I know no gold --
Life is Love
And dreams of love
And deeds turn dreams to doing. (Excitedly.)
The Way! The Way! Have I not found the Way!
Forget me, oh, my sin!
Listen, Oh boy, oh, wonder-boy, this is the end of deed, is it not?

Europe -- What?

All-Mother -- Love and dreams of love?

Europe -- No!

All-Mother -- What, then? Why do men deeds?

Europe -- For the world's work,
To live and dig and push,
To eat and drink and move,
To shelter, clothe and feed,
To live!

All-Mother -- But why? Why live?

Europe -- Why live? Why — why, live to live!

All-Mother -- Punster! Do to live and live to do? It is a mad thought-circle!

Europe -- Damn your logic! I am no word trickster. I do because I do.
I ask no why, I want no why, I am the great I WILL.
I dig, I delve, I kill;
I seek, I find,
I loose, I bind,
I doom, I live, I WILL!

All-Mother shrinks back and calls:

Africa! Asia! Europe wants gold!

([illegible] and Asia appear; ~~left and right,~~ far in the distance. Europe stares.)

Europe -- Asia has gold!

(He rushes out.)

The crystal grows dark and outside one hears the sigh of heavy winds. Slowly the crystal lightens. One sees Europe with Asia's golden idol and the All-Mother spinning gold into long threads. Behind them still lurks the child. The All-Mother peering says, "This gold -- is it not Asia's?" And Europe answers shortly, "Yes."

All-Mother -- Thou -- thou thief!

Europe -- (Whirling upon her.) Thief? Well, then, Thief? Yes, thief, if you will; I seized it; it is mine!

All-Mother -- By what right?

Europe -- By might's eternal right.
Whereby the sun did snatch the earth from darkness,
Whereby the twelve seas thunder back the land,
Whereby the lightning threads the world.
And the vast unconscious power of giant earth
Rends him a way whereto he will!
I am that great I WILL!

He lifts the wheel and whirls it, feeding into it the golden tendrils. It rises aloft. Europe dances and shouts. He tosses his gold in the air, drinks wine, eats fruit. He rushes to the woman:

Here is the perfect machine;
It is my slave.
With it, I conquer the Universe.
God is but good;
I am more than good, --
I am Reason.
I seek the blind and cruel Cosmic Urge,
To bind it to my will.
I'll drive the nail of logic
To its guts,
That Pain may give it life.
I gather the strength of all the world;
And crush it to me in one unending universe,
Where Time is Space and Space is Time
Where curves are straight and straightness curves
Where Death is life
And Life is Death!
Me alone, God fears!
From me he hides Eternal Life
Others have shrunk before his voice;

I fear nothing; I laugh at lightning and his thunder --
Life, Life, Life! I will have it, and forever!
I'll bind in thought
And grind in one
And swing the stars
And leash the sun
With blood for food
And brains for lever,
I'll murder Time,
And rule forever!

(But the wheel is running slower. Abruptly it stops and falls. Europe pauses aghast, and catches it carefully;)

Now what?

All-Mother -- Thy gold is all cut-woven; it is gone!

Europe -- Gone! Gone! Devils in hell! You lie -- witch, sorceress -- You've wasted it; you've stolen it, and by the blood-moon, I'll have your life!

(All-Mother raises herself majestically)

Europe -- No! No! I rave! I spoke wildly -- but God! I must have more gold! Help me, All-Mother, lest I die! Lest the world die!

Then from down at his side almost unnoticed, the half-naked starveling cracker boy speaks and says, "Gold is Blood and Tears."

Europe -- (Starting.) How now?

The Child -- Blood and Tears! Blood and Tears!

All-Mother -- Who is this child?

Europe -- Only America -- a brat of mine.
Good! Imp! -- You've got brains; perhaps too many. Blood and tears, then, I need. I know a fountain filled with

blood -- but tears? Tears? I know not tears; I have
no tears, -- I never wept. All-Mother! Help! Give me
tears, find me bitter tears.

All-Mother -- Tears?

Tears and blood? Blood? 'Tears?
And is it bitter tears thou wilt?
Dear God! I know where lurk the tears of all sad women
since old time began!
'Tis a league this side the world's wild end --
A lofty place, mad-mountainous!
Low lips this inky tarn on great, cracked crags,
And dark wild witch-winds
Wail above it bitterly,
While all about hang skyward,
Grove on grove of stark, stiff, dead and naked pines!
Ah, me! The bitter salt of these dread tears alone
would savour all the seas!

(Europe pushes All-Mother back into the shadows and shrieks)

Go, woman, weep your tears!

He rushes out as Africa approaches full-panoplied and ~~surging~~. Abruptly Africa stops in sudden silence and a great death wail wells up. Soon Europe staggers back with the bleeding corpse of Africa across his shoulders. He meets All-Mother stumbling blindly with a great white vase of tears. She sets it down and faints. Quickly Europe seizes the vase of tears, and lays the corpse of Africa athwart its brim. The child with fascinated eyes climbs up and drinks of the flowing blood. Angrily Europe pushes it into the vase, crying, "Drink, America -- Imp! to thy fill." Europe climbs to the rim of the vase, and dips the wheel, and holds it aloft, whirling with its now new thrilling, curling tendrils. Their ends flying out everywhere, seem to catch hold of something far up in the ether. They grow taut.

(The All-Mother staggers to her feet, stares, and totters forward.)

All-Mother -- Thy lips are cruel --

Europe -- This is my challenge, all earths and airs and ethers!

All-Mother -- Thy hands are terrible!

Europe -- Africa is not -- Asia shall not be --to hell with America! I am, and I alone -- I and God!

All-Mother -- Thy breast is damp --

Europe -- You, then, I challenge, All-Father --

All-Mother -- With trickling, oozing slime!

Europe -- I mount to meet your might --

All-Mother -- (In fury) Thy brother's blood is on thy soul!

Europe -- (Now noticing her at last)
Brother? Soul? Aha! Away -- Ho -- Unreason! Surrender me, eternal Might.

All-Mother -- (Shouting) Murderer!

Europe -- (Pausing, proudly poised on the great vase's rim)
Murderer? Why, yes, I kill!

All-Mother -- Thief!

Europe -- Thief? Why, yes, I take!

All-Mother -- Liar!

Europe -- Liar? Why, yes, I use the truth to my own ends! What else? (With wild abandon, drawing himself to full height)
I doom, I live, I will!
I take, I lie, I kill!
I rend and rear
In deserts drear;
I build and burrow well --
With wrack and rue
I hound and hew --

On founding stones in hell;
On topless air I fly,
In sunless depths I lie!
I throw my word
To lands unheard
With buried ghosts to dwell!
My temples rise and split the skies.
My winged wheels do tell
The woven wonders of my hand,
The witch-work of my skill!

Europe

I writhe, I rave!
I chain the slave,
I do the deed, I kill!
Now what care I
For God or lie?
I am the great --

All-Mother

I bore the knave!
My soul to save
The monster I must kill!
Now what care I?
This fiend must die!
I'll do the deed --

Both: I WILL!

(She strikes Europe to the earth)

Again the crystal is black. The cabin fire is out. Nothing is seen. Sam lies prone on the bench. He cannot stir, but he hears.

The voice of Europe --

How dark it is -- Ah!
Death sits beside me!
And Pain, his great prime minister,
Stands silent by his side,
Gripping his mighty hands!
Hell is loose within me!

I hear the thunder of eternal guns!
My guts are rent in sunder!
Lightnings leap from vein to vein --
And all the blood of all the world
Beats in mine eyes --
Oh, Europe is with Europe all at war!
And all the wars of all the worlds
Are mine! (One hears him fall. After a pause.)
Mother!

The voice of All-Mother -- I have killed thee, -- O, my son!

The voice of Europe -- No. I killed myself; I burst within; I failed. I dreamed as never mortal dreamed before. My very death is splendid. I shall not all die. Long years my ghost shall haunt the earth and bear my name. To time's dark and there shall be men who never knew my death. And when my dream comes true -- who shall make it true? Who shall storm the ramparts of Unreason, drive his heel in basic anomaly, leap beyond ultimate paradox, tearing the false face from the thing called God, hurl it to hell and reign forever? Who but America? For all I was, this one shall be atonement. His heart of hardened gold shall melt to its constituent -- blood and tears. Africa shall live and love again. Asia shall dream and do, and I -- I, Europe --

The voice of All-Mother -- No, no, no! There is no atonement. I, the All-Mother of Despairs declare. The Beginning and the End is Sin. The world is dying.

The voice of Europe -- But, All-Mother, hark, turn, look Eastward! What see you?

The voice of All-Mother -- I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the [illegible] corpse of Asia, struggling in death!

The voice of Europe -- Struggling? It is well!
But, Mother -- Mother! Quick! Look into the black South -- tell me, and truly, -- what do you find?

The voice of All-Mother -- I see the heavens dripping blood and all across them lies the mighty frame of Africa, gasping in death!

The voice of Europe -- Gasping only? But All-Mother, hearken! Hearken toward the West.
No, -- quick! Your hand -- raise me -- look -- Westward, All-Mother -- no, not yet, but -- now -- now! (Shrieks)
Now! Look into the crimson West, All-Mother. What -- what is there?

The voice of All-Mother -- I see the wide earth weeping tears, and on its breast a great white vase of blood.

The voice of Europe -- Look! Look again! Peer within the vase. Look through it -- what is there?

The voice of All-Mother -- I see in front, sweet fields and hills and singing waters -- and then behind, I see armies -- endless armies -- of children; children, children everywhere -- dead and living, poor and rich, born and unborn -- yellow, white, and black -- everywhere children. Ah -- no -- no -- no -- no -- no! They are not children -- they are men -- no, not men -- they are bits of men -- sightless heads that roll,

unmatched limbs that hop, arms that fly and grasp, hands that hover and plead, ears and eyes that never hear nor see.

The voice of Europe -- Reason returns -- I know it! Look again; who leads? Who beckons these things on?

The voice of All-Mother -- There comes, me-seems, a world-old man across the earth. I know his eyes -- where have I known his eyes? Nay, it is no man. It is a child! It is an elf-child! Its baby eyes, God-lit, look out from locks white with hoary age! It is that starveling waif, Europe; it is America! See how it feeds on a ravished stricken world, that out of dream damnation, it may wake and live again. Just is it born -- yet is it old as hell!

The voice of Europe -- (Calm and still) Have done! My end is near. Death has girded up his loins and pain is sudden still.

The voice of All-Mother -- Tell me this, my son, who is America?

The voice of Europe -- She is my -- daughter.

The voice of All-Mother -- Whence came this child?

The voice of Europe -- I raped it of Mother Earth herself.

The voice of All-Mother -- You -- you? Was it you? Incestuous hound of hell! I am -- All-Mother -- Earth!

The voice of Europe -- You?

The voice of All-Mother -- God pity me! My sin is bare!

The voice of Europe -- Her hair was midnight.

The voice of All-Mother -- You stung it white!

The voice of Europe -- Her eyes were stars.

The voice of All-Mother -- You dimmed their holy light!

The voice of Europe -- But she was young!

The voice of All-Mother -- You made me live ten thousand years!

The voice of Europe -- She was the bride of no man!

The voice of All-Mother -- Nay! I was bride of Almighty God!

The voice of Europe -- Ah! Then -- then -- then indeed must America live?

The voice of All-Mother -- Then must America die! It is a thing accursed.
Happy the hand that kills it and thee!

The voice of Europe -- Then must America live! Brother of mine, out of mother of mine, sister of one and all. Above all law, beyond all wish and will.
She is America!
In her, inbreeding horror will go on
In ever bursting strife.
She as you will marry God
And spawn a son
Whose hell of incest will be path to heaven.
His body shall creep through
And touch the soul of the God-Idea
And spawn a world to burn it down

That from its ash the spark of freedom, reason, and creation
Live and die and breed again forever.

The voice of
All-Mother -- My sin is naked before me -- unknowing victim of unknown
guile who mistook this for God.

The voice of
Europe -- America! I hated it! I threw my offal at it! I mocked it!
I -- yet in my heart I knew it was greater than I. It lived
a mongrel thing -- streaked black and yellow, blue with my
scum and spittle, crimsoned with blood. Twice I killed it --
yet, it lives. It lives as I die -- I who planned the
Super-man, must die and leave this heir to all my dream --
aye! And to greater dreams to come. I was but a quivering
bit of protoplasm in an ocean of relentless time and force,
yet sought to be dictator and ruler of a world. What
monstrous mockery. And yet -- yet, there is hope! Through
this Conqueror of Time, even the Dead may live again --
Africa, Asia, and Europe. Once in its first two hundred
years of infancy it was but echo of my boasting. It is now
re-born of blood. It is a race of all races. It may be-
come the concentered effective reason of mankind guiding
the victory of re-born Thought over the dead Idea. If
only it knows; if only it sees! Woman, strike the vase!
Open the way.

The voice of
All-Mother -- I dare not.

The voice of
Europe -- Strike!

The voice of
All-Mother -- I cannot.

The voice of
Europe -- (With frenzied accents) Strike the vase! Strike! Lift
me, then, and hand me yon boulder. Come forth, America,

live, live, live!

(The vase falls in ruins. Out of it rises in shadowy light the colossal figure of a woman, bare to the waist. Her flesh is black, her eyes are yellow, her hair is gleaming silver; and the gown that sweeps from hip to ground is blood-red. In her hands is a dripping sword.)

(Dimly the All-Mother and Europe are seen cowering in front)

All-Mother -- What art thou -- Thing?

America -- I am the Son of Men -- Woman!

All-Mother -- America, thou crimson knell of night!

Europe -- America, far-flaming herald of a dawn!

All-Mother -- America, daughter of my sin, sin of my son!

Europe -- America, born beyond Time, and daughter of the fear of God!

America -- (Chanting in vast monotone)

I am new, new, new,
I am old, old, old,
Begot of endless time to endless space
I am Africa
I am Asia
I am Europe
White and Black
Red and Yellow,
I am all and in all.
Out of the world's destruction I am born.
I am America.
I am a slave,
I shall be free.
Rich beyond dreams,
I am poor.

Wise, I am foolish.
But I, Toil, will wed God
And from us twain alone
Shall wealth be born
And brook no bastard
Form of theft and chance.
The great unconscious
And uncharted seas of Life
Shall burst and boil
To reason and to deed.
The dull and blustering habit
Of the dead shall blossom
To the free will of the wise.
Toil-Soil shall vote.
Work alone shall rule.
Law shall be,
And beautiful, the Anarchy of Art
Shall live forever.
Come forth, ye hypocrites!
Behold my mighty limbs!
My bounding breasts,
My great round navel!
Sweat, smirk and stew in your vile souls,
For I am virgin, --
Not in ignorance but knowledge;
Not in empty unfulfillment,
But in fullness of love and true and beautiful passion.
I am America -- I shall be free!
I am all America

From ice and snow
To snow and ice;
Through boiling sea,
From Barrow to Horn.
I am the hills and hives of light,
The caverns and cairns of dying night,
Jewels and stars and flitting flames,
Clamor and clang of climbing cliffs,
End of the earth and start of the shining sea!
I am the thud of racing steel,
Splitting the night with seethe and sound,
Grinding and shivering throes and threads,
Sweeping the prairies, kneading the swamps,
Shivering sullen silence to song!
I am the sky that courts the sun,
Kissing the wild shy stars,
Boy flames of heaven!
I laugh and laugh and laugh!
Thrill am I in the throat of love, --
I am the Woman Everlasting!
Always and forever free!

The sound of the surge of the sea in my soul -

The surge of the sound of the sea!

Suddenly Sam Browne of the Georgia State Police awoke. He felt chilled. He was lying stretched on the bench. He glanced toward the table. The woman had covered the crystal. She had thrown aside her jewels and her veil, and was lighting the wood fire. The Negro and the Chinaman were still asleep. Someone was pounding at the door. Sam leaped up, and threw the door open. The Cracker boy stood there. Sam peered out.

"Where's the wreck?" he said.

"They done come and got it long ago."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You-all was asleep."

Sam glanced at his watch. It was midnight. He stirred himself into life. A conflict of emotion surged through him: curiosity, alarm, anger, surprise; all mingled with hunger and fatigue. His feelings without thought, blurted out in a "Come, get going!" and despite an inner hesitation, without further look, he stalked into the night.

The Negro arose slowly and painfully, but the Chinaman leapt up quickly.

"Won't you have more coffee?" said the woman.

"No," said Sam shortly, already out the door.

"No," said the Negro.

"No," said the Chinaman.

The Negro came forward slowly and stood before the woman. She held out her hand and he grasped it firmly in both his palms, and said:

"Lady, I have learned a heap!"

The Chinaman stood straight before her and bowed in deep obeisance.

"Madam," he said, "we have walked in high places this night!"

The woman swept her skirts aside and curtsied low.

They followed Sam to the road, leaving the woman standing in the door. Behind her the halo of the fire flickered crimson and yellow. Reaching his car, for a moment Sam hesitated. How should he dispose of his passengers? Finally he put the black man on the farther side and the Chinaman in the middle. The Cracker boy without a word climbed into the rumble seat. This was not the correct racial pattern, but what of it? Sam was thinking. He put his foot on the starter; it began to whirr; he hesitated a minute and then looked toward the door. Then he raised his hand.

"So long!" he cried.

The woman, raising both her arms, said, "So -- long!"

PEACE - War

PEACE and War

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

I

Heredity is a strange and secret thing of which are only the beginnings of knowledge. Physical resemblance between a man and his children we easily note. Mental and emotional likeness we grasp less clearly but understandingly. Beyond this all is vague, and yet from time to time characters and persons, dispositions and emotional selves strike us as recurring over such long stretch of time that it almost seems that souls long dead have come back to earth again. Of course we have no means of real comparison -- only vague tradition and inaccurate observation and record; and surely even prodigal nature is surprisingly limited in respect to its human patterns in lapse of centuries, when intruth there is no continuity nor real recurrence.

On the other hand it is always possible that in this life, souls, entities and personalities may actually repeat themselves, and in effect return and live again, themselves scarcely remembering or comprehending previous existences. Whether this be really true or not, here is a tale that assumes it; that seems to see in fresh long centuries the triple return to earth of three souls who die and live again and meet and die; and in this three-fold meeting strive fiercely and vainly and yet with tragic determination, to unknot a bitter problem of human life. The truth of the dream I neit her prove nor defend; but here it is.

In the sixteenth, the eighteenth and the twenth centuries, lived three human beings, appearing first as an Old Black man, a black Indian Princess and a white grandee of Spain; two hundred years later the trio are born again, similar yet different: the Old Black man, a brown courtesan and a white Catholic friar. The centuries roll on and in the twentieth of Christ come again to earth and life - an old Black man, a white lady of high social position and intelligence and a brown politician with the blood of Spanish nobles, Indian peons and African slaves. These are the fortunes of fate we seek to follow.

II

It is the second quarter of the sixteenth century. Atualpa and Huascar, sons of the reigning Inca, Indian claimnants to the throne of Peru are locked in internecine strife. A swarm of Indian warriors appear on the mountain facing the sea, in deadly combat. The leaders taunt each other.

Huascar Cursed be your soul, you hound of hell,
The earth-fiend drink your bitter blood!
Liar!

Atualpa The Sun Divine burn out your heart
And sear your shameless carcass ---
Coward!

Struggling Indian warriors range round, writhing and fighting. As they fight furiously, an Old Man is seen in the very center of battle; his face is black, his hair crisp and snow white; his eyes are deep and cavernous, and his face shows endless age. Raising his hand, he cries:

Hold!

Both princes cry:

Back, fool!

But the Old Man points down to the shore of the sea and says,

"Behold!"

III

Far down upon the sand beside the Pacific ocean, appear a group of men; they are evidently strangers, deathly pale, tall, grim, armed with strange harness and with horses and fire arms. The Indians, high above, cease fighting and gaze down at them. As t he Old Man points the group appears more and more distinct, nearer and nearer until at last their voices rise clearly over the intervening miles of space. The leader of the Spaniards speaks. H e is Tafur a proud and portly man.

'"Tis madness! The heavy heat of all this sun-
cursed land
Had melted down your brains! The fever burns in
your mad blood,
Pizarro! Away, we go --
All they that come, aboard!

The man addressed, lean, cadaverous, and hard, almost hisses his answer:

Go!
Low lies this line
On yellow sun-kissed sand
And here stand I, Pizarro!
Who crosses to my sword?

A few of the adventurers respond: I, I! I! I.

Pizarro continues to talk -- Ponder well, ponder well!
Let no coward come!
Senors, this line signifies
All labor, hunger, thirst and wounds;
Sickness and the whole brood of dangers
That must be in this wild war of men,
Even to Death's self!
Let those who dare then cross the line,
And all who hesitate hasten back to Panama!
For me and mine, I trust
The good God and the King! ---
Who comes?

More of the adventurers ~~waiit~~, cross to his side and yell assent .

Tafur turns away: Fools and madmen ---
Linger then and rot in this hell haunted land!
Sailors, ahoy! Prepare to hoist sail! Wann the anchor chains.
Once more -- do you come or stay?

Most of the adventurers cluster about Pizarro and stay.

Tafur embarks crying -- Farewell, forever!

Pizarro grins: Let the cowards scamper to their toast and milk
Look upward where the gleaming silver of that awful peak
Doth rend the riven sky:
See where beyond, the mist-clad mountains
Roll and billow to the south!
Hark! Where the great hot seas
Do boil and riot at the feet
Of forests black and mad
With beast and giant tree---
See ~~ye~~ this, comrades?
I tell ~~thee~~ you yonder lies
El Dorado land of living gold!

The Vale of life eternal,

And unquenched joys!

Forward! We'll sieze the land

Or bathe it in our heart's

Hot blood!

Meantime the old man had slowly left the watching Indians high on the hills above and desending silently, he moved over the distance so quickly, that it seems as though the sea approached him. He nears the band of Spaniards.

They espy him:

"Hist! What comes here?" ---

"I sore mislike his whitened blackness." --

"Beware, his eyes do flame with some unearthly glow." --

"He glides too spirit-like along ---"

"Thrust your good sword between his ribs

And see if honest blood lurks therein."

Pizarro interveness: Nay, wait, 'tis some wandering slave,

Ho! stranger, stand!

Old Man paused I come in Peace.

Ha! and speak the King's fair tongue - 'tis well.

Whence do you come and whither?"

Old Man replied I am african.

Pizarro doubtfully: What, here in America?

Old Man Before America was, Africa is;

When America dies, Africa shall be.

I come o'er endless ways

And paths that wind this great world through;

I go to hidden thrones

And hearts that yearn for Peace --

Pizarro Do you know Peru?

Old Man Aye, well I know it;

Pizarro And the Land?

Old Man Is sweet and fair, fair as was that ancient Vale

Of Paradise, wherein man sinned.

Pizarro — And rich?

Old Man — And rich in human love and longing
In laughter, joy and song!

Pizarro — And gold?

Old Man — Aye, in pain and gold and sorrow
And the blood guiltiness of strife.

Pizarro — Ha! They fight?

Old Man — They fight as whirling wolves
That gnaw and tear
The hungry night.

Pizarro — Good - Good - hear that, comrades?
They'll fight themselves to death
And then their gold, their women and their land
Lie naked to our grasp
Mark you, Old Man - if you
Lead us to this land
We'll make you one
With us - you'll be
As rich and drunk
As any Lord of lordly Spanish Land
Come on! the time
already winks and beckons.

Old Man — Aye, good my lords and gentlemen;
And the great land that sleeps
Beyond the frowning ramparts
Of yon hills frowns and beckons too.
But hold; how come you here?
Come you heart, hand and life-ful
Of the things they need?

Cunning you are in skill and knowledge.
And the high wisdom of your Gods
They need you -- these simple striving souls
Who through the darkness of uncounted ages
Have blazed their way alone
To work, and weal and God.
Stretch forth your hands and help them
Bring them your knowledge of Good and Peace.

The Adventurers murmur among themselves:

"Peace - ha!"
"They'll get a piece of good Toledo blade."
"Their knowledge of good gold will serve them b est."
"And to our God we'll swift
Baptize them in red blood
The day they thwart our will!"

Pizarro stops them: "Enough of this chatter -- Old Man -
Beshrew your babble -
Lead us you will and must;
And if you veer one hair's breadth
From the straight road to rich Peru
I'll bore your eyes out with hot irons,
Disbowel you and drag your limbs insunder."

Old Man turns and says, "Beware, Pizarro, I can forsee your end."

Pizarro
Ha! You know me by name?
Who are you, then?
Are you a seer?
Answer, or By Christ --

Old Man — Seer am I none
And yet I see.

Pizarro — Good - soothsay then -- Here's pay

Old Man — I see a goodly land
Where temples blaze with gold.
And people writhe and die;
Where over all sits Spain's adelantado -

Pizarro — Who - Who shall he be?

Old Man — Captain - General ---

Pizarro — Quick, the name!

Old Man — The Marquis --

Pizarro — No!

Old Man — Dan Francisco de Pizarro!

Pizarro — Praise to San diego and the Virgin Queen of God!
Old Death's head, here is gold, I'll -

Old Man — But --

Pizarro — But?

Old Man — His face is old!

Pizarro — Old? I? Old? I am but twenty-five.

Old Man — His body sick and seared with awful pain!

Pizarro — Pain? - Sick?

Old Man — His hands are red!

Pizarro — With good spilled blood, in noble battle let, -

Old Man — With old Amalgro's soul

Pizarro — You lie, you -

Old Man — His lips do twitch and gibber-

Pizarro — By God, old man, now you go too far ---

Old Man — He grovels to the ground and dies in one wild gasp,
~~Beneath his comrades' angry swords!~~
Two black men drag him to his doom.

With unsheathed swords, led by Pizarro, the Spaniards rush at the black man:

"Kill him -- slay the blaspheming Negro!"

"Kill him -- where is he?"

"There he goes."

~~"Here he skulks."~~

~~"Yonder he flies."~~

"He's gone."

"What was this thing?

"'Twas fever-brewed, a vision foul of hell."

"'~~Twas some false masqueradin priest or spy~~!"

"Let's search --"

Pizarro holds them back: Search nothing!

Out with these African lies!

And once we meet him again

God save his soul; but now

Let the snake writhe on;

We've work to do

The Andes beckon

We'll view this hidden land

And lay it at the feet
Of our puissant lord and king, Charles,
Of all the Spains and Germanies

Of Burgundy and Italy,

Of the Indies and the world!

They all cry out:

Away - on - away.

IV

Years later and far away from Peru, lie the gardens of the royal palace in Toledo, Spain, across the Atlantic. There, apart from the waiting couriers, a young grandee, Francesco de Saavedra walks excitedly up and down as Pizarro approaches.

He's here, Pizarro!
His eyes have seen the mystic land.
His feet have trod great
El Dorado!
My blood boils to go
And go I will.

He rushes out as Pizarro and his men enter. The clustered courtiers watch them and whisper aside.

"'Tis he the tall one."
"Ill-favored knave!"
"Baked and leathery, and hard as heartless flint."
"How does the king regard him?"
"Long live the King!"
All hail the Holy Roman Emperor."

Charles the Fifth enters with Las Casas, Gonzales and a retinue.

God's greeting, my lords
We hasten on to Italy,
Yet must needs pause a breath
To hear this man Pizarro here
New come from far off India!
Pizarro, we have heard your fame, welcome to Spain!
And if you have a prayer,
We'll hear it.

Pizarro — Sire, mine eyes have seen
A goodly land -
A land wherewith
The kingdoms of this earth
Do pale - I'd bring it to your feet
O King
Had I your royal mandate;

The King regards him: What land is this?

Pizarro — Peru!
Picture the wide and Peaceful Ocean,
Stretched like a living emerald
Between the soft sierras and the sun!
Yonder sweeps the great Unknown,
But here the land does hurl itself
In panting throes of cliff and crag,
Till far aloft the gnarled and blazing silver
Of its peaks do cut and grip
The sky.
Below twixt sun and sea,

Stretch rolling hills and vales,
Of beauty such as mortal man
Has never seen,
Since the vast vengeance
Of God's blazing sword
Swung before Paradise!
Gold is as grass;
Great golden temples
Lift their lofty heads in air;
On golden plate
The king and all his court
Do dine;
In gold and jewels
Women walk the golden streets,
And all the rivers pour
Their golden flood
Down to the Golden Sea!

The King smiles — Pizarro, Pizarro, you rave
And yet my blood hastens
At your word- Ah! were I not
A King, and but a goodly free and Spanish gentleman
How soothly would I foot
The waves away to yonder fairy-land!

Pizarro bows: — Pardon, My Liege,
And were I but a King
How quickly would I send you
Right good conduct and a seal
And all the drippings of my royal purse

To harness out your company.

King — Ha! Ha! Out-spoken like a soldier!
To your knees:
My sword-
Arise, Marquis Don Francisco de Pizarro,
My royal Captain-General
And Adelantado of Peru.
The purse my good queen-mother
Shall insure and draw a contract too;
For soothly we need gold in haste and plenty.

Pizarro — Have no fear, your Majesty,
You shall have gold in store unheard of.

Las Casas — My Lord, the King!

King — Ah, the good Bishop of Chiapa-

Las Casas — Humbly I crave
That in this contract drawn
My poor dark Indian children
Be not all forgot
Or sold for gold.
Send, I pray
The Black Moors of Africa
To work in their stead;
They can defend themselves
They are cunning and strong.

King — Mine own far-reaching dread command
Has long ere now gone forth
To protect these poor weak Indians
And that you know well, Las Casas;
But a few black Moors shall too be sent.

Las Casas — True, O king and good
Yet cries do come across the sea,
And the sick tale of blood,
E'en now my Jewish brother here
Born of the Ethiopian Falashas
Has just received a letter
Signed and sealed,
With nameless deeds therein.

King — How now, old Gonzalez, stand forth.

The old black man lately seen in Peru appears draped now in a Jewish gabardine.

Pizarro starts and whispers: Ha! By God - that black and bold-tongued spy.

His companions gather and scowl:

"How came he here?" ~~And so soon?~~"
"Tis the witchery of the devils self."
"Who is he?"

King — Speak Old Gonzalez, your gold is your good passport.

A Courtier tells Pizarro: "He's a banker - black Jew or some such carrion.

Pizarro — But why went he to Peru?

Courtier — He's never been there that I know.

The Old Man speaks — Decrees indeed have gone and great commands your Majesty has thundered forth;
But do your Captains there obey?
Have governors respect for your all royal will?
Do your red children thrive?
Can even the black Moors endure?
Ah! I have here a tale to melt the hardest gold in all Peru.

Pizarro interupts — "Dare this blaspheming Jew accuse a Christian soldier, Sire?"

A Courtier whispers to the King.

King — I come -- Peace. We'll send a new protector to the west.

Pizarro — Your Majesty, I beg for one indeed; My comrade Luque,
A blameless man, will watch them fervently.

King — Good -- Let Luque be the new Indian protector;
I have signed a contract for more blacks;
And now farewell! See that ~~thy~~ your gold come
Quickly, for still the Turk hammers hard,
The Frenchman bursts with pride
And all the Germanies are mad - stark mad! -adieu!

As the King and his court leave, a young nobleman enters and approaches Pizarro. He bows low.

"Pizarro, I would join you, Sir!

"Who are you?" asks Pizarro.

"Francesco de Saaveedra, a count of old and noble birth, yet poor."

Pizarro regards him carelessly and turns to go

"Good, Don Francesco, kill me that Jew and bring his spoil to blossom in Peru."

Francesco starts to say more but spies the Old Man standing in the shadows. The Old Man stretches out both hands:

"Do you wish Gold or Blood?"

Francesco stares and sees that one hand holds a locket.

"What is this gilded and bejewelled thing?"

He siezes the picture rudely.

Old Man says solemnly: "'Tis a woman! Look not upon her twice -"

Francesco studies the miniature

"Mother of God - how strange a face -
A form that mocks the Zephyr's gentlest curvings

Here
And where her breasts do bubble 'neath
The dark full sweeping of her neck
Black is her face -- her face is black and velvet--
God! What bursting lips to kiss, what midnight
eyes to gaze upon!
What mass! Midnight mass of close curled hair
for two to nest in.
Who is she - tell me -- I will know, Or else-

The Old Man says grimly: Put up your sword -
Your fate is written,
Petulant boy!
Go -- take the jewelled gold
That wreathes this woman's face.
And journey to Peru. It is written

Francesco But,-Who is she, I say?

Old Man Ximena, Araucanian princess of the land
That lies beyond Peru in snow girt Chili.
She is no mere woman.
She is a black goddess of Congo and of Nile,
A soul transplanted centuries before Columbus,
A stream of blood from Nefertari
Candace and Judith, poured out
To re-build, re-vivify and
Re-found a world!

Francesco Ximena! (An echo seems to float in from the West.)
Hark, did you hear that call?
I'll have her though I wade
The fires of hell,
And naked walk thro' frozen seas!

I'll snatch her from the throne of God himself!
I'll know her-

Old Man — Go! rash reveller
But if you harm a hair
Of that young head
Your soul shall burn for twice
Two hundred years
In hell!

Francesco — Hush — Die fool, your life is forfeit to Pizarro.
(He kills the old man, takes his locket and purse -- wipes and sheathes his sword.)
Now,
Hail Love and war
Ximena! (The echo calls again. 'Francesco'.)

V

Again in far Peru, the old black man stands, amid throngs of Indians, while with fan fare of trumpet and roll of drums, the Princess Ximena of Chile arrives, seeking to settle the strife of her brothers of Peru. In the silence after the drums a great cry rends the air. "Ximena!" The princess starts an involuntarily answers:

"Francesco!"

Then she sits straight in her palanquin and whispers to herself.

Whence leaps this strange new name
So coldly to my lips -- and that
Pale bloodless face I seem to see afar,-
So sharp and queer- I hate it!
Yet how lithe and strong he looks
How wilful!

The gods of the Meluchi grant

I never see his face!

Meanwhile, the warring princes, lowering their arms and veiling with difficulty their anger, greet and bow before their young sister.

Atualpa — Greetings, O Daughter of the Moon

What do you here on this field of battle?

Ximena — I have heard of your fatal fighting and of the strangers

Who have landed on these shores, unmolested.

(She turns to the Old Black Man, as to a well known friend and counsellor)

Who are these bloodless ghosts?

Old Man — They are devils that come from nether hell

To torture them that torture their own selves!

(He addresses Atualba and Huascar)

Cease war and murder of ~~thy~~ your kin!

Face this fierce foe

With grim and undivided strength

And your great sinewed arms

Shall squeeze from out their greed

The secret of the power you have viewed.

Atualba — Thus have I ever said

And say again, but this base brawler here-

Huascar — Peace is my dearest dream, but peace with Honor, and

This foul liar here-

A movement is seen among the Indians. A messenger bursts through and cries

"Ho! have care - look yonder!

"There comes upon the mountain paths

"A mighty cloud of men

"Pale as the dead they are, and bloodless;
"And Murder sits upon
"Their sharpened cruel faces!"

Atualpa — Ho! Save the princess
She who ~~hath~~ has plead so vainly
With this stark mad usurper, for my throne.

Huascar — Ho! save the princess
She who sacredly refuses to supplant
A royal sister!

Atualpa — What! And will your lips profane
The King's betrothed,
This black and royal child of God?

Huascar — You are no King - you are no man
You are a dog that vomits forth
Your filth --

The Spaniards enter suddenly from the forest, and Atualpa, wild with rage, rushes to Pizarro.

Atualpa — Ho! white and gleaming host
Help me to kill this false and
Lying thing that dares blaspheme an Inca of Peru!

Pizarro, puzzled, seeks an interperter in vain -- but soon by signs understands and replies joyously. Meantime the Old Man hastily withdraws leading the princess away. As she turns in her flight, she sees Francesco de Savedra in Pizarro's retinue; and he spies her. ~~He~~ and cries:

"Ximena!"

Unconsciously she answers: "Francesco!"

Francesco rushes madly forward, but the whirl of battle engulfs him ,, and Ximena disappears.

VI

A month has dragged by. In Chile, a crag surmounted by a fortified Indian palace is closely guarded by silent warriors. The princess stands upon it and sadly looks across Vale, and mountain to the rolling ocean.

Ximena

There sits an awful silence
On the Sea, and o'er the mighty mountains-
The hushed air doth creep with weak
And trembling foodsteps.
The rivers smell of blood
And yonder carrion condor,
Drunk on human hearts
Shrieks and wheels up and homeward
To his babes. O fated land!
O vale of Death, O Mother of red murder
And of war—hark!
What roars from out the glen?
With human accents? - My God! they come!
The blasphemy of cursing
Cuts the air;
The muttered mouthings
Of their barrelled thunder knells
From out the dells and echoes and re-echoes

On the vast
Andean shoulders of the hills.
They come, ye gods, they come!
Around that silvery gleaming central core,
Dark terrible the soldiery of my great father's realm
Do swarm and sting.
Ha! How hateful, harsh, and hideous
Gleam the bloodless masks
On that in-human host.

A band of Spaniards headed by Francesco appears upon the hills below, fighting.

Ximena leans and looks

See that iron-nosed monster far ahead
Who plows with devilish skill
The dark flesh of our nation -- Great Father!
Make me once an man - give me a spear -
Ah! - That face - that fearful face!
That pale and bloodless face afar
So sharp and queer - I hate it!
Yet how lithe and strong he looks
How wicked willful!

He comes! Francesco! My god! I know him. How do I know him?

The battle rages close to the palace gates and Ximena screams:

Ximena What Ho, Moluchi
Fend me - here! there, stand! fight!
Your princess calls! Father! Brother!
Cousin!
'Round me!
On your dead souls
That monster dare not woo!

Fierce and bitter struggle ebbs and flows at the gates. Ximena sinks to her knees.

Ximena Hush!
Eyes! see not!
Ears! hear not!
Heart, lift up prayer to your God!
Spirit of Wonder
Daughter of Thunder
Fire that lurks in the cavernous sea!
Mist of the Mountain
Song of the Fountain
Mingle your might to the guardin of me!
God of the Day,
Lord of the Way!
Fire that flames for the Child of the Sun
Conquer the Terrible,
Vanquish the Horrible,

Rescue your daughter, adorable one!

Ximena rises from her knees and looks; the main battle has swept onward leaving but Francesco fighting his way up to Ximena.

Ximena — What new and creeping silence is this not?
I hear the ring of silver-ringing, ringing, ringing!
Far off the echoes of the battle die.
As it sweeps past.
But here! -father of mercies!
Here! and alone!
All silent
Bloody, wounded-
Torn and terrible - comes -
Francesco!

Francesco — Ximena!

The family of the princess and the palace guard attack Francesco.

Ximena — My older brother dies - his hands
Claw the red earth -
(What eyes this white faced monster hath!)
The head of my great cousin grins
A yard from his vast shoulders.
(Oh, the dread strength of that long slim white arm
How thrills and throbs his thin thrust
Through the air!)
My little brother sinks and sighs as he did use
To sigh in sleep, Oh-Oh-
(What wondrous courage this white warrior hath!)
My uncle yells his last great war-cry
To the hills!
Lo! the white spirit sways and falls

God pity him - no-no, ~~xxx~~, O fate, he dies!
Wonder! he staggers up again, his
Great green eyes on me
(What love must nerve his iron will!)
On, on he reels, -
My father cuts the silver from his head-
Ah! Ah! Softly- ah softly, Father-
Was that my father once-
That drabbled bloody thing that spurts its slime
On my cold breast?
The gates do yield!

(She steps within the palace doors)

He comes - nearer - nearer - near - here
Hear - Hark!

(She closes them)

Francesco Open or by Christ the King-

(She opens them and stands upon the altar alone)

Ximena Francesco!

Francesco! Ximena! (He stands panting and swaying on his sword; she recoils)

Ximena Beast!

Francesco! Woman!

Ximena (Whispering) I--love you!

Francesco! come!

Ximena (Wildy) And I hate me that I do!
Ah!

Francesco sieses her and forces her to the floor before the altar. Night falls and the moon arises. The doors open. Francesco appears alone, pale and erect)

Francesco How whirls the world
The mountains dance in drunken revel

I am so strangely weak

What's this? Why 'tis blood

Good red and streaming blood!

The Old Man appears in the door, Ximena lying black and bloody across his arms with clouds of curling hair.

Francesco I - Ximena!

Ha! who ~~art thou~~ are you

That stands above my wedded wife?

I know ~~thee~~ you - ha!

I know ~~thee~~ you, black Jew--old death's head!

~~Thou~~ You risest from the grave to mock me

I fear ~~thee~~ you not - I'll kill ~~thee~~ you presently again.

Wipe first the trailing blood

From of the princess' bridal gown

It is not meet- (Sways and totters, loses sight of the Old Man and fights an imaginary foe).

Ha! What-

What ~~sayest thou~~ say you, so silently?

~~Thou~~ You are Death?

What have I to do with Death?

I am young!

I am strong!

I am wed!

~~Art thou~~ Are you, Death?

Then I'll kill ~~thee~~ you, Death,

Grip fast ~~thy~~ your scythe

Defend!

One, two-

Coward, dost thou run?
Thinkest thou thus to escape Saavedra's
Mighty sword? -
Unhand me - off with thy cold, wet hands!
Knave! base-born, unknightly caitiff!
Unhand me I say or by the great King
I'll run thee through -- I'll -
What! callest thou witchery
To darken all the world,
In this bright morning hour?
Thy magic all be damned
I'll grope thee out thro' blackness ten times
blacker than the blackest hell!
Take - that - and that, and that --
I warned thee fair -
What Ho! Ximena!
Death is dead
We'll live forever.

Francesco crashes to the earth and dies, leaving the Old Man still standing with the dead maid across his arms.

Part II

Two centuries pass. In Valparaiso, Chile, two men sit round a table littered with maps, papers and specimens of ore. Pedro de Guzman is a white Chilean of Spanish descent, and his partner, Milo Diaz, a brown Mestizo, owner of silver and copper mines; while Juan Mendoza, a Spanish capitalist is bargaining to buy. But at the last minute Mendoza is hesitating. Diaz stands smoking by a window, while De Guzman talks. Mendoza is a gentleman by birth and training; handsome and well-groomed, unused to business and anxious to get home to Spain and civilization. De Guzman is a grasping business man, a social climber, hard and unscrupulous. He is flashily dressed. Diaz is rough man of the people; a harsh, driving executive.

De Guzman — Good! In other words, I take it
You willingly would pay
Ten thousand doubloons down, — the rest, in time,
For this rich mine —

Mendoza — Yes willingly, if only I were sure
Of laborers in plenty.
Rich mines unworked are quite
As poor as mines unfound and all unknown.

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! Milo, Senor Mendoza
Fears lack of labor here!

Diaz — Ha! Ha! Good God! look yonder!
The vermin spawn in the very gutters -
They overflow the filth and crawl
Beneath the feet of gentlemen abroad!

Mendoza — Aye! Aye! But will these dirty
Black and lazy cattle work?
There's the rub—I sought
One only yesterday to bear a load
He grunted and rolled in his drunden sleep
Out into mid-highway, and slept again.

De Guzman — Will they work? Drive them, beat them
Kill them. You should have kicked the pig.
Who of us all will work undriven?
We gentlemen are driven
By our loves and thirst and tastes - we drive these do
With whips and scorpions.

Mendoza — But the law-?

De Guzman — The law is made in Spain
But executed here.

Mendoza — Yes, Yes! I've heard all that
But know you Arrendaris
Governs now, and he's a straight - laced
Sour churl, mule-stubborn,
And filled with tales of fancied wrongs.

De Guzman — O, yes, we know; against him
Will we marshall armies three:
A regiment of gold -which carries
Most positions;
Skirmishers of deceit - they
Blind most eyes.
Or, at worst, a whole artillery
Of influence at home
And lo! he goes — richer,
Sadder, wiser, or all three.

Mendoza — Yes-yes- that's fair in promise — but-

De Guzman — Listen, my love, we joke:
WE stand here to take contract
Firmly backed and bound
To furnish you continuously
All needful help from one unto
A thousand thousand men-

Mendoza — Enough - with that, the bargain's struck!
The mine is mine
The contract shall be witnessed, sealed
And signed — when, sir, and where?

De Guzman — Now - 'tis here.

Mendoza — Good - I sign -Don Juan Mendoza
For the Company Anonymous of Madrid.

De Guzman — And I, Don Pedro de Guzman
For the firm, Guzman, Diaz and Andrade - there!

Mendoza — Check signed, crossed and certified.

Diaz — And now we write the bond.

De Guzman — 'Tis done - Gentlemen, now we'll celebrate!
You are my guests.

Mendoza — I'm honored.

Diaz — Thousand thanks!

De Guzman — What shall we do?

Diaz — A dinner, first, such as old Pedro cooks
And then a night's carousal-

Mendoza — Wine, women and song!

Diaz — Ximena, we must have Ximena!

De Guzman — Yes, yes by every odds, Ximena!

Mendoza — Who is she?

Diaz — The daintiest chit in Chile
A fiery buxom half-breed --
Nigger, Indian and Spanish
Handsome as hell and hotter;
Wise, witty, dainty, devilish-
The loveliest woman
Ever man desires, fights for, dreads,
Dies for, and is damned.

Mendoza — Ha-ha-ha! good, Ximena!

De Guzman — Here, boy! -damn you-
Move your carcass - here
This to the old cook, Pedro - a soup, some fish,
A fowl; some dainty venison roasted,

De Guzman — Salad, sweets, three wines
And above all - Ximena and two other pretty girls
Go! —

Mendoza — But wait-

Diaz — He's gone - they know to mind De Guzman.

Mendoza — I forgot, I have an engagement, I meet a priest tonight -

Diaz — A priest? So ho! Good, bring him also. Bid him meet you at Pedro's.

Mendoza — What - a priest? And there?

Diaz — Ha! Ha! Old man, this is America
Not dawdling Europe.
Bring your priest along
And fill his belly and his soul.
If need, we'll get another girl.

Mendoza — Well - so be it, if you think --

Diaz — Think? I know; he'll not be the first
Gray cowl that's graced
Our board.

Mendoza — 'Tis some small matter of place or promotion;
Some secret and left-handed influence,
I ween, of old Castilian blood-

De Guzman — Come, time's up. Leave word for him to meet you at Pedro's.
We're off, gentlemen.

II

In the private dining room at Pedro's, De Guzman, Diaz and two women are at table, drunk and hilarious.

All — Down with the wine
Damned be the swine

Who dare to despise it
Or rudely misprise it -
It's honor is mine
It's flavor, divine
Down with bubbling, gurgling, juggling,
Troubling, struggling, muddling wine!

Ximena and Mendoza burst in from a door of the room at the left. Ximena is boldly handsome, impetuous and swept by extreme moods. Her wild ~~Indian~~ ancestory is shown in her eyes and hair while her small hands and feet indicate ~~good~~ Spanish blood. She rushes in half clothed; her eyes darting here and there and appraising the elegant gentlemen.

Mendoza — Hurrah! Encore! By San Diego
This is the loviest wench
This side the Sea. (Embraces Ximena)

Ximena — Aye and the other, too!
By heaven, I'll - I'll --

As they drink and sing, Ximena leaps on the table and dances, whirling her brown body sinuously and clinking castanets.

Servant — A priest, Sir, to see Senor Mendoza.

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! He needs none.

Ximena — Ho, a priest - a conquest new.

Diaz — I'll wager a hundred pesos
You cannot drag a tiny smile
From his drawn lips.

Ximena — Done - and more - a thousand that I'll
Take him to my room.

Diaz — Hurrah! Done!

Mendoza — Nay, nay the wager shall be this (whispers)

Ximena — Ha! Ha! done: two thousand pesos 'gainst (She slaps him)
O, you valiant devil - sh-- he comes.

Brother Francesco enters. He is a thin man, young and dark brown, in the grey costume of a monk. His face is beautiful, his eyes, unworldly. Seeing the company, he draws back timidly, and says, softly and hesitantly:

Pardon gentlemen - here's some mistake, I fear;
I sought the Senor Mendoza
Who brings a message from mine uncle -
Pardon -

Mendoza — Nay - no excuse - welcome - twice welcome, Father.
I am Pedro Mendoza and right glad to greet
A scion of Saaveedra;
Come -- sit at meat with us, and drink
Here is Senor de Guzman,
Brother Francesco; and Senor Diaz, and these ——

Francesco — No, no -, my duties call --

Ximena — What, not a glass of wine, Father --

She murmurs involuntarily: "Francesco!" —then stares, scowls and recovers her smile. Francesco gives a half embarassed smile.

Francesco — I thank thee, Madame Ximena!

As the name slips out, he looks puzzled and apologetic.

De Guzman whispers: "A thousand, Mendoza; see, they know each other."

Mendoza answers "Done!" and then to the friar
"Father just a sip
"Of rich red wine to make your spirits glow
"And set your cool young heart a blazing?"

Francesco shrinks away

No -- the message, Sir - my duties call.

Mendoza rises and going to his coat, takes out a small leather case

"Here is the packet -- I am sorry, Brother -"

Ximena who, losing her customary gayety, has sat deep in thought, now throws off her momentary hesitation at some old memory of the

priest's face and name and leaps on the table again:

"And here, Sir Priest, is yet a sweeter message."

She throws him a kiss.

Francesco takes no notice of her but ~~taking~~ assuming the packet turns to bid them an embarrased adieu. "Gentlemen -- Good-night."

Ximena looks toward the door with mischief in her eyes. She whispers to De Guzman, "Hold him a moment. I am coming right back." and steps noiselessly into the hall. Diaz whispers "Wait, rich deviltry brews". But Mendoza hesitates and whispers back "It is a hard joke. The boy is scarcely more than a novice". Then De Guzman turning to the priest with a word of pardon says smoothly:

But a moment, father - the woman fortunately is gone.
We wished to ask about this kind of maid
She came upon us suddenly,
She and her -- her sisters, of an ancient profession --
We could but ask them in - in courtesy, to dine,
But she, - they - are strange to us - what think you?

Francesco I know not, Sirs: she seemed to me
O'er forward, - altho somehow - some way I almost seem to remember her;
But it cannot be ——— ofcourse, it cannot be.

Diaz smiles politely "Perhaps you've met before -- in lonilier surroundings - Or ——— at confession."

Suddenly through the door Ximena rushes, half-disguised in black mantilla. She looks about in distraction acting her part convincingly.

"Help gentlemen, I seek a priest here. O there --
Help, Father! My mother lies in burning throes of death
E'en now the potent poison of disease
Rattles in her throat -- she dies
Unshriven.
Come, in God's piteous name!

The friar in consternation, cries:

"I am no priest -- my vows of brotherhood are but begun -
Strange am I to the city streets, I - I scarcely know --"

Ximena — Streets? Who spoke of streets -- she is here -
In this hotel. Why not?
She is always near - her daughter.

De Guzman, Mendoza and Diaz can hardly hold their smiles; the friar hesitates.

Ximena — What? do you pause,
Do you hesitate when death calls?

Francesco — Nay - nay - I come;
I can give no sacrament -- but I can pray.

Ximena (in passing whispers) Five thousand, Mendoza.

Mendoza, Diaz and De Guzman (convulsed in laughter) - Unfair - unfair.

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! Ha! that she-devil

Diaz — Ho! Ho! Ho! Saw you ever such acting -
By God t'would grace the stage of old Madrid.

Mendoza — Will she lure him to her room?

De Guzman — Will she? 'Tis already done
And once in her embrace, good God forget him.

Mendoza — Hold! But I don't like this -- she's mine
Let's follow and behold --

De Guzman — Follow? 'Tis the funniest thing I ever heard --
Not so crestfallen, Mendoza, she'll return.

Diaz — And we need not follow, -- just peep, her room along
the further hall backs on this. (They listen at the wall.
One hears the priest and Ximena enter. Silence.)

Voice of Francesco Where is she?

" " Ximena (In surprise) Why -- she is not here!

" " Francesco But where then, quick! We must hurry ---

" " Ximena (Mischievously) She's gone -- but I am here.

" " Francesco I do not understand -- you said

" " Ximena I said, O brown and pretty priest -- a lie.

The three listening are convulsed with suppressed laughter. It begins to rain without.

Voice of Francesco Do you sport with death?

" " Ximena No, but with you -- you are much sweeter, dear, than death. (One hears the priest pounding at the door in the hall)

" " Francesco This door -- open it -

" " Ximena The key is hidden -- in my shift

" " Francesco Open the door

" " Ximena Take the key --

" " Francesco (Raised in swift anger) No, no, no
Open or by Christ the King
I'll curse your soul to perdition.

" " Ximena (sullenly) No -- not that - I -

" " Francesco You wretched shameless hag of hell
You spawn of vermin and of beasts
You black blasphemer of the great white Christ --
I curse you in the name of God
(The storm bursts without. Ximena screams)

" " Ximena Oi I am afraid of lightning.
Forgive me -- father --

" " Francesco I curse you in the name of his begotten Son
The Savior of this world-

" " Ximena Pity me, pity me - I did but play -- I fear the storm

Voice of Francesco I curse you and yours.

The thunder and lighting increase. Ximena screams, rushes into the hall and throws open the door to the dining room. The men leap back and the women scream)

Francesco -- (Staggering dishevelled and blinded into the doorway)

In the name of the Holy Ghost

Forever and forever --

Each anathema shrinks Ximena like a physical blow. She stiffens, recoils and then fights madly back.

No! No! Curse me but no more -- not that - not that

You know not what you do.

Hear but one word --

Francesco lurches toward the door. Ximena sieges his gown.

Francesco Touch me not -- your touch is filth.

Ximena binds her arms about him and holds him, disgust and loathing written on his beautiful and boyish face.

Ximena Christ, but you shall hear me -

Who are you, proud and awful Priest,

Are you bigger that Christ himself?

Listen!

I came from the mines

I lay in the gutter

I crawled from the dregs of earth

Hunger, thirst, cold and pain

Bit my heart till

Dainty gentlemen like these bought my body

For a song --

(She looses him suddenly)

De Guzman, Mendoza, and Diaz in half-drunken amusement, but in ~~inbred~~ courtesy stand swaying, smiling and bowing. The other women sing and dance. The monk staggers and stares -- falters, arranges his robe and bows.

Ximena — Yet to them you cring
Them you greet all politely
They go full and free and have no curse,
You heartless servant of a heartless God:
While I, a shamed and stricken thing
Who lisp the filth and do the sin they teach me
I and I alone am cursed.

The monk passes silently out.

De Guzman and Diaz -- Ximena!

Mendoza — Come darling -- here's your thousand pesos --
You'll admit, the five thousand is unearned --

Ximena — Touch me not -- go -- go.
And the whole damned world
Go with you.

She rushes out into the storm.

IV

It is night on the side of Andes; in a hermit's hut. Francesco, ragged, without hat or cloak kneels before an Old Black Man.

Old Man — What now, my son?

Francesco — Father, I tell you this whole world is lost
The weight of some great primal sin
Has set upon its soul and ever shall-
There dwells naught righteous underneath the sun

Father away - let's leave this cursèd
Ground and high upon the Andes'
Snow-crowned crests
Await the coming of the Perfect Christ
In silence and in prayer.

Old Man — There lies a packet on your heart.

Francesco — 'Tis nought but vanity, brought by a son of hell.

Old Man — Open, read.

Francesco reads: "Pray for the soul of Francesco de Saavedra".

Old Man — Read yet again,
May close your wavering vision and open wide
The eyelids of the soul
What do you see?

Visions seem to sweep across the blackness of the night.

Francesco — Ah -
A whirl of blood and battle engulf this land
And on it its angry crest rides one whose
Face is hid
His mailèd heel crushes
The cringing shrieking souls beneath;
He steps upon their faces

The black mud oozes blood --
While that Hell's carrion
Climbs over on and up and on.
Wait!--

See where yonder and aloft
There sits a form of Splendor
In pure black beauty - In beauty pure and black
Such as once well - graced
The Virgin Spouse of God
Yes -- 'tis the Black Virgin -- the very bride of God
Here he'll not dare - he-
O!
The monster tramples her to worse than death
He fouls her breast, and rapes her soul
She twists her dying neck in dumb appealing pain -
Pitiless Christ -- it is Ximena!
It is -- it cannot be --
It is the whore, Ximena.
Is right wrong and wrong right?
Is good evil and good evil pure?
Is it indeed the Mother of God
Whom I have dared to scorn!
(The vision fades)
Father! Father!
I know -- I see.
Who was this mailed murderer of women and of Men?

Old Man — He was Francesco de Saavedra

Francesco — And shall I pray for him? Never! no, never! and again no!
His soul be thrice accursed for twice
An hundred years
Until the day he drags you virgin up from
Out the pit and sets her before God,
Redeemed.

Old Man — Amen! But lo! he comes again and turns his haggard
Eyes on thee.

The vision bursts nearer and clearer inflaming the sides of the Andes.

Francesco — Merciful God! Merciful God! - It is I.

He faints and lies cold and alone. At dawn afar within the hall of a convent, the voices of nuns softly chanting are heard.

Nuns — Ave! Maria!
Mother-maid pitiful
Sister of sorrows
And daughter of men (The procession of Nuns passes by)
Ave! Maria!
Mother of Miracles
Mercy made wonderful
To thy breast bountiful
Gather the sorrowful
Daughters of sin
Ave! Maria!
Ave! Maria!
Gather them in!

They pause before the door of a cell, where Ximena lies on a cot. She shrinks back.

Ximena — Curse me no more, pitiless priest
O my little life had been all curses
Save its sin -- curses and sin, curses and sin;
I could not bear its curses, wherefore I did sin;
And sin -- ah sin was sweet -- so bitter sweet
Healing my pain with wine and food and secret ecstacy
Yet curse me no more, pitiless priest!

A Nun — The Peace of God which passeth understanding
Rest on your soul.

Ximena — How long have I been here?

Nun — Ten days of forgetfulness and pain -

Ximena — Oh! Nay I must go -- ten days! My God --
Listen, Mother
Yonder by the mines in my father's hut lives a child
My son --
I - I love it, and the plague
Hovers there -- I must go.

Nun — Nay you are sick to death
You cannot go:

Ximena — Go fetch it me, 'tis yonder -- go --
Oh -- curse me no more -- I
Ha! Ha! Ha! Down with the wine
Cursed be the swine --

The chanting nuns drown out the song as closing the cell door they pass slowly out.

Nun — Ave! Maria!
Mother of miracles
Mercy made wonderful
To thy breast bountiful

Gather the sorrowful

Daughters of sin

Ave! Maria!

Ave! Maria!

Gather them in!

VII

Two years later in the reception room of the Governor of Chile, in Santiago, Armendaris sits robed in the chair of state with a document in his hand. Around him are grouped lawyers and De Guzman, Mendoza and Diaz. At one side, poorly dressed as a lay sister of the convent and partly veiled, stands Ximena.

Armendaris This case comes to this highest
Court of Chile on petition
The charges are foul and terrible.
Slavery, debauchery, inhuman theft
And the wild unchecked ravishings
Of deadly plague.
In the King's great name,
If this be true
I'll rot the carcass of the churls
Who did this deviltry,
In the darkest dungeon depths I know!
Where are the witnesses who support this charge -- speak!

No one comes forward. The throng is silent and the governor stares about impatiently. Finally the lawyer for the defense, well-groomed and smiling arises.

Lawyer — Your Excellency knows well
The gentlemen here accused.
One of them is of noble Spanish blood and
All are men of wealth and standing
And good reputs.

Armendariz — I know them, but if this charge is true
Neither nobility nor blood
Neither wealth nor influence shall avail
In this court.

Lawyer — Precisely, your Excellency — precisely
As I was saying — these gentlemen
And their company are pillars of this state
They give employment to thousands of the poor
They stimulate trade, support the church
Give alms —

Armendariz — Well and good, and now — these charges!

Lawyer — Precisely, your Excellency — precisely;
As I was saying, your Excellency
Knows all too well the envy and cheap hate
Which success ever inspires.
The lazy — the criminal — the shameless
Seek to be smirch and libel the great and good
In this case, an unsupported rumor —

Armendariz — But are there no witnesses present
To support this affidavit? I was told, they were innumerable.

Lawyer — Practically none.

Hundreds were promised,
But they are not here.
The record and affidavit are
Ignorantly done, confusedly written
And all awry - Sir —

Armendariz — But here is the record of the Alcaldes court
Wherein is it faulty?

Lawyer — There is no seal, your Excellency
It is not done in triplicate .
The King is mentioned without all h is proper titles;---

Armendariz — O, out with technicalities and trifles!

Where are the witnesses.

Ximena — I am a witness, my Lord.

Armendariz — And the others?

Ximena — There was a cloud -- but poor, ignorant, unlettered;
Some were dismissed from work; some beaten, all threatened.
I alone stole away by aid of the sisters.

Armendariz — Who are you?

Ximena — I am no one.
But mine oath is true (She raises her veil. The Spanish ..... start, stare, and whisper).

De Guzman — Ha, ha, ha -- Pardon my Lord -- this -- woman
Names herself too truly -- I call two witnesses
Where I might summon a half hundred --
Ask this gentleman -- Don Pedro
Mendoza, a Spanish gentleman, who this -- lady is.

Mendoza — Her name, my Lord, is called, Ximena
And her fame -- She is the most
Shameless bawd in Valparaiso
She has some fancied spite against us
Because -- plying her trade -- some years since --
We refused to buy.

Armendariz — Can this be true! Answer, Woman, and why have you
The garb of a holy convent?

Ximena — It is true, as a child in the mines,
I was mother of unfathered children.
Afterwards coming to the city
I danced naked in a restaurant --
Then men desired me, and from then
Until two years ago
I was a prostitute of Valparaiso

Armendariz — And do you dare to show your shameless
Face in this my court?

Ximena — I dare -- for what I say is true.

Armendariz — But even if it is, who shall believe it?

Ximena — I have no witness but mine
Eyes and ears and these scarred
Hands and feet. But what I say is true --

Armendariz — I -- but I am helpless
Let her stand aside
If there be no further witnesses
The case must be dismissed.

Voice — There is another witness.

The messenger emerges from the crowd and hands the governor a letter.
The governor arises.

Armendariz — Where is His Eminence?

Messenger He comes.

A georgeous litter is borne in with papal arms and guards. From it descends an old black man, meanly garbed as a mendicant monk.

Armendaris Let the audience kneel and receive the benediction of The Ambassador of His Holiness.

Old Man The charge here brought
Is but half the full
And awful truth
The silver mines of Chili and Peru
Are the most shameless haunt
Of human misery underneath the stars
One gleam of light has pierced
This awful darkness:
Where two great, and all unselfish hearts
Have bent to this abysmal filth
And toiled to succor souls,
Neither knew of the other
Yet night and day and side by side
With only one great shoulder of the Andes
Spread between, they worked and wept.
The Holy Father in whose stead I stand
Has heard the beauty of their work
And called both: stand forth, Ximena!
Peace be with you. Your sins be all forgiven and forgot!
And you shall marry God.

With bowed head Ximena walks slowly out.

Old Man Here comes the other
Up the dusty way, with hastening feet -

(Enter a ragged cowled friar).

Welcome, Brother Francesco: the testimony you would give
Is given. Receive the mandate of the Pope --
This day you shall be Bishop in Holy Church.

Armendariz Arrest these men and take them away as prisoners
of the State.

Nay -- no word, Mendoza
Shall be shot; Guzman shall hang
Diaz shall toil in his own mines
Till the dark end of his days
Away! I have spoken.

The governor and his suit bowing low to the papel envoy go out followed by the chained prisoners. The Old Black Man and the friar stand alone.

Francesco on his knees supplicates.

Father -- I cannot, I will not.
I, a bishop?
I deserve punishment
Far worse than these who file away,
Whom I accuse; I am guilty in my soul -- I go back --

Old Man Lord Bishop of Conception, Arise!
And speak no further word
The Holy Father sues not -- nor begs
He commands.

They pass through the crowd and approach the Cathedral. Within altar boys robe the friar as an organ peals, and curtains reveal the high altar.

Francesco Father, ~~thou hast~~ you have spoken;
Pray, Father, pray each day

For my soul and the soul of one

Long dead.

Old Man — Amen, Arise! At the high altar kneels a woman!

Beside her stands the Holy mother of the

Convent of the Virgin, with bridal robes

For her, this child of Sin

Whom Christ in his vast pity has redeemed.

It was a pageant such as earth but seldom sees. Ten thousand workers, dark, half-naked, grovelling, beneath. Above, an altar in the purple and gold of imperial Rome; the song of children and chanting of vested priests. Before the altar stands a nun in black. As the bishop approaches she is unveiled and sinks to her knees and bows her forehead to the earth until she lies a billow of silk upon the marble.

Francesco — "Arise, Bride of Almighty God!"

Slowly she arises; her dark face gleams in its coronel of white, as the tears roll gently down. The bishop totters, sways and stands straight and still.

Francesco — Sister Ximena!

Ximena — Francesco -- Brother!

BOOK III

I

Two hundred years roll by with Frederick the Great and Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln, Wilson and Clemenceau riding the winds; with revolution after revolution in the air: French, Industrial, Prussian and Italian and Negro Emancipation; War wended its wide way: In China and India, in Europe and America, in all the world. South America sat new on the lap of time and counted its cost and place, its future. In the chilean office of trade and Education sat the Secretary, Juan Saveda, a brown mestizo; general Blanco de Guzman, secretary of War, a white Chilean of Spanish descent. De Guzman is talking. He is a large man, almost fat but trimly and carefully attired in the most expensive of uniforms. He is almost too polite and courteous; plausible but with a hard cold eye. He is talking in low confidential, rapid tones.

De Guzman — We must, of course, buy two new battle ships
Of latest type -- our iron-clads are but outdated hulks
The active army must gradually be swelled, certainly
to fifty — soon to a hundred thousand men;
The harbor forts 'round Valparaiso and all adown the
coast like me but ill --
They'll need at least fifty million pesos -- while for-
tresses to frown along the heights of the Andes
Will ask a hundred million more. Two hundred and fifty
million pesos is the least increase,
My good Savedra,
That our long starved purse of war demands this year.

Savedra — Good heavens, De Guzman, are you mad?
That, with our present army and pensions, will make
Two tthirds of our whole income,
Set to war? Aye and to the merest shadow of a dream of War.

De Guzman — Why a dream? Why not a certainty?.

Savedra — What — but De Guzman do you sanely dream
That Argentine and Chili would to War
For a few bald acres of bare rock?

De Guzman — Nay, certainly not ___ unless!

Savedra — Unless?

De Guzman — Unless we are ready to surrender Our Fatherland without
a struggle.

Savedra — What?

De Guzman — Listen, Savedra.
We are threatened, we are beleaguered.
We are in danger of national death!
We must defend ourselves.
We must fight the last great Battle of the West or die.
In us, puissant Latin blood —

Betrayed of Spain, diluted by France,
Impoverished by Italy ——— takes again
World leadership -- yields no more -- may, advances!
What! Do we always and ever cringe to England
Or her bastard North America?
Shall Germany rule the world
Shall Russia steal wealth, kill God and conquer Asia?
Or shall yellow Japan climb on white suicide to empire?
Ocean of the future, vast Mediterranean of the West and East!
Let us fill our hundred harbors with
An Invincible Armada
Yield -- nothing, nothing!
No wisp of soil to Argentina;
No foot of coast to Boliva nor Peru;
Sieze again Lima which once we held and weakly surrendered;
Hold Tacna-Arica forever!
Make our claim of Andean boundaries
Basis of the widest seizure of Argentine territory;
Stand fast, implacable, while
They bicker and quarrel each with the other
This continent is a caldron of dispute,
Of writhing and unrest.
Not a single contry of South America
Feels secure of certain of its bounds.
Venezuela and Guiana strive with Brazil.
Colombia is made to sell herself to North America.
Ecuador and Peru dispute their bounds
And Peru and Chile fight to keep Bolivia hemmed from the sea.

Bolivia will war with Indian Paraquay.
Chile must settle scores with Argentine in Patagonia
And Argentine should roll o'er Uruquay and Brazil.
Thus Antofagasta in Atacama, Tacna Arica, Gran Chaco are words
Pregnant with present meaning
Even if we do not listen to Panama and Falklands.
It is for us suddenly,
When they least expect -- to strike!
Hesitate, Savedra, and you must rest content
To end your promising political career this year.
Otherwise two men, (say you and I)
Must plunge all South America hot into War
With one swift move!

Savedra — But why should we of all folk lead this devils' dance?

De Guzman — First, your party's tricked and stolen:
You are without the breastworks;
The ring is in; your fate is sealed,
In three months, you'll leave office
And the world of power for good --
Unless -----
Look at yon map: down the last coast
Of Last America, west of the west - most world
Creeps a little starveling, headless snake -
That's Chili; we're hemmed and tethered in:
South: ice; west, Andes; north, Bolivia, and Peru;
Time flashes; Europe and greedy North America
Stretch itching palms this way. All Spain's Americas
Must be one or die! Who'll lead? I say Chile!
How? Level the Andes,
Cut Argentine in two with one swift stroke,

Hold capital and harbor
With mighty ships that frown
On Uruguay and Brazil
Then pause -- conciliate,
Spread jealously, alarm and fear,
Arm, build and arm again
Placate and threaten England and North America
Inflate the bursting ego of Germany and Italy
Then wheeling suddenly
On again!
Swoop north like an eagle
And conquer Bolivia and Peru,
The land of the Equator, Colon's land, and
Poor distracted Venezuela.
Atlast with great Brazil thus fast between our jaws -- bite!
Bite till her carcass and Uruguay's
Crumble in our mouth.

Savedra — But it is fantastic!
Argentine is twice our size,
Brazil has ten times our might.
Are you concocting suicide?

De Guzman — Fool, behold the map --
Know you not that strength
Lies in our very show of weakness?
Forge secretly a mighty weapon
While we prolong the quarrel with Argentine
Sharpen and train strong armies;
Make ready swift, fighting ships
Strike like a bolt of sudden lightning
Before even the thunder rolls --

Before they dream what we do:

It's done!

I tell you, man, for the called of God

The Impossible is the always and only Possible.

The Dream is the Deed --

Now hear me out:

In this great world crusade, who'll lead in Chili?

The president? I am dumb.

The timid councillors of State? 'Tis loud to laugh!

The Cabinet? One alone and that's -- Savedra.

Savedra — I?

De Guzman — You! I know my man - trained, quick, resourceful -

Savedra — Why not you?

De Guzman — Too old and too -- well-born

You have miraculous youth -- you are of the people.

Savedra — Guzman, you rave -- how could I prevail?

De Guzman — Softly! Walls do hear.

All that too, I've thought through!

With no ordinary slogan, can you win the crowd.

Raise then, the war cry of defense, subtly,

Masterfully and with skill.

The mob have all inborn

A most miraculous love for fight:

They'll turn to you in one great rush

And make you --- shall we say?

Of Chile -- President; of Argentine -- Conqueror!

Of Brazil, Emperor!

Of a full quarter of the world -- dictator!

Nay, no answer -- think!

I must away, but as earnest of my plan
I bring you your commissions to head an embassy of three
To settle, -- or unsettle -- this dispute
Between our fatherland and Argentine
I am the other one -- a dummy, Dias, dignified in mien,
Makes three.

Savedra — De Guzman -- you o'er whelm me!

De Guzman — Ha! Ha! -- good day. (He bows and goes slowly out)

Savedra muses — De Guzman, I am not for a moment
Fooled by your plausibility.
You want me, you need me, you must have me,
For I alone have the popular support which you lack.
But the moment I serve your purpose
I shall be kicked out like a dog and you with birth,
Wealth and the army will rule this conquered quarter
of the world.
That is -- if I let you.
If I leave the army in your hands.
If I leave wealth for you to command. ---
Peru-Venezuela -- Brazil!
Of a full quarter of the world, dictator!
'Tis mad! And yet how vast a vision -- I what?

(The office bell rings. He listens at the receiver)

Savedra — I am busy.
How? An appointment? (Looks at memorandum)
Perdition that old loquacious President of the University,
With his annual plea --
Show him in (Enter Peres)
Ah! President Peres -- I am honored to give
You audience, though hard-pressed, as well you know.

Perez — Senor Savedra, Iwill detain you as little as
The great cause I bear permits.
I am a teacher --

Savedra — And honored head of our great university,

Perez — Yet but a teacher, Senor;
We have three hundred thousand children
In our schools where we should have a million
We spend thirty million pesos where we need
Three hundred: Senor I come to plead
That the cabinet do straitly recommend
A doubling of the fund for training Chili's children.

Savedra — Senor President, you say well
Believe me, my sympathy is deep.
And yet, I fear it is impossible --

Perez — Sir, is anything impossible to the safe founding of the State?

Savedra — No.

Perez — And sinks a single founding stone so deep
As ingrained knowledge intelligence and skill?

Savedra — Yes -- the state's integrity.

Perez — Integrity? We are at peace -- none threaten-

Savedra — Are you sure?

Perez — Why I had not heard -- surely-

Savedra — Sir, the secrets of the state I may not loose.
This alone: We must prepare ofor war.
It may not come -- God grant --
But Soldiers, Ships, and Guns are to the Modern State
The one great Cash Reserve for Peace Insurance.

Perez — Sir, I will not longer abuse your busy day
'Tis possible your fears are true, and yet -- and yet,

Believe me for my years:
There never yet was an unjust, Bloody, Cruel war
But what it stood firm-founded on such rock-bound words as yours,
And left the world more ignorant, more miserable,
More hungry than before (exit)

Madame Desmond pushes her way in unannounced. She is a nervous, little woman, dark, thin, almost pitiously sincere. One can see how deeply she feels the cause which she represents.

Savedra — What -- who is this -- Ah Madame?
Did I appoint this time?

Desmond — No, but I must speak!

Savedra — Time presses, Madame --

Desmond — So does sin!
Sir, in yonder purlieus, fester death,
Disease and crime
Three-fourth of us can neither read nor write --
The prostitute and thief, the cripple and the mad
Do mock the Christian culture of our State.

Savedra — Madame --

Desmond — We need a hundred millions but with twenty
We could start; the honored president
Senora Mendoza of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine
Joins me --

Savedra — But Madame --

Desmond — To hasten this reforming of the world
To make men chaste and honest
Pure and -

Savedra — Juan! Hither! the door!
Madame did mistake her way.

These are but Chili's humble offices of Trade and Schools
And not, dear madame,
The Kingdoms of Almighty God. (She is led out)

Savedra Perdition -- the day half spent
'Tis three and hither comes the Board of Trade
To ask some hundred millions for damming waters.
No argument! 'Tis useless! I'll say No!
(Enter members of the Board of Trade)
Gentlemen be seated.
I have read your plea --
'Tis smartly done -- and specious
I presume that dams to hold the great Spring floods
Till Autumn's heat, would flower the desert
and power all our factories
Doubtless, too, we could spend millions for new schools
And pile some millions on those millions for social reform --
Only gentlemen who'll pay the bill?
Will you invest your private means?
Will the State? Not while I control!
We need -- I say it privately -- two hundred round millions
now - today!
To defend the very land that you would sow and save
And till that land is ours, unthreatened by a foe
Gentlemen, we'll let this dreaming wait.
I bid you all -- good day --

They file out, a bit bewildered, incensed, resentful. They whisper among themselves: "He is fooling nobody". "Everyone understands that De Guzman has him in his clique". "They aim to seize power in Chile." "They plan to waste money on war." "They plot to steal our patrimony". "It is always so -- but it cannot last."

Savedra muses aloud: Fools -- thrice fools! Does Guzman for a moment dream that he deceives me? His stiff hidalgo blood, waters at the thought of equality with the Indian-Spanish-Negro mixture, which is Chile.

He would gladly use my strength and brains, my reputation, to lift his gang to power. Then out and down with the damned Mestizo!

And these other idiots! As if I did not know far better than any one of them, not simply the ignorance, poverty, crime and degradation of Chile, but of all this South America; as well, its wanton waste and neglect and rape of the wealth and opportunity which God gave it. What then? As a cabinet puppet I'm but the catspaw of polititians like Guzman. Soon I'll be out of office clamoring weakly and vainly for the impossible -- unless! Even as President, as he can make me, I should be bought and owned by untaxed and untaxable wealth, and uncurbed power.

But hold -- of Argentine, conqueror? I should be master then of land and wealth plucked for new distribution in new hands; there might come real power, so long as I remain the head of disciplined troops. Again, of Brazil, Emperor: not blood and marriage, ~~is~~ a land where already the black stream of Africa has left its wide mark. As fount of social rank, could I not lead a group of nations effectively against this folk-lore of white blood?

Of a full quarter of the world, Dictator

To whose glory?

To strut in tinsel? -- But I am no child:

To lord it over sycophants? I would despise my-self

To spite a hated race? Such hate is far too costly

No -- to do and only to do the very things that must be done
If South America gains its place in the sun,
If dark and mixed races are ever to achieve equality with
mankind;
For all this,
Which these beg of me as if I were blinder than they:
To educate the Poor and abolish Poverty with food
And Shelter and the Work that creates;
To conquer Crime and Disease by Health;
To develope this El Dorado for Chile and the mass of men
And not merely for the millionaires of London and New York
And their local satelites ---
Dear God, is the path to all this, War?
I do not know!
But if it is, Hail War! --
Of Chile, President; of Argentine, Conqueror;
Of Brazil, Emperor; of a full quarter of the World, Dictator!

Meantime beyond the Andes and in Argentine, Senorita Ines Mendoza, President of the United Women's Clubs of Argentine, sits in her beautiful parlor of her home in Buenos Ayres. She is a young woman in her twenties, white and fair, full of vigor and enthusiasm. Gonzales, cabinet member, enters:

Mendoza Welcome,
Full sensible am I of this rare honor.
Be more than my mere guest,
Be at home and cheery, while we ponder
The great cause we love.

(Brews coffee and sets a little table)

But enough -- draw to.
~~The Master has his~~ coffee ever black and strong

Now, dear colleague, when will the treaty be signed?

Gonzales I do not know.

A sudden change has subtly swept over Chile.
It speaks not yet aloud
And I have rather felt than heard -- it until today.
Tales have been writ and letters;
Appropriations stopped and changed --
Fortresses looked over and reviews of soldiers held;
And now comes further delay --
~~Refusal to send an embassy to Buenos Ayres until next year~~
And yet new demands (reading)
"For Chilian territory claimed by Argentine in the
Puna de Atacama".

Senorita Mendoza looks shocked and disarmed. "It is impossible", she whispers. "Impossible!" "What can it mean"? Gonzales explains. "De Guzman rules and plots and at last has found him an efficient tool to his liking, Savedra, the new young cabinet minister and idol of the Masses." Senorita Mendoza sits thinking. "We must rush a message then to Savedra. I have a last card I have not played. I have a friend, a powerful friend, known throughout the whole world. I know that if I ask, he will induce the Junta to bow to our request for instant conference".

Gonzales demurs "But they plead lack of time for so long a journey." The young woman's face lights up. "Very well, let them come no further than Mendoza. I have an old ranch there. It shall be fitted up to receive them and there we will bring to bear upon these stiff-necked scheming politicians the influence of the whole peace movement of South America".

Gonzales looks dubious but consents to the trial. Senorita Mendoza muses.

"Savedra, 'tis an old and honored name. I have often heard it.

Ah Gonzales, you should see Mendoza!

Behind lie silver heights

Looking on Chile, to whom once the land belonged

On that slope and on the shelf beyond

Are out-worn and out-worked mines of misery;

Along those heights

Lay the bare bald regions in dispute 'twixt two great lands, -

A worthless waste. Yonder was once a mighty Convent

Where two centuries since, a holy woman labored for

the wretched in the mines

And yonder where afar you may glimpse

A beetling crag, hung a house of the brothers of St. Francis

Where long an aged Bishop of Conception did tell his

beads and pray and work

For the souls of the wretched.

Gonzales makes his adieus and departs. Less than a week later an old man his face is almost black, meanly clad and yet walking with a certain dignity, enters the beautiful home of the Mendozas. The young woman greets him at the door.

Welcome father, thrice welcome!

Tell me quickly is all lost?

The old man smiles upon her and lifts his hand in benediction as he bows.

No,

Even now I am on my way to cross the Andes and face
the government of Chile.
Forget not the mighty past
Once black Haiti and her Petion
Succored our Bolivar as he faltered
And made him try again for the
Independence of South America;
Charging him only with freedom for the slave.
Once again these same new lands
Bent before world capital
And make serfs of black and Indian labor;
Then in civil strife
Blending revolted and groped toward
A new democracyof work.
Today in face of further war
The forces for Peace must stand and fight
I come with mandate of the President himself
To urge an embassy of Chile
To meet us at Mendoza.

A week later.

III.

On the private train of the Chilean Embassy, nearing Mendoza, De Guzman is lolling comfortably on the cushioned seat. Diaz is asleep. Savedra appears high strung and impatient.

"Where are we stopping? We should be hastening on."

De Guzman replies tranquilly

For the best of reasons; we are here.

Savedra Arrived? Already? Is this Mendoza?
There should be despatches and reports.

(Guzman goes out and returns with a sheath of telegrams.)

Brace yourself, my good Savedra.
We are in for a desperate assault but
My agents are keen and leave nothing to chance.
A group of pacifists are in possession of the Mendoza
hacienda and plan to work on our sympathies.

Savedra — Who are they?

De Guzman — Most prominent, a certain Senorita Mendoza
Rich, young, handsome and of ancient
And pure Castilian blood; daughter of Grandees of Spain
Her father founded Argentine
And she owns wide lands
About this city
She is a faddist, unmarried and unsexed
Giving up husband, children, ease, society
To ramble and preach.
Her familiar is an old black man
Some left-hand spawn of Negro slaves --
Yet a man of brains
Withal, and uncanny power;
High in the councils of State and Church
Known to the Chancelleries of all Europe
And nuncio of the Vatican.

Savedra — Is he here? I know him!

De Guzman — What? So -- I see!
The plot goes even deeper than I thought.
For here is a dangerous and wily opponent
Of vast learning and influence.
Their plan is clear
To cajole us with courtesies
Soften our demands

And blind our eyes.

Savedra — Good! Blithely let us enter the trap
But go you and do the honors tonight
Say I am ill ---
Held by affairs of State,

De Guzman — But you must at least appear!

Savedra — I am half Indian and other dark blood,
Sprung from the soil
I am blunt and forthright
I have no social graces
Nor chit-chat
Now you, De Guzman
Were born a courtier,
Used to salons and skilled
In repartee,
You coin a phrase
When phrases serve for food
And nourish idiots.

De Guzman — Very well --
But you must drop in after dinner -- late as you will -
It is courtesy
And mind you
Don your lordliest uniform, --
That colonelcy of the Guard

Savedra — Nonsense -----

De Guzman — But yes -- It is -- expected
And significant!

Savedra — Very well, I'll come late;
But I hate it

I'll drop in for a formal word
Brief, cold, hard.
For deep in my heart
I am not at ease
I do not love war --

De Guzman — Who does? Remember the uniform!

The Mendoza ranch is old and rambling series of houses and rooms, beautifully but sparsely furnished with great spaces and a patio filled with trees, flowers and fountains. In the main salon the hostess and her ladies, the black counselor in the robes of a cardinal of the Catholic Church, the Argentine and Chilean embassadors and their suites and other guests meet and mingle. The dining room is seen beyond.

De Guzman — Madame, our chairman, the secretary Savedra
Regrets his lateness, sorely;
He'll drop in for coffee as soon as grave affairs of State permit.

Mendoza — Ah! my equal regrets are deep. I did especially
Expect Senor Savedra early:
But, be seated gentlemen,
Dinner shall not wait.

A footman appears: "Madam is served."

Senorita Mendoza turns to De Guzman,

"Your arm, General."

They dine sumptiously and De Guzman and Senorita Mendoza put themselves out to lead the gay conversation. They talk of Madrid and its society. They know hosts of mutual and high-placed friends. They exchange witty anecdotes and repartee. Finally, Senorita Mendoza arises to excuse herself.

Mendoza — Come, sit in the salon for coffee and liqueur

And excuse me while I run and join my maidens
They are eager to present you a little masque of peace
Which we have framed for your amusement.
I hope Senor Saveda will be coming soon.

Soon a series of living pictures appear in the patio. Voices are heard explaining.

First Voice — Behold a battle ship — 'tis built of twenty thousand
School houses that should dot the hills around
It's every gun at every shot shoots ten thousand loaves of bread
Past twice a million unfed babes.

Second Voice — Behold how this black powdered bread of battle
Explodes the primal passions of the race:
Our from the blaze of battle steps
The Thief, the Prostitute, the gilded Murderer
And all the hellish horde of war.

Third Voice — Conqueror and conquered die, the camp-fires flash and fade
But on the hungry unschooled children
Fall all their legacies of Hate and Crime
And pitiless Poverty.

Fourth Voice — The marshal music swells and rings
O'er the victorious hosts as they move flashing by
But after them all silently march
The Other Army.

An army of widows, orphans, sick and maimed, criminals, beggars ~~and prostitutes~~ and crippled horses file by. It is all beautifully and strikingly done with terrible realism. No one can wholly escape the thrill of its propaganda. De Guzman's face loses its courtesy and good humor and he swears under his breath.

Then smiles, after all the impressionable Savedra is not there.

Meantime Savedra in his room at the further end of the patio has been impatiently pacing the floor. He hates functions like this, but after all, he must be courteous. He has a role to play. Impatiently he dons his colonel's uniform and throws over his shoulders the white and gleaming cloak with its spangled trimmings. He looks distastefully at the sword but grips it in his hand and straightens himself. He pauses at the door to drink in the breath-taking beauty of the night. Out beyond the patio in the western evening, gleams the new moon above the faint, white tracery of the Andes. Something grips him. This is his America. Yonder is its backbone. He raises his sword involuntarily and squares his shoulders, murmuring again, "Of a full quarter of the world dictator!"

A sound, a very slight sound strikes his ear. He whirls still with up-raised sword, appearing in the moon-lit night like a mailed medieval warrior poised for combat. Glancing up he sees the door opening on an old chapel. Stepping down from it is an Indian princess in full panoply of plume and shell, of gleaming gold and silver. Behind her looms altar and crucifix, and the light of its candles inhaloes her form.

For a moment both stare at each other and catch their breath. Then all the world seems dropping away. Years and centuries roll back. He leaps up the stairs crying, "Ximena!" and she totters toward him shrieking, "Francesco!" He gathers her in his arms and kisses her lips and hair and as she swoons in his embrace, lifts her and steps upward toward the altar.

An old man appears silently from the shadows. His face is black, his eyes burning, but the crimson robe of a cardinal envelopes him. He takes the girl from off the hands of Savedra and turns away with no word. Softly the door closes. Savedra stands a moment in bewilderment and consternation. Then turning slowly, staggers back along the passage toward his room. There he sits down heavily, still too bewildered to think straight. Slowly he divests himself of his uniform and puts on plain evening dress.

Then at last gathering his wits together he started down toward the patio. Beyond in the lighted salon he can see the guests beginning to rise and move after the masque. He walks slowly toward them, gripping himself to make due obeisance to his hostess and meet a few of the guests. Then he would withdraw. He had just stepped into the circle of light from the salon when a lady in white silken evening dress steps out. For a moment they stare at each other.

Mendoza — Sir -- I am most deeply shamed
By my silly - encounter - on the stairs
And spoiling your - uniform -
I cannot think -- (They come full into the light. She sees his face and starts back)
Francesco -- (She pauses bewildered)
What is this, then? I know you not, and yet -
And yet you are so strange familiar to my heart,
As though a hundred and hundred ancient years agone
My soul and yours had met. (He gazes at her, fascinated)

Saveda — Ximena -- Ximena -- somewhere I remember you
In the first and wondrous bursting of your girlhood
Ah you were splendid as the Night
Soft was the ~~brown and~~ black velvet of your skin
And your curled locks --
But somehow - how? Did I not wrong you then?

Mendoza — No, Francesco, And I was ever fair -
But - but color is so slight a thing;
My dearest friend is black,
You never wronged me, dear - but
I remember you, golden priest of God
When your white face did quiver in its wrath

And underneath the golden cross of Christ
Did chide me for some sin — some little sin, what was it?

Savedra — No, No Ximena, I was never priest, nor golden -
I am brown and Indian,
And you I never chided — I could not
For I loved you then as now
With all the mounting madness, whirling maze and
fostered fury
Of double and redoubled floods of endless years!

Mendoza — Francesco!

Savedra — Ximena!

Mendoza — Me seems that once from out the dim made music
Of some soft Cathedral's gloom -
Up from the shadow of a vast despair
Your soul did call to mine - "Redeemed"!"
My Saviour's was the voice — the face was yours,
Francesco!

Savedra — And I, too, did hear that cry
Across the mighty distance of a world — "Redeemed!"
It was the virgin mother of the Lord who spoke, -
Her face was yours, Ximena! -

Mendoza — O, we are mad - mad —
I care not if we are — to love is marvellous

Savedra — And whether this came flooding at the sight,
Or was in heaven born a thousand years

Ago - this only now I know, I love you, O I love you -

Maiden glorious

Mendoza I love you and I love you yet again!

Abruptly the whole gardens are alight with planned illumination; the doors of the salon open and the guests pour out. Scarcely could the lovers leap apart. The guests stare curiously. The ladies sweep forward with abeisances.

"Donna Inez! Donna Inez. We were searching for you. The masque is over. Gentlemen and Ladies, may we present the author of these beautiful scenes, the Senorita Inez Mendoza, President of the Women's Clubs of Argentine."

In a trice the Senorita is herself, bowing graciously and deprecatingly to her guests. Then she turns toward the young man at her side - at once stranger and lover. De Guzman quickly steps forward:

"May I present to Donna Inez, Don Juan Savedra, Secretary of State for Trade and Schools in the Republic of Chile." He bowed courteously and hissed beneath his breath into Savedra's ear.

"You lout! Are you drunk? Don't you know that you cannot play about with a Spanish lady, a Mendoza?"

Savedra does not notice him but bows to the throng, still looking upon the lady with widening eyes.

She in turn gives no hint of her soul-shattering surprise, but bowing graciously presents him to the company and then passing slowly through the gardens with him still at her side reaches a little nook bowered with poinsetta. The guests stand courteously aside so as to let them converse together. Only De Guzman thrusts himself forward and stares rudely.

Savedra turns toward her. "Inez?" She answers, "Yes, Ines Ximena Mendoza. Ximena is my middle name. Long since I dropped it, - until tonight. Savedra continues slowly, "You are then the Senorita Mendoza, - Madame - the President of the clubs?" "Yes," she answers, "and you?"

"I am Juan Savedra, Francesco Juan Savedra, the first name I have not used - until now," Senorita Mendoza has been looking out into the room, but now she turns her eyes full upon him: "You are then the emissary of war?". She slowly turns away.

Savedra Ximena - God - the vision of the Blessed,
Has it flown? Do you fly?
Mendoza I - I - sit - listen, - Senor Savedra - O let me speak!
You - you come - from Chile?
Savedra Yes.
Mendoza On a great mission?
Savedra Yes.
Mendoza You - you believe in - War?
Savedra Sometimes - I must.
Mendoza And this mission - may mean War?
Savedra I ought not say - but - alas, it may.
Mendoza And there is cause?
Savedra I fear there is.
Mendoza What cause?

Savedra — The boundary between Chili and Argentine -- the coast of
Peru and Bolivia, and of Bolivia and Paraguay;
And other matters further afield.

Mendoza — Do you think these claims of Chile just?

Savedra — Before my God, I do.

Mendoza — But tell me, are they worth -- a War?

Savedra — Madame, -- the interests of the State -- (She rises).

Mendoza — No, Francesco, tell me in very truth, before high Heaven,
By the Great years my heart has wandered seeking yours
Why do you wish -- war?

Savedra — Receive the truth!
I truly believe the world in danger
I believe that with war led by courage
Chile may dominate South America for the good of its people
I believe that I have that courage
Moreover -- From you I hold no secret back --
I will be frank: Either I lead or De Guzman will be master
Of the state and murderer of South America.
With war I leap to power and life
I may become, of Chile - president
Of Argentine, Conqueror! Of Brazil, Emperor!
I may ward the greedy fingers of the world
Drom off the Americas.
I may make of many midgets one great world man
I may become --
Of a full quarter of the world -
Dictator! and as dictator ---

Mendoza — So this is your dream!

Savedra — O 'tis a dream - an awful dream
It cannot half come true
I betray a trust when I reveal it
And yet, Ximena, who can know?
With me you might mount —
A throne! And there what could you not do
To raise the race of men?

Mendoza — It is a vision wonderful
I understand it perfectly.
I understand you, dear Man of my Heart
Me seems that in one short hour
I have looked on Heaven and Hell.
Francesco!
I have seen Kings and thrones
I want neither.
I have seen uniforms
Heard martial music
And the glorious tinsel of magnificent
Trumpet and fanfare,
And too, I have known the mud and blood of War.
I think that war
Is the filthiest, cruellest,
Blindest madness of Mankind
I believe it is the suicide of culture
The end of civilization
The renunciation of Holy Faith.
I do not believe that human uplift begins with blood

Rather with blood it ends. The final cost of war is
Degradation, prostitution, poverty,
Ignorance, crime and disease -
There is no End, no Cause
No Ideal that is worth
Organized and nationwide murder of human kind.
Wherefore, I am a child of Peace
Even before this sudden and miraculous
Gift of love such as I never knew before;
Such as seems to stream down to me
From long centuries of longing and frustration -
Even in the presence of this, I will not swerve.
I am a child of Peace -
And you, Francesco, look to your Vision Splendid:
I love you - O I love you
And yet I am not yours -
A fair full quarter of the world
You may rule by murder, war and pestilence -
But this one woman's heart
Is ruled by Love and Peace alone
So must you choose, Francesco, and now.

Savedra I have already chosen -
Ximena!

Mendoza Francesco!

They both arise and before the assembled guests embrace each other. Senorita Mendoza turns and smiles as Savedra says in clear and carrying tones,

"Gentlemen and Ladies, my affianced bride!" The guests with cries of delight and surprise rush forward with good wishes and congratulations. De Guzman stands apart and growls in the hearing of all.

De Guzman(~~stammers~~) What then Savedra becomes of our -- mission?

Savedra I have changed my mind.

De Guzman You mean what mind you had

Has been changed for you.

Savedra bends slowly look on him:

Have a care, De Guzman.

De Guzman -- to hell with you -- traitor! (To Donna Ines)

Last and least, Senorita Mendoza, let

Me ~~give~~ thank you all my good wishes and my personal thanks.

I am deeply your debtor, I was on the edge of a great mistake.

I had conceived that this young man,

My distinguished and triumphant friend,

Senor Savedra, had within him the making

Of a great statesman and leader, patriot and master

Of nations; a ruler of the world's destines.

You have shown me, dear Madame, my sad error.

He is a romantic and half-baked Indian school-boy,

He is fitted to grace your apron strings, Madame

And not to guide States and command armies.

He will do excellently well to philander with of nights,

To father a brood of squalling parti-colored brats.

I thank you Madam, from the bottom of my heart

For this disillusion. Gladly I forgive you,

For I should never have forgiven myself had I continued

Another single minute to mistake this jackass for a Lion.

Exit De Guzman and ~~the guests, except~~ his party. Savedra, ~~He and~~ Donna Ines and the

Old Councilor slowly take leave of the other guests, and then ~~They~~ sit down.

Mendoza My Friends let us lay aside suspicions

~~Lay aside fear~~ And forget

And sitting side by sidd as friends,

Talk and think. You, Francesco,
Must summon from Chile not adventurers and gamblers in men
But leaders -- real leaders.
Bring Perez and Donna Desmond;
The engineers and social seers;
Sit here with this our glorious new born and age-old love
Here with my oldest friend the Councillor
And let us plan a world.

Savedra

Thrice in a thousand years
God gave me love.
Once I raped it;
Once I ~~killed~~ cursed it;
Once I sought to make it
Footstool to a throne
Then I awoke. Suddenly, I awoke.
I rose from something worse than death
To something more than life.
Then came your eyes, Ximena
Peering from purple mists,
Then came your hands, your voice --,
Suddenly I saw me as I was --
A wild brute murdering his mate.
A recreant priest ~~despoiling~~ defiling the Virgin Mother of God.
A cheap politician trading Death for Power.
In the vain dream that Power means good.
I am awake!
But I am scared --
I am frightened of life;
Life is a terrible miasma

I have lost my confident grip on Fate
I feel the irresistible weight of woe
I quail,
Help me!
~~Help me!~~

Mendoza — Here then we stand united --
Wisdom, Love and Courage
We will found a Peace
Heard round the world
We will enthrone its Prince high on the Andes
We will proclaim through all the Americas
That here at last are lands
Too proud to fight.

IV

The Summer home of Senor Navedra on the slopes of the Andes near Santiago. At the evening meal sit Francesco and Ximena and between them the Black Councillor. At Ximena's side stands a cradle. The setting sun shines in.

Ximena — Father, I could not guess where or why you lingered.
I knew it inconceivable that this great Festival of
Peace should take place without you.
It was your dream
And I know you seek it in some sense
The end and crown of your career.
Tomorrow we plan to place
That great stone Christ upon the Andes
To celebrate the treaty of eternal Peace
'Twixt Argentine and Chile.
It's shadow shall sweep down
From wintry mountain unto Summer seas
Its voiceless voice shall thunder to the skies,

Its pale and pierced hands all silently shall beckon
to the world,
Its cross cry, Peace!
You will be here, O master, to see it dedicate!

Black Councilor — How could I not remember?
Living yet or dead, I shall be there, my children --

Ximena — And then thereafter,
Will you not ever stay, good Master?
Here is home -- you shall be one with us
All that is ours is yours -- we three, (Looks at the cradle and smiles)
We -- four.

Black Councilor — I thank you with all depth of gratitude --
You are true and good
And if in any place beneath the Sun ---
Save one -- I feign would linger
Here would it be, Francesco and Ximena,
Within this mighty fortress of your love
Which God defend.
But I must go. I go to die upon the Andes'
Topmost crags, where first I saw this land ---

Savedra — Nay, father but you are still young with age
And now the heavy mantle of your burden gone,
The cares of state and church laid by,
You should long live well and watch
The blossomed splendor of your days --

Black Councilor — I see them here, the fairest full fruition of my hope!
Nay, I woo you, Death!
O I have sought you all these endless years
Thro' war and pestilence and the mad misery of man.
Lo! now I sight afar the great Realm of Peace;

The kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God, ---
Whereof tomorrow's mighty festival is pledge and forecaste.
O -- that I may go -- with all work done;
That I may welcome Death and the deep sleep of endless night --
And yet -- and yet I fear! (Kisses the childr and goes)

Savedra — How strange and true a man!

Ximena — How noble and how high his mien!

Savedra — Who is he, dear, in truth?

Ximena — I know not - his name I know, and yet who in very truth he is,
No man knows -- me seems as tho' he always was and will be --
We call him Master, Father, God!
Some say he was a great Physician once;
Others, a Master of the Law; and others still tell tales
Of endless journeying to and fro amid the mighty of the earth --
I know not. This alone I know:
He came when I was social darling, choked in wealth and sunk
In silly games. He showed me life:
He lifted me from the depths and made me servant of all good!
My soul, raped, bleeding and dying, he saved from Hell.
He throned me, gave me deeds,
Let me love you and made me mother of this man.
All that I am, I owe to him and though he live afar
Our love must watch and ward, lest he at any hour,
Should know the shadow of a want.

Francesco — He is a man of moods and silences
Yet singularly devoted to his Work,
Thorough in doing his dreams.

Ximena — Devoted? True? Ah Francesco,
You do not know how true and with what endless devotion
He weaves his plan of life.
He has been my friend methinks
For a thousand years that were and centuries that will be.

Francesco — But, dear — surely —

Ximena — Surely I speak riddles. Yet — in some way
All those things are true and he is my Redeemer.

Francesco — I know and in some dim way in all this I had part.
I, too, was mutinous; sick in soul and rescued —
By him but even more by you!

Ximena — Yet, I am afraid. I am afraid!
I await his call.
He will need me, Francesco,
I know he will need me.

Francesco — Fear not, and if he calls, call me.
We'll go.
Now duty awaits — I go to keep the councils of the State.
Wait not for me — I shall be late.
Heaven send a golden day tomorrow
To greet this festival of Peace.

Ximena — Farewell, President - to - Be.

Savedra — Farewell, Plotter - of - all - Good,
Good night.

Ximean — Good night. (Exit Francesco)
Tomorrow, tomorrow

God send a glittering day
To make this great Peace Pageant of the Hills
A thing men shall not light forget,
Fit for the throning of the Christ of Peace
Upon the Andes.

IV

(Midnight Ximena awakens suddenly and sits up in bed)

Ximena — The Master calls! Francesco! He is not yet returned,
I must go. The Master calls.
(She arises hastily. Throws a cloak about her and bends over the cradle. Softly she desends the stairs.)

Pedro — Madame — you go out? 'Tis a doubtful night
Black, still and moonless
A night for robbers
And beasts and snakes.
No Christian and no woman
Ventures the Andes on a night like this —

Ximena — Peace! The Master calls
A lantern, Pedro come and send Juan for a mule,
Maria — tell my husband I go to the Andes at the Master's last behest. Let him follow after.
Forth Pedro — beshrew the night! What?
Do you shrink at darkness?
Come! Lead on!

V

(On the Andes)

Ximena — Have you caught the mule? Bring him again.
And brace his bit.

Pedro — Madame, in God's name, have care;
Something ill breeds on this night
I feel a wild storm in my bones.
See how lightens a clear sky
Hark! -- Where rolls a distant thunder
The mule is mad with fright -- mount not again.

Xemina — Take him back -- here, Juan, go with him
You are mad as he -- come Pedro, on!

Pedro — O, Madame, my old legs do waver
I like not climbing the Andes at night
Paths waver -- animals crawl
Ghosts flit about,
I tell you, Madame, -- Death is here
Let us wait -- your husband will O'er take us
Soon --

Xemina — Good old Pedro -- death is everywhere and so are ghosts
I must go, time thirsts; but you Pedro
Sit here in mid-path and guide my love --
I hasten on --

Pedro — But Madame --

Xemina — Silence -- The master calls and I command.
(Exit. She appears climbing and disappears. Pedro waits.
Low winds moan. Enter Francesco hastily)

Savedra — Why went she forth in this still, dark
Night with but two serving men --
Great God --
Who's there? Ximena?

Pedro — No, 'tis I, good master.

Savedra — Where's my wife?

Pedro — She's sent away the mule
And hurried on -- my old legs staggered,
And She made me sit and hasten your approach.

Savedra — What? You have let her forth alone
Upon the mountain's naked breast?
By God, old man -- but no --
Out of my way --

Ximena — How black the night and cold --
There is a false stillness in the air
Like to a world a-waiting disaster
Above, beyond this festival of Peace.
Apprehension sits upon my heart
In a clear sky the stars
Glare dull and ominous
Filmed with mist.

Savedra — Where is my wife -- my love?
Knows she this hidden treacherous path
To that lone hut whereto my own hand
Has hitherto always led her?
Ximena! Ximena!
(Far winds rise to a shriek and a black cloud hastens
across the stars)
Dear God! Should she but misstep and
Go astray
Ximena! Ximena!
(He appears and disappears, crossing and recrossing.
At last leans panting by a tree)
Ah fool that I was to leave her thus
Unconselled and alone --

With her wide woman's heart of duty and of Love,
So piteously open to a cry
Who is this old and nameless man
That dares to call a mother
Forth at midnight
To watch him whimpering
To the grave?
Ha!
At last, the hut
The wanton winds wail about it
A great rain drop falls --
Yet will I win unto it
If I do murder Death itself --
(Reaches the door and falls panting)
Ah!
(Calling)
Ximena? Are you there?
(Draws his pistol)
Open, or by Christ the King --
(Silently Ximean opens the door. A white and empty bed is seen with burning tapers. Low at the bedside bows Ximena. The wind drops suddenly.)

Ximena — Francesco!

Francesco — Ximena!

Ximena — Death is dead — we'll live forever.

Savedra — Where lies the master?

Ximena — He is not here — He is Risen!

(She points to the shadows in the rear. The back of the hut has been cut away, revealing a scaffolding about the foot of the great Stone statue of Christ on the Andes. On the scaffold and leaning back against the statue, with outstretched arms and closed eyes stands the Old Councilor, motionless. He forms a black cross against the white marble.)

Savedra — Who is — this Man?

Ximena — (dreamily) His name shall be called —

Voice of the Old Councilor. Wonderful. (His form looms larger)

Francesco — Councilor. (Still larger looms his dark figure)

Ximena — The Everlasting Father! (His form nearly covers the statue.)

(The back of the hut falls entirely away revealing the Old Man, cross in hand on a great pedestal — Christ on the Andes. He appears like dark mahogany and living flesh, tremulous with life. His lips move — his eyes are on the stars.)

Voice of the Old Councilor. And the Prince — of Peace!

(The Black Councilor becomes the statue. The white marble is his shining vestment, out of which his dark flesh glows and his wide opened eyes burn.

He starts to raise the cross aloft, when

Suddenly the world goes black and for an age, darkness broods. Suddenly the world is flame whose crimson and gold fill high heaven. Suddenly across the world, smite crashes of thunder. The silver Andes glow and blacken. The winds howl, the lightnings flash and sheets of rain sweep over the

mountain top. Above shows swirl, crags reel and break, the Andes shudder and the marble statue of Peru trembles. There comes nearer and even nearer the rhythm of the marching feet and of endless armies; there echoes the thundrous roar of cannon and lightning flash of great guns, and the whine and whirl and tumult of bursting shells, the pum of airplanes Piling clouds of smoke blacken the skies and torrents of blood fall da rain. of rain. The statue of Peru pales and shrinks and disappears behind a veil of mist.

One sees in the lightning, forms and faces of wounded, torn, scarred and stricken men and leading them, the Black Councilor totters on, stricken with endless age, trembling, ragged, blood-stained, his eyes a horror of ~~infinite~~ pain. The roar of storm and battle, ringing to the rhythm of drums and martial music engulf him. Northward the plunging flame swirls to a vortex and hits Haiti, throwing clouds of darkling foam to heaven; sweeping south it hisses between Pulamago and Maranoon, egniting the black Amazon; rising and dipping again its lured light burns Tacna-Arica and makes waste of waste El Chaco; and the while whirl wind sweeps Europe and the ~~the minds of men~~ world; ~~setting up and dethroning dictators; building monopoly and starvation; sucking in foreign gold dragons to feed on native blood.~~

Voice of the Black Councilor. Hun and Hate —

Defence and Empire

Freedom, Revolution, Murder and God!

The world goes mad again.

Dear God, I cannot die!

I cannot die, I cannot live.

To do what I cannot do
Remains my eternal task.
World war, world war bursts and slays again
Again I wander for twice an hundred years --
Francesco and Ximena -- until I come again -- Farewell.

In flame and blood, with scream of children and blare of trumpets the storm rushes north but as it disappears one sees the Black Councilor riding the Flame. The flame engulfs him; he shrivels and expands. He looms to gigantic size.
His vast voice outshrieks the winds and thunders.
Francesco staggers blindly to his feet and rushes toward the Atlantic.

Francesco — Ximena! Ximena! (He disappears)

Ximena, leaping up plunges toward the Pacific.

Ximena — Francesco -- Francesco! (She disappears)

(Their voices float back).

Calm. The sun rises, the vision fades, and there is deep silence. The statue of Christ stands veiled in white mist. Far down the mountain side, in the calm peace of a beautiful morning, rise faintly the voices of thousands of children.

Children — Joy to the World
The Lord is come
Let Earth receive her King
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing

(Ximena rushing in meets Madame Desmond)

Desmond — My dear! How early you are!
Did you spend the night in vigil?
How calm and still it was?

Ximena — ~~Yes~~ No -- yes -- where --

Desmond — How lovely ~~of you~~ it was and how sad --

Ximena — Sad? lovely?

Desmond — We all know, -the good archbishop telephoned at dawn
And told us how Holy Father had summoned your dear friend.
To think he will not see the dear work of his effort --
The statue of the Christ unveiled.

Ximena — The statue?
(The statue stands swathed in white cloth; ~~and~~ the flags of Argentine and Chili are being draped about it.)
I must find Francesco!
(They go out. Francesco rushing in from the other side meets Perez.

Francesco — Ah -- Perez -- did you see --

Perez — Welcome, my friend. Splendid and early!
You kept vigil with your parting councilor.
How thoughtful -- how kind!
And what a calm and perfect night.
Harbinger of eternal Peace.

Francesco — Yes -- Calm? splendid -- did you happen to see -- my wife?
(Ximena and Desmond enter. Francesco and Ximena rush to each other.)

Perez — They are still young lovers.

Desmond — Let us go and seek seats -- au revoir.

Ximena — What have we seen? Where have we been?

Francesco — We have seen — nothing.
It was a dream, a portent and a prophecy!

Ximena — O Francesco — I am afraid.
What is that veiled thing there?
What hides within its folds?

Francesco — Hush, my darling, and be calm!
We have peered into eternity this night, listen.'
(The voices of children rise clear and soft)

Children — He rules the world with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.
(The procession of children and peons, women and officials reach the top. All is peace and sunshine. Above, the great statue looms. Francesco and Ximena walk slowly forward from the edges of the crowd. The crowd whispers, smiles and stares. Greetings follow them, amid the trappings of celebration and festival, but they say nothing. They both stare at the veiled statue, clasping each others hands. Prelates, priests, nuns and choir boys approach and sing —)

Chorus — No more let Sin and Sorrow grow
Nor thorns infest the ground
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the Curse is found.
(Silently the Archbishop cuts the cord)

Archbishop — Sooner shall yon mountains crumble into dust
Than shall fair Chile and great Argentine
Break the white Peace that thus they swear
At the feet of Christ the Lord!

(The cloth and flags fall. The Christ stands unveiled. But he is no longer dark and living flesh. He is white marble, thin-lipped and vacant-eyed. He gleams cold in the morning sun.)

ENVOI

Forty years flew by, a whole generation of human souls. War whipt the world, fulfilling that wild prophetic vision atop the Andes in 1905. South America squirmed, twisted and strove in the witch winds of the world-wide convulsions. She sought repeatedly and eagerly more perfect democracy; she set aloft a vast ideal of peace, disarmament and social uplift, with universal education; she dreamed a free, autonomous Pan-America. She found internecine war, Nordic aggression, home-born dictatorship, fattening on monopoly and starvation wage, and sucked of their blood by foreign investors. It was a distraught and humiliated welter of peoples that faced the insane world of the second world-war.

Ximena, old, white-haired, her once so lovely flesh, pale dry and wrinkled sat clear-eyed, straight and strong, in her great chair, in the sun-washed patio of her old home, facing the Christ of the Andes. Before her stood two youths. She looked at them tenderly, but her mind wandered away. She saw herself as a slip of a girl, high on the Andes, watching blood-drenched Spanish and Indiana warriors. Drawing her mind back she looked again upon the youth but saw beyond the girl, a great cathedral; heard its warm, sweet music and the voice of the bishop as he cried with uplifted arms, "Arise, Bride of Almighty God!" Again she looked upon the youth and saw in the boy the image of the man Francesco in his early straight and beautiful manhood as her bridegroom and husband. He had died of a broken heart, August 4, 1914 and yonder lay his grave. Slowly again her mind came wandering back and stood fast.

Before her stood two youth. One was a young man of 20, twenty son of her own firstborn, who had been torpedoed at sea in the first World War. Her grandson was slight and fair, strong of countenance and of will, bitter and mutinous as he regarded her with implacable eyes. He was in Khaki uniform and carried a pistol and dagger.

"You have had your will", he grated. "You made a milk-sop of my grandfather, who might have been not only of Chile, president; but of Argentina, Conqueror; of Brazil, Emperor! of a full quarter of the world, Dictator! You made my father a beggar for peace, instead of a Crusader for War. God killed him — I'm glad He did. And now, with the war might of Germany and Italy at our gates, in our harbor, on our sacred soil, you still babble 'Peace'".

His companion touched his arm. She was a young girl of radiant beauty, dark to brownness, slim and lithe, with a great cloud of clipt but clinging, enveloping hair, midnight in blackness. Her fathomless eyes, wet with tears, pleaded with the angry boy; he dropped his head:

"I'm sorry, Grandmother, but that's how I feel. I hate to hurt you, but my mind is set. I'm going to fight. We're retreating to the Andes, and there around your peaceful Christ, we'll raise a hell of war that will never stop, ~~until this world is free --~~ there is no peace and never will be. Nina goes with me. We will not marry. That would be silly. We will live and love and fight."

Gravely, Ximena looked upon them. They were so beautiful and young and confident. She said in low, caressing tones:

Perhaps this world is all Unreason, Parodox and Blunder,
With no guiding Hand or Brain, no Will to Good.
Perhaps it lies submerged by unpierced mazesof contradiction
And thrusting through, ~~the~~ the puny efforts of fools, and deaf and blind
Vain mockeries and waste struggle from above,
To make suicide of human effort and red abortion.
Perhaps. But this I do not believe.
What could it have meant to men, if my Francesco had been not only
President of Chile but conqueror of even half of the world,
At a cost to bankrupt civilization?
What could such conquest be but mad frustration, spiritual defeat,
Muddle, murder and self-killing Hate? —
A tide of Death yearly twisting hell from sun-sets,
Birth kissing Death, and Love all leal to Lust,

My darlings, I know how you feel. Yet you are wrong.

To all Eternity, I am right!

This wild whirlwind and distortion must pass.

It is perhaps the last expiring upsurge of Evil

Fundamentally and forever this World is Peace or God is dead.

Perhaps that mighty Over-soul which once I knew, will come again

In His dark and splendid glory in His calm Peace.

But if not yet, if never, yet stand fast my Faith in Man,

For I know I am right.

The young folk bowed and turned their backs -- he in disgust she in pity; and they walked quickly toward the gate. Dumbly Ximena stared after them, and then tearlessly up toward the Christ-crowned peak. Vaguely she heard the tramp of soldiers -- the tramp, tramp of soldiers, the clank of tanks and ~~colocons and~~ whir of airplanes:

Company -- halt!

Ground -- arms!

At ease!

The crazy gate of what was once a wall flew back and through it strode an officer. He was magnificent in height and breadth; and faultlessly uniformed in white buckskin and silver; with golden curls, pale blue eyes and straight and Grecian lineaments. Two orderlies in khaki, with bayonetted guns, marched behind him.

He clicked the spurs on his shining boots, bowed stiffly and raised his right hand in salute.

"Francesco Savedra?" he asked.

Francesco bowed.

"Captain Freiherr zu Godesberg, at your service Sir, and an order for your arrest and that of your -- woman".

An orderly stepped forward and put his hand on the shoulder of Francesco. With no word Francesco drew his dagger and severed the orderly's jugular vein. Falling, he had scarcely touched the ground when the second orderly crushed Francesco's skull with his gun-stock. The girl, Nina, seized Francesco's pistol and shot the second orderly dead. Captain Freiherr zu Godesberg stepped forward, but a second bullet caught him squarely between the eyes and he fell like a log, and lay in white, gold and silver beauty, streaked over with flooding crimson. There came a dash of soldiers through the gate. Quickly the girl was seized and disarmed and the huge bulk of a carelessly accoutered subaltern stood regarding her with a grim smile.

"The favorite of the Führer", he muttered thickly, "--- murdered by a mulatto wench" ---

She stood still and looked him square in the face; her dark eyes a-glitter; her black curls fluttering in the breeze, her lithe young beautiful body, straight and still. The subaltern paused, then his rage burst:

"Attention!" he shouted. "Strip her!" he snarled.

She stood without a rag silently a-quiver, with unwavering gaze.

"March her to the barracks; rape the bitch, and shoot her!"

Ximena sat in her great chair, whence she had looked on ambassadors and presidents, ministers and judges, brave men, beautiful womens and lovely children. She tried to rise, but her head swam and her eyes grew dim. She saw her grandson lying still in oozing brains and blood; she saw his sweetheart stripped in broad day and moving away, with bayonets at her back. She heard swift commands and tramping, tramping feet and at last she saw the flame curl up and start to eat her home. Low the crimson sun hovered above the Andes.

Ximena whispered -- Christ of the Andes! Jesus!

Where is god?

Slowly the white Christ of the Andes stepped down from the Cross. His flesh grew black. Gathering his crimson robe about him, he tattered, walked, marched across the world. Ximena stretched wide her arms and fell dead across the grave of her husband..

The dream is done, the fancy fallen. Perhaps -- who knows?-- there fight above, high Energies and vast Desires, partitioning myriad worlds of worlds; building empires of suns; and weaving Intricacies, Patterns, Calculations, Integrations and Hyperbolas, and Visions of unimagined Beauty, unimaginable.

Perhaps again, far, far beyond the stars, there lies at ease millenium mornings, a Prince of Heaven, upon a velvet green; beside a curling water, in whose limpid depths we are as puppets, dangling to his fingered strings and dancing our mad wars and insane tricks and silly capers.

Or, perhaps, at last, All is dim Mist, mad Mirage and feeble Fancy? This is fancy.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Four color prints, page-size, should accompany the text, one of them preceding each part:

1. Celia (a beautiful brown girl - I have a painting)

2. Europe (a modern young white man sharp featured, inspired)

3. Black Man (a Paul Robeson type)

4. Senorita Inez Ximena Mendoza y Savedra
   (a blonde South American lady)

I she looked at him
thoughtfully. You would not
love me if I were slave?
No — who would I be my
darling babies into the world
I do
Or you do? Or are you
lying because I'm brave?
No. I have always wanted a
dark baby
It is also
& to my whereas you are
you?
She looked down long
& she shook & said "&

He saw him with new
strange eyes

All blind Force
Shall work coordinate to
my Will

That the goodness of God
And the weight of Error
shall crush

That the goodness of God
And the godliness of Good

My Program of agility
was based upon the assumption
of Negro ability to agitate
when unemployment came
no ability
for Build Security, Class

Why
The Negro has got to be
run out — his unholy blend
of white — it spells bankruptcy
race. The force which will do
it

Why should
upward thru air
& other transmission & chain &
the individual
Cosmic — other
bound together
down & unwinding
of & wrinkle the

3) 18

6

5

MEMO FROM W. E. B. DuBOIS

Peru &c

- Atacama (north)
  Patagonia (South) } Argentina
  C. of the Andes 1904?

Bolivia
Civil wars + refuge in Chile 1898
Boundary with Chile
Pact of Antofagasta in Peru & Alliance
Tacna + Arica + the Sea
(Was outlet from Argentina
with Paraguay
Gran Chaco - war

Brazil
Empire 1822-29.
B. & germany — with Allies 1914

Chile
Araucanian uprising under Caupolican
1550? against Spaniards

Peru — War of the Pacific 1879
with Peru & Bolivia
1884 Antofagasta & Chile
Argentina & Chile Celebrate Peace -
Andean R.R. + independence 1910

1891 - Civil War
1927 - Reform
depression
Tacna Arica

MEMO from W. E. S. Griffis

~~1000~~ 10,000 ~~0000~~

I believe with Johnson
how & the Christ a
Buffer

Let's buy it with
Trust all else &
Foolish — nonsense
Foolish

= =

1½ 25

MEMO FROM W. E. B. DuBOIS

Colombia

Panama Abscession 1903

Guiana

Boundaries – Venezuela
Brazil

Paraguay wrecked

Brazil 1864–1870 (Lopez) Solano

Indians – revolts

War with Bolivia

1932 – Gran Chaco

Peru

Huascar
Atahualpa

MEMO FROM W. E. B. DuBOIS

War of the Pacific

Chile encroaches on Atacama

Peru & Bolivia on defense alliance 1873

Chile seizes Antofagasta & declares war 1879

Civil war

disturbed peace, 1884 - Tacna - Arica for 10 yrs

1909 Chile shall decide " "

World War begins

1922 U.S. arbitrates

1926 arbitration fails

1929 Treaty signed & drafted

settled

Argentina & Brazil claim for Uruguay 1828

Brazil & U drafted boundary 1910

Venezuela — drafted with England 1895

Cleveland

Cabinet

Intervened & Blockade 1903

Colombia &

U. drafted 1871, 1922

overlappings and contradictions, that I have desired these things:

1. - 1885-1910

Truth to make the Negro free

(This plan was directed toward a benevolent majority of white Americans, who needed only to know the truth, in order to take appropriate action)

2. - 1900- 1930

Action for Negro freedom, by emphasizing known truth and learning further truth through action.

(This plan was directed toward a malevolent white minority, who must be curbed and unmasked in order that the majority would stop their anti-social activity)

3 - 1928 - the present.

Science and organized action, in close co-operation, to secure for Negroes full economic, political and social freedom and equality, whenever and whereever the cultural development of mankind, renders this possible.

(This plan is directed to the majority of white and black persons, who act not always according to reason, but usually follow inherited patterns of thought and unconscious urges; but who must yield to reason ~~only~~ in time, if civilization progresses)

PLACE: The Earth.

TIME: In the Beginning.

Argument

Black Man has wed the Moon. She dies after bearing him seven colored sons. Black Man retires to the Mountain Top and mourns beside her Funeral Pyre, leaving his children beside the Sea.

Persons

Long Nose the Elephant, the Nurse.

Red Man
Orange, a Giant With Blue Hair.
Yeller Man
Green, A Giant With Red Hair.
Blue, A Giant With Yellow Hair.
Indigo, A Giant With Green Hair.
Violet, A Pigmy With Wings Instead of Arms.

} Sons of Black Man and the Moon.

Little-Eye, the Bear.
Soft-Foot, the Leopard.
Great Mane, the Lion

} The Three Beasts of Hell.

Dragon

Black Man, King of Night

White Man, His Shadow

THE PRODIGAL RACE

Outline

The Prodigal Race (1)

Characters

The Ultimate, veiled + Black.
The Elder Brother, Gowned + yellow
The Prodigal; girded + White.

The Fatted Calf – aflame.
~~Goods~~ Gold.
The Grapes of Wrath
The Swine
The Husks

Scene I

The Ultimate enthroned before the ~~Fatted~~ Calf, aflame.
~~above having the Grapes of Wrath~~
The Elder brother in ~~deep~~ contemplation
The Prodigal dissatisfied
I want to go – over there
"Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me!"
The Grapes of Wrath are cast in. ~~The Elder brother~~ ~~Purple~~ ~~burnish is his shame~~
~~above the Ultimate~~ ~~becomes the~~ ~~Purple~~ grapes, the Prodigal receives the golden ~~burden~~ ~~bundle~~
~~departs~~. The Father tells the Mystery of Sacrifice. ~~The~~
~~Elder hangs his grapes on the Fatted Calf~~. The ~~of~~ Prodigal departs

Scene I

The Ultimate enthroned before the Golden Calf
The Elder Brother stands in rapt contemplation
The Prodigal walks to and fro.

P. "Father give me the portion of goods that falleth to me!"

The U. Goods are trifles, Knowledge is all, Remembrance is best —

E.B. Father, let me know — ~~all things~~ the World I renounce
All ~~the world~~ things I forgo

P. Why should I forego — ~~Why should I forego~~ Why remember: What is life that I should remember or despise? see it?
I want to go, I want to know, I want to feel
I want to be,
I want to will, I want to think, I want to taste, I want to see

The U. — ~~Go~~ (Beckons; enter laden beasts) This is thy portion of goods; here is meat & clothing. Go. But thou remember. ~~Externance~~ they shall not Their intellect must under the wheel. hunger can set them.
Only with Evil Evil can be destroyed away by flame alone. Behold the Golden Calf of your friends. It flames to damn me in hell. Go & when thou returnest they shall bring forth to thee the fire

Yr V. (Rises) Hey that this will what thou willest
must go the way of the Earth. This alone thou
shalt not forget. The World is sin & Knowledge
dwells with Evil. He that questions not & forgets
may attain the Ultimate without sin but he
who unveils the world's nakedness — for him
the Fatted Calf. Behold!)

(Smoke & flame issues from the Calf)

Behold the mystery of ~~Sacrifice~~ our father. Only the flames
of sacrifice can purge the evil of the earth.
Go, learn, feel & ! smell, thou taste, see!
But be aware the Grades of Wrath

E.B. Beware the Grades of Wrath

Yr V. And when Evil accumulates thee — return
thy soul to the purging flame. Behold the
Fatted Calf

E.B. Beware the Grades of Wrath

(Enter Bands of Pursuers)

Yr V. Here is thy harbour — thy poor pursuers
Food for thy stomach, cloth for thy back & for thy
thirst — nothing. go!

(The prodigal departs)

Scene II The Maiden Gold sits beside the way
& transforms with the Sunne

(Gold & Sunne) Wine Wine, death or Wine!"

(Enter the Prodigal)

gs ~~Hail Comrade! What may you there?~~

Hark – see what comes! Explore him. Get his goods. Give him wine.

The Sunne with draws.

g (Enter prodigal. He stands & admires g).

P. What art thou Maiden Wonderful

g - I am Gold.

I am the river of goods that flow

I am the alchemy making rich

I am the melody threading through

Scene II

The Maiden Gold sits on the wayside beside the Swine
Wine, wine, they cry — it must be wine or death"
The Prodigal comes. Gold cajoles him. She gives
him the Last Drop. On to the wine-Press. They Swine
press out the Golden Wine. The orgy proceeds
The wine is gone.

The Swine demands his ~~share~~ pay of the
maiden Gold. Gold appeals to the Prodigal.
He agrees to get the Older Grapes.

Scene III

They approach the home. ~~The Elder Brother is heavy~~ The Elder Brother is heavy
~~before the Hillside~~ ~~lies crushed on the floor~~ The Swine climbs on
the Hillside to Elder Brother & steals the grapes. The ~~the~~ hooded veil
of the Hillside is rent & reveals the great Negro head
of the Ethnic. The gown of the Elder Brother is
crushed & torn, all hangs in disorder
& rush out

Scene IV In darkness the grapes are pressed.
They dance in drunken orgy. The flame of the
Fatted Calf lights the scene. "I am dooming
blood" cries the Prodigal. "Whose blood is it? They
Golden — the Brothers. He dashes the cup away

"Hail Hell!"

We goes into delirium. The Husks mock me & deride Gold — She is Dead. The world is aflame. The Prodigal swoons

"I will arise & go to my Father"

Scene V

The Father unveiled kisses him.
He calls to Fatted Calf of Sacrifice
The Elder Brother protests
The Prodigal thinks of the Blood Sacrifice
The Father names the Sacrificial knife

UNIDENTIFIED PLAY/STORY ? ?

Fragment

Algernon, ------ an Afro-American,
ashamed of all of himself

Pompey:- a Negro, ashamed of nothing, save
the Shameful.

41-9-424

SHORT STORIES AND FABLES

FABLES

Manuscripts undated

The Cat and the Dog. (Vay)

Once upon a time all the animals gathered together to a big feast. The chairman of the feast said that he wanted only the animals who had horns to remain throughout the feast.

Cat and Dog became dismayed. Dog said to Cat, "Let us get some horns and fix them on our heads so that we may go to the feast." So off they went into the bush and across a wide river to find wax, and with the wax they fixed on the horns.

While crossing the river on their journey back to the feast, Rabbit, the captain of the boat heard Cat say that he smelled wax. Cat said, "Brother Dog has the wax." When they found the wax on Brother Dog's horns, he was thrown overboard. When they drew near the place of meeting, Rabbit said, "I still smell wax." Cat said, "I'll help you look for the wax." Rabbit smelled Cat's horn and said, "Brother Cat has the wax." Cat denied this. Rabbit told all the animals to smell Cat's horns. All of them said it was wax that they smelled, so overboard they threw Cat. When Cat had struggled in the water until he reached the shore, Dog was sitting there. Dog was greatly vexed and ran after Cat to fight him, and even until now, there is the same palaver between Dog and Cat.

38-13-310

38-13-311

The Man From the Sky. (Vey)

Sejeo was a man who lived in the sky, but one day he came to the earth to cut palm nuts. When he started to climb the tree, many wild beasts sprang on him. When he fell to the ground, the wild beasts left him. Soon, some men came along and were filled with sorrow at the sight of him. They were taking him to a doctor when they came to a high bridge with many rocks and thorns beneath. One of the men lost his grasp on the cot on which the hurt man lay and Sejeo fell, but he did not die. They picked him up and started on their journey again. A big tree fell on him, but he did not die. They cut the tree in pieces and took Sejeo from under it.

On went the men until they reached a great mountain. The mountain fell on him, but he did not die. Then they passed a place where a great battle was being fought. Thousands of darts hit Sejeo, but he did not die.

Later, they reached a big hole in the ground. Sejeo fell in, but he did not die. They came to a place where a woman was boiling a big pot of soap. Sejeo lay down by the fire. The whole pot of soap turned over on him, but he did not die. Sejeo said, "This is too much. I must go to do my work." He went into the bush to look for honey to refresh himself. He saw a big tree, big enough to cover a city. There was honey in the tree and he took his cutlass and hatchet to cut the tree for the honey. Five bees who were on guard stung him and he fell to the earth. He was broken to pieces but ants put the pieces of his body together. He was much alive and again he ascended the tree. He was stung again and down he fell. The same ants put his body together. Five times he fell, but each time he tried again. He finally got by the

guards, took the honey-comb and squeezed out the honey. From this he made all the water in the world.

Now, Sejeo wanted all the birds and snakes to fight a war. Too-too was the captain of the birds and Me-a (boa-constrictor) was captain of the snakes. The battle was to start in five days, but when the fifth day came, neither Too-too nor Me-a had appeared. So Pablo, the tiniest of all the birds was sent to call Too-too. When Too-too arrived, Mea was there, too. Mea was the first to fall at Too-too's hand and within 3 hours, three thousand snakes had been killed. The snakes were alarmed and sent a delegation to the alligators and crocodiles to invite them to be their allies. The alligators said they wouldn't because they were not snakes, but the crocodiles consented. Very soon Too-too had pecked out both eyes from all the crocodiles and within another two hours, he killed ten thousand snakes.

38-13-3/2

Then, all the frogs came to join the battle. Too-too killed them all.

Thus did Sejeo start war among the beasts and birds and never has it ceased. Sejeo never gathered his palm nuts nor did he return to the sky, for until this day he is watching the battle which he started with the living things in the forests.

Two Brothers and Their Medicine Horns

Once there was a woman (Mendi) who had a baby girl. The baby cried nearly all the time. Often, to stop the child, the mother would hold it on her outstretched arms outside the door and say, "Doesoo, take the child." One day the doesoo really came, and carried the child into a big mountain. There the little girl stayed until she was quite a big girl and always she was afraid of the big doesoo.

38-13-313

Not long after the baby girl was stolen from the mother, she had two little boys. One was named Sando; the other, Zuina. After they had grown to be big boys, the mother told them of their lost sister. They said they would go to look for her, if their mother would prepare some food for the journey. While the mother prepared the food, they put some "medicine" into horns, and they were ready on the next day.

After five days in the deep forest, they found their sister. The sister told them about the "doesoo", but they told her they were not afraid. When the "doesoo" came, he said, "Dimla sennie, moya sennie," which means, "Hello brother-in-law, hello soup." When they shook hands, the giant's finger went through the little boys' backs. When the "doesoo" asked them why they came, they said very bravely, "We came for our sister." The sister killed a cow and gave her brothers a good supper. They put their horns by their beds and went to sleep.

Now, the "doesoo's" mother lived with him and he told his mother that he intended to eat the children during the night. When he thought the boys were asleep, the "doesoo" sang, "Zeda, Zeda," and the medicine in the horns said, "There is too much noise here. The boys can't rest." The "doesoo's"

mother replied, " "Those are birds; that is the way they sing here." The singing continued until day when the "doesoo" left to find meat for his dinner. All the way across the ocean he went on his hunting trip.

Now, the doesoo had a rooster that crowed only when something was going wrong. In order to keep the rooster engaged, the children beat out about twenty "crows" of rice. The boys put their sister in a hammock and started home. They had gone only five miles when the rooster finished eating his rice and began to crow. The "doesoo" came rushing home on a windstorm. The rooster said, "The boys have carried away your wife." The doesoo ran after them immediately and he was soon close upon them. The children were greatly frightened, for a big rock was just in front of them. They held forth their horn to the rock, and immediately it moved and made a road for them. The road closed behind them so that the "doesoo" could not pass. The "doesoo" looked in his "medicine" horn and there he found the same rock-moving medicine. The rock out of the way, he chased the children to a big river, but the children had put a little canoe into their horn and now they took it out and began to cross the river. The "doesoo" threw out a great hook on a rope and crossed safely to the other side. They put the canoe into the horn again and went to their mother. She was very glad to have her long lost daughter and the "doesoo" never got her again.

38-13-3/4

38-13-317

Princess Wata

Princess Wata was one of the most beautiful girls of her day. She was so beautiful that her fame went far and near, and there were many suitors who came to her father's kingdom, seeking her hand in marriage. One day a prince came from a town near the northern border of her father's kingdom. He brought many presents and asked the king that Wata be given him in marriage. He was, indeed, a noble prince and a great sportsman.

Now, the father of the prince was a great warrior. He thought that if Wata would wed his son, it would be a means of strengthening his kingdom, and because of this, he urged on his son's suit.

King Gai, the princess' father, received the prince graciously, and after his mission had been made known, he called together the family and told them of it. All of them liked the prince, Sama, except Wata. She said she would never become Sama's wife.

Another prince came from a far country and begged the hand of the princess. Again she refused.

Shortly after this, the king proclaimed a holiday and gave a feast. All his friends were invited to be present. Along with the invited guests came a gallant young man, unknown to anybody in the town. He had come from a far country. Upon seeing him, the princess declared she would marry him and she told her parents her decision.

The feast lasted five days. At the end of that time, the strange guest announced his departure. The princess said she would go, too. Her parents objected, but she insisted. Finally, her parents yielded and, after their marriage, Wata set out on the journey with her husband.

After they had gone a little distance, he took a red kola nut from his pocket and divided it in half. He gave her one part and kept

the other. She ate hers readily; he kept his. Soon they arrived at a by-way. He told her he had to go in to see a friend. When he came back, his voice had changed. It had grown much coarser. Said the coarse voice, "Let us proceed." She objected, saying he was not the same man, but he insisted that he was her husband. Said he, "I gave you kola. Do you remember?" She recognized his voice and they proceeded.

When they reached a certain inn, he went in and returned without a nose. His voice was more strange than before. She did not recognize him until she was shown the kola. She went on.

At another place, he went in and returned with ears like an elephant's. The kola proved him again. At another place, he went in and came back with wooden legs. Again, he pulled out the kola. At another inn, he lost his teeth and came back with long tusks. The kila proved his identity.

Then he parted with all his beautiful clothes and wore big bags. When they reached a certain river, he screamed and a canoe came in sight. She heard voices, but saw no one. The voices invited them in. After they were in, the canoe mysteriously made its way to the other side. A large rooster came down to the waterside to receive them. She heard several voices congratulating him on his new wife, but she saw nobody.

Finally, they reached the house. It was lovely and well-furnished. There were many servants, but she could see none of them. She was served to everything that she needed, but she was very lonesome. She wept day and night and wanted to go home. Her husband objected.

One day, her husband said he must go hunting. In the afternoon, she heard what she thought was a storm. It was her husband returning. The next day he said he would go again to find meat for his soup. Wata had noticed that her husband fed the cook before he left the

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first time, but failed to do so this time. She found the corn in the barn and poured many sacks of it on the ground to keep the cook eating while she made her escape. She slipped into the canoe and gained the other side of the river. Not once did she stop running until she had safely reached her father's kingdom. Nata never again wanted to marry a strange prince.

38-13-319

38-13-320

The Bill-horn and the Chameleon

The bill-horn is a beautiful black bird. It has a large white decoration on its head that looks like a grave.

One day, the bill-horn met a chameleon. They entered into a conversation about the creation, and each of them claimed that he was created first. Said the chameleon, "When I was created, the earth was not yet completely formed; the water had not left the land long enough for it to dry, and I had to walk carefully indeed to be sure that I had found firm footing. That is why I left my feet with such precision and study the ground on which I let my my weight descend."

When the chameleon had finished his speech, he sat down, thoroughly convinced that his argument had proved his priority. Now came forth the bill-horn. "Judges," said he, when I was born, water covered the whole earth. My mother died, and there was no place in which I could bury her, so I buried her on my head. As he spoke, he pointed to the grave-like shell on his head. The decision of the judges was in favor of the bill-horn.

38-13-321

Ldela (Lizard(and Pakena

Once upon a time there was a very popular city. Most of the citizens were very industrious, but Pakena liked to play the gentleman. On one occasion, he was walking about the town. He noticed that one of his neighbors was a large stock raiser and that he was very prosperous. He planned to go over to secure for himself a goat, so that he might have a good pepper soup. One night, he carried out his project, but while catching the goat, he wounded it, and in the morning, the owner followed the blood to Pakena's house. When he inquired for his goat, Pakena's children said he had been sick for several days.

The goat's owner went from Pakena's house to the "doctor man" to find out who had taken the goat. The "doctor" described the man who had taken the goat. The owner went to the king and told him that he would like to have all the townsmen summoned. The king promised and set the date. Pakena heard of it and was much frightened.

Pakena met Lizard one day before the meeting was to be held and Lizard promised to get him out of his trouble. For his part, Pakena promised, that if he became a big man, he would divide his kingdom with Lizard. They sealed the agreement.

Long before it was day, Lizard tied many "fauas" and bushes on himself. He bored a hole in a gourd and put it over his face. About 9 o'clock, according to the king's proclamation, all the townsmen, townswomen and children assembled under a large cotton tree. The king ordered every man to come before him singly. The herald proclaimed it. When it was Pakena's time to come forward, there was a terrible sound from the top of the tree. It shook the ground. Everybody was terrified and wanted to know what the noise could be. A second peal came from the top of the tree and a voice

was heard. "It will be very dangerous," said the voice, "for any community to question Pakona's honor. Any community that does so will have a terrible plague, destroying man and beast. Pakona was emboldened and told the people to keep quiet that they might better hear the voice from the tree. The voice repeated the threat. Pakona was excused. The meeting adjourned and everybody went home.

That night Lizard came down from the cotton tree and called on Pakona. The king died soon after and Pakona was made king. Pakona forgot his promises to Lizard and Lizard reminded him of it. Pakona became enraged and said he didn't know what the rascal meant. He ordered a thrashing for Lizard, twenty-five strokes on his back, and he threatened to behead him if he were heard from more. Poor Lizard went home with a heavy heart. From that day, he has been shaking his head and repeating, "And is this mankind's way?"

38-13-322

A Gola Story. The Exacting Playmates.

Once upon a time there lived two women who were neighbors. Each of the women had a son. The boys loved each other very much, but their mothers quarreled all the time. Every day the boys played together like brothers.

One of the boys wore a bracelet of beads which his grandmother had given him on her death-bed. He prized the beads highly. One day, while they were bathing in the river, his playmate asked to see the beads. While he was playing with them, he dropped them in the river. When the boy who owned the beads told his mother that they were lost, his mother said, "You must get the beads." So the little fellow demanded the beads of his playmate, and the playmate went into the river to look for the beads. He went to all the fish in the water. The last fish was a great big fellow who invited him to sit on his lip and sing a song. When the boy began to sing, the fish swallowed him, but he had a sharp knife and he cut the belly of the fish to make his escape. While he was cutting, he found the beads. He was very happy when he restored the beads to his friend.

Not many days after the little boy had found the beads in the fish, he caught a beautiful bird. From miles around, people came to hear the bird sing. One day he went away to the farm and his old playmate took his bird from the cage and put it upon the limb of a tree, so that the people might enjoy the singing. The bird flew away, and when the little boy returned, he said to his playmate, "You must get my bird, or your mother must pay for it." The bird flew from tree to tree and finally flew away up on a mountain. The boy ran after it. Now, a "doesoo", or bugaboo man lived in this mountain and he caught the little boy and ate him up. And this was the sad fate of the boy who demanded from his playfellow the

38-13-315

restoration of the beads which he accidentally dropped in the river.

38-13-316

FROM A PROFESSOR'S NOTE BOOK

1895
Two short stories, untitled

From a Professor's Note Book, 1895

The scene was almost tragic; we sat in the old library surrounded by sombre books and faded paintings, a few simple tables covered with ~~a few~~ gleanings of literature, and tall yellow backed chairs; one ~~lamp~~ lamp, taken from the brown chandelier flamed upon the table. There we sat, and the short, black printer stood facing us, almost choked with the hesitating words that fell ~~almost~~ like great hard rods:

"Yes, I will — do it — I will — I — it goes against every ~~little~~ fibre of my soul — but — for the sake of — the University — for your sakes, I'll do it."

I could almost feel the tears rising as he spoke — it was such a simple thing, and yet I could see how he struggled to master himself until the veins stood out on his face, and the sweat trickled down. It all happened this way: Smith who instruct in printing has a fascination

41-15 B-7

for politics, slow, heavy, cool that he is. Now last year one bright Sunday in the midst of a stirring canvass for county offices the sunday school found itself without a superintendent for ~~[illegible]~~ Emil ment & town — perhaps & hear Bishop Taylor preach, perhaps & play a little potatoes. Well it was talked of, of course, and some considerable head-shakings indulged in. ¶ This year at a public meeting of the Sodalians Steve fell an ominous sentence during the debate on "Pure Potatoes": The affirmative, the tall quant and impetuous Simpson shook his long forefinger and cried: "Pure politics! pure politics? Why I know a ~~S. S. Supt.~~ Sunday School Superintendent who left the church of God on Sunday & dabble in dirty work and come home smelling of something else than communion wine!" ¶ I paid little attention & the remark and doubt if many paid more. But it struck Emil a fearful blow. The insult of a

41-15 B-8

student daring ~~to~~ to hint at such a thing even in a humble instructor; a vague sense perhaps of partial guilt in political machinations; but a sense of outraged dignity in the correct drainage of drinking — all this so crushed him that when he came hesitating into my room after the meeting, I had to say: "Why speak out, man, what ails you?"

P I thought he had come to talk over the new student paper "The Wilderness Student", a pet scheme of mine, just launched with Ernest as publisher and printer, and Simpson, the student business manager. The first number was a neat interesting little sheet and I felt a fatherly pride in it. In spite of the ominous silence of the president. I naturally thought that this was the subject uppermost — and it was:

41-158-9

"I don't see" said Ernest slowly, refusing to sit down, "I don't see how I can continue on the paper with Simpson"

So! well here was a mess! What student would work so energetically and disinterestedly for the paper as Simpson.

"Why Smith, I remonstrated — why, Simpson is simply indispensable!"

"But he insulted me — he" — then he exclaimed. "Oh! he did not mean you"

"He said he did not — then he flung back at me: "But if I had perhaps I would not have been for worry"."

I tried to sooth Smith but I could not; days passed and at last I had to call the publishing board. We met in the library at dusk. The question was should we ask Simpson to resign Woodland said no because he had not meant an insult in the first place; and Herdon said yes, because Smith felt insulted and could not work on good terms with Simpson. Kenson made a motion to ask his resignation if Smith insisted. Then I rose full of that which I scarce knew how to express. I felt the pettiness of the whole thing; I saw how this one tiny step toward building a real university was about to be wrecked turned backward.

41-15-8-10

Right above my pathway lay the cloud like a man's hand and yet if it stay it little insignificant mist would throw dark threatening shadows over my onward path. I felt for the moment that all the unbuilding of ~~Dartmouth~~ Willetsonian hung on the success of the tiny little paper we had started. I began slowly and almost forgetting my hearers spoke low and quickly as I thought, nervously snapping my fingers. When I sat down amid a little wave of silence.

Smith slowly struggled to his feet – I could see the trace of the hard battle between his hate & love, between Compton & ~~Dartmouth~~ Willetsonian University; slowly he spoke and his words fell like great hot rods:

"Let him stay – let him stay – I'll work with him –" then he paused.

"Yes – I will – do it – I will – I – it goes against every fibre of my soul – but for the sake of – the University – for your sake, I'll do it"

We heard the far off sound of music above where they were singing at Public Rhetorical

41-15B-11

and it struck on whom as like a ~~reflexion~~
of hate

[redacted]

It occurred last night, the great "oratorical" contest for the speakers at Columbus. The hall was crowded early and I found a seat with deffuculty. Then I looked at the program: The whole of the little world-tragedy the evening was to listen to flashed on me in an instant: at the head of the seven contestants stood the name of Board — the most thoughtful and cultured speaker. How did he happen to be placed in that most unfortunate position? A glance at the choice position of last speaker revealed the cause: ~~the fore-~~ ~~noon of the haunting ghost~~ Thomas. Norey, florid, and born a demagogue was ecconsced snugly there. Too bad I though, too bad, for I doubt if the judges will be men enough to rise above the Pöbel-geschrei. When they commenced: ~~the~~ Board's speech — not brilliant, but gentlemanly polished and thaughtful, pronounced in the King's Eng-

41-15B-12

lish and worth listening to. Next a monotonous speech I cannot remember; then ten minutes of laughable ranting followed by a really good talk - a little affected and overdrawn, but solid and moving. Then an interlude of medium thought, poor voice, and worse delivery, followed a case clear-cut keenly reasoned and absorbing paper, only marred by a noticeably awkward delivery. Then there was a hush and Thomas the stormer strode on. I never heard a more perfect piece of successful demagoguery: there was not a single clear-cut sensible thought in the whole speach, and yet so artfully were rounded periods and high sounding statistics, rhetorical flourishes and cheap phrases, supported and applauded and reechoed by the din of the mob in the rear, that the audience went wild over a performance worse than commonplace, leaving me

41-1513-13

[redacted] heart-core as the three grave judges filed out of the room. Of course I argued to myself it is only a student contest — it is of no great importance and yet so faithful a mirroring of the World beyond was the whole situation, that I sat in that awful agony, heart sick, [redacted] as if I were waiting to hear a knell telling me that once more a brainless demagogue had conquered Reason and bound her hand and — hark! the judges — a rustle, confusion, and hush I can scarcely hear: "difficulty — decision — me — first prize — first speaker — Board"

Then I leaped to my feet and shouted, "Rah! rah! rah! Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!

41-15B-14

The scene was almost tragic; we sat in the old library surrounded by sombre books and faded paintings, a few simple tables covered with gleanings of literature, and tall yellow backed chairs; one lamp, taken from the brown chandelier flared upon the table. There we sat, and the short, black printer stood facing us, almost chocked with the hesitating words that fell like great hard sobs.

Yes, I will— do it — I will — I — it goes against every fibre of my soul — but — for the sake of — the University — for your sake, I'll do it.

I could almost feel the tears rising as he spoke — it was such simple thing, and yet I could see how he struggled to master himself until the veins stood out on his face and the sweat trickled down.

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I paid little attention to the remark and doubt if many paid more. But it struck Smith a fearful blow. The insult of a student daring to hint at such a thing even in a humble instructor; a vague sense perhaps of partial guilt in political machinations; but a sense of outraged dignity in the covert charge of drinking, - all this so crushed him that when he came hesitating into my room after the meeting, I had to say "why speak out, man, what ails you?"

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sheet and I felt a fatherly pride in it, in spite of the ominous silence of the president. I naturally thought that this was the subject uppermost- and it was:

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Right above my pathway lay the cloud like a man's hand and yet if it stay its little insignificant mist would throw dark threatening shadows over my onward path. I felt for the moment that all the upbuilding of Wilberforce hung on the success of the tiny little paper we had started. I began slowly and almost forgetting my hearers spoke low and quickly as I thought, nervously snapping my fingers. Then I sat down amid a little wave of silence.

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"Yes - I will - do it - I will - and - it goes against every fiber of my soul - but for the sake of - the University - for your sake, I'll do it."

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Of course I argued to myself it is only a student contest - it's of no real importance and yet so faithful a mirroring of the world beyond was the whole situation, that I sat in that awful pause heart sick, as if waiting to hear a knell telling me that once more a brainless demagogue had conquered Hearon and bound her hand and - hark! the Judges - a rustle, aonfusion, and a hush.

I can scarcely hear; "difficulty - deciding - we - first prize - first speaker - Board."

Then I leaped to my feet and shouted, "Rah! rah! Rah! rah! Rah! rah! rah!

37-6-92

[found among 1932 papers]

BURGHARDT UNIVERSITY

(SOME BITS FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN L. POTTER, A. M., ...)

(SOME BITS FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN WILLIS, A. M., ...)

c. 1890's

draft manuscripts

Burghardt University — Personal

Our advertisement, which you may see in a few local newspapers, usually runs something like this:

"Burghardt University;

"Devoted to the Education of Colored Youth. Classical, Scientific, Agricultural, Mechanical and Normal Courses. One hundred dollars per year will cover all expenses of board, tuition, fuel, light and furnished room. Term begins last Thursday of Sept. Send for Calalogue to

Rev. John M. Sarecal, D.D., LL.D.,

President, Smithton, Ind."

. . . . . .

I, John Potter, A.M., Professor of Latin and Greek, had just come from a late breakfast and begun to make my bed; a hot shifting morning, and an uncongenial task made, not exactly unhappy, but decidedly sober. I can never bring myself to imagine the man as bed-maker in future marriage contract; no god christian or pagan ever intended the man for such a task; and I always feel like apologizing to Nature when I start at my daily ~~to~~ task of straightening out my sheets. Alas! a $750-professor, of necessity a bachelor, — But here came an eager knock at my chamber-door.

"Come in!" I answered, and in came Halsey; he was clad in grey with a stoop in his shoulders, and news written all over his white half-guessing face.

"Have you heard the latest?" he asked.

"No — what now?"

"Why, Clancey couldn't accept, and the Board last night elected Tom Pearson as professor of science."

I dropped the sheet; my heart thumped fiercely, then sickened away in the stifling glare of the sunlight. I stared hard at the lamp, and stammered in a helpless sort of way,

"Well! I'll be — damned!

"Yes sir! The vote was six & three; only Pres, Easton and Anson opposed"

Then he talked on — he likes a good tale-but I do not remember just what he said. At last he went away.

My room had suddenly grown narrow and hot. I left the unmade bed, and groping after hat and cane, hurried down stairs. The hot dry campus stretched before me with its grey trunked trees and greenish-yellow foliage panked in a ~~flood~~ flame of fierce yellow sunshine. I brushed away the persistent flies and watched the little brown chickens busily hunting worms; then at wheezy old pump, out of order again as usual; then over the low white fence I peeked at the lavender and brown grave. At last I hurried up the centre walk. God!

how hot it was without. And yet it seemed not nearly as hot as the whirlwind of mingled rage and sorrow that was rolling within me. I could see Tom Pearson's dark-brown face, with its sensual lips and sneaking devilish eyes. Good heavens! imagine him a professor at Dunghault! a black-leg and seducer, a liar and a whoremonger — and all because his father, the Dishob is president of the Board. I never liked the Bishop's looks: his eyes have a crafty dangerous glance, and the ends of his sentences a sneering cadence, which his massive physique and bluff greetings never offset.

23-2-99

I hurried on until I stood in the middle of the dusty road, from which I see the heat quivering upward; I paused: where was I going? I knew not, and with bowed head I hurried aimlessly back & on the campus out of the fierce rays of the sun. I started toward the little printing-office, snugly ensconced in a corner of the campus, where Smith the shorter

black printer works; he was gone. I felt I must have someone to talk with or I should burst. Of course I whispered to myself, I must resign. What, stay here now? no, no! Let's see how should I word it: "Gentlemen of the ~~Esteem~~ Board of Trustees of Danghardt University: the election of Mr. Thomas ——" but where should I go then? and Nina? I stopped still. Then I turned and almost up the cobbling square ran out the gate, down the flowery road, past the guild hall, past the tall dusty hedge to the Lieutenant's house.

"Is Lieutenant in?" ~~I gasped.~~

"Yes, here he comes"

He came quick nervous and loud.

"Hello! Potter, come in! now come out in the horsework — God! but it's hot — say —"

I gave no chance to go further.

"Do you know Tom Pearsons been elected professor here?

"why yes, I believe I heard ——"

"It's an outrage — an outrage to put that man among decent people. The scum

33-2-00

— Why — I tell you I won't —"

Then I hesitated. The good-natured young officer was staring at me curiously with a faint smile in his eyes. Then the doubt which I had felt all the morning hovering near, swept in upon me. What was I making all this to-do about anyway? What business was this of mine? I was not responsible for this whole malabolon; I need have but little contact with him — almost none in fact. I could keep at my work and leave him severely alone; in a year or two I was sure to get a better position. Then too there was Nina; how could I keep my poor brave little sweetheart in school, if in a fit of heroics I started out to pose as reformer? Darker and darker brooded the doubt, More and more lazily swung the hammock. After all who was I to set myself up as a high and mighty moralist? Had I forgotten Amalie, the poor little fiancee of my German school student days? Had I forgotten the trick I played —

33-2-01

"all" was I sincere anyway? I
tal t my feet. That thought was too
eam — I had out-doubted myself. I cried
my hat and came:
"I tell you, Lieutenant, I'll never test
at Dunghill with Your Pension."
And out the gate I went and up the
grey road.

33-2-29

33-2-98

Some Bits

from the life of John L. Lotter, A.M.
Sometime Fellow of Johns Hopkins University,
Professor of Latin and Greek, in
Burghardt University.

— • —

"I had just come from Breakfast, and had begun to make my bed: a hot stifling morning, and an uncongenial task, made me — not unhappy, but sober. I can never bring myself to imagine the man as bed-maker, in any future marriage contract; it's a task for which no god, christian or pagan ever intended man, and I always like apologizing to nature, when I attempt to straighten out my sheets. Ah! well a $750 - professor, and a bachelor at that — tum! tum! tum! Hello, someone's at the door — "Come in!"

It's Herdom — clad in grey with a stoop in his shoulders, and news writ

all over his whole half-quizzical face.
"Have you heard the latest?" he asked.
"No — what is it?"
"Why, Clancey can't come, and the Board last night elected Tony Pearson professor of Science."
I dropped the sheet, my heart thumped fiercely, and then sank away, away, and left in the stifling glare of the sun. I stared hard at the banker and stammered, in a half-helpless way:
"Well, I'll be —— damned!"
"Yes, the vote was six to three; only Saxton, the President, and Sam Anson, opposed." And then he talked on (he likes a good talker) but I don't remember just what he said. Then he went away.
My room had suddenly grown unbearably hot; I left the unmade bed, and groping after hat and cane, hurried down the stairs. The hot dusty campus stretched

before me with its fierce yellow sunshine, its dark grey trunked trees and greenish yellow foliage. I brushed away the persistent flies, and peered beyond the little brown chickens busily hunting worms, past the pump, and the low white fence to the lavender and brown grocery. Then I hurried up the centre walk. God! how hot it was without, and yet it was not as hot as the whirlwind of mingled rage and sorrow within me. I was choked and stifled with his image — Tom Pearson! tall and haughty, with his dark-brown face, his sensual lips, and his sneaking devilish eyes. Good Heavens! he a professor at Burghardt! he, the black-leg and seducer, the liar and whore-monger — and all because his father, the Bishop is president of the Board! I never liked the Bishop's looks: his eyes have a crafty dangerous glance

said his voice in flat counterfeit irony, which his massive physique and hearty greetings can never hide. I hurried on until I stood in the middle of the dusty road, from which I could see the heat quivering upward; then I paused — where was I going? I knew not, and aimlessly hurried back into the [illegible] out of the fierce glare of the sun. I started toward the little printing office where Smith, the stout [illegible] founder stays, but he was gone. I felt that I must find someone to talk to and should burst. Of course, I whispered to myself, I must resign. What! stay here, now? No, no, no! Let's see how should I work it." Gentlemen of the Executive Board: This election of Mr. Thomas — but where should I go, then? and suddenly I stopped still; then I turned and almost ran out the gate, down the

glowing road, past the hall, past the hedge, past the brown houses, to Lieutenant
"Is Lieutenant here?"
"Yes" he he comes" And here he is, quick nervous, and jolly.
"Hello, Potter, come in; how are—" but I gave him no chance.
"Do you know Tom Pearson's elected professor?"
"Why, yes, I heard—
"It's an outrage—an outrage to put that man among decent people—I tell you I won't—" then I hesitated. The good-natured young officer was staring at me curiously with a faint smile. Then the Doubt which I had felt all the morning hovering over me, swept down upon me. What was I making all this to-do about anyway? How did this concern me? I need have little contact with him—almost none in fact;

I could keep to my work and leave him severely alone; next year I would without doubt get a better position than this. And then, too, Nina? She was dependent upon me — how could I support my poor & brave little sweetheart in school, if in a fit of heroics I started off on a goose-chase? Darker and darker brooded the Doubt. After all who was I that set myself up as such a high and mighty moralist? Had I forgotten Amalie, the poor little fevvies — ah! No! not so criminal, but had I forgotten her? Did I not remember — and after all was I sincere anyhow? Too dark was this; I started to my feet. "I tell you, Lieutenant, I'll ne[redacted] Teach at ~~once~~ Burghardt with ~~Dora~~ Tone Pearson". And out the gate I go, and up the white road.

33-2-28.

I did not go so fast, however; as I

had come, for my excitement had at last somewhat cooled, and in its place has crept a weary sick disappointment— this then was the end of all my dreams of Burghardt's future greatness! I wandered on past the grocery and stopped before Professor Long's gate with almost a sob. I knew how much Burghardt was to him — his father had toiled for it, and he was born into it, he had twined his life about ~~to~~ it, toiled for it without price; to be sure, he was a little old-fashioned in his way of thinking, he had little conception of a really great university, but he was honest, good and honest. We sat down in the shade of the new wing on two pieces of timber. I was almost startled at his haggard look. "Well, what do you think of it?" said I. "I don't know what to think" he answered

33-2-12

despairingly, "I'm all broken up over it; my wife's nerves are all unstrung, — I haven't done a thing to day. It will be a death-blow to Burghardt, if he ever takes that chair."

"I never thought the Bishop so unscrupulous"

"Yes, it's just as old Mrs. Clancey said: she was glad her son did not accept, because he would have been honest and spoken his mind, and that would never have done with the Bishop."

"Something must be done — can't there?"

"Yes — and I'll tell you what I haven't said even to my wife — I feel just like handing in my resignation!"

"I'll do so too!"

"Yes sir! That's what I think: what that rascal was brought in ~~to~~ handcuffs from Chicago, and compelled to marry

33-2-128

the girl he seduced, and then treated her so cruelly that she was divorced. Everywhere he's been there has followed some tale of depravity and rascality and only the influence of his father has held him up."

33-2-129

I slowly crossed the campus again, and looked up at the old brick hall that glinted through the trees. Well, I thought I, in a calculating mode, the chances are that I must leave Danghardt; the first therefore is to look carefully about for another position. After all, this may not be such a calamity, ~~after all~~, for between incompetency and rascality, this is a sort of God-forgotten hole any way. Humph! I'll just drop over and have Smith print a little circular of testimonials for me — it's already late August, and I simst bestir myself — teach with Tom Pearson? no sir!

Gaining determination as I walked, I strode into the little printing-shop almost jauntily, and clambled upon a high stool. Smith and Herdom were both there.

33-2-130

"Smith" said I, "I've got a little packet of testimonials I want printed right off, for I must use them. If this institution is the private property of the Pearson family its' time I was moving." Thus I talked on rapidly, feeling more and more encouraged at the firm sound of my voice. Smith is a queer fellow: when I first saw him, I looked the other way and forgot him in a few seconds. He has a silent slow vacant way about him which strangers mistake for dullness; and yet back of it all is a bright mind and honest although politic heart. To my tirade he only answered, with a deprecating gesture:

"O,-Oh! you're a bit hard, aren't you? You can't blame a man for faith in his own son."

"O, pshaw!" interrupted Herdom, "he hasn't any faith in You — did you ever know of a rascal's reforming at 35?"

33-2-30

"Of course not;" said I, "the Bishop is simply unscrupulous, and is ruthlessly using his great power & advance his family interests, in defiance of right and decency"

"Yes" continued Herdom, "he needs that $750 salary & help him out of some of those mortgages he's plastered over with."

"Yes, of course" replied Smith, slowly, "and - why - don't it perfectly natural that he should want help, and should put his sons where they can help him? Of course Den isn't fitted for the position, but then the Bishop's not all to blame — ~~after~~

it was the Board that elected him, not the Bishop"

"At the Bishop's dictation" I threw in.

"O-oh!" said Smith chuckling drily, although whether in logical embarrassment or triumph, I was uncertain, "Oho! does that diminish their responsibility?"

"No, but the burglar is guiltier than his tools."

33-2-31

Then I went out, and drawn by a strong facination I went up the stone steps on the girls' side, through the worn hall, and stole into the library. Here amid the ruins of that momentous Board meeting and wearily sat down, picking up crumpled bits of scribbled paper here and there, and arrangeing the rumpled chair covers near me. Then I pictured that fateful Board meeting: there in the crimson and yellow rocker had sat the Bishop, with thin lips, huge body and big cane;

watching and wielding the Board by a craft which masked itself in a bluff half-dictatorial air of perfect candor. By the broken marble-topped stand sat the black-bearded secretary, good-hearted but not over-wise; then the President — that strangest of mortals I know — little, with a really pretty smile on his good-looking face, with a face usually open innocent and honest, marred only now and then by a fleeting flash of craft, selfishness and malignant cowardice, and, in the eyes of us who knew him, ever clouded by the knowlege that there was no little piece of meanness or nastiness to which he would not stoop to carry his ends (ends sometimes good, never criminal, but always ~~E~~): the suavest of diplomats among the balancing Powers of this miniature universe — a man who in another sphere would have made a Talleyrand or a pickpocket. Then there was Bradley, a sneak with a smatter-

33-2-102

ing of Greek and Latin. There were also two shadowy forms — perhaps they sat yonder by the reading tables, under the shadow of that awful angel in oil: I know them not, but I can picture them; small natures, ministers of God, looking for good appointments from the Bishop next fall, and selling their souls thus, ~~for~~ to secure good soul-saving folds. There was another form which I thought I knew, but alas! now I fear me — tall and yellow with picturesquely tumbled hair and long waxing moustache: he is honest in voice and manner and can look one square in the eye; but all his actions are not pleasantly explicable and — I fear me. This is the Board — no, one more: a man destined to be forgotten in the world, smooth quiet and polite as the keeper of the college grocery must be, but, barring his sugar, honest and sincere. These are the men who voted the

33-2-32

crime against Dunghardt — against the struggling tottering old college, the hope of my dark-browed people, the mother of scores of sons and daughters now fighting the doubtful battles of this little life beyond the Campus. Why did they do it, why did God let them? Why did not the little plaster bust that stands there leering at me, the face of Him who gave his Christ-like life & found Dunghardt, & — why did not this bust of the sainted little Bishop that was, leap three times in the air, when the shameful vote was cast, and shake his bible, and sweat salt sweat — O, my heart, this wonderless ~~dozen~~ Nineteenth century, "since the Fathers fell asleep."

33-2-33

Thus I sat alone, until in mingled despair and indignation, the tears started and crept doubtfully, aimlessly down my face; I could feel Time beating itself away

until at last my sorrow seemed to melt and mingle into the infinite Sorrow of life. I tried to voice myself — I knew that it was human sympathy I wanted — not definite reasoning sympathy but that infinite unquestioning sympathy which men call love. The world-want of love seized me and without thought of dinner I knew I must go to Nina.

33-2-34

Almost accidentally, as it seemed, as I was sitting thus sentimentally communing with myself, along came postman Clay's crazy little carryall, with the mail. It was already full, but I climbed in, and away limped the bay mare, through the sultry dust-choked air, toward Alford. Even the breezes blew hot blasts against us, the dust whirled lazily but persistently into our eyes and faces, and over our linen — a discouraging and heartsick day, by the very intensity of its life and power: just so,

my life, thought I, melted away by its own ~~so~~ sun. Then came a change. A little yard with a great festooned hanging basket swinging from the porch, a bit of green grass, yellow and brown clapboards, a screen-door, and a cool, dark, little parlor: a neat lithe figure, with warm creamy cheek and neck, black glowing hair, and tiny arm laid about my shoulders; "You've come so far — you're tired".

33-2-35

And then for hours I forgot the new cloud in my life, and basked in mellow moonlight.

It was a beautiful night when I left Nina's — perfect save for the deep dust that lay on the roads. I am always hours too late for the mailmans return trip, when I visit my little sweetheart, and have to walk the four miles that lay between Alford and Dunghardt; I seldom mind the walks and least of all this night: the full red moon glided above on my right, wreathing

the shadowy cornfields and pastures in its dreamy light. The white road stretched straight on before, the cricket and the Katy-did sang the accompaniment, and I thought the words to this strange symphony of life and love and light. I was puzzled with life, but not in the way I had been taught to expect: I stood not amid the ruins of shattered ideals — no my ideals, although changed, softened and rounded, least fantastic and fearful, more humanly real and lovable, still stood before me beckoning and wonderful, like those silent white peaks against the sky at Berne. In the strife toward these I had never faltered, never despaired; yet I was often harassed and perplexed on my quest, and my my greatest perplexities were such men as the Dishop and the President.

Young Pearson, the rascally nominee of his father did not puzzle me a bit: he

33-2-36

was a most natural and explicable phenomenon; lazy, sensual, and proud, without culture or high aims. He was a Devil, to be sure, but a Devil to be fought and conquered — a sort of Hebrew Devil. But the Bishop and the President — they were Devils of another sort; they were not even Mephistopheleian, for doubtless they never were. Indeed it was their almost divine faith in men that enabled them to make men their tools. In fact the awful thing about them, was that one must actually hesitate before calling them Wicked. Why, the fat instructress in Grammar gasped an awe-struck "Why, Professor!" when I merely called the President unscrupulous, and a milder epithet applied to the Bishop, makes Smith say: "Oh, — oh — oh!" And yet she he and I, and all the rest of the community knows that the President is clinging with deathlike tenacity to a position for which he knows his unfitted,

33-2-37

and using all the arts of prevarication, lying deception, and demagoguery to keep it — a man of small culture, narrow views, and petty aims. Then the Bishop — a man of shrewdness and ability who ~~took~~ has done many a good deed, and yet does not hesitate to prostitute his high office to advance the petty interests of his good-for-nothing family. Of course all these things are not high crimes and misdemeanors, against which, as a soldier of the Lord, I can draw the sword of righteousness and shout my "God and my Right" conquer or die — no! no! and there lies my perplexity: I can fight giants, but snakes — ouch! 'Tis the petty sins of petty souls that disarm me in the very whirl of battle! I wonder — but, hello, here I've reached the Knoll: I have a curious way of measuring my walk home; first, the little hill in town, then the long, weary plain, then the knoll. Once there and I say, Now I'm

33-2-38

started! This surmounted, I swing down the gentle incline by Hubbard's big maples, thinking when I reach Clough's my journey's almost done. The had grown even more glorious. Away to the right and left I could descry the shadows of dim and dark pinkle forests; the horses and cows of the field were either lying in piled shadows of slumber, or enjoying the midnight coolness to pick a few morels from the burned grass. There were midsummer hums and odours in the air, and as I came down to the little brown bridge in the ravine, even the huge black gate-post, the far-famed Burghardt ghost, looked less sinister than usual. How queer it is that in this struggle for right, the President and the Bishop are at odds, and the former, strange to say, is on the side of decency: and why? because in the deck gambling for his position

33-2-132

he must play this card, lest opponents even more powerful than the Bishop, enchre him — Oh my moral ghost: "See, where it comes again!" That's the exasperating, maddening thing about it! You can never give such Devils credit for even their good deeds, but are always forced to look for the string, to ferret out the scheme back of every wave of philanthropy. Sometimes to be sure, it is not there, sometimes it is. — it always may be.

33-2-131

Thus I mused and walked and quarrelled, until my heart, aweary of strife, glided back along the white moonlit road, back to Nina: dear little woman, she knows no Greek and little Latin, there are bits of birthmeter, alone or percentage that puzzle her, and — but she knows me, and, by Jove, in this quaint world that's enough. By time I was thoroughly tired,

33-2-133

unsteady, and in a half-dream, I hurried past the sombre trees of the campus, snatched a cool drink from the pump, and in a little while wearily sank into my yet unmade bed. I was soon asleep, and then I walked the moonlit walk over again, only Nina was with me, and there were two ghosts beyond the dark little bridge, and they both clutched us.

Next day the little university hamlet was rent from top to bottom. Not outwardly, of course: only dusty and hot, with a hurried look, outwardly. The stranger would scarcely have noted anything unusual, save that the citizens were perhaps a little absent-minded. But an old student would have seen with astonishment the college grocery closed at noonday, meal times everywhere prolonged past all excuse, little

hasty conferences here and there, while the shrill little telephone in the President's office nearly rang itself hoarse. Back of closed doors might have been spied flashes of lengthy documents, fortified with "Whereas" & and ending in numberless scrawls. There was too quite an epidemic of visiting in this usually unsocial spot and with the visit the scrawls increased, until the documents looked quite formidable. Away into the night this almost feverish ~~and~~ ~~it~~ half-veiled activity continued. Sedate old bosses were rushed to Alford in unseemly haste; the telegraph operator facetiously declared "They're having a hell of a time out at Dunghardt, took off his coat, and away went the news clicking over the land. A Kansas messenger rushed into the study of good old pastor Johnson with a yellow paper: "~~Out~~ Faculty of Dunghardt protest strongly at Pearsons election

33-2-134

Help us." A Philadelphia messenger-boy pocketed a thrilling novel and dashed in upon big ~~Brown~~ Brown Bishop Pearson with "Plot against You. Every enemy at work. Come or wire" Hardly had he read this when a second uniform tumbled over the first and declared: "Faculty threatens resignation. Board meeting called. Community aroused. Your Better withdraw." The Bishop struck his cane upon the floor, limped over to the window, killed a fly on the pane, and limped back again. Then he wrote a telegram, and ~~a tear~~ sat still with a hard stern look on his face.

33-2-35

That same morning the Faculty met at the Presidents'. I was there first, and as the President was not yet through with his breakfast, I must needs entertain the Nation (who I do not like) until he appeared. Pretty soon Professor Long climbed the fence as a short cut and came in with

his peculiar waddle, and at last came
the nervous loud and jolly lieutenant. I
explained why I had asked the call: the
situation was serious, our reputations and
that of the college depended on Tom Pear-
son's never taking his chair. We had al-
ready notified the trustees of the college, had
called the Executive Board, and warned the
Bishop, but lest all these method should
fail we must appeal to the friends of
Dunham every where and seek to rouse
such a public opinion that he would
be forced to leave before it. I handed them
the blank forms of the notice, and after
a little halting discussion (marred on im-
pressiveness only by a certain hollow bravado
and high moral tone on the part of the President)
we all silently signed the papers, rose
and departed. It was a singular meeting;
we knew that perhaps the Faculty of Dunham
had met for the last time, there in that

33-2-136

sunny room, with the faint morning breezes and the odour of flowers about us; and in its last act, if last it was to be, it was, we knew, unanimous.

That afternoon about four, the little telephone whirred until I really feared it would burst. Then I heard the smooth voice of the President, then Herdom's chuckle. I opened my door: "Professor," said the President smugly, "look here!" He handed me a bit of yellow paper: "Burghardt is more than any one man. Thomas withdraws signed, Bishop P. L. Pearson."

The President smiled; Herdom laughed. I went into my room, shut the door, and made up my bed.

33-2-137

Scrap Bits from the Life of John Wells, A.M.,
Professor of Latin Greek & Mathematics in Wilberforce Univ.

I had just come from breakfast and commenced to make my bed — a hot stifling morning and an unoriginal task together made me, not unhappy, but sober. Indeed I was communing myself & imagining the man making the bed in any future marriage contract: It's a task for which one god ever indended man, and I always felt like apologising & retiring when I attempted to straighten out my sheets after breakfast. Ah well! but a bachelor — tum, tum, tum: Hello! some one at the door. "Come in!" It was Harvey — clad in grey with a stoop in his shoulders, with nerves written all over his white half oriental face. "Have you heard the latest?" "No- what is it:" "~~The~~ Clark can't come and the Board last night elected Dan Arnett" Short simple words: yet why did my heart gave and great thumps and then sink away away, letting in the stifling heavy air with me. I dropped the sheet and stared at him in a ~~half~~ helpless way. Well I'll be = damned!" said I in a half helpless way "Yes" he continued, the vote was 6 to 3 only the President Maxwell & Will Anderson abstained" and then he talked on and on, but I scarcely

33-2-92

heard him. Then he went. The room seemed so narrow and hot; I left the unmade bed and groping after hat and cane tumbled down the stairs. The hot dry Carolina checkered before me, with its fierce yellow sunshine, its dark grey trunked trees and greenish yellow foliage. I brushed away the persistent flies and peered beyond the little brown children busily searching for worms, past the branch to the long white fence, the dusty dust & the lavender & brown grocery and the house Prof. Shorter is repairing. Then I turned into the central walk: god! how hot it was - but not as hot as I nothing. I was choked & stifled with his image Ben Arnett's - lanky & haughty, with his dark brown face, his long nose his dismal lanky like & his sneering cleverish eyes. Great Heaven! he a professor in Wilberforce: he the black-leg and seducer, the liar and whoremonger — and all because his father the Bishop had determined. I never had liked the Bishop's books - his eyes had that crafty desperate look and his voice a flat counterfeit ring, which his massive dignified and hearty greetings could never hide. On I turned until I stood in the dusty road from which I could see the heat grinning upward. Then I stopped - where was I going - I seemed not

I hurried back on the cannes out of the hot glare of the sun. I would go & the little hunting office and see Jones, the short black haired hunter. He's out — O dear dear, ~~and I feel so not one human heart to sympathise with~~. I must talk to someone Of course I must resign ~~this~~ I could not stay here no no! I must resign — let's see how should I word it "Gentlemen of the Executive board of Wilberforce University — the Election of Mr Ben —— but where should I go — and Nina! I stopped still. Then I turned and hurried out the gate again down the road & Lieutenant. Hello! is it? done? Yes — he answers — "Hello, Dr Ben, how are —— But I gave no chance "Do you know Ben Arnett is elected to the Chair of Science?" why yes I heard it at last night?" "It is an outrage" I cried "an outrage to put that man among decent people — I felt I won't "then I hesitated. The good-natured young Lieutenant was ~~quickly~~ looking at me curiously with a faint smile. Then the doubt which I had all the morning felt hovering in the background crept on whom me. What was I crowding all the to-do about any way. ~~I could~~ How did I not know this all

23-2-93

~~German~~ ~~Lodge~~ ~~with~~ me: I need have little ~~to do~~ contact with them allmost ~~nothing~~ most in fact — I could keep to my work & leave them severely alone. Next year I would without doubt get on better ~~towards~~ ~~Lessel~~ Preston. And mina — she was dependent on me how could I support my poor blaue dittie ernest had if in a fit of nerves I should offend a good client? Doubt & Gender invaded the doubt over me. After all who was I that set myself up as such a high & mighty moralist to judge the fellow had I forgotten Amalie, the joys of my German student days — oh no! it was not so criminal but had I forgotten it: Did I not remember — and after all was I sincere any how — the doubt was this — I shrieked to my feet! "I tell you Lieutenant unless I very much change my mind I shall never teach here with Herr Arnett." And out of the gate I go, and up the dusty road. By this time my excitement had cooled a bit and into its place was the weary sick feeling which changed & half a sob as I stopped before Prof. Shorter's house. I knew how much dear old Wilberforce meant to him here in the dark days of the past he had looked for it without fruit —

a little old-fashioned in his mode of thinking perhaps but honest — good and honest We sat down in the shade of the new wing and two hours of lumber — I was almost startled he looked so haggard. "Well, what do you think of it." said I "I don't know hardly what I think" he answered in a despairing tone "I don't know what I think" — I'm all broken up, my wife is nervous — I haven't drunk a thing to day — it will be a death blow to Wilberforce, if he ever takes that chair" "I never thought the District so unscrupulous" said I, "yes it's just like. Mrs. Clark was saying last night that she was glad Coldie did not accept because he would have been honest & spoken his mind & would never have gotten along with with the District.

"Something must be done" said I.

Yes, and I'll tell you what I haven't told anyone else — I fell like just offering my resignation

I'll do it, if you will" he replied excitedly.

"Yes sir, that's what I think: why that would be a perfect rascal." Was brought down from Chicago & Low — fellow of many and Girl he seduced & then deserted

33-2-94

a divorce on his own admitted adultery. Everywhere he's been stood his followed the same tale of seduction & rascality. His father has placed him different institutions time and time again but as soon as he was transferred from the diocese they booted his son after. Some one said in a joking way tears when the Bishop came here he would hang Ben — but we all laughed."

I slowly crossed the campus again and looked at the old brick building that glinted thru the trees. Well, said I, the chances are that I'm to leave Wilberforce, said I. Now I must look about carefully for a place. After all this may not be such a calamity, for between incompetency & rascality, this is a sorry God-forgotten hole anyway. Humph. Now I'll just drop over & have Jones bring up those testimonials he's printing of mine — "Good work Ben Arnett? no sir.

I strode into the little printing office with a bit of a flourish & climbed upon a high stool. "Jones & Dewey were there. "Jones" said I "I want those testimonials just as soon as possible for the chances are I'll have to use them. If this institution belongs to bishop Arnett I want to know it. Thus I talked on gaining courage as I talked & feeling an increase of de-

termination. Jones is a queer fellow — when I first saw him, I looked the other way & forgot him in a second. He has a silent slow vacant way about him that makes you think him dull and ignorant but which covers a knight of slow mind and an honest but pitiless heart. He gave a little deprecating gesture. "Oh" said he "You're not hard against him? The Bishop of course believes in his son and want to give him a chance"

"No he don't either" said Harvey "he knows Ben never will be anything — did you or he know of a man reforming very much at 35?

"Of course not" said I "The Bishop is simply unscrupulous and is ruthlessly using his great power to advance his own interest in defiance of right & decency"

"Yes" said H. "he needs that $10 a day to help on some of those mortgages he's blasted over with."

"Why it's perfectly natural that he should want to help Jones" And put his sons where they can help him — I don't think Ben for a moment is fitted for this place, but then I doubt if the Bishop is so guilty simply because he wants him there — besides he alone couldn't put him there — it was the Executive Board they are the men who voted him in

"At the Bishop's dictation" I threw in

"Oh" and Jones chuckled queerly so as to make me conclude whether from logical embarrassment or triumph, I was uncertain

83-2-05

Otho.' said he, does that diminish their responsibility?
"No" I admitted "but the burglar is more guilty than
his tools
when I went to ~~my room~~ the library and sat
down amid the mess the board meeting had left; packed
up bits of scribbled paper, straightened out the mucked
~~room~~ toned chair coverings and arranged the papers. I could
see the Board as it sat: there in the crimson & yellow
rocker sat the Bishop of Carmel with his tam like &
big cane — half cruelly half dictatorially walking his
Board. By the broken mullet tobbed table the bearded secretary
had sat not over wise but honest. When the President
— the strangest being I know, ~~that~~ little with the freshest
smile on his good looking face ~~that~~ & even eyes outside the
female world with narrow culture & moderate capabilities
& yet ~~the~~ smartest of diplomats, the craftiest of schemers
selfish & unscrupulous almost & not quite dishonest
— a man who in other circumstances ~~could~~ might have
made a Talleyrand or a Jackpocket. When Scandors
a Greek ~~who~~ with a smattering of greek & Latin. When there
were two shadowy forms that I did not know as well —
but ~~they~~ had voted for the crime & I pictured them: small
visitors looking for good appointments from the Bishop next
fall — selling their souls & seem good soul-saving
folds. When there was one I thought & knew, then feared &
mistrusted & now again suspected: tall & yellow with lustrous

bewildered blank stare & long drooping moustache. Harsh
his voice & manner, inexplicable & at least not pleasantly
explicable in some actions, a politician and either a gen-
tleman or a scamp. These are they — oh one older
cowed & spirited but with a little of genuine good will &
even who would stock & carry his count, but generally —
above & beyond his grocery had a profound wealth contempt
These are the ones who voted the cause against
this struggling toiling old industrious the hope of a people
the mothers of scores who looked back & here in love
of critical hope. I wondered why the heart of the
little dead Beckot who heard through W. was
did not beat three times from the table when the
vote was announced & shake his little wee, sweet
baby sweet but alas! "once the Pattersell a thief".

"Then the intensity of my feeling wore away: despon-
dency & indignation had their course and sorrow came
that must inarticulate indefinite sorrow which
covered not the one sore shot but melt slowly
unconsciously in & the infinite oceans of all the world

Human sympathy then was all I wanted — a
human heart & beat a little bit with mine — the world-want of
love choked me — I must go & Nina. Almost accidently
it occurred as I was sitting there sentimentally com-
muning with myself, came Clay the Americanis[illegible] ready

96
33-2-1

little carryall and jostled down the lovely bay road to Nina's. It was full already, but I crowded in and away we went thro' the swirling dust-choked air towards Xenia. Even the breezes flew hot blasts against us, the dust rolled heavily persistently into our eyes & faces & down our backs — a discouraging & heartsick day by the very intensity of life & power — just as my life, I thought, welled away by its own strength.

Then came the change. A little yank with a great festooned shopping basket with a bit of grass & yellow & brown clapboards, a screen-door, and a rubbish coal little parlor; a neat little figure, with warm creamy cheek & neck, black glossy hair & tiny arms about me. "You've come so far — you're tired" and then for hours I forgot what the new cloud in my life was — I had turned my face & the cool moon, and in its silver beauty, Helen asked. It was a beautiful night when I left Nina's — perfect save for the deep dust that lay on the roads. I'm always too late for the mailman — tonight's late, — I'm no horse myself and as I walk the 4 miles home; the full rich moon glided above on my right, showering wreathing the shimmering branches & cornfields in its dreamy light. The white road stretched straight before, the cricket & katydids sang the accompaniment & I thought the words & the strange mixed symphony of life & love & light. I was buzzled with

life, but not in the way I had been taught to expect. I stood
out amid ruins of scattered ideals — my ideals had to be
more changed softened & wounded, became less fantastic &
fearful & more humanly real & lovable — but still they
were there as ever, becoming mighty & wonderful, like those silent
white peaks against the sky at Berne: and in their quest
I have never faltered never drafaned: nevertheless I was
puzzled & my puzzles were even like the Bishop &
the President. Young Barrett, the rascally nominee of his
father did not puzzle me: he was most natural & gentlemanly
lazy, sensual, kind, with no cultivated high ideals: a devil I be-
came, but a devil to be fought & conquered-a mild Mephis-
topheles. But the Bishop & the President & some others —
They were not devils of this sort, nor were they mephis-
topheles: ~~nonsense~~ doubters they never were — rather
it was their divine faith in men they troubled me
& vex them: in fact the awful thing about them was
that one hesitated to call them, even, wicked. Why the fat lady
journalist said "Why Professor!" when I merely dubbed
the President irresponsible, & a milder epithet applied
to the Bishop makes James say "oh, ooh!" And yet
James & the Lady Principal & I and every other sensible
person knows that the President is ~~not~~ clinging with
deathlike tenacity to a position for which he knows himself
unfitted, and using all the means of lying, deception, & demagogy

33-2-97

& speech is. Then there is the Bishop trying the President — for the good of the diocese? Or, to mix the metaphors for his own aggrandizement & advertisement & that of his worthless family & to this end he seems perfectly willing & [illegible] even ruin everything decent in the dear old place which represents the blood & tears of so many earnest men. Oh, of course, these aren't the kind crimes & misdemeanors one reads of, & yet they are the type of devil that come nearest making me despair: they are you see personally good men — the Bishop I suspect sowed a large crop of wild oats & always was crafty — but then he has done many a good deed in life, many a selfsacrificing to be worked & striven for many a good cause & even a thing, if you've a worthy cause & go to him fact, none will support it more heartily. When the President — hello, here I had reached the top of the Knoll. I have a curious way of measuring my walk home: I never allow myself to think of being well-started on my journey until the first declivity & mile-stretch of road have brought me to the hill beyond. This surmounted, I say: I'm started now and I swing down the gentle incline by Kendalls big maples, saying, maybe I'll get to Clay & still be on the home stretch. The night grows

FABLES FROM WITHIN THE VEIL

Fables from behind the Veil

Once upon a time where the crimson of Gorgeous Clay is deepest there lived a girl with saffron face & shimmery hair. At the big meeting in the fall & at the big meeting in the spring she prayed the dear Lord & send a baby — pretty & coony. So one night as she sat at the door of her cabin mending her sunday dress she saw a woman tall & strange gliding along the big road. "Howdy" said the girl & the woman stopping turned upon her a face mystic wonderful so that her heart beat fast. "Shall it be black or white" asked the woman in a sweet-sorrowful voice. The girl knew she meant the Baby & she said half timidly "w-white" Then more courageously "white!" And the woman faded away. Next morning as the girl awoke in her attic and saw the sunlight day dotty thro' the roof, she heard a faint coony & tummy, lo! there a day before her a little thing all pink & white & gold like a dish of mingled sunshine & dew, she cried in ecstasy & Tummy saw with a start the strange woman standing beside her bed. "Here it is" said the woman. The girl looked at her with great eyes and said slowly "Who are you?" She answered "I am Life." Then she turned away & as she turned she laid her hand upon the babe & as the girl looked on the hand she

33-2-30

On the babe & stood above & its soul & she saw with terror that its soul lay black & heavy sullen & it "Take it away" she cried — "take it away" — its soul is black" And Life smiled & took it away

Years passed away & on the same shining morning the girl woke again & heard a crowing & turning she saw some [illegible] & tiny shiny-haired lying like a midnight sorrow beside her. She turned hastily toward it & there stood Life. She said nothing but Life lay her hand on the babe & he with in it all soul white as the snow that lies aloft on hoary Taghconic.

THE REVEREND MR. BOND'S ASSISTANT

Draft manuscript and typescript

The Reverend Mr Bond's Assistant

undated
Double space

"You are too good —"

The Reverend Mr Bond shuddered. All his life he had been charged with — even accused of goodness as though it were some reputable ~~fatal~~ crime. As a baby his mother vaguely how he seldom cried; ~~sounds~~, as a silent wide-eyed child, his mates had looked at him askance and shunned him. As a slim small youth he was by general consent pre-ordained to the ministry and now in his little bachelor study in the ~~Presbyterian~~ Presbyterian church, his richest parishioner considered him "too good" for his calling. She ~~shuddered~~ and looked at Mrs. Vanderpool, ~~tactlessly~~ who was clad in ~~and~~ She continued volubly, her large round ~~richen~~ figure stiffening beneath the foreboding of her great black hat.

"You are much too good, Mr Bond, you let these upstarts ~~just~~ run over you. These Smiths do not belong in our church any way; I am astounded at the way they push in among their betters. What are we coming to. Why I understand that last ~~even~~ Saturday Mrs Smith brought her Swedish maid to prayer meeting — Next we know she'll have

38-13-237

her black coachman in the channel

"Come with me —" began Mr Bond ~~frostily~~ coldly — then ~~he~~ decided —. he did not want to be rude.

"And then that new corset in the ~~Exotica~~ aisle room — it does not suit me at all, & must go back immediately and I'll send down a more suitable one — such glaring colors — ugh!

"Very well, Mrs Vanderhoak —" I did not say self approving —

"Now about the fair — when are you planning to have it? I prefer to have it ~~late~~ in August. Yes, late in August about the 15th will be the best date and we will consider that settled

"Some more suggestion June" said Mr Bond sternly

"Some?" who? Well I cannot be here in June — besides its too early. And the flower table, Ethel must take that

"I ~~not~~ particularly honored it & Miss Kate Smith" said Mr Bond ~~indignantly~~ solemnly

"Mr. Bond — I am surprised at you Ethel has set her heart on the flower table and she must have it. Well now I don't think of any thing else —

"The - er - donation money" ~~is coming~~ my husband, Mrs Vanderhoak"

O yes I'll send a check — only, mind you write on it to that settlement house. "Hedges for anarchists" down there.

~~Cuba~~ China & Africa, I prefer — Now this is all I believe — ~~Order, Mr Bond you need about your moustache~~ ~~you're~~ ~~you're~~ (over)

39-13-238

O don't trouble & come away and — why
— Why Mr. Bond have this & wear your look
I — I'm not feeling at my best Mrs V — the army
has been trying
You must go off & have a rest immediately
"Impossible Mrs V — just at the beginning of
the summer work
Nonsense — anybody can do it just as
well. I'll send a check, go up in the adiron-
dacks. I know a couple of young ducks
who invited Ethel — and they were not of
our set; nice enough of course — go right
up there tomorrow & rest. You might
pick up a wife there too — some nice
sweet tempered teachable creature & keep
your mended & darned — no I mean
take a vacation
The Rev Wm. Bond reddened clearly
" But — but who will take my place just at
this time?"
O anybody — there Sophia Scruggs was recommending

And then he threw down the book he had taken wrongly. Was Father's business — forsooth — carpets! round jealousies! the servant problem! annual fairs! — was that his Fathers business? And he stared out of the window torment Mrs. V's mansion ~~The boulevard was deserted & the Bonds~~ ~~arrangements so that he had to go before but~~ The Rev. Mr. Bond started on his vacation before his assistant could come, because Mrs V. was going north in her private car and told him to come along; as far as Albany all round the week. She intended to return and another trip within a week or two. And so Mr Bond bowed courteously, as he got down at the Albany & Cohoes station where car stood & plunged into the woods There was no one to meet him at the ~~Cohoes depot~~ and the walk was long and tiresome — yet he hardly knew when he had enjoyed anything more despite his weakness and almost labored breath As he approached the Cadwallader house he was arrested by voices and the voices passed on

"What, a minister — O Lord! Will have to be "too good" —

Mr. Bond sat down and wiped his red face. "Ever

And then a sudden vision of his Father's business cloud before him: Carpets! Social Jealousies! The servant problem! ~~Sermons~~ Sums — and he checked himself severely. Every work, he chided himself, must go its ordered details, and yet — and he glanced anxiously at the tall decorous shrine of his church.

Mr. Doud ~~He~~ was not well. He was always tired and his chest hurt. Yet he thrilled with a strange new joy as he plunged into the great free woods. At high shining It was like a breath of free living air after — he paused, after what? he asked himself severely. Just then he heard passing voices.

"What — a surprise O Lord — will have to be good — " and they murmured out of hearing.

He remained silently a full moment. Then Coaley carefully about, he quickly took off his black clergyman's vest & put on Jaunty tweed & did not voice his feeling — he did not acknowledge while and — free.

38-13-239

He looked almost boyish as he came into camp. ~~Opened his bosom~~ carefully about & seeing ~~himself~~ he quickly divested himself of his clerical garb and slipped on a ~~tweed~~ suit of tweeds that made him look boyish & almost jaunty. Then he tucked the black clothes far down in his bag & approached the campfire.

"Hello!" cried a big tall laughing eyed woman who was washing dishes in a brook —

"Did you see a minister down there" at the depot"

"Yes" responded Mr. Bond after a pause.

Well we're expecting one —

He — he's not coming — I'm too late his place

"Hooray" yelled a young man sheltered on the grass & the young Mr Bond's hand held the clergyman's pinned.

Then began in two weeks of perfect ~~a~~ days.

seem if disconcerting often

There were a dozen men & women — clear eyed strong limbed and frank — bubbling with merriment & life. To be sure they shocked him often: the men frankly drank beer & some of the women smoked cigarettes — and yet they were honest in their earnest and they talked of mighty things: new tenements on the East Side, the proposed factory inspection, children's work

38-13-240

ment shops, Negro slaves, Mexican slaves, Russian serfs; he gasped at their knowledge learned at their religion, loved their devotion when they received at face value — asked few questions, left him alone & yet never neglected him. They saw his physical weakness & delicately shielded him. Once on a long transit the boy company eyed girl silently pushed him from in against her strong warm arms and lifted him as he struggled & panted across a brook & stumbled.

He stiffened at last — then laughed with her & thereafter they were friends even when he learned with astonishment that she was the head worker at the settlement in the slums of his own suburban village. Then the end came, suddenly with and warning as ends usually come!

"Eternal damning for — the Reverend Mr Bond" yelled one of the boys in astonishment & everybody looked at him. The blood mounted to his face but he took the letter & unfolding a word went slowly to his tent. There he lay it down & slowly opening his bag donned his clerical vest as he dressed, the old life, the old

38-13-241

tions Cooper came back with the clothes - much the ~~occasion~~ regret of Mrs V's unbelievable undercarriage expressed on the envelope. Finally she opened it & read what he half exhorted:

Dearest Mr. Bond

Come home immediately. This new Assailant has turned things upside down in our church & town. He is filling the services with the riffraff of the village and today he capped the climax by taking a Negro into church & baptizing an Italian baby. The most that such a Dear his anarchistic talk is wearing out the carpets & the very fragrant of the pews. All the respectable people are leaving the church and refusing to associate with the rabble that follows him. Only yesterday I saw him stop & talk with a prostitute on the open street. I've tried to expostulate with him but he is that callous and insufferably that I must not have any further communication with him. Order a meeting of the Prefabricators immediately & come at once.

Martha Vandercook.

P.S. I enclose a check M.V.

82-13-2412.

For a long time Mr. Bond sat musing. He wondered what the First Presbyterian church would look like full and over flowing with an eager mob - he almost— then he arose with a sigh.

A veil seemed to drop between him and his friends as he came out into his day. They greeted him politely but formally - except the tall woman with the laughing eyes. She walked a way with him, said she was sorry to lose him & gave his hand a warm friendly clasp. Something rose in his heart & rose in his throat & flamed on his head like he did not mean to spend - he did not want to speak but he spoke: "I need - you'd come with me - I need you'd be my wife - I - I need you - I love you" he stammered. She looked down on his small firm clasp with an insane desire to kiss it but she bit it back & said gently after a pause "I'm so sorry - you see there's - someone else - and besides you're too good —" but he raised his hands and ran away.

It was Thursday night & Mrs V. met him at the

38-13-243

depot at 6:30 in her motor. She was gasping with excitement

"I'm going to drive by — I want you to see — he's holding ~~something~~ what he calls vespers & the whole town is cramming itself into the church — into our church, Mr Bond think of it ~~the factory girls~~, clerks, dirty mill hands, servants — a perfect mob of filthy ill smelling low born rabble — look — look! Gosh the place will have to be — tube — fumigated before I'll put a foot into it — look!

Mr. Bond looked & a strange feeling came over him. There stood the First Presbyterian stolid grey decorous — but not as usual cold & empty. In it fairly surged a mass — a seething writhing layer mass of folk coming from wood, leaving their cuddies reeking bareheaded from house — frankly pushing squeezing into the church, boundary the decorous lawn & even climbing the costly stained glass windows

38-13-244

Mrs Bond looked on silently. She did not seem to see herself. She reached in vain for the decorous orthodox answer — but she wanted to say "Why not? Why not? Why should not men crowd the church of God — Why not should lawyer —"

Then But Mrs V. shook him and almost shrieked about the handy Motor, "Wayne broken a window — grandfather's memorial bird cost $5000 - just crushed it and see? Wayne done away with the organ & chair and —" but she rolled from the church a raging flood of sorry that drowned her voice & with a snort the Motor took home

Mr. B. waited in his little study — it was silent. He had called the meeting to meet at 8 in the evening but first he must face his accusers. What should he say? He knitted his brows — and then he was suddenly aware that some one had

38-13-2415

entered. He turned from the window & the tall dark figure with sallow gloomy face came quietly forward & grasped his hand, and Mr Bond ~~said~~ drew slowly into a strange & almost unpleasant sense of peace. There was a pause & then the assistant said softly

"You are welcome home, Brother."

Mr. Bond ~~the~~ did not like the "brother" it sounded Methodistic, ~~a~~ but he could not deny himself at the thought of home, and ~~a~~ ^ and slowly, as he walked the floor

"You had a large meeting to day"

"The fields are white with harvest" said the soft full tones

Mr. Bond stirred uncomfortably. It somehow never had occurred to him that the harvest in New ~~Foreign~~ Greenwood was unusually rich; and the statement rang again like cant; ~~but~~ but — then he asked suddenly

What was your text?

"Come with me all ye that labor & are heavy laden & I will give you rest"

A slow ~~flame~~ resentment stirred in the Minister & he impatiently ~~shook~~ moved in his chair. How often

38-13-246

had he tried in vain to take this text and it had stuck in his throat & cramped on his fingers. How could he talk of labor to summer idlers & of the heavy laden & rest & the veils? millionaires? - Yet there came this young unbeknowned —

"Yes - yes" he burst out almost petulantly "an excellent text - excellent, but my dear young young man when you've my experience —" he looked up into the eyes of his assistant & stopped. They seemed like old eyes - very very old crinkled with age and filled with infinite sorrow — he fought against them silent then & rose to his feet, pacing nervously to & fro

"It won't do he continued. "it simply won't do — you will drive away the best people in the church"

"I came to call sinners to repentance" said the voice suggestively, as the face faded indistinctly among the shadows & the clock chimed the three quarters

"Yes" snapped Mr. Bond "but will the sinners pay the bills. where's the money coming from — you can't run churches on air. — on faith.

88-13-247

38-13-248

"Money! said the voice "I seek not Money but men"
The Minutes face grew white — Something was
frightening fiercely inside him
"But there is no way —" he stammered
"Is not Truth the way & life?"
And then the sealed seemed to drop from his
Souls soul — he turned his back on the
voice and groped towards the window, gasping
his aching chest & feeling the strangle in his
voice
"No" he gasped no — the way & life is that
the gate of dies and the end is death"; and
gripping the window frame he stared out
upon the sky above Mrs Varoles house
where the setting sun like a great drop of blood
darkened the sky.
There was a silence in the room; —
The clock struck eight and the door bell rang.
"There is no way" whispered the Minister.
Then came that Voice, but deeper fuller
richer than before; and it said
I am the Way:
And the Truth

And the Life.
He that believeth in me though he were
dead yet shall he live ~~again~~ again!
And he that liveth and believeth in me
shall never die.

Suddenly all the life in the Reverend
Mr. Bond went cold and still. Convulsively
he gripped the window sill and stared
into that outer darkness.

Slowly, ineffably, the little room behind,
above, around him grew glorious; and a
far off music ~~beat faintly~~ seemed to
beat, hovering faintly between silence and
sound.

And then at last with one great wrench
the minister turned his head — and
looked. ~~Backward~~.

38-13-2419

~~John T. Hoeckley~~
unrelated

The Reverend Mr. Bond's Assistant.

38-13-106

"You are too good." The Reverend Mr. Bond shuddered. All his life he had been charged with - even accused of Goodness as though it were some subtle crime. As a baby his mother neglected him because he seldom cried; as a silent wide-eyed child, his mates had looked at him askance and pinched him. As a slim, small youth he was by general consent fore-ordained to the ministry; and now in his little bachelor study in this suburban Presbyterian church, his richest parishioner considered him "too good" for his calling. He shuddered and looked at Mrs. Durant with closed lips. She continued volubly, her large round silken figure stiffening beneath the forestry of her great black hat.

"You are much too good, Mr. Bond, and you let people just run over you. These Smiths are no doubt very good people, very commendable people in many ways - I would be the last to say anything against a person because he was common. We none of us can help how we were born. But what I do say is that Mrs. Smith has no social tact. She doesn't fit into our church people at all. If she had any tact she would feel that. Her bringing the Swede maid to prayer meeting and rushing her up to meet you like that was so ludicrous I felt quite sorry for her. Not that a girl can't be

38-13-107

good and deserving and still earn her living as a servant, but as long as there are social distinctions it would make it very uncomfortable for everybody to have our friends' maids rubbing elbows with the rest of us in prayer-meeting. The next we know Mrs. Smith will have her black coachman in the chancel." Mrs. Durant laughed and stopped to draw breath.

"I'm afraid it was my suggestion - " began the minister.

"Oh, no, Mr. Bond. When you urged us so beautifully to allow our servants to have time for the church services you were perfectly right. Only, of course, our church already has its own people. The chapel on the West Side is more the place for the maids. They would feel at home there with their own friends, and I'm told the clergyman over there is a very worthy man. None of us brought our maids to church with us except poor Mrs. Smith."

"'Come unto me' - " began Mr. Bond softly. But he desisted. He did not want to be rude. Mrs. Durant went rushing on.

"And then, dear Mr. Bond, that new carpet in the ladies' parlor. It is so unsuitable Who chose it? It really must go back immediately, and I'll send down something from the city. The colors are simply dreadful."

"Very well, Mrs. Durant. I did not myself approve - "

"Just so. And now about the fair. When are you planning to have it? September is the best month. About the fifteenth, I think. Shall we call it settled?

"Some were suggesting October", put in Mr. Bond, seriously.

"October? But I won't be here in October. Of course, I don't say you couldn't get along without me, but you never have, and I'm sure I don't know anyone who can be depended on to look after things. October is much too late. And, by the way, Ethel has decided to take the flower table."

"I am very sorry, but when Miss Ethel refused so definitely I asked Miss Kate Smith to take it," said Mr. Bond in some perplexity, "and she kindly consented."

"Oh, Mr. Bond, I'm so sorry. Ethel has set her heart on the flower table. Of course, she said no, but you know how girls are. And then we were thinking of sailing in the Spring then. Besides, Kate Smith is as likely as not to bring a lot of those settlement girls over to help, and what do they know about flower tables? I think she is a most unsuitable person to have at the flower table. However, if you are going to withdraw your offer to Ethel - "

"Why, no, no," stammered Mr. Bond. "I merely misunderstood. I'll try and explain to Miss Smith, she's very - "

"Well, then, that's settled. Now is there anything else you want to talk over with me, Mr. Bond?"

"You are very kind, Mrs. Durant, but I think not. I might mention to you that the contributions for missions have been disappointing this year."

"Oh yes, I'll send a check. Only, mind it goes to missions, not to that settlement house. That's another case of your

38-13-108

being too good, Mr. Bond. Nobody approves more than I do of helping the deserving poor, but in these days none of them seem to know their place any more, and that settlement house is making things worse. Why if you could hear Mr. Durant tell of the way his men behave - . You always have a good word for those people, but I tell you they're all socialists, every one of them, just given over to upsetting things. I must say I think places of that sort are a dangerous experiment. You never know whether you are doing good or encouraging laziness and impudence when you help them. Now when it comes to real missions, then you can't go wrong. Nothing could be more interesting than the conditions in India or China, and I used to like Negroes till I met a few. I mean to give my money in the good old-fashioned way in future, to preach the gospel to all the world. Well, I must go. Don't trouble to come out. Why, Mr. Bond, how tired you look and what a perfectly terrible cough! Have you seen a doctor? What are you taking for it?"

"I - I am not feeling at my best, Mrs. Durant - the summer has been trying.

"Why, dear me, have you had no vacation?"

"Not this summer - summer, you know, is our busiest season."

"But last winter?"

"Last winter I helped out in - the settlement."

"Oh, Mr. Bond, you are so self-forgetful. You might have caught smallpox or cholera. It was a terrible risk for your

members, and that effort, I fear, was thrown away on those people. You are ill this minute, dear Mr. Bond, positively ill. You need rest and change - "

"Impossible, Mrs. Durant, just at the beginning of the fall's work."

"Never mind the work, Mr. Bond, you are of far more importance than the work. Anybody can do that. I shall send you a check immediately and you must go right up into the Adirondacks. Please do not refuse. I know a camp of young folk up there who would be glad to have you. They invited George and Ethel but - well, you know they were not just our set. Perfectly nice people, however, and you will enjoy them. Go right up there tomorrow and rest. Who knows, you might pick up a nice wife there - some nice, sweet-tempered, tractable creature to keep you mended and brushed - now, don't refuse me, Mr. Bond."

The Reverend Mr. Bond reddened slowly. "I fear it would be difficult to find a substitute at this season -" he began.

"Not at all - not at all - let's see. Why, there now only yesterday Sophia Scruggs was recommending quite an exceptional young man - some protege of hers, I believe. I'm sure he'll do."

"Do you know him?"

"No, but Sophia assures me that he's quite remarkable."

The Reverend Mr. Bond moved uneasily. "Is Mrs. Scruggs - that is - can you rely on her judgment?"

"She always was infallible on the clergy. Of course, some people used to call Sophie a cat, and I must acknowledge that

she did appear a little sharp and cynical after she lost her money. I haven't seen so much of her since she dropped out of society but she always was strong on theology and from my little talk with her yesterday - you see we met quite accidentally in Macy's - I'm sure she's still eager in church matters. I do trust her judgment of ministers implicitly and she spoke strongly about this young man. At any rate, I'll be here until October and there can't be much harm done in twoo weeks."

38-13-111

When Mrs. Durant finally sailed comfortably down the gravelled walk of the rectory it was settled that Mr. Bond would spend two weeks in the Adirondacks. The temporary assistant was hurriedly summoned and came quickly. He was tall and sallow, with a stoop in his shoulders and nervous hands. To Mr. Bond's mind he asked a number of quite unnecessary questions, especially when one considered that Mr. Bond was pressed for time and there were multitudinous details to go over.

"Yes - some ten thousand souls in our city in summer, counting the West Side - what? Certainly we count the West Side. There's a nice little Methodist chapel over there, a colored church and a settlement. We contribute to both churches; our church? Well, we have about five hundred members, all told. No, no - of course not. Most of the people certainly do not go to church. This is New Greenwich and not heaven - I beg pardon, I do not want to seem rude, but you naturally do not grasp our peculiar social problems here. The membership is large on the West Side, I presume. No, I do not visit there, and if I may venture to say so - er - you would better

not try to interfere much. It might lead to temptations - Yes, I should say about one person in ten is a church member - alas! The worldly spirit is sadly in evidence. Now, as to this carpet in the ladies' parlor - " and Mr. Bond hastened into details.

The Reverend Mr. Bond walked out of his gate with his suit case next day almost ashamed of the wild exultation in his breast.

"Why," he asked himself severely, "why should I so gladly leave -" (he hesitated) - "my Father's business? And then a sudden vision of his Father's business stood before him: Carpets! Social jealousies! The servant problem! Fairs - but he checked himself severely. With every work, he argued, must go its sordid details, and yet - and he glanced anxiously at the tall decorous spire of his church.

Mr. Bond was not well. He was always tired and his chest hurt. Yet he thrilled with a strange new joy as he plunged into the great golden wood at Autumn tide. It was like a breath of free living air after - he paused. "After what?" he asked himself severely. Just then he heard passing voices.

"What - a minister. O Lord - we'll have to be so good -" And they murmured out of hearing.

He remained standing a full moment. Then, looking carefully about, he quickly tore off his black clergyman's suit and put on jaunty tweeds. He did not voice his feeling - he did not acknowledge it, but he wanted to be just a man for a while and - free.

38-13-112

"Hello!" cried a big tall laughing-eyed woman who was washing dishes in a brook - Did you see a minister down at the depot?"

"No," maintained Mr. Bond brazenly after a pause, blushing furiously.

"They're looking for one over in the next camp," said the girl carelessly, and we were to guide him over if he came."

Mr. Bond hesitated rather helplessly. Just then two boys dashed in from the path to the depot.

"He didn't come!" shouted one.

"Hooray!" yelled the other, and they rushed on while the big girl wiped her forks and smiled. Other men and women, carelessly dressed and pleasant faced, sauntered in.

Mr. Bond looked around the camp. It was neat and homey.

"Did you know - the minister's name?" he asked cautiously.

"No," said the girl briefly.

That settled matters in Mr. Bond's mind. The unknown camp beyond frightened him; and he liked the looks of things here. Indeed, he liked the looks of this frank strong girl, but he did not acknowledge the thought.

"I was looking for a place to camp myself," he began tentatively, and the camp looked him over while the girl said a word to one of the men.

"Camp here!" said the man, and Mr. Bond camped.

Then began two weeks of perfect, even if often disconcerting, joy. Here were a dozen men and women, clear-eyed, strong

38-13-113

limbed and frank - bubbling with merriment and life. To be sure they shocked him often: the men frankly drank beer and some of the women smoked cigarettes - and yet they were honest, virile, earnest, and they talked of mighty things: new tenements on the East Side, the proposed factory inspection, children's work, sweat shops, Negro peons, Mexican slaves, Russian revolutionists; he gasped at their knowledge, winced at their religion, loved their devotion. Him they received at face value - asked few questions, let him alone and yet never neglected him. They saw his physical weakness and delicately shielded him. Once on a long tramp the big laughing eyed girl almost picked him up in her strong warm arms and lifted him as he assayed to jump across a brook and stumbled. He stiffened, but melted - then laughed with her, and thereafter they were friends, even when he learned with apprehension that she was to be head-worker at the settlement on the West Side of his own suburban town.

38-13-114

Then the end came, suddenly without warning as ends usually come.

The rural free delivery had distributed the mail. "A letter for - the Reverend Mr. Bond", cried one of the men in surprise and all stared at the reddening clergyman except the girl. She just smiled and handed him the letter.

He recognized easily the aristocratic imperative superscription of Mrs. Durant and without a word he returned to his tent. Slowly he undressed and donned his clerical suit and with the clothes

came trooping back all the old thoughts and conventions. He turned the letter over thoughtfully and then at last opened it. It read:

"My dear Mr. Bond:

It is really too bad to interrupt your much needed vacation, but you really ought to know the condition of things here. I am sure you will feel it your duty to come home immediately when I tell you that your strange assistant is acting in an incomprehensible manner. He has been encouraging the whole town to come to our church and the result is the most miscellaneous rabble you ever dreamed of. Literally, we are upside down and I think the climax was reached today when a Negro was taken into church and an Italian baby from the West Side baptized. Far be it from me to object to the spreading of the gospel among the poor and lowly - it is my heart's dearest wish, as you know, Mr. Bond; but when I see my sainted grandfather's church desecrated by an unwashed mob, the carpets muddied, the pews scratched and all the respectable people leaving the church and refusing to associate with these impossible people, I think it is time something was done. If the West Side needs a new chapel, for heaven's sake let's build it. However, I doubt if this young man would do to fill it. His talk sounds to me anarchistic and I regret to say that his manner toward me personally has been distinctly rude. I saw him stop in the public street to talk with a woman of no character and when I ventured to point out the impropriety of this in a clergyman, he said things which I will not repeat.

38-13-115

"Please, if possible, return at once and let us get rid of this person before our church is ruined. I am very sorry you chose him and especially at this time of year when your own presence is indispensable, but of course, your health must not be neglected. When may we look for you?

Yours most sincerely,

Martha Sears Durant.

P. S. - I enclose a check."

For a long time Mr. Bond sat musing. He wondered what the First Presbyterian church would look like full and overflowing with an eager mob. He almost - then he arose with a sigh.

A veil seemed to drop between him and his friends as he came out with his bag. They greeted him politely but formally - except the tall girl with the laughing eyes. She walked a way with him, said she was sorry to lose him and gave his hand a warm tight clasp. Something rose in his heart and clambered in his throat and flamed in his head. He did not mean to speak - he did not want to speak, but he spoke.

"I wish you'd come with me," he stammered, "I need you - always."

She looked down on his small prim straightness, on the perspiration streaming from his white forehead with an insane desire to laugh, but she put it back and said gently after a pause,

"I'm so sorry - you see, there's - someone else - and besides, you're too good for - " But Mr. Bond winced, muttered a hurried adieu and ran away.

38-13-116

It was Thursday night and Mrs. Durant met him at the depot at 6.30 in her motor. She was gasping with excitement.

"I'm going to drive you by - I want you to see - he's holding popish vespers and the whole town is cramming itself into the church - into our church, Mr. Bond, think of it: shop girls, clerks, dirty section hands, servants - a perfect mob of ill-smelling people - look - look, the place will have to be - to be fumigated before I'll put a foot into it - look."

Mr. Bond looked and a strange feeling came over him. There stood the First Presbyterian, stolid, grey, decorous - but not, as usual, cold and empty. In it fairly surged a mass - a seething, writhing eager mass of folk coming from work, leaving their suppers, rushing bareheaded from home - panting, pushing, squeezing into the church, trampling the decorous lawn and even climbing through the costly stained glass windows . Mr. Bond looked on silently. He did not seem to be himself. He searched in vain for the decorous orthodox answer - while all the time he wanted to say "Why not? Why not? Why should not men crowd the church of God - why not build larger -"

Suddenly Mrs. Durant grasped his arm and almost shook him as she cried above the panting motor:

They've broken Grandfather's memorial window that cost five thousand dollars - just crushed it out - See that elbow? But there rolled from the church a burst of song that drowned her voice, and with a snort the motor tore home.

38-13-117

Mr. Bond waited in his little study - it was sunset. He had called the elders to meet at eight in the evening, but first he must face his assistant, and it was long after seven. What should he say? He knitted his brows - and then he was aware that someone had entered. He turned from the window and the tall dark figure with sallow gleaming face came quietly forward and grasped his hand. Mr. Bond sat down slowly, with a strange and almost unpleasant sense of peace. There was a pause and then the assistant said softly:

"You are welcome home, Brother."

Mr. Bond did not like the "brother"; it sounded Methodistic; yet he could not bring himself abruptly to the point at issue, and said slowly, as he watched the clock hands creep toward eight:

"You had a large meeting today."

"The fields are white with harvest," said the soft full tones.

Mr. Bond stirred uncomfortably. It somehow never had occurred to him that the harvest in New Greenwich was unusually ripe; and the statement rang again like cant; but - then he asked suddenly:

"What was your text?"

"'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'"

A slow resentment stirred in the minister and he moved impatiently in his chair. How often had he tried in vain to take this text and it had stuck in his throat and cramped on his fingers.

38-13-118

How could he talk of "labor" to summer idlers and of "rest" to those tired of resting? - Yet here came this young man, inexperienced -

"Yes - yes," he burst out almost petulantly, "a beautiful text - beautiful, but my dear young man, when you've my experience - " he looked up into the eyes of his assistant and stopped. They seemed like old eyes - very, very old, crinkled with age and piled with infinite sorrows - he fought against their silent pity, and rose to his feet, pacing nervously to and fro.

"It won't do," he continued, "it simply won't do - you will drive away the best people in the church."

"I came to call sinners to repentance," said the voice suggestively, as the face faded indistinctly among the shadows and the clock chimed the three quarters.

"Yes, snapped Mr. Bond, "but will the sinners pay the bills - where's the money coming from - you can't run churches on air."

"Will ye make my Father's home a den of thieves?" asked the Voice, slowly.

The minister's face grew white - something was fighting fiercely within him.

"But there is no other way," he persisted.

"I am the Way."

And then something within the Reverend Mr. Bond's soul let go - he turned his back on the Voice and groped toward the window, grasping his aching chest and feeling the strangle in his throat.

38-13-119

"No," he gasped, "no - Life is a lie and the end is Death," and gripping the window frame convulsively, he stared out upon the heavens, where the setting sun, above Mrs. Durant's house, like a great drop of blood, darkened the sky.

There was a silence in the room: the clock struck eight and the door bell rang.

"There is no other way," whispered the minister, doggedly.

Then came that Voice again, but deeper, fuller, richer than before; and it said:

"I am the Way; and the Truth; And the Life."

"He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again! And he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Suddenly all the turmoil in the Reverend Mr. Bond went cold and still. Softly he grasped the window sill and stared into that outer darkness, while slowly, ineffably, the little room behind, above, around him grew glorious. A far-off music seemed to beat, hovering faintly between silence and sound.

And then at last with one great wrench the minister turned his head and looked.

38-13-120

THE PEPPER AND SALT CLUB

Manuscript

The Pepper and Salt Club

He was suspiciously dark and curly and the conductor of Number 34 eyed him ~~suspiciously~~ simply as he walked through the white coach. "Looks to me like a nigger," he said to the brakeman, but the brakeman wasn't sure; "nose ain't right" he maintained. He was tall and thin, with a double pointed greyish beard; his face was dark and sallow, between a yellow and brown, his nose large and decidedly straight, his hair thin and definitely curly. His eyes however were the most wonderful of his features, colorless or all-colored they lay far back in his head and were ever changing — now sunny, now limpid as with tears, now seemy almost to go out then to blaze again; wonderful eyes. The seat beside him long remained empty, but at last a drummer dropped into it. He spread his legs reflectively, looked over the car and said by way of preface "Nice day!" "Nice day" echoed the dark

33-2-175

one softly. "Say" said the drummer "I had the dandiest experience last night — thing I'd bust. Went to the telephone at the Kimball and called up the office. Was setting there listening for return call when the wire must-a- got crossed or something. At any rate I heard the blessed mess of talk you could imagine"

33-2-176

The two men in front now became interest and the woman behind leaned forward.

"Sweethearts?" ask the fat man in front.

"City councilmen?" said the man with the newspaper across the aisle.

"Nope!" announced the drummers, "Niggers and white men on the race problem." ~~Dat~~ Neither party didn't seem to have no connection with each other — each going away on his own hook & yet the way the things rubbed in was enough to slaughter you. The whites were gentlemen in some Peachtree street parlor — could almost see their good clothes & smell their cigars — gladness

33-2-177

close and general chat. Other crowd I couldnt make out so well. Didnt seem to be common niggers, used school talk and sence, guess. They were ministers teachers and workmen — o yes one was a mail carrier I remember

Well this parties must ha' been near the telephone & some way the blessed they came to me tho' of course they didnt know of each other. I could hear them as you hear me. Peachtree street was at it red-hot as I sat down.

"It can be put down as the one basic fact" said a fellow with a big voice that political or social equality between the whites and blacks of the south can never take place — just here the sentence was drowned by Auburn street"

— "Negroes want is freedom of ballot & of ~~it~~ individual choice in all respects."

The two ~~things~~ arguments hit so hard that I pricked up my ears. Peachtree was still talking — "didnt say they did. Of course the

don't demand social equality and the best of them ~~don't~~ steer clear of politics. The post is meddlers have put crazy notions of equality into their heads & it's these impossible ideals that ruin them" ~~He~~ talk kind of got blurred then but at last Autumn ave, came out clear & strong.

33-2-178

"Of course the ignorant should not vote I never said they should; Do we want freedom for men too ignorant to use it But there are Negroes — Peasants got too loud here & I heard

"Yes I agee with you — give them all chance & use as far as they really can. But after all how far is that? Does any one really believe Negroes can become one of the really civilized peoples of the earth." Non to be sure there are some —

Well said I This is better than a college debate. Sat in Autumn ave. & she sailed:

"Trouble is were kept down, hundred intimidated & not allowed to vote. Of course when

got criminals & panders & prostitutes but who makes them & encourages them? And who is it that systematically ignores all that is best among us and talks as though all Negroes — could outrank the rest but pretty soon Courthouse street got loud

"Decatur street, and the jail and the poor houses — there they are, there's the real Negro. You can't take the few respectable ones and say this is the Negro — you got to take the average & measure the race. and the average ——

— don't know" shouted Auburn Ave., "well I can guess — you don't need statistics & figures to tell me all Negroes are not criminals & rascals — you're not you're not I'm not — shall we compile & average that? Of course study & figures will aid us; I should like to know for instance how many colored merchants there are in the south how much property we own and ——" well things got mixed here and all talked together until at last

33-2-179

both appointed committees & they got so tangled & gotten I'm so blessed I know which was which

Now you see a committee, they can number be appointed be asked & collect & hear reliable statistics on Colored - Negro Crime, wealth, pauperism, conditions, and 20 morbidity - legal disabilities + well though 3-2-1 I died & I yelled through the telephone "Make it a Joint commission on the Settlement of the Negro Problem" & then I rolled out of the telephone box & had to pay the girl $3 per time. It beat all the Joint debates I ever saw

"It was very interesting" said the dark man in a low voice

"Interesting well you ought to have heard it yourself -

"I did."

"What?"

The man with the newspaper bent again to his task & that fat man turned round.

"What you heard" said the old man "was
just regular meeting of the Pepper & Salt Club.
"The Pepper & Salt Club' — what's that asked
the fat man.

The old man rubbed his hands thoughtfully
& his eyes disappeared in their cavernous
depths. It is soft deeked voiced struck the listening
ear a sound from afar.
"About 6 centuries ago" he began "when I
was in ——
"6 centuries"! What are you — began the fat

33-2-181

33-2-181

pen, but the drummer roused vigorously & sympathetically lifted his head. The Jew did not seem to notice the interruption.

"About 6 centuries ago when I was ~~working~~ in ~~Estonia~~ England we had in London a Norman & Saxon which led to better understanding 2 centuries later in Turkey I accept & found a Club & Whists club but alas! it would not succeed; in the 17th century a Noble & Peasant club in Spain might has done as much as a similar one did in Germany 100 years late but ~~who~~ what to Ireland So when I wandered here I found the well known Jubal & I seek in the Pepper & Salt club & unite the best of both races that by mutual argument & understanding they may strive more together toward the good of all human strivings."

"Well I suppose you know and the bad man that we are is more wilily & cruel the Negroes than we but they would be led they turn them back on their real friends & follow demagogues. If they would listen & as they'd do better"

33-2-122

"true true! How true!" answered the
lecturer personal while his eyes glanced out
again. "Now that's easiest way to have them
listen to you, is for you to listen to them
listen to each other — bear each others burden
— "& we listen & then every boy
may but not to all not to the best — those who
stand upstand, the encouraged with them how
little you count in contest — the commissioner, the
little storekeeper, the school teachers &c — they
think, they stand, they long — listen & then &
let them listen to you. The Pepper & Salt
Club now is a mutual listening society
of the Best of the whites & Blacks

33-2-183

"Where do you meet" asked the Drummer
a fat on Peachtree street — a part in London
"Ah I see salt up there & pepper down here
"Exactly" answered the old man. "Then he
continued thought. The first meeting was
an experiment and altho' I had telephone
connections arranged — which you overheard
our first meeting has been held at

Then he added look with his grey eyes
then eh — won't you come — won't again and
"Wonderful news" said the Innocent The
Calif Mein Liebste wasn't me it became the
"I don't mind coming either if genius not
Joy to have any sentimental forbidden
"Nay — we are sage seniors" said
man. Next saturday night we asked
our diagram of subjects — he came —
Atlantic Ocean!
shouted the brake man. "Hey all
Glad to've met you the —? and the
drummer with a bounce
Joseph ———
and then as he drew his Roman cloak about
him he said with misty eyes
"I am the wandering Jew."

33-2-184

THE THIEF

Typescript

James Sicqual came down from the doctor's office in amaze. He had received as good as his death warrant. Blind in two years unless he should change his work. Change his work, he smiled grimly as he thought over that gratuitous piece of advise. He had been a book-keeper now in the offfice of the Trust for nearly twenty years It was about as easy to change work and find another nitch in the world, as it would be to change heads or souls. No, there was no chance there. Of course, he ought never to have married, yet it had been a pleasant thing. He thought of the pale, silent little wife, and especially of the child, that wonderful two year old child. His was a quiet home life. They did not say much to each other, these two married persons, but they thought alike and were quietly contented or at least quietly resigned to their fate. The money which he earned, twenty dollars a week, just about paid expenses, with care he kept a thousand dollar life insurance, and he had a little

07-6-14

something in the bank. But change of work seemed impossi ble, and to be blind and helpless, and a burden on that poor woman. How was it possible? He walked silently toward home. He thought over the mistakes which had been brought to his notice lately. Yes, undoubtedly it was on account of his failing eye-sight. Still his little wife did not notice any thing particular in his aspect, when he came home. She was not a particularly penetrating nature. He sat down quietly with his little nod, and took up the paper. But he did not see it , he was thinking, there was hardly need to look a at his note book, he knew exactly how much there was in the bank. Yet he slipped it out and opened it back of his paper. $ 2, 987.56, yes, well, there were a good many things he might do with that. He might, of course, buy a little farm in the country, trouble was, he knew nothing about farming. Could he learn? Then, too, he liked city life, they did not get much but they got the city. In the country what would they get, somethings undoubtedly that they did not have

41-9-14

here. Would he enjoy them? He sat quietly thinking thus, until at last the lines of the paper began to look more intelligible, and he noticed with a start the haed-line, Panic, The run on the Knickerbocker Trust Company. Why, the Knickerbocker Trust? He sat up with a start. To be sure, he knew that was the Company where his Savings Bank had most of its funds deposited. A cold sweat broke upon his forehead, but he said nothing. He perused the rest of the paper blankly, half seeing, Next morning instead of going to work, he started early with his bank-book and went down to the Savings Bank There were others before him and they formed a little line outside, a long, a growing line, a snake like line that ran down streets and around corners, and that the police-man kept in place. Hour after hour he stood there, the time for his work went by, time for his dinner hour, it was toward night when at last he presented his book at the cashier's window, or rather started to present it as the window slid down and he knew that the bank had failed. Now at least he must

41-9-72

have money. He thought of a broker friend, through whom he had gotten his life insurabce, and he walked down there. What would the broker give him for his nearly three thousand dollars of deposits? Well the broker said, there was no knowing how long they would have to wait, he would offer him a thousand dollars. Sicqual stared at him blankly for awhile, and at last he took it. Then he walked out into the street with a thousand dollars in his hand. No farm now, he smiled. A five hundred dollar farm and five hundred to begin on that would hardly do, besides it would take a good deal to start for the place. No he must do something else, all this passed through his mind as he walked toward the door. Better have some more life insurance, said the man, for he had not suspected that this was all the client had. A dim half formed thought came into Sicqual mind, I had been thinking about it, he said slowly. The thousand dollars which he had cost thirty a year. Let's see twenty

41-9-73

thousand would cost six hundred. The broker opened his eyes," Why yes a splendid thing, if you can carry it". I have had a little wind fall , said Sicqual, and he made application. He said nothing to his wife but walked backward and forward as usual to his work as usual. In a few days the insurance policy came. He had now three hundred dollars and something in his pocket, and a life insurance policy for twenty thousand dollars. He knew what that half formed thought in his mind was, but how was he to do it? He thought his death must not look like suicide, it must be pure accident. Then cold shutters ran over him as it occurred to him that the accidant might not be successful, and he be a lame invalid on his wife for life. He walked along blindly, when suddenly, right before him, there was a cry and a crowd, and a man just about his size lay lame and bloody before him, struck by the street car. He bent over him, the man's face was smashed beyond recognition, but otherwise how like

41-9-74

himself, the same hair, the same build, the clothes, of course, were different. The ambulance came up. I think I know this man, said Sicqual to the driver slowly. I will go with you to the morgue. They both got in together. "Hadn't you better telephone to his folks" ? I am afraid about that, said Sicqual, they would know my voice and suspect something perhaps, "Would you mind telephoning"? ask for —— he described & then gave a wrong name & address The man went to a telephone and while he was gone, Sicqual had emptied the dead man's pockets and transferred the things in his pockets to that of the corpse, Watch, papers, insurance policy and all. Then they went to the morgue and the man was examined, manifestly, he was James Sicqual of 153 West 75th street. Sicqual slipped out. That night after the morgue was closed, slowing in the shadows of the buildings, he crept toward it. It was not hard to get through the window, opened for ventilation. It was not difficult to find the man clothes, and leave the bundle of his

41-9-75

he's home & well "Ah then I do not know him & he left
followed after

clothes instead. But as he came out and was roundinga corner, a policeman saw him. He flew along the srteets, running from law, and for the first time in his life, panting, he just escaped the guardian of the law. Next week he sat alone, letting his beard grow, disguising himself as he might. Then in a few days he sought work upon the streets, he became a common workman. At last he saw in the paper what he was looking for, of the wonderful wind fall that had come to the little widow woman, who had been bereaved in the terrible srteet car accident; of the twenty thousand dollars life insurance mo ney, and the ten thousand dollars damages which she got ffom the company. He was happy. At last, his family was safe. But he, himself, what was to become of him? He straightened up, the thought was new, somehow he had become to think of himself as dead. He had meant to kill himself, then the interposition of this dead man so like him had changed his purpose. What should he

41-9-14

do? Dig in the earth for the rest of his life. But no, for even then the harsh word of the foreman came to him," Sank: that fellow he hasn't done a day's work this week", and he found himself without a job. Haggard, bearded, ragged he wondered toward seventy-fit fifth street and looked on, the little home was still there and he caught the glimpse of the child. Then he turned his face, they were happy, they were safe and away he went. It was a year later that he came back,drawn by irresistable impulse. He walked down th the Park toward them, Lo! they were coming, the woman, the totling child, and, why beside them was a man. He knew the fellow, the son of his old employer, and his employer had been ruined by the panic. He stepped back in the shadow, they came toward him. Sudionly it occurred to him, Was he another Enoch Arden, was he to play that part? Fierce anger came to him, what right has that man walking beside his wife. But she wasn't his wife, he was dead. He crouched

41-9-77

down in the bushes and watched them. They came and stood near him and then sat down. But she said, " I can not I am married". Why your husband is dead , said the man. " I know it but then I have been his wife, I shall always be his wife," she said. And the man gave an impatient answer. He pled for quite a while then he became vehement, " Why I could invest your money so that you could make millions". A dim light seemed to break over the woman's face. Is it my money you want to marry, she asked? And they parted abruptly. Sicqual rose in happiness, he started forward, not knowing what he did, passed his wife, but she seeing a dark tramp near her screamed and grabbing the child, ran while the policeman hurried to her rescue. And Sicqual rushed again out into the world. What should he do? No, he could not give them up. He had never thought of love exactly with regard to his wife. Love seemed a part of story books. They had been suited to each other, they were as one, their life was one. Should he become between her and the

41-9-78

wealth and security which she had? No, he must not do that. Then the thought came to him with a start, was it necessary, could they not go away, far away some where and live ? Had he not done his duty? Twenty years he had worked for the world, and the world had given him what, nothing. He bethought himself of that lost brother of hers. He wrote a letter to her, she replied, glad to hear of her brother, she asked advice. He advised her of the vale of which he heard. She determined to go. Then after she had started West, he trailing on freight trains and working and walking, kept writing. In one letter he hinted of something that he could tell, in the next letter he asked for her husband, in the next if she was sure that she was dead, and so on until at last he told her the whole story. Then there in the little vale where the new home that she was preparing stood ready for the occupant, he at last stood waiting for the wife and child. Long, long hours he waited, the night

41-9-79

became cold, and the cold stars looked out of the skies, but at last she came flying to him like some lost stricken thing, screaming half in terror and in wonderful joy as she clasped him and the child crowed and pattled and used its wonderful words. They sat down there in the desert of Paradise, far away from other people, th the money was duly invested, and brought a comfortable, to them, almosta luxurious income. The outdoor work restored his eyes. He stood at twilight and saw the vast panarama of the world before him, the moon on the edge of the horizon, the dying sun flooding all the world in crimson gladness. He saw the little pale silent wife now grown smiling with the chubby child. He lifted his arms toward Heaven and said, "A thief, thank God".

08-6-14

THE PRINCESS STEEL

Typescripts

~~THE MEGASCOPE.~~

~~A Tale of Tales.~~

~~Experiment One :~~ The Princess Steel.

"It is perfectly clear"said my wife,pointing to the sign on the door. "It is perfectly absurd" I answered and yet there it stood written:"Prof.Johnson,Laboratory in Sociology. Hours 9 until 3." We were on the top story of the new ~~Singer~~ Whistler building,or rather tower, on Broadway,New York,and we had come on account of a rather queer advertisement which we had seen ~~last~~ the night before in the EVENING POST. It had said "Professor Hannibal Johnson,will ~~begin~~ exhibit the results of his great experiments in Sociology by the aid of the megascope at two tomorrow. A few interested parties will be admitted." Now my wife and I were interested in Sociology;we had studied together at Chicago,so diligently indeed that we had just married and were spending our honeymoon in New York. We had too,certain pet theories in regard to sociological work and experiment and it certainly seemed very opportune to hear almost immediately upon our arrival of a great ~~experiment~~ Cadaver in sociology albeit his name to our chagrin was new to us. I was disposed to regard it as rather a joke but my wife took it seriously. We started therefore early the next morning,ascended to the forty-third story or rather "sailed up" as she said,chaffed each other a bit and laughed until sure enough we came to the door.

we knocked and entered and then scarcely looking at the man at the door,we uttered an exclamation of wonder. The wall was dark ~~and~~ with velvety material shrouding its contents in a great soft gloom except where,straight before us ,the whole wall had been removed leaving one vast window full 40 by 20 feet,and through that burst ad suddenly on us the whole panorama of New York. We rushed forward and looked down on seething Broadway. "The river and cliffs of

Manhattan"said my wife. Then with one accord, bethinking ourselves, we turned to apologize to the silent professor and with surprise I saw that he was black. It never occurred to my little Southern wife however that this was aught but a servant. She simply said"Well, uncle, where is professor?" "I am he," he said and then it was her turn to be not only surprised but rather disagreeably shocked. He was a little man in well brushed black broadcloth with a polished old mahogany face and ~~curly~~ hurly hair; he ~~moved silently~~ glided softly and had even a certain air of ancient gentility about him. His voice was like the velvet on the walls and his movements precise and formal. One would not for a moment have hesitated to call him a gantleman had it not been for his color. His voice, his manner, everything showed training and refinement. ~~And yet~~ Naturally my wife stiffened and drew back and yet she felt me smiling and hated to acknowledge the failure of our expedition. I was about to suggest going when I noticed that what I had taken to be ~~a black~~ velvet covered wall was ~~blue~~ in reality the backing velvet bound backs of innumerable tall narrow books all of about the same size. I was struck with curiosity. "You have a fine library," I said tentatively. "It is the Great Chronicle"he said motioning us gently to chairs; we cautiously sat down.

"I discovered it" he said "twenty seven years ago. This is a chronicle of every day facts, births, deaths, marriages, sickness, houses, schools, churches, organizations, the infirm, insane, blind, crimes, travel and migration, occupations, crops, things made and unmade -just the every day facts of life but kept with surprising accuracy [redacted] by a Silent Brotherhood for 200 years. This treasure has come to me and forms " he said " the basis of my great discovery. See".

We looked round the room - there were desks and papers, machines apparently for tabulating, a typewriter with a carriage full three feet feet long, rolls of paper with figures, [redacted] but past these he pointed

~~It is~~ I discovered it 25 years ago. It is a vast and all inclusive book of facts kept by the Silent Brotherhood for a thousand years. It gives me measurement of life such as man never had before." ~~He~~ ~~[illegible]~~ brought his chair nearer & spoke Gently "Listen: We can see the Far Great by the telescope and Near Small by the ~~[illegible]~~ microscope but I am conscious that ~~these~~ one ~~things~~ exceptions — the Near Great

"And the Far Small" I added hungrily,

Yes - yes - he made answered "- that Lala, but now the Near Great I do not understand —

we fail to distinguish it from

I mean - I mean something so near to ourselves that, ~~this~~ ourselves ~~that~~ so vast that ~~it includes us~~ we easily mistake ~~it for the vague~~ ourselves for the immense

And how then did you recognise it?

By the Great Chronicle ~~which~~ from which I plot the facts that measure ~~it~~ which gave me measurements; By these things which plot the great curves of Life.

Over -

to a great frame over which was stretched a thin ~~white~~ transparent film, covered with tiny rectangular lines. He pulled near and spoke nervously and with intense preoccupation.

"A dot measured by height and breadth on a plane surface like this may measure a single human deed in two dimensions. Now place plane on plane, dot over dot and you have a history of these deeds in days and months and years; so far man has gone, though the Great Chronicle renders my work infinitely more accurate and extensive; but I go further. If now these planes be curved about one center ~~then you~~ get a curve of ~~three strange~~ curvings ~~and the locus of these curvings is a sort of fourth dimension on~~ which is ~~written a curve~~ which is the law of ~~man~~ life." I smiled at this but my wife looked interested; she had apparently forgotten his color.

41-7-273

The old man rose and reached up to the gloomy ceiling - we glanced and saw a network of levers and wires and a great bright silent wheel that whirled so steadily it seemed quite still till ever and agin its cogs caught a black ball and sent it whirring till it stopped in the fa faint tinkle of a silvery bell. The old man seized a lever and swung his weight to it - click-click-clank, and We heard the slow tremulous sliding of a great mass. "Look" he said. We looked out the great window and there hanging before it we saw a vast solid crystal globe. I think I have never seen so perfect and beautiful a sphere. It was nearly 50 feet in diameter and seemed at first like a great ball of light, a scintillating captive star glistening in the morning sunlight. "This" he said "is the globe on which I plot my curves of life. You know in the Middle Age, they used to use spheres like this -of course smaller and far less perfect -but that was mere playing with science just as their alchemy was but the play and folly of chemistry. Now my first series of experiments covering the ~~first of~~ last 20 years has been the plotting of the curves which will give me the Great Curve but-" and here he came nearer and almost whispered " but ~~which~~ when I would have cast the great

lines of this Curve I ~~am~~ were continually hampered by curious counter-curves and shadows and crossings, ~~wh~~ ich all my calculations could have not ~~yet~~ eliminated. Then suddenly a hypothesis occurred to me. Human life is not alone on this earth -there is an Over-life - nay nay I mean nothing metaphysical or theological - I mean a social Over-life - a life of Overmen, ~~Supermen~~ Supermen who today are guiding the world events and dominating the lives of men. ~~I have found some of the corresponding curves~~ I am now seeking those shadowy curves of the Over-life. "I want today to ~~try and show~~ show you one of these Over-men -, his deeds, his world, his life of rather Life of lives - I can do it" he said and he drew his chair nervously toward us and looked at us intently with his dark weak eyes. "I can do more than that" he said. "You know we can see the great that is far by means of the telescope and the small that is near by means of the microscope. We can see the Far Great and the Near Small but not the Great Near." "Nor" I added finding my voice for the first in a vain effort to break the spell, "the Far Small." He beamed - "Yes, yes, that's it" he said "and that will come later - now the Great Near! and that problem I have solved by the megascope! and one more swinging of the lever there swept down before the window a great tube, like a great golden trumpet with the flare toward us and the mouthpiece pointed toward the glittering sphere; laced round it ran silken cords like coiled electric wire ending in handles, globes and collar like appendages. "See" he said; and lo! on the burning sphere a ~~line~~ snake-like shadow traced itself under his rapid ~~fingers~~ lingering of the machinery -"it is the Curve of Steel - the sum of all the facts and quantities and times and lives that go to make Steel, that skeleton of the Modern World. We will look through here and if all is well behold the Over-world of steel and its Over-men."

I shook my head in vague assent and looked out of the corner of my eye at my wife for I saw that we were dealing with a crank, not with a scientist and I was wondering just how far we should let it go. He, however, was working feverishly. He had placed three luxurious chairs before

the shining trumpet and arranged the pieces and the silken cords.

"Now" he said in a whisper almost fierce "my first experiment will begin. "we shall behold the wonderful metal which is the centre of our modern life, and the inner life and Over-life that dominates this vast industry - the great forces above the forces of men, in fact" and he lowered his voice "we shall see the Over-men."

I smiled. The thin dark curve blazed on the flaming globe. With a sweeping bow he conducted us to the great tube which was now pointed on this light. Carefully he adjusted it. Then he raised the silken cords with what I now saw were head and eye and ear and hand pieces and placed them on my wife. She did not hesitate but eagerly staredinto the tube. I did hesitate but at last followed suit. The things I touched seemed tremulous, alive, pulsing. "Now" he said his hollow voice " the experiment begins - Look - feel - see!

A little tremor of half a fear came over me. I put my foot out to touch my wife's toe but she seemed reconciled. We were hidden as it were from the outer world in these tubes and ear pieces, looking at the sphere which faced Broadway. At first I could see nothing - all was darkness; then at last far far away yet painfully distinct I saw Broadway - "the river and cliffs of Manhattan" as my wife called. I watched it idly, dreamily as it faded darker, and yet strangely more intense and then suddenly flashed into murmuring darkness- then to black silence. The silence grew intense. Then came a vague quickening of wandering winds beating and whirring over some rock-ribbed moors. I could hear the lonely chirp of a cricket . The wind rose higher, the crickets chirped louder and lonelier; then I heard waters rushing on, nearer and nearer, swelling and roaring. Lights began to appear and I saw great crags beetling above rushing waters. It seemed a narrow deep stream that struggled and foamed as it came down its broad straight way. The crags that soared above were crowned with great castles and up through the castles and under and over the crags

SL2-L-17

ran ever threads -little silver threads that went out through the broad empty country side, out far, far away until they seemed all to meet on a great misty hill to westward. "Those hills of ~~the~~ Pittsburg" cried the hollow voice of the old man. I laughed. The idea of seeing Pittsburg from Broadway and yet I strained my eyes. In the pale but glowing light that waxed more and more brilliant I could see distinctly above the hills the forming of a vast bluish radiance of silver hair, a pale blue face crowned with silver light, radiant like the rising of some moon. On went the rolling of waters, the land around seemed to quiver, even the great crags. Everywhere were moving things, they came down the waters, they rolled along the land, they followed the silvery threads and came on and on until all seemed to choke through a great crag-like narrowing in the river, above which beetled the tallest and most sinister of the castles. As yet I had seen ~~no living thing~~, only the moving of Things until looking narrowly I saw below the castle just at the portcullis, where the great drawbridge stretched across the narrow throat of the gorge, the form of a huge armored knight. His visor was down and he sat on his horse ~~huge~~ vast and silent watching the ever moving mass of Things that rolled past him down the gorge and left their golden toll piled up at his feet. ~~Once when~~ Sometimes the Things stopped moving toward him, and the water choked and foamed on the rocks, ~~he struck his~~ but then he waved aside his spear angrily on the land and with ~~whitened~~ frightened roar the stream moved on and the pile grew higher.

"Who is he?" I asked. "An Over-man - Immortal - All-Powerful" came the disembodied Voice. "Rythm with youth and age just as earth is with night and day, and yet never dying." "Look" I said "See." Across the plain beyond came tripping four armored knights. Their visors were down their spears couched, their horses ~~tearing~~ careering madly and their bannerets flying. The first knight threw a shrewd look over his shoulder, turned and gathered his arms. His eyes flashed darkly beneath his helmet. The clash was coming - there was fury in the ~~very~~ air, when suddenly I heard the Voice. "Listen" you cannot understand this conflict until you hear

I first thought them men women & children — I even caught them babel — I voices - but no — they were I cannot tell but the Things of this new world, the world of Black.

11-7-27

of the story that goes before. This man here is the Lord of the Golden Way and what he has done and how he came to be here, commanding the silver threads and keeping toll over the Great River of Things, I know not, but I ween and so I have constructed in my own way a tale of his past, which my little drowsy measuring of his life makes plausible. Listen. Once upon a time there lived an Over-man, Sir Guess of Londonton. He was a man of thought and study and ever his eager brains were pounding at the riddles of the world. As he wondered and wandered he found and captured the black Witch Knowal. Fearful she grovelled before him. "My husband is the Ogre, Evilgood and if Thou dost me no harm and bringest me to his cave I will make him tell thee a secret, a marvellous secret of a captive maid whom thou mayest loose and have. So Sir Guess of Londonton took her to the Ogre and the Ogre said in thanks: 'To, westward lieth hills, and in the hills the Pit of Pittsburg, and in the pits dwelleth captive the dark Queen of the Iron Isles - she that of old came out of Africa. But she hath" said the Ogre "a secret of which men have not dreamed. One of the greatest of the world's great secrets but not the greatest. When the queen was captured she was ~~great~~ heavy with child by the Sun-God; and but when that daughter was born, fearing lest daughter like mother should be slaves to men, she hid the child, enchanting it, in her right arm; but if thou goest, & callest her up from hell and strikest her right arm with the Golden sword, then the enchanted daughter may be yours, she and her Treasure. More, look! if she be burned, then and there, in the fires of hell, she will become immortal and be the most wonderful princess of the princesses of the world, the Princess Steel." "She and her Treasure," but he said not what the Treasure was. Where is the Golden Sword? cried Sir Guess of Londonton, but Evilgood and Knowal were gone. So Sir Guess hastened away westward toward the Pit seeking as he went word of the Golden Sword wherewith he might strike the right arm of the queen. Now the Golden Sword belongs to the Lord of the Golden Way and the Lord warding the way of his winding river (a pitiful dwindling river in these low days) saw the young wanderer and wormed his secret; he was amazed and interested and spoke sweetly to the young man and said "I will follow' and help you, and when

11-7-27

we have gained the Princess Steel, she shall work for us." "Nay,nay" said Sir Guess, "the princess herself shall be mine, but her Treasure I will give you," and the Lord of the Golden Way gladly consented. So he unlocked the Golden Sword, and they travelled over great waters and wild lands hills and vales and faced westward ever westward, until one twilight time they came to the Pitt of Pittsburg. Great clouds hung above it, dashed with the red of the dying sun, strange murmurs rose from the earth, black smoke and yellow fire. They felt the very ground beneath them tremble and groan; almost they were afraid to enter, yet Sir Guess never doubted and followed by the Lord of the Golden Way at midnight they climbed the hill and crawling, climbing squirming dropped into the bottom of the Pit. Or ever they touched earth, with thundering scream, the great dark form of the Queen Iron rose all about them and above, and bent over then and enveloped them. "Who art thou that bravest me, here in my prison walls?" she cried. "I am Sir Guess of London-ton" answered the knight bravely "and I have come to free the daughter whom thou hidest," and with the word there came a wail upon the night that thrilled all earth and heaven, the wild and curdling cry of a mother panting for her child. She swept her hands across the black and lurid heavens, and grasped for the bold knight, and clutched his fingers and as she clutched, the Iron gripped his soul. Almost he died with the pain of that fierce grasp. His head whirled and his heart-strings hardened. Yet he gathered himself and left-handed raised the Golden Sword, while his companion crawled and whimpered to the dark; twice he whirled the sword and it sang in the air, twice again it circled about the great dark head of the queen, and then the fifth time hissing it gripped and bit the flesh, gnawed and craunched the bone; it drank the dark over ing stream of her blood, till the swollen right arm burst, and out rolled and fell a dull, leaden, image-like thing, inert, dead, heavy. Down shot the wounded woman with a great gasping cry that set the ocean twanging and the hills a-trembling; up flew the fires of Hell. The two men rushed forward and seized the grey image, rolled it in the

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soft cold clay, and straining and sweating, swung it above the fires that were bursting from below. It seethed and hissed and burned -it glowed and screamed and shivered; ~~-~~ blank fiends covered and beat back the flames. Off shot the London Bell: ~~a~~ a gleaming hissing scintillating brilliance flooded the cave; a great mist curtained the Incarnation and then when it fell away, the two knights staggered backward and sunk face forward to the dust. Naked she stood, lithe and yet nobly formed. Her flesh was the soft blue brilliance of the moon-light-her hair was the bright glistening of silver - her eyes the pale golden of the sunlight on a dying day - her face in its dark blue wonderful radiance seemed at first strange and uncanny; and yet there was in its brilliance a beauty such as mortal never wore. She stepped forward, unconscious, listening . Above between the smoke and grime of the pit peered the blue sky. She looked toward it, 'Mother' she said softly. A little star paced slowly by. She hesitated -watched it greedily. 'Sister, sister?' she asked. Then quickly, swiftly she climbed, groping but ever more and more lightly, gliding, until at last she stood upon the mighty hill and raised her eyes toward the great blue dome of the sky beneath the twinkling radiance of the stars. The tears streamed down and she lifted her voice and sang: 'Life, Life, Life!' Then all silent she stood, enraptured, worshipful. Out of the east ~~midnight~~ Light came, a white grey brilliance began to unfold. She turned upon it wonderingly and watched it with great eyes; the east glowed and reddened and she cowered almost in terror; long barbed spears of light flashed across the world, and killed ~~xxx~~ the stars; the winds waited, the birds trilled sang, the princess trembled in wild confusion, until above the earth ~~world~~ shot the great red glory of the sun. ~~And~~ Then she rose and danced and in sudden great good laughter lifted up her voice and cried in ecstacy 'Father, Father, the Prince of the Princes of Africa!'' Ever ~~Again~~ she laughed and twirled and danced upon the hill until suddenly her eyes fell upon the crouched form of Sir Guess of London-ton and she stood very still. He seeing her for the first time in the broad brilliance and beholding that beautiful face, rose with a wonder in

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his soul;rose and half timidly,half beseechingly stretched his arms. She looked at him in fright, ~~in wonder,in~~ amaze & sympathy;a softness crept ~~came~~ into her eyes. Her bosom heaved. She gathered the silver of her hair around her shading her lithe limbs and heaving breasts,and then with sudden abandon cried 'I love thee.' He started toward her. 'Hold'. It was the cry of the Lord of the Golden Way as he groped from out of the pit, tired, dirty, fearsome. 'What will you?' asked the younger lord. 'Our bargain'muttered the ~~Lord~~ other 'But the maiden was to be mine' ~~cried the other.~~ 'Nay,but the treasure?' 'Where is it?'cried the youth - "look fool! her hair is silver and her eyes are golden, and" he whispered "Mayhap there are jewels crusted on her heart." For a moment and gazed at each oth er. 'Woulds't ~~thou~~ murder my bride for silver and gold?'cried Sir Guess. 'The treasure'growled the lord doggedly and his greedy eyes shifted and caught the gleam of the Golden Sword where it lay between them. He ~~started to step forward.~~ bent stealthily toward it 'Back' criedthe other We fight with iron and whoso wins, his be the Princess, Treasure and All.' Out sprang the iron broad swords and made morning music on the hills. Three times the Lord of the Golden Way slipped to his knees and twice the younger,slighter man grazed death;finally lounging forward the Lord struck Sir Guess heavily upon his shoulder and the knight slipped and fell along the mountain way; ere he could rise the Lord threw away his iron and seized the Golden Sword. Twice he twirled it and twice again and then with an oath drove it through helm and corselet and the ypunger warrior with a gurgling burst of hot red blood,fell at the maiden's feet while the other sick with his fighting dropped fainting to his side. The maiden had at the first onset stood like a stone,then slowly she wakened,at first bewildered,then half confused at the quick wondrous dancing of the men. Then she became grave,excited, mad:her voice came forth in little sharp cries and faint sweet moans. ~~Then~~ Pain and sorrow ~~became written~~ wrote themselves on her face. She threw her hands, wildly unloosed and tossed her silvery hair until it went whirling like a great white misty web above her dark blue glowing face and

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golden eyes and to her face struggled the memory of other worlds and other battles; and from the face of a maiden it became a woman's face and with a woman's great bereaved cry she threw herself on her fallen lover, ripped off the helmet and tore aside the breastplate staunching the blood with her silvery hair, lay panting and murmuring above him. Then the hair seemed to her coarse. She rose hesitated and stood there all silver until she spied a thin round stone lying in the dust. With deft strength she cloven a hole in its middle and gripping it lightly in her fingers wheeled and whirled it, spun a strand of her hair into a long beautiful thread and wove it carefully, covering round and round the bloody body in cunning fashion until it lay there all hearsed in burning breathing silver. The Lord of the Golden Bay awoke, gasped and painfully dragged himself to his knees. He saw the wonderful covering and he knew that the treasure he wanted was the the spun hair of the maiden. The sweat of greed oozed on his forehead. He crept forward, stealthily, silently. The maiden never deigned to notice him but crouched there all clothed and gowned in her burning curls. She watched the wan cold face of her lover's whispering to him and making mystic passes above his bier. Stealthily, silently the Lord crept on till he had seized lightly a single strand of her hair; then he slipped quickly more quickly down the hill, toiling and trailing the clothing cloud after him. Then came long days of work and sweat; he rigged a great wheel and spun the silken steel -clumsily and coarsely but finely enough to joy him to ecstacy. Upward he crept stealthily and seized another strand and spun it; and another and another; and then bold and ever bolder he seized a great curl and setting up a mighty loom wove to a great tough solid mat that rang andpealed till the Lord screamed with greed and joy. And yet ever the maiden sat, silent save for the mystic whispering, motionless save for the mystic waving of her hend above the bier, there on hills over the Pit of the prisonment to which her spun hair held her as it stretched across the world. Here is where I first saw her and the Voice I bent forward and watched her - that bluish radiance above the western hills, wondrous beautiful, all crowned in silvery cloud

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and I caught the low full voice in some language of all languages:

"I watch and ward above my sleeping lord till he awake and then woe World! when I shake my curls a-loose." I for I had heard those far away mystic words. and the answering I started ~~but the~~ voice of the old man, ~~came~~ from afar: "What then? O Princess?" She laughed. Her laugh was like the beating of the billows on the bar, angry with coldness. One hand flashed up and with a quick sharp grasp she pulled a single curl. I watched where the curl wended its way past Chicago, past Omaha, past the great plain and the sad mountain & the rough rearing lands toward the sea and San Francisco; and suddenly the world whirled in San Francisco. The fire burst, the earth trembled, buildings fell, great cries ~~cut~~ rang round the world. Only the steel stood silent and grim in treacherous innocence- I gasped in fear -again flashed that blue fatal hand; another curl trembled and far down in Valparaiso the earth sighed and sank and staggered, and the steel stood cold and grim; again - ~~and~~ a great ship shivered and dove to it. ~~Death~~ death. Again, but I cried in horror "Hold -hold O Princess -" the hand sank and low the voice came sad and full of awful sweetness! "I watch and ward above my sleeping Lord till he awake and then woe World! when I shake my curls a-loose! The voice ceased but on the plain where the Lord of the Golden Way held the tollgate and guarded the toll that rolled on the silver threads I heard the crash and roar of battle as the four robber knights bore down upon him. "How will it end?" I cried to the Voice at my side. "I know not ~~nor shall we know in many hundred years, for a day & the Over-World is a thousand years & us & even the megascope is alone & Time. It matters little" it answered. "However it ends it will be but change of robber and master - But ever there aloft the maiden wakes and watches."~~

I dropped the ends of the ~~megascope~~ machine and sat back astonished. My wife sat looking at me curiously. "Well what on earth have you been doing? she said. "Didn't you see -didn't you hear?" I cried. "I've been watching Broadway." "But the cliffs? Saw you not the cliffs and castles and the Lord—I hesitated. "I saw only the great towering cliff-like buildings" she said. "Did you not hear the roar of waters?" I heard the roar of passing wagons and the voices of men." "And the space above the hills? did ypu not see that?" "I saw clouds and the rising moon -

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"Really Robert,it's late and we must go -"

"It was not tuned delicately enough for her"said the old man -"next time - " but we greeted him hurriedly and passed out.

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Atlanta, Ga.

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The Princess Steel.

"It is perfectly clear "said ~~his~~ my wife, pointing to the sign on the door. " It is perfectly absurd" I answered and yet there it stood written: " Prof. Johnson, Laboratory in Sociology. Hours 9 until 3." We were on the top story of the new Whistler building, or rather tower, on Broadway, New York, and we had come on account of a rather queer advertisement which we had seen the night before in the EVENING POST. It had said " Professor Hannibal Johnson, will exhibit the results of his great experiments in Sociolo -gy by the aid of the megascope at two tomorrow. A few interested parties will be admitted." Now my wife and I were interested in Sociology; we had studied together at Chicago, so diligently indeed that we had just married and were spending our honeymoon in New York. We had, too, certain pet theories in regard to sociological work and experiment and it certainly seemed very opportune to hear almost immediately upon our arrival of a great lecturer in Sociology albeit

his name to our chagrin was new to us. I was disposed to regard it as rather a joke but my wife took it seriously. We started therefore early the next morning, ascended to the forty-third story or rather "sailed up" as she said, chaffed each other a bit and laughed until sure enough we came to the door.

We knocked and entered and then scarcely looking at the man at the door, we uttered an exclamation of wonder. The wall was dark with velvety material shrouding its contents in a great soft gloom except where, straight before us, the whole wall had been removed leaving one vast window full 40 by 20 feet, and through that burst suddenly on us the whole panorama of New York. We rushed forward and looked down on seething Broadway. "The river and cliffs of Manhattan!" said my wife. Then with one accord, bethinking ourselves we turned to apologize to the silent professor and with surprise I saw that he was black. It never occurred to my little Southern wife that this was aught but a servant. She simply said "Well, un-

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cle, where is pro[redacted]ssor?" "I am he," he said an[redacted] then it was [redacted]r turn to be not only surprised but rather disagreeably shocked. He was a little man in well brushed black broadcloth with a polished old mahogany face and bushy hair; he stepped softly and had even a certain air of ancient gentility about him. His voice was like the velvet on the walls and his movements precise and formal. One would not for a moment have hesitated to call him a gentleman had it not been for his color. His voice, his manner, everything showed training and refinement. Naturally my wife stiffened and drew back and yet she felt me smiling and hated to acknowledge the failure of our expedition. I about to suggest going when I noticed that what I had taken to be a velvet covered wall was in reality the velvety bound backs of innumerable tall narrow books all of about the same size. I was struck with curiosity. "You have a fine library," I said tentatively. " It is the Great Chronicle" he said motioning us gently to chairs; we cautiously sat down.

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"I discovered it" he said"twenty-seven years ago . This is a chronicle of everyday facts,births, deaths, marriages,sickness,xxx houses, schools, churches, organizations, the infirm, insane, blind, crimes, travel and migration, occupations, crops, things made and unmade- just the evryday facts of life but kept with surprising accuracy by a Silent Brotherhood for 200 years. This treasure has come to me,and forms "he said " the basis of my great discovery. See." We looked round the room- there were desks and papers, machines apparently for tabulating, a typewriter with a carriage full ~~three~~ five feet long, and rolls of paper with figures; but past these he pointed to a great frame over which was stretched a thin transparent film, covered with tiny rectangular lines , and pieced with tiny holes. He pulled his chair nearer and spoke nervously and with intense preoccupation:

" A dot measured by height and breadth on a plane surface like this may measure a single human deed in two dimensions.

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Now place plane on plane , dot over dot and you have a history of these deeds in days and months and years; so far man has gone, though the Great Chronicle renders my work infinitely more accurate and extensive; but I go further: If now these planes be curved about one center and reflected to and fro we get a curve of infinite curvings which is- " - he paused impressively- which is the Law of Life." I smiled at this but my wife looked interested; she had apparently forgotten his color.

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The old man rose and reached up to the gloomy ceiling- we glanced and saw a network of levers and wires and a great bright silent wheel that whirled so steadily it seemed quite still till ever and again its cogs caught a black ball and sent it whirling till it stopped in the faint tinkle of a silvery bell. The old man seized a lever and swung his weight to it- click-click-clank- it said. We heard the slow tremulous sliding of a great mass. " Look " he said. We looked out the great window and

there hanging before it we saw a vast solid crystal globe. I think I have never seen so perfect and beautiful a sphere. It was nearly fifty feet in diameter and seemed at first like a great ball of light, a scintillating captive star glittening in the morning sunlight. "This" he said " is the globe on which I plot my curves of life. You know in the Middle Ages they used to use spheres like this- of course smaller and far less perfect- but that was mere playing with science just as their alchemy was but the play and folly of chemistry. Now my first series of experiments covering the last 20 years has been the plotting of the curves which will give me the Great Curve but-" and here he came nearer and almost whispered " but when I would cast the great lines of this Curve I was continually hampered by curious counter-curves and shadows and crossings- which all my calculations could not eliminate. Then suddenly a hypothesis occurred to me. Human life is not alone on earth- there is an Over-life- nay- nay I mean nothing metaphysical or

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theological- I mean a social Over-life- a life of Over-men, Super-men, not merely Captains of Industry but field marshalls of the Zeit-geist, who today are guiding the world events and dominating the lives of men. It is a Life so near ourselves that we think it is ourselves, and yet so vast that we vaguely identify it with the universe. I am now seeking these shadowing curves of the Over-life. "But I go further: I will not merely know this Over-life. I will see it with my Soul. And I have seen it" he cried triumphantly with burning eyes. Then ,fervishly: " I want today to show you one of the Over-men- his deeds, his world, his life, or rather Life of lives- I can do it" he said and drew his chair nervously toward us and looked at us intently with his dark weak eyes. " I can do more than that" he said. " You know we can see the great that is far by means of the telescope and the small that is near by the means of the microscope. We can see the Far Great and the Near Small but not the Great Near, " "Now" I added finding my voice for the first in a

41-7-290

vain effort to break the spell, " the Far Small." He beamed- "Yes- yes, that's it" he said" and that will come later- Now the Great Near! and that problem I have solved by the megascope," and with one more swinging of the lever there swept down before the window a great tube, like a great golden trumpet with the flare toward us and the mouth-piece pointed toward the glitering sphere; laced round it ran silken cords like coiled electric wire ending in handles, globes and collar like appendages. "See" he said: and lo! on the burning sphere a snake like shadow traced itself under his rapid fingering of the machinery- " it is the Curve of Steel- the sum of all the facts and quantities and times and lives that go to make Steel, that skeleton of the Modern World. We will look through here and if all is well behold the Over-world of steel and its Over-men."

I shook my head in vague assent and looked out of the corner of my eye at my wife for I saw that we dealing with a crank, not with a scientist and I was wondering just how far we should let it

41-7-291

go. He, however was working feverishly. He had placed three luminous chairs before the shining trumpet and arranged the pieces and the silken cords.

" Now" he said in a whisper almost fierce " my first experiment will begin. " We shall behold the Spirit of the wonderful metal which is the center of our modern life, andthe inner life of the Over-life that dominates this vast industry- the great grim forces of men, - in fact" and he lowered his voice " We shall see the Over-men."

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I smiled . The thin dark curve blazed on the flaming globe. With a sweeping bow he conducted us to the great tube which was now pointing on this light. Carefully he adjusted it. Then he raised the silken cords with what I now saw were head and eye and ear and hand pieces and placed them on my wife. She did not hesitate but eagerly stared into the tube. I did hesitate but at last followed suit. The things I touched seemed tremulous, alive , pulsing. "Now

said his hollo voice " the experiment begins Look- feel- feel"

A little tremor of half fear came over me. I put my foot out to touch my wife's toe but she seemed reconciled. We were hidden as it were from the outer-world in these tubes and ear pieces, looking at the sphere which faced Broadway. At first I could see nothing- all was darkness. Then at last far far away yet painfully distinct I saw Broadway- " the river and cliffs of Manhattan " as my wife had called it I watched it idly, drowsily as it faded darker, and yet strangely more intense, and then suddenly flashed into murmuring darkness- then to black silence. The silence grew intense. Then came a vague quickening of wandering winds beating and whirring over rock-ribbed moors. I could hear the lonely chirp of a cricket. The wind rose higher, the crickets chirped louder and lonelier; then I heard waters rushing on, nearer and nearer, swelling and roaring. Lights began to appear and I saw great crags beetling above the rushing waters. . It seemed a narrow stream that struggled and foamed as it

41-7-293

came down its broad straight way. The crags that soared above were crowned with great castles and up through the castles and under and over the crags ran ever threads- little silver threads that went out through the broad empty country side, out far, far away until they seemed all to meet on a great misty hill to westward.

" Those are the hills of Pittsburg " cried the hollow voice of the old man. I laughed. The idea of seeing Pittsburg from Broadway, and yet I strained my eyes. In the pale but glowing light that waxed more and more brilliant I could see distinctly, above the hills, the forming of a vast bluish radiance of silver hair, a pale blue face crowned with silver light, radiant like the rising of the moon. On went the rolling waters, the land around seemed to quiver, even the great crags. (And the castles were not castles they were mills — Mills of the Gods, I whispered) Everywhere were moving Things , first I thought them men, women and children- I even caught the babel of voices- but no- they were I came to feel but the Things of this New World, the World of Steel; they came down the waters, they rolled along the

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land, they followed the silvery threads and came on and on until all seemed to choke through a great crag-like narrowing in the river, above which beetled the tallest and most sinister of the castles (that seemed with its great whirling wheel, a mighty Mill for some new meal). As yet I had seen nothing really alive, only the moving of Things until looking narrowly I saw below the castle just at the portcullis, where the great drawbridge stretched across the narrow throat of the gorge, the form of a huge armored knight. His visor was down and he sat on a horse, vast and silent, watching the ever moving mass of Things that rolled past him down the gorge, through the great hopper of his mill where they left their Souls — while their Bodies went whirling drunkenly on. ~~their golden toll piled up at his feet.~~ Sometimes the Things ~~stopped~~ choked in the grinding ~~moving, crowd him,~~ and the water roared ~~choked~~ and foamed on the rocks, but then he would strike his spear angrily on the great Wheel and with frightened roar the stream moved on and the pile (of ground & bolted Souls) grew higher.

41-2-295

"Who is he?" I asked. "An Over-man - Immortal- All Powerful" came from a disembodied Voice. "Rythmic with youth and age just as earth is with night and day, and yet never dying." "Look" I

said " See!" Across the plain beyond came tripping four armored knights. Their ~~visitors~~ visors were down their spears couched, their horses careering madly and their bannerets flying. The first knight threw a shrewd look over his shoulder, turned and gathered his arms. His eyes flashed darkly beneath his helmet. The clash was coming- there was fury in the air, when suddenly I heard the Voice:

"Listen! you cannot understand this conflict until you hear of the story that goes before. This man here is the Lord of the Golden Way and what he had done and how he came to be here, commanding the silver threads and keeping toll over the Great ~~Things~~ River of Things, I know not, but I ween and so I have constructed in my own way a tale of his past which my little viewing and measuring of his life makes plausible. Listen. Once upon a time there lived an Over-man, Sir Quess of Londonton. He was a man of thought and study and ever his eager brains were pounding at the riddles of the world. As he wondered and wandered he found and captured the black witch Knowal . Fearful

41-7-14

she grovelled before him. ' My husband is the Ogre, Evil-God and if Thou dost me no harm and bringest me to his cave I will make him tell thee a secret, a marvellous secret of a captive maid whom thou mayest loose and have.' So Sir Guess of Londonton took her to the Ogre and the Ogre said in thanks: ' To westward lie hills, and in the hills the Pit of Pittsburg , and in the pit dwelleth captive the dark Queen of the Iron Isles- she that of old came out of Africa. But she hath ' said the Ogre ' a secret of which men have not dream -ed. One of the greatest of the world's great secrets but not the greatest. When the Queen was captured she was heavy with child by the Sun - God; and when that daughter was born, fearing lest daughter like mother should be slaves to men, she hid the child, enchanting it, in her arms; but if thou goest, and callest her up from hell and strikest her right arm with the Golden Sword, then the enchanted daughter may be yours, she and her Treasure. More, too: if she be burned then and there, in the fires of Hell, she will become immortal

4-7-27

and be the most wonderful princess of the princesses of the world, the Princess Steel! 'She and her Treasure', but she said not what the Treasure was. 'Where is the Golden Sword?' cried Sir Guess of Londonton, but Evilgood and Knowal were gone. So Sir Guess hastened away westward toward the Pit, seeking as he went word of the Golden Sword belonging to the hard of the right arm of the Queen wherewith he might strike the right arm of the queen. Now the Golden Sword belongs to the Lord of the Golden Way and the Lord warding the way of his winding river (a pitiful dwindling river in those poor days) saw the young wanderer and wormed his secret; he was amazed and interested and spoke sweetly to the young man and said " I will follow and help you, and when we have gained the Princess Steel, she shall work for us." " Nay, nay " said Sir Guess," the princess herself shall be mine, but her Treasure I will give you;" and the Lord of the Golden Way gladly consented. So he unlocked the Golden Sword(now the Story of the Golden Sword has not been told as yet)

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and they travelled over great waters and wild lands, hills and vales and faced westward ever westward, until one twilight time they came to the Pit of Pittsburg. Great clouds hung over it, dashed with the red of the dying sun, strange murmurs rose from the earth, black smoke and yellow fire. They felt the very ground beneath them tremble and groan; almost they were afraid to enter, yt Sir Guess never doubted and followed by the Lord of the Golden Way ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ at midnight they climed the hill and crawling, climbing squirming dropped into the bottom of the Pit. Or ever they touched earth, with thundering scream, the great dark form of Queen Iron rose all about them and above, and bent over them and enveloped them.

'Who art thou that bravest me, here in my prison walls?' she said.

'I am Sir Guess of Londonton' answered the knight bravely 'and I have come to free the daughter whom thou hidest,' and with the word there came a wail upon the night that thrilled all earth and heaven, the wild and curdling cry of mother panting for child. She swppt

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her hands acro[illegible] the black and lurid heavens, [illegible]nd grasped f[illegible] the b

bold knight, clutched his fingers and as she clutched, the iron

gripped his soul. Almost he died with the pain of that fierce grasp.

His head whirred and his heart-strings hardened. Yet he gathered

himself and left-handed raised the Golden Sword, while his companion

crawled and whimpered to the dark,---- twice he whirled the sword

and it sang in the air, twice again it circled about the great dark

head of the queen, and then the fifth time hissing it gripped and

bit the flesh, gnawed and craunched the bone; it drank the dark ooz-

ing stream of her blood, till the swollen right arm burst, and out

rolled and fell a dull, leaden, image like thing, inert, dead, heavy.

Down shot the wounded woman with a great gasping cry that set the

ocean twanging and hill a-trembling; up flew the fires of Hell. The

two men rushed forward and seizing the grey image, rolled it in the

soft cold clay, and straining and sweating, swung it above the fires

that were bursting from below. It seethed and hissed and burned -

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it glowed and screamed and shivered; black fiends covered and beat back the flames. Off shot the leaden lid: a gleaming hissing scintillating brilliance flooded the cave; a great mist curtained the Incarnation and then when it fell away, the two knights staggered backward and sunk face forward to the dust. Naked she stood, lithe and yet nobly formed. Her flesh was the soft blue brillance of the moon-light- her hair was the bright glistening of silver- her eyes the pale gold of the sunlight on a dying day- her face in its dark blue wonderful radiance seemed at first strange and uncanny; and yet there was in its brilliance a beauty such as mortal never wore. She stepped forward, poised, unconscious, listening. Above between the smoke and grime of the Pit peered the blue sky. She looked toward it , "Mother," she said softly. A little star paced slowly by. She hesitated- watching it greedily. 'Sister, sister?' she asked. Then quickly, swiftly she climbed, groping but ever more and more ~~lightly~~ lightly, gliding, until at last she stood upon the mighty hill and

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raised her ~~mighty~~ golden eyes toward thegrea blue dome of the sky beneath the twinkling radiance of the stars. The tears streamed down and she lifted her voice and sang: ' Life , Life, Life! ' Then all silent she stood, enraptured, worshipful. Out of the east ~~light~~ came light; a white grey brilliance began to unfold. She turned upon it wonderingly and watched it with great eyes; the east glowed and reddened and she cowered almost in terror;- long ~~barbed~~ barbed spears of light flashed acros the world and killed the stars; the winds waited, the birds sang, twittered, the princess trembled in wild confusion, until above the eath shot the great red glory of the sun. Then she rose and dared and in sudden great good laughter lifted up her voic e and cried i ecstacy ' Father, Father, the Prince of the Princes of Africa! ' Ever she laughed and twirled and danced upon the hill until suddnly her eyes fell upon the crouched form of Sir Guess of Loddonton and she stood very still. He seeing her for the first time in he broad brilliance and beholding that beautiful face, rose

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with a wonder in his soul; rose and stif timidly, half beseechingly stretched his arms. She looked at him in fright, amaze and sympathy; a softness crept into her eyes. Her bosom heaved. She gathered the silver of her hair around her shading her lithe limbs and heavin g breasts, and then with sudden abandon cried ' I love thee'. He started toward her. " Hold". It was the cry of the Lord of the Golden Way as he groped from out of the Pit, tired, dirty, fearsome. 'What will you?' asked the younger lord. 'Our bargain' muttered the other 'Where is it? cried the youth- " Look fool! her hair is silver and her eyes are golden, and "he whispered " nayhap there be jewells crusted on her heart." For a moment and gazed at eachother. ' Wouldst murder my bride for silver and gold? ' cried Sir Guess. ' The Treasure' growled the lord doggedly and his greedy eyes shifted and caught the gleam of the Golden Sword where it lay between them. He bent stealthily toward it. ' Back' cried the other We fightwith iron and who so wins, his be the Princess, Treasure and

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All.' Out sprang the iron broad swprds and made morning music on the hills. Three times the Lord of the Golden Way slipped to his knees and twice the younger, slighter man grazed death; finally lounging forward the Lord struck Sir Guess heavily upon his shoulder and the knight slipped and fell along the mountain way; ere he could rise the Lord threw away his iron and seized the Golden Sword. Twice he twirled it and twice again and then with a oath drove it through helm and corselet and the younger warrior with a gurgling burst of hot red blood, fell at the maiden's feet while the other sick with his fighting dropped fainting to his side. The maiden had at the first onset stood like a stone, then slowly she wakened, at first bewildered, then half confused at the quick wondrous dancing of the men. Then she became grave, excited, mad; her voice came forth in little sharp cries and faint sweet moans. Pain and sorrow wrote themselves on her face. She threw her hands, wildly unloosed and tossed her silvery hair until it went whirling like

41-7-304

a great white misty web above her dark blue glowing face and golden eyes and to her face struggled the memory of other worlds and other battles; so from the face of a maiden it became a woman's face and with a woman's great bereaved cry she threw herself on her fallen lover, ripped off the helmet and tore aside the breastplate staunching the blood with her silvery hair, and lay panting and murmuring above him. Then the hair seemed to her coarse. She rose hesitated and stood there all silver until she spied a thin round stone lying in the dust. With deft strength she clove a hole in its middle and gripping it lightly in her fingers wheeled and whirled it as and so spun a strand of her hair to a long thin beautiful thread and wove it carefully round and round the bloody body in cunning fashion until it lay there hearsed in burning breathing silver. The Lord of Golden Bay awoke, gasped and painfully dragged himself to his knees. He saw the wonderful covering and he knew that the treasure he wanted was the spun hair

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R

of the maiden. The sweat of greed oozed on his forehead. He crept forward, stealthily, silently. The maiden never deigned to n notice him but crouched there all clothed and gowned in her burning curls. She watched the wan cold face of her lover's whispering to him and making mystic passes above his bier. Stealthily, silently the Lord crept on till he had seized lightly a single strand of her hair; then he slipped quickly and more quickly down the hill, toiling and trailing after him. Then came long days of work and sweat; he rigged a great wheel and spun the silken steel- clumsily and coarsely but finely enough to joy him to ecstacy. Upward he crept stealthily and seized another strand and spun it; and another and another; and then bold and ever bolder he seized a great curl and setting up a mighty loom wove to a great tough solid mat that rang and pealed till the Lord screamed with greed and joy. And yet ever the maid sat, silent, save for the mystic whispering; motionless, save for the mystic waving of her hand above the bier, there on hills over the Pit

41-7-306

of the imprisonment to which her spun hair bound her as it stretched across the world. " I bent forward and watched her- There it was I first saw her " said the Voice- that bluish radiance above the western hills, wondrous beautiful, all crowned in silvery cloud and I caught the low full voice in some language of all Languages:

"I watch and ward above my sleeping lord till he awake and then woe World! when I shake my curls a-loose."

" I started for I too heard those mystic words and the answering voice of the old man, from afar: " What then? O Princess? " She laughed. Her laugh was like the beating of the billows on the bar, angry with softness . One hand flashed up and with a quick sharp grasp she pulled a single curl. I watched where the curl wended its way past Chicago, past Omaha, past the great plain and the sad mountain and the rough rearing land lands toward the sea and San Francisco; and suddenly the world whirled in San Francisco. The fire burst, the earth trembled, buildings fell, great cries rang

41-7-307

round the world. Only the Steel stood silent and grim in the treacherous innocence- I gasped in fear- again flashed that blue and fatal hand: another curl trembled and far down in Valparaiso the earth sighed and sank and staggered, and the steel stood cold and grim; again, and the Isles of the Sea quivered, a great ship shivered and dove to it death. Again- but I cried in horror "Hold- hold O Princess-" the hand sank and low the voice came sad and full of awful sweetness. " I watch and ward above my sleeping Lord till he awake and then woe World! when I shake my curls a-loose."

The voice ceased but on the plain where the Lord of the Golden Way held the mill and guarded the things that rolled thither on the silver threads, I heard the crash and roar of battle as the four robber knights bore down upon him. " How will it end? " I cried to the Voice at my side. " I know not nor shall we know in many hundred years. For a day to the Over-World is a thousand years to us and even the megascope is slave to Time."

41-7-308

I dropped the ends of the machine and sat back astonished. My wife sat looking at me curiously. "Well what on earth have you been doing? she said. " Didn't you see- didn't you hear? I cried. " I've been watching Broadway." "But the cliffs? Saw you not the cliffs and castles and the Lord--- I hesitated. " I saw only the great towering cliff-like buildings" she said. "Did you not hear the roar of the waters?" I heard the roar of passing wagons and the voices of men." " And the space above the hills? Did you not see that?" " I saw clouds and the rising moon - for really Robert, it's late and we must go----.

" It was not tuned delicately enough for her" said the old man- "Next time—" but we greeted him hurriedly and hurried passed out.

41-7-309

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

Typescript

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

(From "The Pagan Bible" in "Xenophon's Memoirs")

When Hercules was advancing from boyhood to manhood, a period during which the young, becoming their own masters, begin to give an intimation whether they will enter on life by the path of Virtue or of Vice, he went forth into a solitary place, and sat down, perplexed as to which of these two paths he should pursue. Two female figures of lofty stature seemed to advance toward him.

The one was of an engaging and graceful mein, gifted by nature with elegance of form, modesty of look, and sobriety of demeanor, clad in a white robe.

The other was stout and flabby, but she had so artistically improved her complexion as to seem fairer and rosier than she really was. Her gestures were such as to make her seem taller than her natural height. She knew how to employ her eyes in affected glances. Her robe was such as to reveal, rather than hide her beauty; and when she thought no one else was observing her, she would frequently look at her own figure, glancing back at her own shadow.

36-2-109

As these two approached nearer to Hercules, the first continued her gracefully even gait. The latter, however, was so eager to anticipate the former, that she actually ran up to Hercules and said,

"Hercules, I see that you are hesitating by what path you shall enter life. If you will make a friend of me, I will conduct you by the most delightful and easy road, and you shall taste every species of pleasure, leading a life free from every sort of trouble.

"You will not have to take thought for any war or affair of state; you will be able to spend your time in the consideration of whatever food or delicacy may best gratify your taste; of music and art, of perfume and softness; of association with objects of affection, of

pleasant sleep, and of how to secure all these enjoyments with the least expenditure of effort.

"Do not hesitate because of an apprehension of a want of means to secure such delights. You shall never be urged to toil or suffering, physical or mental, to encompass them. What others have to labor to acquire, you will feel free to get easily, now will you abstain from anything desirable, for my followers are allowed to help themselves to anything they want from any source whatever."

On hearing this address, Hercules inquired after the woman's name. "Happiness is what I am called by my friends; but my enemies, to disparage me, call me Vice."

In the meanwhile the other woman had arrived and said, "Hercules, I also have come to address you, because I know your parents, and have observed your disposition as it revealed itself during the training of your childhood; both of which have raised hoped for you within my mind. If now you will direct your steps along the path that leads to my dwelling up yonder, we will both be benefited: you will become an expert performer of what is honorable and noble, while I will gain greater fame through your illustrious deeds.

"However, I will not deceived you with any promises of pleasure: I will set before you things as they really are, and as they have been appointed by the gods: they grant to mankind nothing that is worth while or preeminent without corresponding care and labor.

"For example, you will have to worship the gods if you wish them to be propitious to you. If you desire the love of friends, you will have to pay for it by service. You will have to promote the interest of any city whose honors you seek. If you desire your merit

36-2-11D

to be admired by all Greece, you will have to earn that admiration by furthering the advantage of Greece. If you want the earth to supply you liberally with fruit, you will have to cultivate it. If you wish to derive profit from herds of cattle, you will have to tend them properly. If you are eager to make your fortune, to insure your friends from enslavement, you will have to learn the art of war from experts, and practice it successfully. If you desire bodily health and vigor, you will have to train your body to respond to your mind by the dicipline of exertion and toil. In other words, you will have to pay for whatever you get."

36-2-111

Interrupting her, Vice urged, "Hercules, notice how difficult and tedious is the road by which that woman would lead you to enjoyment. Compare it with the ease and shortness of my path to perfect happiness."

"Abandoned creature that you are!" rejoined Virtue, "You know that you do not possess any real good. Unwilling as you are to do anything for the attainment of your desires, the pleasures to which you have access are not real. Not even waiting for the appetites of the body, your gourge yourself with dainties before you are able to digest them. You eat before you are hungry, youndrink before you are thirsty. The only artists that you seek are cooks; the only treasures that you hoard are fancy wine. Your only effort is to get things out of season.

"Not even sleep, such as is natural satisfies you. You expend your ingenuity in devising soft mattresses, and putting rockers to your couches. You seek all this because the sleep you indulge in is not the result of labor, but the pastime of idleness, sleeping away the most useful part of the day.

"Though you are on of the immortals, the gods have cast you out of their society. Even the good among mankind despise you. You have never heard the sweetest of all possible sounds, namely, praise of

yourself. You have been deprived of the sweetest of all sights, for you have never beheld a single meritorious action by your own hand. Who would believe any promise of yours? Who would assist you were you in want of anything?

"What decent person would join your band of revellers? These revellers become impotent in body while young; and when old, they become impotent in mind. Their youth is spent so idly that they become stout; their old age when indeed they should achieve repose, is harrassed by need of expedients. Of what they have done they are ashamed; by what they have said they are disgraced. Having run through all pleasures possible to them in youth, nothing remains for them in old age but affliction.

36-2-112

"As to me, I am the companion of divinities. I am the associate of your virtuous men. No honorable deed, divine or human, is ever done without me. Most of all by the dieties I am honored. It is the best men of all classes by whom I am welcomed; to artisans I am a cherished helper; to householders, I am a faithful guardian of their interests. To servants, I am a friendly comrade, a benign promoter of the labors of peace, a virile auxiliary in the stress of war. I am to all a faithful friend.

"To my friends I am especially gracious. As they refrain from food till drawn by genuine appetite, they enjoy it to the full. Far sweeter than the sleep of the idle is rest; neither do they grieve if they are deprived of some part of it. Nor do they neglect any duty for its sake. The young are pleased with the pleasures of the old, while the old treasure the honors of the young. Their former actions they remember with pleasure, their present activities are crowned with success. Through my influence they are dear to the divinity, beloved by their friends, honored by their country. At the destined end of their life,

they do noe lie in oblivion and dishonor, but flourish forever in the momory of manking by being celebrated in songs of praise.

"It is by such a course of conduct, O well-born Hercules, that you may secure the most exalted happiness."

30-2-113

BLACK HERCULES AT THE CROSS-ROADS

Typescript

BLACK HERCULES AT THE CROSS-ROADS

~~Black~~ Hercules was at his cross-roads. He was slim, black and twenty-one; strong, healthy and perfectly built -- handsome in his dark, unusual way. He carried his club, or thick notched stick; his wallet was a bundle of extra shirt, tooth-brush and comb, and one dollar, thirty one cents. He was not to be sure dressed in skins, but threre were patches on his worn pants, quite as irregular, and he had neither hat nor coat. Almost, too, he had no shoes; certainly they would hardly ~~last~~ another mile.

Yet Hercules was not unhappy, he ~~was not~~ discouraged. He had just eaten milk, red rasberries and Uneeda biscuit. He felt full and courageous. And at last he was at the Forks of his road. If his map was right, here at his right lay Tuskeegee ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~. The road looked gloomy, and muddy. But all his life he had heard and read of Tuskeegee. ~~It was a place where a guy could work for an education.~~ He ~~might~~ finish his high school course and then perhaps if he made good, go on through college. ~~Then he would~~ study medicine and buy a home and clothes and a car; and get married and-- Of course all this depaded on getting enough to enter Tuskegee: for clothes, for fees, for books. Even Tuskegee could not take people who had nothing. Then he looked the other way. The path was thick and wild. It hardly looked like a path at all. Probably that wa s because it led to the CCC camp, which was clearing wild lend. Now there was a chance-- food, a clean bed; work, perhaps a trade and by and by, ~~perhaps~~ a good job. Then a home, a wife, kids, -- but here came interruption. Two ragged and dirty white fellows slouched toward him. He greeted them ~~pleasantly~~. It seemed a long time since he had had company. He was glad to speak to a human being

"Howdy!" he said pleasantly. They approached him softly from either side, eyeing him. The wizened, furtive one, bent down and pretended interest in his notched stick. He pushed ~~his~~ the bundle

~~He touched his bundle~~ tentatively with his toe. Hercules scowled and rose to his feet. The big hulky one, looked him over.

"Want to fight?" He asked.

"No, " answered Hercules, there's nothing to fight about."

"Well, let's box, just for fun."

"I don't fight jus t for fun" said Hercules.

"Oh.'" said the little one; "He don't fight just for fun; les' give 'im somethin' to fight about" And he calmly ~~took~~ snatched the stick and bundle and made for the woods. He almost ran into an oncoming automobile, as Hercules started after him with a cry. The car skidded to a shrill stop.

"What's up!" cried the driver, hurrying ~~stepping~~ to descend. He was a big broad-hatted official, with a bright badge. His companion was sleek and carefully dressed. The two ragged tramps took to their heels, dropping the bundle as they ran and threw the bundle at the car

Hercules picked his property up apologetically, "I reckon they were trying to steal my things ", he said.

The well-dressed passenger almost had a stroke whooped with laughter; he fell at the bundle.

"White tramps stealing nothing from a nigger!" he guffawed. "Just lik e I tell you, these idle, good-for-nothing riff-raff, today, rather steal than eat. Can you beat it! risking jail for a dirty shirt. Why steal, when you can get all you want legally? why last week, I cleaned up $10,000 in a day on the stock exchange, out of nothing"

The official stared. "Out of nothing?"

Hercules gasped "Out of nothing? But I don't see--

"Of course you don't. Neither did the other folks. That's the reason I made it",

The officer interrupted turned to Hercules brusquely: "What you doing here?"

"I was resting a minute, Sir, and trying to decide whether to go to Tuskegee or the CCC camp."

"But you aint within ten miles of either", answered the officer, suspiciously.

"I thought this was the cross-roads"

Well it aint-- that's ten or twelves miles further down the right path. You pass a little nigger church and keep a-going. Better be getting along-- we don't allow no vagrants about here."

Hercules made no answer. A little wearily, he took his bundle and started down the way.

"A surly lot, these idle young darkies" said the officer, as he stepped on the starter. "What was that yousaid about $10,000 out of nothing?"

The brightness of the morning had begun to ooze out of Hercules' soul. He was more weary than he thought; he had walked far and sickened at the thought of ten more long hot miles. Suddenly he came at last into a clearing. There was a delapided church filled with ~~singing~~ worshippers; ~~and under one of its windows~~ but between him and the church, lounged a crowd of derilicts. ~~Silently~~ Wearily he sat down among them. They ~~stared~~ took little notice, glanced at him, then ~~They held on~~ ~~Then who had been~~ talking; ~~continued~~ one said:

"No, I don't understand; I don't never understand nothing. What's it all this trying to live about anyhow? ~~who are we and what~~ just what are we all here for?"

"I know" growled another, Life is a good rest and plenty of drink, so as to get ready for meanness and hate. There aint nothing worth doing and nothing well done. Just have a good time when you can. Don't trust nobody, not even yourself. Raise hell and go ~~do it~~ there."

Hercules stared. Never before had he heard such frank philosophy. Abruptly a strong voice burst on his surprise:

"Blasphemers! Sinners! Begone" A great fat black preacher was leaning with gesture and a tremendous voice out the crazy church window. Within, one could here wild and rythmic singing and stamping of feet. Hercules finally realized that the preachers' accusing eyes were fastened on him. His erstwhile companions had quietly slipped away. Where they went or when he did not (Copy 97A and 98A) know. Nor why. Of what were they afraid

"Go to Hell, Go to Hell, Go to Hell!"
the are shrieked

Perhaps he was trespassing on private property; Hercules had great respect for Property and he was always polite. He arose and came toward the preacher. The singing and stamping abruptly stopped and the windows filled with faces.

"I -- I beg pardon, Sir," stammered Hercules, " I-- hope I dont intrude; I was just walking by, looking for the Cross-roads, and sat down to rest a bit,--

"Do you love the Lord?" Hercules was absolutely bewildered:

"Well, Sir-- I don't justly rightly know-- you see --"

" Go to Hell! Go to Hell! Go to Hell! " came a shrill yell from the windows. Abashed, Hercules started to explain that he didn't mean that he hated anybody, but--

The preacher shouted: "Is you borned agin?"

"Why, no-- of course not -- that is--

Again the windows shrieked: " You're damned, you're damned, your're God-damned!"

"Do you believe in God's Word? " Hercules stiffened:

" I sure wish I could hear it just once!

" Blasphemer! heathen! child of Sin!" sang the crowd, but the preacher waved silence; he bent down confidentially toward Hercules and whispered.:

"I want fifteen dollars! I want fifteen dollars! I must have fifteen dollars this morning"

Hercules grinned: "I don't think I ever saw fifteen dollars at one time" he said. The preacher gleed at him whirled from the window. The crowd gleed surged back into the church. He heard lined a hymn; they all began again shouted and danced:

"There is -- a fountain filled -- with Blood,

"Drawn from Emmanuel's -- Veins!-

"And Sinners--"

Suddenly Hercules was aware of a crowd about him, staring in the window. It was the crowd of derilics returned with many others with them. He examined them. There were old and young, with faces hard and soft,

laned, bulbous, flat, carved, broken; ugly, hideous, plaintive, pitiful; black, brown, tan and olive-- yes, and even paler, for there, surely, lurking, shifty, were the bully and the thief, who but an hour since had tried to rob him. They were all silent, listless, saying no word, and yet allspeaking, all seeming to say almost but not quite audibly:

"There aint nothing; there never was nothing; all is dirt and lies and theft; never believe in ~~anything~~ nothing; never hope for nothing; don't trust nobody not even yourself; work only for yourself, if your're worth it-- and you aint."

Within rose full and strong, the voice of the preacher;

"Glory to God and bless his holy name; believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved; serve God, pray for guidance and ~~hinxxxhinx~~ Halleluia to Lamb!"

Suddenly the derelics began to mock the worshippers: "Halleluia! Halleliia! We will shoo the blues away!"

Hercules slunk away. He walked slowly around the church, with hanging head. " Father said the world was good as it is beautiful; he said people were kind-- all sorts of people; he said if you tried hard and worked hard, you culd build Heaven right around here; "You can" said a voice.

Hercules stopped and listened. Only silencegretted him. He walked on. Then he saw, in a little ~~grave~~ grass back of the church, a troop of children and their teacher;

She was ayoung woman, dark brown in color, with little tendrils of slate colored hair framing her face. She was not pretty, but she looked sweet, wholesome and kind.

Hercules walked on. But he was tired, very tired & discouraged. He was tired because he was discouraged. He was hungry. He felt dirty. His feet hurt. Suddenly he knew he was lost. Nothing suddenly he had not noticed the way & now there seemed no way. All was green fields & forest. He groped for a quiet log beside a boulder & crumpled down on it, closing his eyes.

FOR CHARLES

Typescript

For Charles.

"Gentlemen, the king—the king"

Whenever in his fanciful, dreamy childhood, Herbert Querdelyn had gazed upon the petrait of his ancestor, a proud old cavalier, who had fought for Charles II; he had always permitted his imagination to run down the dim vista of the years to a vanished age, where he saw that same ancestor in the pride of magnificent manhood standing with sparkling eyes and flashing sword among his fellow gentlemen, mingling his voice with theirs as they, in the zenith of their enthusiasm drank to the king and his cause,

"Gentlemen, the king— the king!"

34-1-70

The same dream vision of the past was passing thru the young man's mind, as he reclined before the fire in the great drawing-room at Pinemount Hall, with his eyes fixed on the cavlier here.

"He fought for Charles—for old king Charles at MarstenMoor," he murmured dreamily, and the pride of a long line of fore-bearers surged within him. His ancestors had fought with Berkley at Jamestown, with Washington at Brandywine, with Tayler at Monterey, and with Lee at Gettysburgh. Musing thus, Querdelyn drifted into slumberland where an entirely different dream awaited him. He saw the familiar form of a beautiful dark-eyed woman sitting on the arm of his chair as of yore; he felt her tender caressing hand upon his shoulder, and heard the music of her voice as she whispered over and over again, the old, beautiful story of love that never dies. With the vision of this one woman —the one he was sure God had made for him, the golden past came back so vividly that he awoke exclaiming, just as he had exclaimed in the high-noon of his love for her, "Almeta, Almeta, you are more beautiful than the Athenian Venus."

34-1-70

"Well, by George, I've been talking in my sleep", he laughed, but the dream woman refused to vanish with the return of consciousness, and he was aware that she, representing the three golden years of love and laughter, was struggling over him for mastery with the old cavilier representing the tradition of a proud race. Querdelyn looked up at the old cavilier with a sigh, and for the first time that worthy seemed hostile, as if he divined the truth—that he had [illegible]

"Almeta, Almeta, Almeta."

What had she been doing thru the years? Did she love him still? What had become of Baby Charles? Great tides of memories came over him and floods of remorse as well and he resolved to seek her thru the world if need be, and win her back. He called old Mose, the butler, and told him to make ready for his departure on the morrow.

"One cu'ious man, one cu'ious man, she says be'n", was the mental comment of old Mose as he bowed respectfully and hobbled away. This was also the opinion shared by most of the neighbors concerning the young master of Pinemount Hall. Since his father's death eight years before, Querdelyn's stays at his ancestral home had been infrequent, but on this last stay of one month, his conduct had rather confirmed the popular opinion of him. Although on this occasion they did not expect him to abandon himself to gayety, as he was there to attend the burial of his only remaining relative, his Aunt Margaret; yet they neither expected such stiffnecked reserve. Of course he was proud, he would not have been a Querdelyn otherwise, but surely the Lloyd Claytons, who had repeatedly extended invitations to him, were exclusive enough for even a Querdelyn. There was not a drop of plebian blood in them, for a Clayton too had fought for Charles and a Lloyd had fought against him. It was true that one Bob Lloyd-Clayton had committed the unspeakable, but his family had ostracized him and driven him into exile. There were black sheep in every family, the Querdelyns not excepted, and surely that would be no excuse for a young gentleman with the hot blood of the Querdelyns, prefering to ride alone along the brown country road, thru the hazy October days and loung his evenings away at Pinemount, to the animated society of the beautiful daughters of the Lloyd-Claytons — Ellen and Lillian. But he did just that.

.....

It was the middle of September, some three years before Querdelyn's last visit to Pinemount, when he and his chum Jack Crandall went strolling aimlessly up to Lake Como in the Italian Alps. It is probable that Querdelyn, like Crandall would have left Lake Como with no other recollections but of blue waters, and bright skies, had not the spertive mood of a balmy south-wind whirl a lady's hat almost at his very feet one afternoon as he was taking a solitary ramble along the shore. As he recovered the hat he espied the owner standing

not far away. In all of his life ,Querdelyn had never seen a fairer vision,— a slender slip of a girl with great laughing dark eyes;a perfect picture as she stood there ,with the blue Italian waters glistening at her feet and the soft Italian sunlight shining against her raven curls;a dreamy smile playin g about her full red lips and the faintest suggestion of red adding a richer tint to the creamy velvetness of her complexion.

He approached her, and bowing low in the extravagant fashion of the Italian dandy,said with becoming gallantry,"Surely I am favored by the gods, Signorina,in being permitted to be of some service to the fairest flower of the great Italian rose garden of girls."

34-1-72

She gracefully acknowledged his serv ice and said,"I am sorry that I do not belong to the rose garden of Italian girls,for there are not in all the world more beautiful women."

"You are Spanish?a trifle confused.

"I am an American".

"An American? Then Italy has no flower to compare with the fairest of our own American beauty roses."

A deep crimson suffused the Lady's cheeks.

"I am afraid you are fast becoming an Italian,she said,they are so extravagant."She smiled.

"I am trying to cultivate their one habit of saying the things they feel even if they do sound sentimental and highflown."

"Meta, Meta, where are you?"a wavering voice called.

"I am here ,daddy, entertaining a fellow countryman of ours or rath er being entertained by him".

An old man with a thin aristocratic face came limping up to where the youth and maiden stood.

"Ah- a fellow countryman;may I inquire who—,

"Querdelyn-Herbert Querdelyn,is my name."

"Querdelyn?Not one of the Querdelyn's of Virginia?.

"Yes sir, my fath er was Col.Guy Querdelyn of Pinemount."

"I have heard of him.Was mentioned for bravery at Gettysburgh I believe.Come,Meta,we m ust be going.The countess will be uneasy.Good-bye young man,I hope you have a pleasant stay."

Querdelyn thanked him, wondering at his rudeness in not introducing himself and daughter after inquiring so diligently concerning himself. He could find out very little concerning them by inquiry. They were staying at

the villa of the Count and Countess DiOrio,a very exclusive family with whom they seemed to be very intimate ,and were never seen in soc iety at all as the old man's health was veryybadland the girl was devoted to him.

Jack Crandall was thoroughly disgusted when Querdelyn persisted in remaining at Lake Como after the time scheduled for departure. At length he bid his chum good-bye ,promising to wait for him in Paris.

Querdelyn ,enthralled by the vision of the lady of Lake Como,as he called her,lingered with the hope of seeing her again.His chance came a week later.He came upon her as she was launching her canoe for a sail on the lake.

"Oh ,Mr. Querdelyn,Iam so glad to meet you again;come,do come and take a glide with me across the lake",she cried,with the simple frankness of a delighted child.

His handsome face was flushed with pleasure as he answered,stepping into the boat,"Nothing in the world could please me better Miss er—er——

"Lloyd-Clayton", she supplied.

"Lloyd-Clayton?Why we have quite a large family in our neighborhood of that name.Are you related to the Lloyd-Claytons of Clayton Park Virginia?"They were gliding away over the smooth glassy surface.

"I think not,we are from Massachusetts.We have no near relatives that I know of.My father's name is Robert Lloyd-Clayton."

In a moment it came to him with a shock that he was the Bob Lloyd-Clayton who had committed the unspeakable sin of marrying a woman of Negro ancestry—and this beautiful woman, this dazzling woman opposite him was the daughter of that union.So that explained his strange reticent behavior.

"Italy,she said softly breaking in on his reverie,is the world's dream garden of Eden."Her dark eyes were dreamy with wonder at the beauty of the Italian sunset fading in purple ermine and gold over the distant hills.

As startling as had been the first revelation concerning her parentage, his heart's throbbing whispered a more startling one—— he loved her.He understood Bob Lloyd-Clayton now,in the light of love all bariers fade away.

"You love Italy,Miss Lloyd-Clayton?" he said softly.

"Yes,and above all ,dear,dear old Lake Como.It always soothes me when I am in trouble.Who could be sad here with such a sunset dying over the Alps?"

"In trouble?"he questionedwith quick sympathy.

"Yes,father is very ill.He suffered a stroke last night and I

his end is very near. I came here to forget for a moment the awful truth."

"And you have no relatives? Pray what are your plans if the worst does happen Miss Lloyd-Clayton"?

"Well, I can't say I really have any; father wishes me to remain in Italy or Europe rather, because, you see Mr Querdelyn, thru my mother I have a trace of Negro blood which, father says, will be a handicap in America. We have been in Italy nearly ten years. We have a villa at Naples and I shall probably reside there for the time being, although Count and Countess DiOrio insist upon my making my home with them. They are old friends of my father's. He helped the Count, then a poor emigrant, when he first came to America. The Count made a fortune, married an Italian-American heiress, and came back here to Italy. He never forget father though, and it was mainly due to his influence that we came to Italy. We are staying with them now."

He was surprised at her candor. She did not seem to be ashamed af the taint in her blood. Perhaps she, relying on her matchless beauty, dared scoff at the traditions that attainted her or perhaps she had lived abroad so long that she had forgotten the bitter slur of black blood in America. The boat neared th e shore. Querdelyn leaped upon the bank, fastened it and assisted her to land. The touch of her hand thrilled him strangely.

"Remember Miss Lloyd-Clayton, if you need a friend, I shall be waiting to serve you."

"You are very kind Mr Querdelyn. Good-bye", extending h er shapely bejeweled hand.

"May I not accompany you Miss Lloyd-Clayton?"

"Oh no, you must not Mr Querdelyn, it would displease father to know that I have been in your company."

"May I ask why?, mistified.

"Father says that he knows your family and I would certainly be a persona non grata to them; he also said that the fact that I have negro blood would forfeit all claims to the respect of a gentleman like yourself."

"Oh Miss LLoyd, I am sure he has cruelly misrepresented me. In the first place I have no family, for with the exception of an el d aunt, I am the last of my line and secondly, if he knows my family as a Lloyd-Clayton should know it, then he knows that they always treat a woman with that high esteem which becomes a gentleman."

"I am sure he was mistaken Mr Querdelyn."

"I thank you; he said gratefully.

Their acquaintance ripened to deep friendship. Many a long golden day they spent together roving along Lake Como, their hearts beating to one tune only—— Howe's old sweet song.

After a courtship of six months, marred only by the death of Almeta's father, they were married at the Lloyd-Clayton's villa in Naples. Two happy years they spent dreaming in sunny Italy and then the old nomatic feeling that had made Querdelyn a globe-trotter, came over him. They went first to France and then to England. There, among the hills of Warwickshire, their baby Charles Herbert Clayton Querdelyn was born. They were very happy. Thru a distant relative, Lord Cordelon, Querdelyn, always deeply interested in the genealogy of his family, was enabled to trace his ancestry back to Richard the Lionhearted, "Coeur de Lyon". Delighted at this discovery, he was on the verge of purchasing Quedling Abby, the ancient seat of the family, when his aunt, piqued by his long absence, suddenly cut his allowance. To his remonstrance, he received the imperative summons, "Come home".

Now Querdelyn had never told his aunt of his marriage. His blood ran cold at the thought of how his aunt would throw up her in holy terror, when she found out (and she could'nt help finding out) that his wife was Bob Lloyd-Clayton's "yellow nigger's daughter. He knew that to make a clean breast of everything would be to throw away the Guest millions, which he had been taught to regard as his since infancy. He could not bear the thought of it, so one evening he kissed his wife and baby—— his beautiful baby boy—— good-bye, and went out of their lives forever, had he only known it. To do him justice, he did not mean to desert them, but only to appease his aunt by a short visit home. But in the heartless gayety of the American metropolis, he drowned his conscience with wine, women and song, outdoing the gayety the gayest of the gay cavaliers who had fought for Charles.

He spent much time in the south where the old frantic fiction of white superiority burned a living flame. Gradually the old pride of race and family, always strong within him, reasserted itself. He began to wonder how a southern gentleman of his lineage could so far forget himself as to become entangled with a woman of negro extraction. But that night before the fire, when he had seen her in a dream just as she was, beautiful, cultivated, highly gifted and peerless in the whole realm of womanhood, he knew that in the "sanctum Sanctorum" of his own

heart
the one great love of his life was burning fine and strong for Almeta Querdelyn. The old spirit of Charles with its doctrine of God-given superiority dwindled away, but while he had paused in indecision, the months had passed into years and the woman had been irretrivеably lost.

In the due course of time, his aunt Margaret Querdelyn Guest had shuffled off this mortal coil leaving him the master of the Guest millions. At first he was facinated with the possession of such a colossal fortune. He had never been rich, as the extravagance of his sires had long before dissapated the en ce large fortune of the Querdelyns, but he had already exhausted all pleasures which gold made accessible and had began to realize that he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

.....

Ch arles I

Thru the ~~dim~~ haze of four centuries she saw him standing away back there in the dim, ~~hazy~~ twilight of a vanished age. In her mind the spectral personification of oppression and tyranny, and of an old dark lie—— the divine right of one human being to tread upon another. An old dark lie that, in this mellow years of long ago felled in England with the head of that ill-fated prince, but which in the twentieth century had risen again beneath the th rone of the second William of Germany, backed by all the ingenuity of modern science. While the nations were marshalling their armies in France to combat it, it was stalking unbridled in the American republic, leaving in its wake, lawlessness and living bodies burned!

The Cavaliers——

Behind the king in multi-colored array, she saw them, the pitiful personification of a great misguided race that boasted descent from them, the standard bearers of a lie, the fools of Fate, fighting to extinguish the flickering flames of liberty and justice.

Singularly, their descent had ever been found arrayed against the right. At Jamestown with Berkley and again in 1860, th ey had reared the standard of the Lie. As the result of the former attempt, Jamestown was destroyed and human liberty thrown back for a century, and as the result of the latter, the American republic was rent in twain and drenched in fraternal blood. Altho' the lie had

allen prostrated at Appomatox,it had arisen again,no longer personified by the ill-fated Charles,but reincarnated in a colossal monster of racial prejudice, strong and mighty the religion of the south where its adherents were struggling o keep their heels on the neck of a race and thereby destroy the ideals of the athers of the republic.But ah,she doubted not that they would fail as their fa-thers before them had failed,fail as miserably as the cavaliers had failed for Charles.

The b eautiful,amiable and highly cultivated Mrs Clayton,proffessor of history at Knollville Academyfor the education of colored youths,was awakened from her rev eries of past and present by th e clang of a gong.She laid aside the volumneus history of England whose dramatic story of the career of CharlesI had been responsible for her dreamy reflections,and greeted her class with a smile as the boys and girls filed into the spacious class-room.

Very little was known about her at Knollville.She was supposed to be a widow,and because of her gift to the academyof a girls dormitory,it was assumed that she possessed an independent fortune.The first feeling of distrust inspired by h er because she bore so slight a trace of negro ancestry,was soon dispelled by her enthusiasm,her sincerity and her untiring efforts for the uplift of the colored race.

That evening,as she wended her way up the long gravel walk that led to her beautiful home on the e utskirts of the rambling old country town of Knollville,a small boy came bounding down the walk to meet her.Th e mother's eyes were dimmed with tears as she bent down to kiss the rose-bud lips.

"Lawsy me,Miss Meda,dat chile is jest too sweet.Honey,he jest as white as any white folks.He shely ought to pass,"ejaculated Eliza the house-keeper,smiling upon them benignantlyas they entered the hall.Mrs Clayton looked down upon her thoughtfully as she streked his golden curls.All the beauty of his ancestry on besides seemed to culminate in him—— the haughty bearing of th e Querdelyns,the frankopen brow of the Claytons and the firm,streng mouth of the Puritan Lloyds. Of Ethiopia,she could discern no trace unless lurking in the depths of his great dark brown eyes,there was the faintest gleam of those centuries of sorrow and suffering which had been the lot of poor,benighted Africa.For one brief moment, she doubted the wisdom of her course and then speaking softly, more to h erself than anyone else,"Eliza,if his soul passes White before God,that will be best of

l."

"Yassum dats so,but Lawsy me ,I plum fo'got Miss Meta,dar am a white gentaanwaitin in de pallete see you."

Expecting to find a book agent,Mrs Clayton turned and walked into the arlor and there stood Herbert Querdelyn with the same old love-light shinning in is face,just as she had so often seen it in the old days at Lake Como.

"You", her face was as white as marble.

"Yes,Almeta,my own beautiful Almeta it is I.I have come for my wife and baby."

She wondered at his tone of assurance and then a rising tide of anger at his treachery and audacity came over her. She wondered if he would have dared to face a woman whom he deemed his equal after what had happened.Her fathers words came back to her,"The fact that you have a drop of negro blood forfeits all claims to his respect",and drawing herself up with queenly dignity,she said with quiet bitterness;

" Surely Herbert Querdelyn does not expect to find them in the home of a colored woman in America."

"I have come,Almeta,to make amends for the past,to make you mistress of the Guest millions and of Pinemount.Come,dear,we will go back to Italy and England and there take up life's broken,golden threads and be happy."

"I would give much Herbert if that could ever be,but it cannot.Th e old life is gone forever,vanished amid tears and prayers during that long days and nights I waited for you to prove that you had one spark of manhood by coming by coming back to your wife and helpless babe—— you never came".

Querdelyn winced,"But I have come now, Almeta".

"Too late",she said with quiet determination.

"Too late?,Be reasonable Almeta.I wrote to you explaining everything.Surely you do not think I never meant to come back."

"I never received any word from you,and you did not come back."

"What?you never got my letters?"

"Not a single line.I waited for two weeks and then left England.I had first thought of going to Naples but I knew I could never stay there and as for Lake Como,Idared not trust myself near its waters for I am certain that I should have drowned myself ,so I went to France and then came to America."

"You have accounted for yourself,so I will do likewise; but tell me first

you left England so quickly."

"Do you think I was entirely ignorant of your affairs?I always read your mail.I knew instinctively the morning you left that you were gone for good.I knew that if you ever came back to America,all would b e over for good,for what in Europe was harmless,in America was a crime.I forgive you Herbert, because I am now aware that you are bound b y traditions that are stronger than death.I forgive you for old time sake.Good-bye."

She extended her bejeweled hand,He clasped it in his."Almeta,you must not act this way.Think of our boy here,think what it will mean to him.Surely u you do not mean to rob him of his birthright,the birthright that is his from a long line of noble ancestess,and endow him with these handicaps that every where confronts the Negro race."

"Our boy shall choose for himself when he is old enough,which race shall be his ,and his choice shall be mine also,but until then I shall remain here and labor with and minister to those who have been God's poor ones thru the ages."

The door suddedly opened and little Charlie came running into the room. Querdelyn uttered an exclamation of delight at the childs beauty.

"Come Charlie,come to me,I am your papa dear,"he said;but Charlie only clung to his mother's dress and peered at him shyly.In all his [redacted] life, Herbert Querdelyn had never seen a more beautiful pair.He wanted them as he had never wanted anything before.But looking into the mother's eyes,he knew that they were lost to him forever.Of that Almeta Clayton was not so sure as he kissed her and Charlie good-bye,but never-the-less it was true.In this world,they would never,never meet again.

Four months later,word came from his soliciters that he had been killed in France.For the second time in four hundred years,the blood of a Querdelyn had been shed upon the altar of Eternal Right,and in that hour of poignant grief, Almeta Clayton was grateful that thru all the dark and lonesome years to come, she could th ank God that it had been given him to die in such a cause—,The divine right of democracy.With this tragic news came his will leaving his fortune to his son,Charles Herbert Clayton Querdelyn,stipulating that he ,on reaching a responsible age,identify h imself with the white race and resume his rightful name of Querdelyn.

As Mrs Clayton looked upon her sleeping boy,she wondered what his choice in life would be;whether he would choose to live for Charles his own self or for Charles the spirit tyranny and injustice;or whether he would marshal on the

of right ,the nobler hreitage of his misguided sires---- the matchless bravery that had carried them to the high tide at Gettysburg, the grim determination that had made them endure Valley Forge and the splendid enthusiasm that had made them sacrifice and suffer to fight for CharlesI.

She laid aside the will and took up her husband's last letter to her,addressed in his own fine Italian hand. Her fingers trembled as she broke the seal. What was in that letter, no one but herself ever knew. A low ,almost inarticulate cry of despair broke from her lips as she threw herself wearily upon the bed beside her sleeping boy and buried her face in the pillow.

Two hours later when Eliza tip-toed into the room to throw a blanket over her,she aroused herself and sat up.Her eyes had lost their haunted look and her face was almost radiant. In those two hours it had been given her to look backward into the past,that happy golden past on the shores of Lake Como;and to look forward into the future— the dim,distant future where she saw her lover standing a glorified being and heard him say just as Capt.Merton,who was with him, when he died,heard him say — "I shall wait for you Almeta" ,and then into the nearer future where she saw her boy in the full blown flower of his manhood,as proud as the proudest,handsomer than the handsomest and nobler than the noblest of the line whose ~~line~~ ancestors had fought for Charles I,and heard him say in his father's tone,

"I chose Pinemount and the name of Querdelyn—— they are my birthrights. As my ancestor the Coeur de Lyon lifted up his banner just outside of old Jerusalem I shall lift up my voice while on this side of the new Jerusalem for that democracy which is the birthright of every American,irrespective of race or color, and for that Liberty, Fraternity and Equality which is the birthright of humanity and the will of the coming Christ. "

She bent and kissed her sleeping boy ,and then knelt and prayed — prayed for Charles— her own sweet baby boy.

THE END.

A. D. 2150

c. 1924, revised c. 1950

Typescript

1924-25?

A. D. 2150

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

Slowly I awoke from the dead. First came the memory of Peace and Nothingness--the sense of having rested infinitely. Afterward came the sharp physical pain of reincarnation, the sense of boundless hurt and ill, stabbing and pricking and grinding. Finally, as this subsided, there poured down the spiritual burden; all the sorrow, apprehension and fear of life mingling with some new strength and zest and determination. I had slept - no, I had been dead. I knew it. I remember the day late in 1950 when I died--suddenly, with rending crash and silence. How long had I lain dead and where? I did not know. Perhaps it was one year--perhaps a thousand years. Above my bed a calendar used to hang with the month, the year and holidays in red. Was it still there? I stirred cautiously to get the feel of my new body. Was it new? At any rate it was smooth and straight. I opened my eyes just a crack. I smelled lilacs. I saw dimly trees and a blue sky. Between them and in red "2150". Ah! I had been dead 200 years.

First I tried with tight closed eyes to imagine what changes could have gripped the world in ~~three quarters of a century.~~ two hundred years. Let's see: in 1850 there were 3½ million Negroes in the United States of whom less than a half million were free; and dear God! such freedom! Freedom without votes, without civil rights, almost without group leadership. Frederick Douglass was despairing of peaceful abolition as he faced the "black laws", and running away to Canada seemed the only guiding star. "Between that and 2150 quite a step," I said, stirring uneasily.

Where was I? Surely not in New York or in any city, for out from my high window I saw flower gardens, then vegetables, shrubs and

ordhards; further on were forests and beyond the forests the sea. I saw the masts and funnells of ships on the sea. I was puzzled by this combination of forests and ships. I took up the telephone and tried to speak quite casually to the operator. "Will you give me the landlord." "Landlord?" she said. "You mean the manager, I presume." "Yes, of course," said I, "the manager." Evidently "landlords" were extinct. Well who owned the land and the houses? And then to him: "By the way, I am forgetting what county this place is in." "This part of New York?" said he, "is in New York county." "Thank you," I said. Then I was in New York. I looked out again. The city did not look like New York. I dressed and went down stairs slipping noiselessly by a swift elevator and an elevator which worked itself quite easily. I think I noticed first the leisureliness of the people and the extraordinary variety of customs. I thought perhaps this was a holiday and people were celebrating it with pageantry. I sat down on the bench in the park for all the street was park way and plunged abruptly into conversation with my pleasant neighbor who seemed to expect me to converse with him.

32-1-49

"About how big is New York now?" I said. "Big?" he answered. "Well you know in these days cities are not big, they are long. At present," he said after some calculation, "New York city is about 125 miles long." "But that would take it above Albany," I said surprised. "Yes," he said, "Albany is a part of New York now. You see," he continued, realizing that I was a stranger, "instead of building cities today in irregular concentric circles we build them lengthwise and have the flowers, the gardens, the orchards and the forests all along each side so that everybody lives in a country house." I agreed that it was an excellent idea and the city looked beautiful and felt quiet. "But," I said, "distances must be terrific and neighbors miles away." "Well, there are difficulties but we fly 400 miles a minute and burrow 100 and

motor a-top the houses 75 miles. Above all, we walk." "Walk?" "O yes, twenty miles a day is prescribed by most Life Extension Institutes," he said, "and there are golf links along all the avenues."

I arose and thanked my friend for I felt hungry. "Do you know a good restaurant?" said I tentatively. "There is an excellent one five miles up," he said. And then he explained some of the mysteries of rapid transit. I was given to understand that by a system of swift subway trains that dropped the last car automatically at different stations I could get to the restaurant in something like ten minutes, or of course I could walk. And as the morning was beautiful I walked. The great mountain range of buildings were in groups of dwellings, stores, recreation centers and work shops. They varied in architecture, there was no smoke or noise. Atop the range were automobile boulevards, gardens and restaurants and hills and declivities varied the height.

But I felt depressed. The fact is that after asking about the restaurant I remembered all the old things. I remembered that the matter of colored people getting meals was one of the great problems of my other life so that when I came opposite the really beautiful, small and quiet restaurant I naturally hesitated, hanging on the outside until I saw a black man enter. He not only entered but he went right to one of the front tables. At the table was one white girl, reading. The black man sat down. I stopped stock still and stared. Here was something that would tell me what 200 years had done in America quicker than anything else. I waited for the explosion. I did not expect the black man to be put out; (that would have been 1850). I did not expect that he would be refused service; (that would have been 1900). I did not expect that the woman would ask for another seat (that would have been 1950). I did expect her to move decisively, quickly, with an affronted look. But she did not. Quite evidently this was 2150! She did not

move; she did not speak. She casually glanced up, bowed courteously and went on with her breakfast and with her reading. The black man bowed just as courteously, took a little book from his pocket, (which I afterwards found was the morning paper!) and went on with his reading; and save their reading and their eating nothing happened.

I cannot say that I was disappointed and yet the thing was not nearly as dramatic as it ought to have been. I went in and had breakfast too; and then I asked "Where is Harlem?" "Five miles further up," I was told by telephone. (I forgot to say that the waitress was a telephone and an exceedingly efficient and prompt one.) I flew to Harlem, not through the air although air fares were quite reasonable and the service frequent. I took the subway. It was noiseless and swift and instead of advertisements in the corners there were excellent selections from Shakespeare, Browning and Smith. Smith was new to me. I emerged cautiously at 135th Street and looked around. I saw colored people but no more than I had seen down town, that is to say, one in ten or twelve persons. I approached one of them. "I have been out of town some time," I said, "Just where do the colored people live now?" He looked a bit astonished, but he was polite. "Where do they live? Why they live wherever they want to and can afford to." "You mean they don't live together?" "Oh, yes, those of them that want to live together, live together, but of course they do not flock together according to the color of their skins, or of their coats. They choose their dwellings, as all people do, according to their desires and friends and income." I nodded.

So segregation was over. Still I couldn't quite understand and I flew, (this time literally, by air-plane express) to City Hall. There I had a short fainting spell. It was not the magnificent tower or the beautiful halls,--it was because: the mayor was black. I buttonholed a policeman. He was polite and talkative and seemed to be under the

32-1-51

impression that he was there for my particular benefit. "You have abolished the color line I see." "I don't know that I understand you, sir," he answered. "I mean, there is no distinction between people of different color," I said. "Oh yes there is," he said. "Some people are black and some are brown, some are yellow and some are white, or a sort of pinkish color which we call white." "But I mean there is no difference between them," I said. "On the contrary," he answered, "there is as much difference as there always was. "Of course," he hastened to say, "there is no difference in the treatment, there is no difference in the law, there is no difference in privilege. People do not choose their friends simply according to their skins; mostly, I should say, according to their abilities, characters and likes and dislikes. When I was in college," he added,--" but I excused myself. A college graduate and only a policeman, I thought. I walked away.

32-1-52

That afternoon I went to a music hall. Though late at the box office there was no difficulty. The seats were not all sold out and I did not get one behind a post. I got, in fact a very good and very cheap seat and I heard some excellent music. Much of it was what I would call Negro music, but the program said it was "American". I was impressed by the large numbers of people who had evidently leisure for afternoon concerts and when we came out I joined a gentleman who appeared to be aristocratic although he carried a large hoe. We engaged easily in conversation. He said he was going out to do a little digging in the public gardens. I did not express the surprise I felt, but I went with him. I found out that all of the manual toil was shared by the brain workers. He was an editor and this afternoon was digging an irrigation ditch. "I suppose," he said thoughtfully, "that the greatest thing wh have learned in America in the last century is the tolqration of Diversity. There was a time when we were all strong for Sameness. We wanted everybody to look alike and to be alike. All the women dressed alike. " "That's it,"

I said, suddenly interrupting him, "that is the thing I felt rather than saw and I could not say it. You don't follow the fashions as you used to or rather you do, but you follow what you please. I don't think I have seen two women dressed alike since I awoke and 75 years ago no woman would dare to appear on the street whose dress did not conform to her neighbor's as near as was physically possible and even nearer."

"Yes," continued my mentor, courteously refraining from comment on my long memory. "We have discovered the joy of diversity in dress, in thought, in action," --- "and," I added, "even in the color of skin."

"Oh yes," he said, "of course in that. That is our great source of physical beauty."

"I should think, however," said I, "that intermarriage would tend quickly to destroy diversity."

"On the contrary," he said, "it conserves it. You see we marry rather thoughtfully these days and think carefully of preserving traits and appearances and tendencies. Some rather magnificent experiments in human breedings are going on. We have not only the old races but quite a number of new ones and promising ones at that."

"I suppose," I said, "that the only thing that is equal now is Income."

"Oh no," he said, "we have all sorts of incomes; with two exceptions, the great big incomes that are unspendable and the very little incomes that starve us have disappeared. We have abolished Waste and Poverty; but between these we have extraordinary diversity. I get $2000 a year but I know a man who gets $10,000; xxxx earns it too," he added.

"I suppose," said I with a sigh, "that you have no problems left."

He laid down his hoe and looked at me searchingly. "Are you spoofing me?" he said. "Problems, why, we are nothing but problems. Here is this terrible question of the realists and the romanticists in literature. Here is the pressing matter of melody and noise in music.

Surely you know whither the photographers are pushing impressionistic art. There is the matter of the family group as opposed to the free spirit. There is the question of faith and fact, anarchy and socialism, heredity and environment, atom and electron, health and disease, death and immortality. Oh my goodness," he said, "I quite despair of the world. We shall never settle these problems. And do you know? Do you know why?" he yelled. "Because we can't fight. We've abolished War. Think of it! We're all pacifists and mollycoddles. We can't even kill lions and elephants. We haven't sense enough to settle our problems. ~~[illegible]~~. We do not know enough! We are too pig-headed. It is the worst possible world with so many people doing their own thinking."

I turned away. That night I died again, but with a certain quiet content. I was willing to take another nap of ~~[illegible]~~ 200 years for the sake of seeing Progress.

THE CASE

1907
Typescript of story published in Horizon, July 1907

THE CASE.

I had taken the morning train at Washington for New Orleans on the Southern. I was not feeling very well and it was a dull, gray day. Few other people were foolish to ride in such unpleasant weather. I yawned and stretched - tried to look at the landscape but there wasn't any worth looking at it. Then I looked at the porter. He was a finely-made fellow - tall, strong, with velvet dark brown skin and pleasant, smiling eyes. If he had been white - but he wasn't. I growled: "Won8T these trains ever run on time?" But he smiled and said nothing. We left the straggling Virginia station at last and wound along slowly southward. Things seemed to grow worse - bad trains, bad food, no company. I strolled to the smoking room and lit a cigar. It was also bad. "Heavens," I said, addressing the porter again, "even a wreck would be a diversion for this sort of thing." He smiled. "I guess you've never been in a wreck," he said in excellent English. "No," I replied, "have you?" "Lots of them; one only last trip," said he. "Is that so?" said I encouragingly - but he was gone. A sickly, fussy old lady in the car wanted a softer pillow. Pretty soon he came back. "You must have a good many adventures on these trains," I said. "No, not many," he said slowly - then after a pause, "you see we get stories now and then but only parts of them, just glimpses you know." "Suppose you have to guess at the rest?" "Yes," he replied. I thought he was going at least to tell me about the wreck but as he didn't start I began again to encourage him. "Anybody killed in that wreck?" "One lady," he said, and he looked thoughtfully out the window. The little bell rang again and he went out. The fussy old lady wanted a glass of water. By and by he came back. "Have a cigar?" I said. "No thank you," he said, "against the rules." "Well tell me about that wreck," I said at last determinedly. "You see 'twas this way," he replied setting down

49-25-22

on the arm of one of the chairs. "I was starting out of the Washington depot one morning hurrying to the train with the plan of my Pullman when a man ran against me, big, ugly-looking fellow and he cursed me when 'twas really his own fault. I turned to give him as good as he sent, when a lady standing near him said in a soft voice, 'You are going to the train?' I tell you she was a stunning-looking woman, not so very tall yet with an appearance of tallness, brunette with dark hair and the most wonderful misty eyes you ever looked at. I've seen a good many pretty women on these trains and other places but I think she was about the prettiest. She had an air, too - wasn't exactly a lady, - " "What do you mean by that?" I growled. "O well, I mean she hadn't always been used to money and good society, perhaps, still she had the making of a lady in her. I don't know that I can just explain what I mean, but you perhaps understand." I did but I said nothing. He continued, "Yes ma'am," said I. 'Won't you take this bag along?' I took the bag altho it was the depot porter's work and she hurried out after me. At the gate we met a young clergyman; a tall, fresh-faced, hearty, honest-looking fellow, evidently young, and he stepped aside very courteously to let the lady have his place. It proved, however, that she was at the wrong gate and was not going on the Southern but on the Seaboard. I thought I noticed a little regret on the clergyman's face, she thanked me, tipped me generously, and glidded toward the other gate. Well it was a day something like this, cold and gray and chilly and to make it worse the train was about an hour and a half late waiting on Northern connections so that the Seaboard went and left us. The clergyman proved to be the only passenger in my car and I tell you he was lonely. He sat looking around disconsolately and in my opinion thinking about the beautiful woman he had seen at the gate. We started on down through Virginia about as fast as we are going to-day." "Ting-a-ling-a-ling" went the bell and off the porter went leaving me to relight my cigar. By and by he came

back. I smiled, "Are women often as troublesome as this one?" "This is a mild case," he said imperturbably. "Well about dark we got to Greesnboro and as I was standing outside, a veiled woman hurried toward me. 'All aboard,' the conductor shouted and the train began to quiver. I thought I recognized the figure. Sure enough it was the woman of the Washington train. How on earth could she have gotten there? Then I remembered that she could get over from Raleigh by Durham but I didn't know of any train that came that time of night. She must have made it through some way. I seized her bag but she hesitated. 'Oh!' she said, 'have you any room in the car?' "Plenty," said I as I swung her up the step but she paused again. 'Are there many passengers?' "One," said I, "madam." She raised her veil and started perceptibly. 'Oh, you are the porter who carried my bag in Washington - very well," she said and smiled as she started into the car. Of course I gave her number seven right opposite number six where the clergyman was, and immediately the clergyman sat up and began to take notice. They were the only passengers in the car. He handed her a paper and then magazine, picked up her gloves and exchanged remarks about the weather, while I dusted around the seats. Pretty soon on returning from the smoking room I found them sitting together talking. Afterward they went in and had dinner together and when they came back, he was enthusiastic and she radiant. They were getting along very rapidly and I was watching them with a great deal of interest. Evidently he was much impressed and no wonder. The woman looked even more beautiful than she had in the morning. She was not only beautiful - she had a certain indefinable grace and innocence and vigor; a soft, subtle southern witchery as lovely as her accent. At the same time watching her narrowly I was not so certain about her. There was something not quite right about her and yet it struck me that she was excited, no sign of wrong in it, that she was listening for something.

Beneath all her enthusiasm and interest there were little furtile gleams almost of terror that came into her otherwise beautiful eyes, when his were turned away. Now and then a far away look of passionate pleading struggled across the very mirth of her laughter - little things, not much you know, nothing that he noticed probably but I could see - I am used to noting such things. Suddenly the train stopped, there was commotion on ahead and I went forward. When I came back the lady asked casually in tone but yet with a penetrating glance at me, 'What's the matter, porter?' "Officers boarding the train looking for something." She didn't say anything, yet I noticed a certain grayish whitening about her eyes, the tightening of her lips. 'Oh, go see what it is, won't you?' she said to the clergyman. He rose and hurried forward. He had scarcely reached the little passage way, when she turned suddenly to me and reaching down, took up a case; a large, leather-bound, square case. She rose stiffly and said with a sort of pleading command, 'Take this' - I supplied the rest quietly - 'hide it.' 'Yes' she said looking me squarely in the eyes while a crule harsh gleam came in hers. I bowed and stepping quickly back two sections, raised the cushion and put the case beneath the pillows, then as I was apparently brushing out the section the clergyman sauntered back. 'Oh it is nothing,' he said, 'they are searching for somebody. I don't know just what is the matter.' The lady bent and gave some gay remark, and then pointed out the window. He followed her finger laughingly but I wasn't fooled. I saw the dull, gray pallor creeping up her cheek. I saw the tremor in the delicate tapering of the pointed finger. I saw the flash of dull, blue steel as her hand left her bosom. I rushed forward as there was murder or suicide in the air, when a man appeared at the entrance. 'No alarm, ladies and gentlemen,' he said, ' but we are officers and are searching the passengers on this train.' 'But,' expostulated the clergyman angrily, as he saw the

dead white face of the lady, 'this is outrageous. I - .' Another official-looking personage entered - a quiet man with sharp eyes looking into every corner of the car. The clergyman glanced up and a look of recognition came over him. 'Why, hello John Travers,' he said. 'Why, Corrothers is that you?' cried the man shaking his hand heartily, 'how do you do? Why I never thought of meeting you here. This is a great pleasure. I am on a little official business - .' He glanced at the lady and hesitated. In a flash she had risen to the occasion. She looked at the clergyman with a deep blush and said demurely, 'I give you back your promise - you may introduce your - wife,' and she let her eyes fall full on his. The clergyman floundered a minute and then rose to the suggestion, 'My wife; Mr. Travers.' The other man started. 'Your wife? I beg your pardon, I didn't know you were married. I am delighted to see Mrs. Corrothers. Ehy didn't you tell us, you sly dog? Well I must rush. Porter, anyone else? 'No sir,' I said. 'We won't search this car, Simmons,' he said and hurried out. I discreetly withdrew - that is into the darkness of the passage. The clergyman stood with glowing face for a moment and then with a sudden gesture stretched his arms - 'My wife to be,' he cried. She shuddered backward with a little gasp of pain. 'You do not understand,' she faltered. 'It was just a joke - I hated to - I could not let them search and tumble my bags.' 'I know, I know all,' he insisted, 'but make the joke a reality, a dear reality.' But her voice and face fell in misery. 'You know - nothing,' she wailed and then suddenly drew herself up. 'No,' she said, 'no!' and her face grew cold and stern. 'I - I think much, very much of you but I am not - .' He listened no longer but bending forward crushed, almost smothered her in his arms. 'Hooked,' said I, but then I saw her face. I changed my mind again. I've never seen such a curious combination of looks on a face. Surely this was no evil woman. There

4-9-25-26

lay love and bewilderment, honor and yearning, beneath it trouble and fear; not perfectly written but curiously intertwined. She stepped slowly from him and sat clasping and un clasping her hands nervously. Then she bent forward and spoke rapidly but too low for me to hear, and rising quickly, her burning eyes fixed straight on mine, came rapidly toward the ladies toilet. I was in confusion at being caught listening but she did not notice and whispered as she rustled by - 'a telegraph blank quick!' I gave it to her and she was gone but a moment and then as she glidded back she slipped a bill in my hand and whispered, 'Get it off, quick, for God's sake!' I swung off at the little station and gave the message, 'James Magruder, Charlotte. Safe - meet me at train. Rosalys.' The train started. I swung back on but the porter in the next car called and I went to help him. 'Charlotte,' cried the train hand. I rushed toward my car, entered, seized the hidden case and hurried to the land. She stood white and still and a great tear was wandering down her cheek. Then it happened."

"What happened?" I asked. "The wreck. Quickly, suddenly as it always happens, crashing, grinding and twisting. I saw a great iron bar of timber crash through the side window and crush her down in all her splendid young beauty and grind her between the seats while the car jolted and screamed. I turned and hid my face and the clergyman staggered limp and white into the opposite section. There was a long silence. Just then a man burst into the car. I recognized him in the minute. It was the same, tall rough fellow who had run against me in the Washington depot. He saw the dead body of the lady, ran quickly towards her, looked at her, glanced around and knelt down by her side. The clergyman rose, the stranger too and they face each other silently looking across the dead body. Then the stranger saw the case in my hand. He rushed and seized it. I did not resist - I was too puzzled. Just then the train crew

came in and there was confusion and moving about. I saw the stranger passing out. 'Got a match?' he said. I handed him one and that was the last I saw of him." I waited a moment. "Well?" said I. "That's all," said the porter. "All?" I cried. "Yes." "Was the girl dead?" "Yes." "And the clergyman?" "I never saw him again." "How about that case?" "I never saw that again or heard of it." "What was in it?" "I don't know," said the porter. "You know, as I told you, we only get pieces of stories on a train, they never finish themselves."

Ting-a-ling," said the bell.

THE SHAVEN LADY

1907
Typescript of story published in Horizon, August 1907

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THE SHAVEN LADY.

"Well, where is my watch?" I said sitting up straight and fumbling first in one vest pocket and then in the other. The porter looked at me with sharp, unsmiling eyes. I found the watch soon after. It was in my upper coat pocket where I sometimes put it when I stay on a sleeping car. "Oh, I didn't think you had it," I said looking at him with a smile; he said nothing but his velvet eyes twinkled.

"You know a porter is supposed to steal everything that is missing on a Pullman car," said he. "Yes, I presume so," I replied, "were you ever accused?" "Ever?" he said, "nearly every other trip." Then he corrected himself. "No, not quite as bad as that but at least a dozen times a year something is missing and some one looks at me suspiciously; I remember one case - ." But just then he was called away. Indeed it was a busy day and we had little chance to talk. At last night came; he had tucked every one in bed, even the conductor, and midnight had struck. I was not sleepy, so I went into the smoking room and lay back in one of the wicker chairs. After a time he came in, stretched himself easily on the couch and lighted a delicate cigarette. I noticed his long, thin, brown hand; beautiful fingers he had, then that voice of his - I'd give anything to hear him talk. He started.

38-13-162

"They got aboard the train," he said, "at Cincinnati. I was then running on the Queen and Crescent and Southern, from Cincinnati to Florida. Well as I was saying, they got aboard at Cincinnati. He was a middle-aged man, a fairly prosperous merchant I should say, with hair that was growing a little gray, an honest but rather hard face, coruplent and fairly well dressed. His daughter was not pretty and yet she was an attractive girl. I suppose eighteen or twenty, with brown hair, and smooth skin - an average American girl." He paused

as he puffed away at his cigarette. "My theory is that a girl that is not very pretty is after all apt to make a man the more foolish about her. She has a certain individuality in looks. If you fall in love with a beautiful girl, why there is always a chance of your falling in love with one still more beautiful; but if you fall in love with a homely girl or a girl that is only passable, she is apt to have a monopoly in her line of looks and you'll scarcely find just her style again: at any rate, that's my theory," he said. "Well, they got aboard and I could see tears in her eyes and I knew something was wrong. They had no sooner settled themselves in their section when he began to talk. Of course it was none of my business, yet I hovered about. That's all a porter has to do, you know - did lots of dusting in the next section and had to pass pretty often. Undoubtedly he was giving her a good moral lecture. 'I tell you, Dolly,' he said, 'it's foolishness. The boy never could take care of you. He can't take care of himself. You are young yet, you haven't seen the world. I am not going to let you spoil your life this way.' The girl said little in reply but looked now miserable, now defiant.

"We rushed on down the valley and I had nearly all my time taken up in waiting on a prim and fussy old lady who sat in the section next the man and his daughter. She wanted everything you could think of and some things almost unthinkable. She was especially put out because at Lexington a tall, rather large woman entered the Pullman and took the upper berth in her section. The lady fumed about it privately to me and the conductor all day. Were there no other upper berths? Were there none in the next car? Why should some one be crowded in with her? Meantime the tall lady, veiled and spectacled, was apparently quite unconscious of the fussy old party and sat quietly looking out the window. We had gone but a few miles when I saw her raise her veil in order to

38-13-163

look at the scenery which was growing more wild and beautiful. Then as she turned half way from the window, a little look of recognition came into her eyes, and she smiled and bowed to the daughter sitting opposite the old gentleman. The young woman started and then looked very much perturbed. I passed on down the aisle and when I came back I found the new comer speaking to the young lady, and the old gentleman glad to have found that his daughter had run across an acquaintance, was giving his seat to her and afterward went to the smoking room. He was evidently pleased to be rid of his unpleasant charge for a while. The tall woman sat down with the young woman and gave her a hearty kiss, while the young woman's face flamed red and tears came into her eyes. I saw immediately that there was going to be an interesting exchange of confidences, but I didn't have time to watch it because the old party in the next section being relieved of the direct presence of the woman began to fume and fuss afresh. She lost her spectacles, called for water and wanted a succession of clean pillow cases. I brushed out her section several times, picked up the waste paper and orange peel and brought four glasses of water." He paused a moment as he relighted his ciagrette. We would hear the sway and roar of the train. The wind whistled in the great valley by our side. It was a wild sort of night and for a moment we listened to it attentively.

38-13-164

"I like the roar of a running train," he said, "I'm never quite contented unless I am on one," and he looked thoughtfully out of the dark window. I said nothing; I did not like to interrupt his story. "Well," he said at last, "the day wore on and I didn't get a chance to rest until late in the afternoon, when I made what I vowed would be the last change of pillow cases the old lady would get that night. I had started away to the linen closet, when the tall lady returned to her section and bent over her bag. 'Porter,' she said, 'please take this to the dressing

room for me.' I stuffed the soiled pillow case in my pocket and followed her with the bag. Once there she slipped a dollar in my hand and said, 'please deliver this quickly - he's in the car next the diner!' It was a note for the Rev. John Dumont. I took it, found the genial clergyman and delivered it. He looked surprised but sent no answer. Returning I just reached my car when the old lady suddenly reared bolt upright. 'Porter,' she said, 'conductor, where is my purse?' The whole care listened and the car conductor hurried to her. 'It was right here on the seat when the porter changed my pillow," she declared. The conductor, of course, knew me. Together we searched the section thoroughly no purse to be found. 'It had $500 and my ticket,' she spouted. 'Search the porter,' suggested a drummer officiously, but I looked at him and he cooled. Just then a faint suspicion entered my head and I whispered to the conductor; together we went softly to the ladies dressing room. I opened the door suddenly. 'er - beg pardon - did you say the car next the diner?' I asked innocently. She gave a smothered 'yes' and banged and locked the door. I nearly fell into the conductor's arms.

"'She's SHAVING,' I blurted out. He started and we both knew we had the thief cornered. We stood a moment irresolute in the passage, when out sweeps the lady cool and collected. 'Has dinner been called?' she asked sweetly. 'Yes, madam,' I said drily, while the conductor reached for a telegraph blank. She bent over the daughter who responded with a laugh and a blush and together they went chatting toward the dining car. We hadn't expected this move and were nonplussed. 'Are you sure?' asked the conductor balancing the blank. I simply pointed to the mannish shoulders and the suspiciously abundant hair. 'But the girl knows her,' he argued, 'and I know the girl's father well. Wait a minute; I'll ask him.' He hurried back through the car ineffectually seeking to pacify the old lady, and reached the smoking room.

"'I beg pardon, sir,' said the conductor, 'but the lady with your

38-13-165

daughter is an acquaintance of yours, is she not?' 'Yes, or rather of my daughter's - a former teacher.'

"I gasped. The conductor added apologetically, 'O - I - we are in a little difficulty,' and then he told of the theft. "Well you don't suppose?" said the old man angrily. Then I had to put in a word. 'But, sir, we discovered her - shaving.' The man started, dropped his paper and knitted his brows. 'Nonsense' he said but he made for the door. 'She's gone to the diner,' I said. 'O yes, she said so,' he muttered and he hurried after her. The diner was three cars back. In the third car I naturally looked for the clergyman and saw that he was just starting for the diner too. I waited outside and soon the father came hurrying in. 'The woman's not in there,' he said, 'my daughter says she returned to her car to get her purse.' I winked at the conductor and the old man seemed aroused and suspicious too. 'Come,' he said, 'we must find her.' Back we went to the car, the lady was not to be found and the old lady nearly mobbed us.

38-13-166

"'She's jumped the train!' cried the conductor excitedly, as he escaped the onslaught, mopping his brow. 'Not so fast,' said the old man. 'Porter, you go back to the diner and keep your eye on that end of the train. Condcutor, we'll search this train.' Back I flew. I rushed in. There stood the daughter hand in hand with a slim pale young man and the clergyman was saying, 'Do you, Dolly, take this man, Alfred, to be your wedded husband?' The sweat started on my face. I helplessly fumbled for my handkerchief. What was this wadded in my pocket? O yes it was the old lady's soiled pillow case and I jerked it out and with it out tumbled - a pocket book. I just crumpled into a chair. 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder,' said the clergyman smoothly. Just then the diner door burst open and in came the father with a brown wig and mannish coat in his hand and the conductor with a silk shirt waist and a skirt.

"There was a pause. 'Here's the purse,' I said to the conductor with a sickly smile. 'I found it - in my pocket.' He looked at me and his jaw dropped, then he thoughtfully slipped the purse into the pocket of the shirt waist.

"'Thank you for preserving my apparel,' said the young husband jauntily.

"'Father,' cried the daughter pleadingly. But the father's face was old and grey. 'Poor foolish little girl,' he faltered.

38-13-167

THE DIAMOND EARRING

c. 1950's
Two draft manuscripts

THE DIAMOND EARRING by Bud Weirst

The diamond should have been red, the color of blood, instead of that clear and dazzling blue. The black man who found it in the De Beers mine of Witswatersrand, dismal as it gleamed, knew its worth and cut a gash in the calf of his leg to hide it, stuffing dirt atop. He died with a scream, partly from the infection, more from the savage blow from the jambrok which broke his back.

In Amsterdam, they cut out its glory, matched it almost perfectly with a mate and built above it a gorgeous necklace which the Duc de Rougemont saw on the Rue de la Paix and offered his young wife of but a year's nuptials. She took it languidly but wore it joyously on the night she was taking final leave of her almost distraught young Italian lover. His blood bathed it when the elderly Duc shot him as he lay asleep beside the duchess.

Thus rather suddenly the necklace and earrings were thrown on the market in New York, in the fabulous boom days after the First World War; and the Earls from Ulster County, saw it. Frederics assured them that it was a bargain at $100,000 and one not likely to be repeated, which was too true. Of course Paul Earl could not really afford this extravagance, but his wife was a statuesques beauty, tall and lithe with midnight hair and he was mad to bind her to him by bands stronger than the steel bonds which he owned; and what better than diamonds? For she had been born on the East side and knew what lack of diamonds meant.

Paul bought them for $75,000 which was more cash than he had. But his paper profits from selling conservative investments were nearing a million, if only the boom which promised eternal life lasted another year. But it did not; for in 1929, at six p.m., Paul was a pauper, and promptly fell out of the fourteenth story window of his Whitehall offices.

The necklace and the errings, being the property of his widow, became the dowry which she brought to her marriage with Jake Matthewson. Jake was not

in the Social Register, but he had known her long before she crossed to the Avenue. On the diamonds he borrowed enough to start him in business as a broker; and despite the slump or because of it, he redeemed them in the late thirties and moved to 85th Street off Fifth.

It was then that Paula, as she had called herself since her first marriage, lost that right warring. She was exercising her French poodle in the park, when she dropped the earring she was fingering—the pair were on the way to the jeweler for re-setting in platinum,—it slippedfrom her fingers, rolled under a bench, with the poodle in hot pursuit. She searched for it long but in vain.

That very afternoon by the sheerest accident, Mary Collins sat down on that bench. She was without work. To be sure she was not penniless. In the savings bank she had $200; her room-rent was paid for the month, and the factory, where she had a job as forewoman might, as the boss assured her, open any day. Also it might not, and that was why Mary was keeping her expenses down near the limit. She was probing carelessly with the toe of her worn shoe in the dust and grass, when she noticed some sort of grimy ornament. She picked it up, stopped a moment to hearken to the disputing sparrows nearby and then examined it casually. Finally she stuck it in her bag and at dusk started back to her downtown, cross-street room and her paper bag supper.

41-7-2

She did not think of the ornament again until she was about to go to bed; then it fell to the floor. It was an earring. She cleaned it with water and rubbing and was astonished at the brilliance of the stone and the fineness of the setting. She hurried to the window and scratched the glass; it cut a deep groove; it must be a diamond or some equally valuable stone. She put it away carefully and fell asleep wondering just how to realize on her good fortune.

Her first casual effort scared her thoroughly. The jeweler examined it carelessly at first, then narrowly, fitting and refitting his big eyeglass.

Then he stared and her and demanded gruffly:

"Where did you get this?"

She stared back; thought carefully, grabbed her ring and ran out, along the block and down into the subway. She changed at the first stop and doubled back. She knew at once that she had found something very valuable and was suspected of stealing. If she surrendered it to the police after this lapse of time, they might arrest her. What could she do, except hide it again and avoid the neighborhood of that jeweler?

The factory did not open. Times got worse instead of better. There was no work of any kind to behad, except housework, which she loved and hated; loved because her mother had worked herself to death over a spotless home; and hated because of its wage, hours and contempt. With the Winter her savings dwindled; even houseworkers were not wanted and she found herself facing complete destitution. One reads of persons being hungry and penniless, but she never before knew one actually in such condition.

U-7-3

The charities, where several times she timidly applied, viewed her with an undisguised suspicion which at first she would not understand. So she stopped asking. It was one day that she w s wandering in complete dispair that a policeman accosted her, ~~[illegible]~~ asked her her name and told her to follow him. She started to protest, but he said: "Now here; don't be a fool; I've got a warrant for your arrest on suspicion. I didn't swear it out, but I've got to serve it. I've been to your lodgings but they said you'd left. I've just found you. Are you coming quietly or must I drag you? You've nothing to fear if you've done nothing wrong."

She walked along to the police station, wondering what on earth had brought her to this pass, when entering the station, she saw the jeweler. For the first time in months, she remembered the diamond.

"That's the girl," said the jeweler.

"Where's the diamond?" asked the sergeant.

"What diamond?" she countered, thinking swiftly! If she admitted possession she would be charged with theft. She lied.

"I never had a diamond. I never saw this man."

Well, there it rested. They put her in the woman's prison, but after a month, had to let her go for lack of evidence. But great God, what a month! Would she ever forget it? Would she ever be the same person again? The things she had heard, the things she had seen; the confessions, the advice, the suggestions, the hurt and horror, the indifference and dispair. One thing struck her with increasing dismay, amounting to terror: she came to understand that practically everybody to whom now she applied for help or direction, assumed that she was a prostitute. She was allowed no explanation. They seemed to know she had been in jail. Her appearance was against her: she was neat, she had good manners and spoke grammatical English; and she had been in jail; therefore, she came gradually to understand people thought she was pursuing the world's first profession. She began to understand things that had never entered her head before.

41-7-4

One night when she was hungry and cold and utterly discouraged, the snow began to fall and after being turned away from three charities, she stood on 14th Street near Fifth Avenue. A young man passed and without hesitation she walked up to him and said:

"I beg pardon, Sir, but I--I must have a dollar or sleep outdoors..."

He stared at her blankly, and started on. Shame and utter despair overcame her as she realized just what she had done; and then mercifully, she fainted and just collapsed in a heap at his feet. She remembered but dimly the next eighteen hours. The feel of hot drink; the ride and stairs, the warm bath and then the sleep--the long, deep sleep. When she awoke, she was lying in bed with pajamas on which were yards too big. She had no idea of time nor place. She half dropped to sleep again, when the key in the door

awakened her. She gripped the bed clothes about her and sat up as he entered. He did not stare at her and see the blood rush all over her. He just said jollily:

"Well, you've done 18 hours of good sleep. Good for you. Here's some supper--can you cook?"

She slipped behind the screen that hid the washbowl; found her clothes and put them on quickly; washed, tossed back her hair, and in a moment had the gas ring going. He had little more than washed and combed, and examined his mail, than the simple meal was ready.

"By George, that was excellent. Now I'm awful sorry, but I must leave for a meeting. I'll be back by eight. Can you forage for a few vittles in the neighborhood? Here!" He thrust a bill into her hand and with a wave of the hand, was gone. Embarassed and doubtful, she cleaned up, made the bed, swept and dusted. She washed the grimy windows, re-arranged the furniture and went to market. She had five dollars and bought soup, meat, vegetables, salad and flowers. Then she sat down and tried to think: now was her chance to leave. She had two dollars left. But was leaving honest? She had made a contract, albeit a shameful one, and had not fulfilled it. He had more than done his part. To be honest, she must do a dishonest act; to avoid shame, it was her duty to be shameless. So she put the change on the table; cooked the best meal she could, including an apple pie and sat down to wait. From the shelves she took one of many books on architecture and began to read.

Bert Weston had never had such an experience and he was in grave doubt. He was not accustomed to patronize prostitutes. He had never before in his 28 years spent a night in bed with a woman. He could not at first decide whether she was an honest girl in distress, or a cool, slick hand at the game. He concluded it must be the latter, for surely no decent girl could offer herself for sale on the public streets. He would test her; If she was honest, she would decamp with his five dollars; if she was there, when he

returned--well that was proof of her kind.

He hesitated to come home. He dawdled and walked around the square. His heart leaped when he saw the light, and when the cosiness of the room and flowers and meal burst on him, he never remembered being happier. She was shy but frank and she tried in every way to make him comfortable. He had wanted her to run away but would have been desperately unhappy if she had. During the night, he quite misread her silent, trembling submission to his wish. It proved to him that she was a fallen woman, even though young and educated. He wondered almost bitterly how many other men she had slept with and shyly glanced up at, in frightened joy.

She never forgot that night of fear, pain and ecstacy. She slipped up before he woke and prepared breakfast quietly, while Bert Weston watched her gloomily. He was both ashamed and puzzled. Gradually he concluded that she was making a deep play for him. He had heard of men marrying reformed prostitutes, but none of that stuff for him. His children's mother must be straight and pure. When at last, during breakfast she did speak timidly, her words confirmed his worst suspicions. It seemed that she had found a diamond a year ago, of some value--what should she do with it? He looked at her doubtfully and then examined the stone with astonishement. So that was her game! Well, he wouldn't bite. Had she searched the papers for ads at the time? Well, why not now? He told of the collecton in the Public Library. How was he now to be rid of her? He started to find another bill, but she stopped him.

"I've got two dollars change," she explained. He smiled almost a sneer, her tactics were so obvious; threw another five dollars on the table and turned to go; "Never mind dinner," he said; "I don't know when I'll get in!" He did not say he wanted to find her there when he came; he did not offer to kiss her not did she offer any word or deed which would remind him that she had passed a bridal night in his arms and given him the lone cheap gift of her virginity.

41-7-6

All day, Bert Weston worried and chafed. He could not decide whether he wanted to find her home or hoped she had left with her pay. He hurried home. His window was dark. The five dollars was there, but the two dollars gone. There was only an unsigned note of thanks and the promise to return his "loan" as soon as possible." A surge of anger swept over the young man; playing him for a sucker, was she. She knew she had hooked him good and hard, but if she expected him to jump when she came sneaking back, she was damned well mistaken. He waited six months in the deepest unhappiness and doubt he had ever known.

Mary collins walked three miles to the Public Library and searched the files of last September for two hours. Then she found it: a reward of $250 and "No questions asked" for the return of a diamond earring lost in Central Park, near 85th Street. Mary then walked two miles to West 85th Street, arriving at dusk. The maid looked at her doubtfully but let her stand in the entry while she summoned Madame. Madame listened with an umpleasant smile: "The persons you wish" she said, "No longer live here." Where?" "Well, I'm not sure, but I've heard the husband is in prison." Then she saw the astonishment and disappointment on the girl's face and relented. "They fell on bad times. The wife I believe runs a boardinghouse on West 38th or 39th Street." She closed the door.

Mary Collinks walked back down town with her earring. That night, Mary she bought a bed in an East Side lodging, after being warned against ~~xxx~~ bringing in male visitors. Next morning without breakfast, she began to search 38th and 39th streets for Mrs. Matthewson's boarding house. She did not find it, until at noon one woman exlcaimed, "She means Paula's joint! She's dropped the "Matthewson." It was an old brown-stone front, none too clean and Paula, her mane of half-combed hair, its black shot with gray and her negligé neglected, met her at the door;

"Say, are you the girl who's come to help?"

Mary was too astonished and hungry to deny it.

"Come in," said Paula. "You can get your bags later. For God's sake help me with breakfast."

Thus unexpectedly, Mary got a job, whose owner never came to claim it. The "Joint" was certainly in a mess and Mary sailed in. She was a good housekeeper and her hard work was soon giving evident returns. She worked all day and thus let Paula set up half the night. But the guests got good and prompt breakfasts and dinners, if they wished. Their rooms were kept clean and too their bills were rendered promptly, even if not paid. On this matter she and Paula held frequent councils of war. Paula confessed that any addition beyond two and two was beyond her. Then too she was "sorry" for the chronic deliquents.

41-7-8

Paula poured the story of her marriages into Mary's ears and told how Matthewson, "a good guy", proved too smart; after the real loss of the earring, he pretended to lose the other earring and the necklace, and collected insurance. But Paula had to wear the necklace to the big musical hit of the season; the insurance people heard of it and put Jake in jail.

"Poor Jake; and it was all my fault. You see I just can't bear to be poor. I can't stand it. I've just got to have money; I want nice things. I want to be waited on; I want to ride in big cars; I want to wear jewels. Look at me now? But Jake says he'll make it all right when he's released next year. All he needs is a little capital. I know he'll do it."

Then Mary spoke: "Didn't you ever find that lost earring?"

"Never. We advertised and searched. That damn poodle must have swallowed it; we physiced him until he took sick and died."

"Too bad; because he only hid it. I found it." Paula promptly had hysterics. She kissed the diamond and hugged Mary. Next morning she took the train north and returned at night with advice from Jake which meant she said "Certain wealth and soon!"

The following day Paula showed Mary five thousand dollars cash. Then she began to act and fast. Mary was to have the boarding house or at least the right to pay the installments; the debts due on the furniture and the accounts receivable from the guests. This did not at first look like anything but bankruptcy; but Mary too eager hold. Her interviews with the installment men got considerable concessions; some of her tardy guests paid up in whole or in part, and others finding Mary less gullible than Paula took their patronage elsewhere.

The boarding house gradually transformed both its appearance and reputation. And Mary despite her hard work, managed to surround herself with competent help and looked well, with only a few grey hairs and small wrinkles to show her passage through purgatory during her 25 years. They began erecting a sky-scraper next block and several young designers and architects found their way to this boarding house, raising its level of clientele considerably. Mary sat in her neat reception room this morning and welcomed with genuine joy, Mr. and Mrs. Matthewson. "We ain't millionaires yet," explained Jake, "but the roll's in four figures and we'll add another next month."

Mary looked at them gravely: "Don't put too much stress on money;" she started, "It goes, you know—that diamond I found; I think there was a drop of blood in the center."

"Don't say it", screamed Paula; looking frightened, "don't say it. I've been rich twice; if I lose this time I'll die and quick too. I must have luxury. I love diamonds." And she fingered a brooch which once had been an earring. Mary shuddered as if the cold blood of that arrogant stone had dripped on her neck. But Paula stood straight and magnificent; her black sheath gown perfect in fit, her silver hair piled above a deftly tinted and massaged face. Then with her almost grim beauty faded, she put her hands carressingly on Mary's cheek. "You see, dearie", she said, "I've just got

to have money. I can't live without it, and that diamond--my God--didn't you drain out the blood?"

Mary smiled, "I hope I did, but I'd like some proof. I hope it isn't still there waiting--O well, you can do a lot of good with money!"

"Stuff", answered Paula, "I'd rather be good and rich than rich and good. Now you are different, I know you really like to work, and you don't mind being poor. You're right in a way. You see, Kid, when you're poor and happy, you're just happy. When you're rich and happy you're so damned scared you'll lose it all that you're unhappy when you're happy; and--" But the maid called Mary. There was somebody at the door who wanted a room. "Said he must get a place in this block because of the sky-scraper he's over-seeing in the next. He'd been hearing from fellow-workers what a nice place this was--"

41-7-10

Mary stepped into the hall and froze; she looked into the eyes of Bert Weston; he was thinner than once, and his eyes had shadows. But his linen was spotless and his suit tailored. He stared and his arms involuntarily stretched themselves toward her. She came to him slowly.

He smiled painfully and crookedly and stammered--"I didn't know--I was hunting--I've been hunting three years." Mary pressed her head against his coat to hide her tears and said:

"I know--I owe you two dollars."

"And I owe you a marriage license, if only--if you have a room to spare?"

"I think there is a small one--next to mine."

The diamond should have been red, the color of blood, instead of that clear and dazzling blue. The black man who found it in the De Beers mine of the Witswatersrand, dismal as it gleamed, knew its worth and cut a gash in ~~his~~ the calf of his leg to hide it, stuffing dirt atop. He died with a scream, partly from the infection, more from the savage blow from the jambrok which broke his back. ¶ In Amsterdam, they cut out its glory, matched it almost perfectly with a mate and built about it a gorgeous necklace which the Duc de Rougemont saw on the rue de la Paix and offered his young wife of but a year's nuptials. She took it landguidly but wore it joyously on the night she was taking final leave of her almost distraught young Italian lover. His blood bathed it when the elderly Duc shot him as he lay asleep beside the duchess. ¶ Thus rather suddenly the necklace and errrings were thrown on the market in New York, in the fabulous boom days after the First World War; and the Earls from Ulster County, ~~lands~~ saw it. Frederics assured them that it was a bargain at $100,000 and one not likely to be repeated, which was too true. Of course Paul Earl could not really afford this extravagance, but his wife was a statuesques beauty, tall and lithe with midnight hair and he was mad to bind her to him by bands stronger than the steels-bonds which he owned and what better than diamonds? for she had been born on the East side and knew what lack of diamonds meant. ¶ Paul bought them for $75,000 which was more cash than he had. But his paper profits from selling conservative investments ~~plunger~~, were nearing a million, if only the boom which promised eternal life lasted another year. But it did not; for in 1929, at six p.m., Paul was a pauper, and promptly fell out of the fourteenth story window of his Whitehall offices.

The necklace and the errings, being the property of his widow, became the dowry which she brought to her marriage with Jake Matthewson, ~~who~~ Jake was not in the Social Register, but ~~who~~ her had known her long before she

crossed to the Avenue. On the diamonds he borrowed enough to start him in business as a broker, and despite the slump or because of it, he redeemed them in the late thirties and moved to eighty-fifth Street off Fifth.

It was then that Paula, as she had called herself since her first marriage, lost that right earring. She was exercising her French poodle in the park, when she dropped the earring she was fingering--the pair were on the way to the jeweller for re-setting in platinum,--it slipped from her fingers rolled under a bench, with the poodle in hot pursuit. She searched for it long, but in vain.

That very afternoon by the sheerest accident, Mary Collins sat down on that bench. She was without work. To be sure she was not penniless. In the savings bank she had $200; her room-rent was paid for the month, and the factory, where she had a job as forewoman might as the boss assured her, open any day. Also it might not and that was why Mary was keeping her expenses down near the limit. She was probing carelessly with the toe of her worn shoe in the dust and grass, when she noticed some sort of grimy ornament. She picked it up, stopped a moment to hearken to the disputing sparrows nearby and then examined it casually. Finally she stuck it in her bag and at dusk started back to her downtown, cross street room and her paper bag supper.

She did not think of the ornament again until she was about to go to bed; then it fell on the floor. It was an earring, ~~for the right ear~~. She cleaned it with water and rubbing and was astonished at the brilliance of the stone and the fineness of the setting. She hurried to the window and scratched the glass; it cut a deep groove; it must be a diamond or some equally valuable stone. She put it away carefully and fell asleep wondering just how to realize on her good fortune.

Her first casual effort scared her thoroughly. The jeweler examined it at first carelessly, then narrowly, fitting and refitting his big eyeglass. Then he stared at her and demanded gruffly:

"Where did you get this?"

She stared back; thought carefully, grabbed her ring and ran out, along the block and down into the subway, changing at the first stop and doubling back. She knew at once that she had found something very valuable and was suspected of stealing. What could she do, except hide it again and avoid the neighborhood of that jeweller.

The factory did not open. Times got worse instead of better. There was no work of any kind to be had, except housework, which she loved and hated; loved because her mother had worked herself todeath over a spotless home; and hated because of its wage, hours and contempt. With the Winter her savings dwindled, even houseworkers werenot wanted and she found herself facing complete destitution. One reads of persons being hungry and penniless, but she never before knew one actually in such condition.

The charities where several times she timidly applied, viewed her with an undisguised suspicion which at first she could not understand. So she stopped asking. It was one day that she was wandering in complete dispair that a policemen accosted her, and asked her name and told her to follow him. She started to protest, but he said: "Now here; don't be a fool; I've got a warrant for your arrest on suspicion. Ididn't swear it out, but I've got to serve it. I've been to your lodgings but they said you'd left. I've just found you. Are you coming quietly or must I drag you? You've nothing to fear if you've done nothing wrong.

She walked along to the police station, wondering what on earth had brought her to this pass, when entering the station, she saw the jeweller. For the first time in months, she remembered the diamond.

"That's the girl", said the jeweller.

"Where's the diamond?" asked the sergeant

"What diamond?" she countered, thinkwing swiftly! If she admitted possession she would be charged with theft. She lied.

If she surrendered it to the police after the lapse of time, they might arrest her

"I never had a diamond. I never saw this man."

Well, there it rested. They put her in the woman's prison, but after a month, had to let her go for lack of evidence. But great God, what a month! Would she ever forget it? Would she ever be the same person again? The things she had heard, the things she had seen; the confessions, the advice, the suggestions, the hurt and horror, the indifference and dispair. One thing struck her with increasing dismay, amounting to terror: she came to understand that practically everybody to whom now she applied for help or direction, assumed that she was a prostitute. She was allowed no explanation. They seemed to know she had been in jail. Her appearance was against her: she was neat, she had good manners and spoke grammatical English; ~~therefore~~ and she had been in jail; therefore, she came gradually to understand people thought she was pursuing the world's first Profession. She began to understand things that had never entered her head before. One night when she was hungry and cold and utterly discouraged, and the snow began to fall and after being turned away from three charities she stood on Fourteenth Street near Fifth Avenue, ~~and when~~ a young man passed and without hesitation she walked up to him and said:

"I beg pardon, Sir, but I--I must have a dollar or sleep outdoors..."

He stared at her blankly, and started on. Shame and utter despair overcame her as she realized just what she had done and then mercifully, she fainted and just collapsed in a help at his feet. She remembered but dimly the next 18 hours. The feel of hot drink; the ride and stairs, the warm bath and then the sleep--the long, deep sleep. When she awoke, she was lying in bed with pajamas on which were yards too big. She had no idea of time nor place. She half dropped to sleep again, when the key in the door awakened her. She gripped the bed clothes about her and sat up as he entered. He did not stare at her and see the blood rush all over her. He just said jollily:

"Well, you've done 18 hours of good sleep. Good for you. Here's some supper--can you cook?"

She slipped behind the screen that hid the washbowl; found her clothes and put them on quickly; washed, tossed back her hair, and in a moment had the gas ring going. He had little more than washed and combed, and examined his mail, than the simple meal was ready.

"By George, that was excellent. Now I'm awful sorry, but I must leave for a meeting. I'll be back by night ~~at midnight~~. Can you forage for a few vittles in the neighborhood? Here." He thrust a bill inot her hand and with a wave of the hand was gone. Embarassed and doubtful, she cleaned up. made the bed, swept and dusted. She washed the grimy windows, re-arranged the furniture and went to market. She had five dollars and bought meat, and, t vege-tables, salad and flowers. Then she sat down and tried to think: now was her chance to leave. She had two dollars left. But was leaving honest? She had made a contract, albeit a shameful one, and had not fulfilled. He had more than done his part. To be honest she must do a dishonest act. (To avoid shame, it was his duty to be shameless) So she put the change on the table; cooked the best meal she could including an apple pie and sat down to wait. From the shelves she took one of many books on architecture and began to read.

Bert Weston had never had such an experience and he was in grave doubt. He was not accustomed to ~~chace~~ patronize prostitutes. He had never before in his 28 years spent a night in bed with a woman. He could not at first decide whether she was an honest girl in distress, or a cool, slick hand at the game. He concluded it must be the latter, surely for no decent girl could offer herself, for sale on the public streets. He would test her: if she was honest, she would decamp with his five dollars; if she was there, when he returned--well that was proof of her kind.

He hesitated to come home. He dawdled and walked around the square. His heart leaped when he saw the light and when the cosiness of the room and flowers and meal burst on him, he never remembered being happier. She was shy but frank and she tried in every way to make him comfortable. He had wanted her

to run away and would have been desperately unhappy if she had. He quite misread her silent, trembling submission to his wish. It proved to him that she was a fallen woman, even though young and educated. He wondered almost bitbertly how many other men she had slept with and glanced up at shyly.

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"I've got two dollars change", she explained. He smiled almost a sneer, her tactics were so obvious; threw another five dollars on the table and turned to go; "Never mind dinner," he said; "I don't know when I'll get in!" He did not say he wanted to find her there when he came; he did not offer to kiss her nor did she offer any word or deed which would remind him that she had passed a bridal night in his arms and given him the lone cheap gift of her virginity.

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"Never. We advertised and searched. That damn poodle must have swallowed it; we physiced him until he took sick and died."

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The following day Paula showed Mary five thousand dollars cash. Then she began to act and fast. Mary was to have the boarding house or at least the right to pay the installments; the debts due on the furniture and the accounts receivable from the guests. This did not at first look like anything but bankruptcy; but Mary took eager hold. Her interviews with the installment men got considerable concessions; some of her tardy guests paid up in whole or in part, and others finding Mary less gullible than Paula took their patronage elsewhere.

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"Stuff", answered Paula, "I'd rather be good and rich than rich and good Now you are different, I know you really like to work, and love it, don't mind being poor and you're right in a way. You see Kid, when you're poor and happy, you're just happy. When you're rich and happy you're so damned scared you'll lose it all that you're unhappy when you're happy; and--" But the maid called Mary. There was somebody at the door who wanted a room. "Said he'd been hearing from fellow-workers what a nice place this was.--"

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He smiled painfully and crookedly and stammered--"I didn't know--I was hunting--I've been hunting three years." Mary pressed her head against his coat to hide her tears and said:

"I know--I owe you--two dollars."

"And I owe you a marriage license, if only--if you have a room to spare?"

"I think there is a small one--next to mine."

THE MURDER OF SAMUEL GREATLEY

c. 1950's
Two draft manuscripts

THE MURDER OF SAMUEL GREATLEY

by Bud Weisel

It was a singularly vicious murder, together with robbery and absconding. The body with frightfully battered head was found up on the attic floor where Mr. Greatley had his apartment and chemical laboratory. He was old and rich enough to indulge his hobby. Just what his research was directed toward nobody rightly knew. Once he said to Mrs. Sanders the housekeeper, that he was searching for life.

"I might sometime be able to raise the dead!" Then he gave her his kindly old smile and stroked her arm gently as he had become accustomed to do. But Mrs. Sanders was a little startled and hurried out noislessly. Mr. Greatley was kind but queer.

Mr. Greatley's head had been smashed almost beyond recognition, but the hair tallied and such teeth as were left. Traces of flesh and bone were found in a tank of acid and it was surmised that by accident or intent, some parts of the head had been dropped in here, and ~~been~~ dissolved. But there could be no real questions as to the body: his clothes and shoes; his pockets and contents, the seal ring on his finger--all proved the corpse of Mr. Greatley.

And too the motive was clear: bills and coin were strewn about and Mrs. Sanders' husband Joe, who acted as Mr. Greatley's valet and handyman, had been missing now four days. It was not until the third day that the body was found. Everybody thought Joe Sanders was caring for the old man, and it was not unusual for neither of the men to bother the lower floors for days. Greatley ate little and Joe had his own haunts.

Naturally Mrs. Sanders, the housekeeper had been worried. She was a youngish woman with a cloud of black hair; once beautiful and still attractive with her slow timid manners. She worshipped her husband in a blind unreasoning way, while he, big and surly, a wastrel with women and often drunk, took her for granted, neglecting her shamefully and now and then knocking her down. How he kept his place at Greatleys', none could explain, except the

old man's evident partiality for the ~~housekeeper~~ wife. This however had never involved hint of scandal. Mr. Greatley, older even than his years, was not that kind.

Also Mr. Greatley had a family, but his relations to them were casual. His wife, a tall, hard-faced virago, had complete contempt for him and let him go his secluded way so long as he furnished her plenty of money which he always did. She never forgave him however for giving up his medical practice and considerable social position, for seclusion and organic chem'stry, which paid nothing and was messy.

His two children, a son and daughter were wild and lawless folk, quarrelling continuously with their mother and completely ignoring the father. So the father pottered about in the attic with his man; the family occupied the first and second floors, living in considerable elegance; while the housekeeper had the basement with visits from her vagrant husband when he was so disposed.

41-7-12

Mrs. Sanders ranged the house daily to keep it clean, but did not intrude into the attic unless summoned. But after three days of complete silence, which was unusual, and yearning as always for her surly husband, she finally on the third morning climbed aloft and ventured a timid knock. Getting no response, she turned the knob, opened and saw on the floor, the corpse lying in its dried dark blood. She promptly fainted and hours passed again, before the alarm was given.

It was all clear to the police: Joe in a fit of temper or drunk, had done the old man in and decamped with his money. Indeed a witness was soon found who remembered seeing Joe sneaking through town very early on the day probably just after the murder. But no further trace was obtained.

Mrs. Greatly seemed stunned and silent beyond her wont. From the day of the murder, she seemed herself to begin to die, which was commented on since

living she had ignored him. Prodded by the police she offered a reward and set up the usual hue and cry, but to no purpose. Many surmised she was glad to be relieved of the old man and was now free to spend his money. But a new angle appeared. The bank officials let it be known, partially in pique no doubt, that for the last year or so, Greatley had been liquidating all his holdings, both bonds and real estate and converting the proceeds into cash. They calculated he must have had considerably over fifty thousand dollars at the time of his murder which was probably its cause. He had however, as Mrs. Greatley hastened to reveal, left her a fair share; so that she could live decently.

41-7-13

She moved eventually to a smaller house and took Mrs. Sanders with her. This, the town thought was charitable, for after her husband's death the housekeeper naturally was under some suspicion. She looked stricken and continued to watch for news of Joe. She could not believe him wholly guilty and thought that if he would just return the money he might be saved from hanging. But why, asked the town, was Greately hoarding cash? Probably, they finally concluded it was for some of his crazy experiments on the origin of life.

Meantime misfortune dogged Mrs. Greatley. Her son was involved in an automobile accident while drunk and was sent to jail. Her daughter ran away and married a wishy-washy body who dressed well and did little else. The tall stern woman grew frail and began to look like a ghost. One day when Mrs. Sanders was crouching in her room, sad and frightened with memories, Mrs. Greatley entered with an envelope: "I'm closing the house" she said, "and going to a sanitarium. The doctor says I need constant care. My late husband, you know, always liked you and many years ago made me promise to look after you, if he should die. Here is a letter to a friend in Philadelphia and money for the fare. Pack up and go. She will find you work."

Mrs. Sanders started to protest: she must stay here; "Joe might anytime--" Then she glanced at Mrs. Greatley and knew. Joe was calling. This was the message. She hardly stopped to say goodbye and by noon with her shabby bag was ringing a door-bell in ~~Philadelphia.~~ Germantown She was disappointed. There was no Joe. Only a message, which said that the position offered was in San Francisco. However it would pay well and ~~a~~ fare and a month's salary would be advanced, if she decided to accept.

Naturally she had no choice, and she was still convinced that somehow Joe was in the background. But California was a long way off--how long she did not know; and she hated and feared to leave the part of the world where she had been born and reared. But it must be Joe calling and where he called she must go.

The house in San Francisco was yellow and small, tucked in between replicas of itself, which were larger and more ornate. She climbed up long railed stairs and found the door and rang the bell. A man opened it.

"Mrs. Sanders?" he asked, and showed her in. She entered and peered eagerly about. It was clean and nicely furnished, but empty. "Me and the wife live here. The master is in his room, which is the back parlor. He asks you to excuse him tonight. He'll see you tomorrow. Your room is at the top of the stair case. If you'll come down to the kitchen when you're ready, my wife will have some supper."

In the basement, which was really at street level and comfortable, were kitchen and dining-room, and it was the place for inquiry and gossip. But Mrs. Sanders was frightened and timid, and ate but little and that in silence. Afterward she climbed to the main floor and then up to her room. It was plain and neat. But Mrs. Sanders stood listening until the house was still. Then she stole down, hesitated long beforethe back parlor door and finally knocked. A hoarse voice bade her enter. The room was almost dark,

but at the back in a huge bed, a dim figure lay. Her heart sank. It was not Joe. The low hoarse voice said:

"Good evening, Mrs. Sanders."

"Good evening Sir--I thought--I"

"--thought you would greet your employer. It was kind." Something in that low voice stirred Mrs. Sanders vaguely. She was a little afraid.

"Was there anything you wanted--I could do?"

"No, nothing;" there was a pause "I am glad you came. Tomorrow we will talk. You see I know much about you."

She paused a moment, then murmuring a low parting, went out. She was sick with disappointment and she was really afraid.

41-7-15

In the morning she had breakfast with the family. They now in turn were reserved and brief. Then again Mrs. Sanders with beating heart climbed the stairs and knocked. The answer was now strong and clear. The room was light. A man stood by the window, his back toward her. She closed the door and paused. Slowly he turned. She stared wildly, screamed and fainted. She came to, as it seemed, years later. She shrank back on the bed where she lay and slowly raised her eyes. Old Mr. Greatley stood beside the bed with troubled eyes and trembling hands.

"You are better?" he asked.

"You are dead" she whispered "I saw you. I saw your head--"

"It was his head." he answered.

"Whose?"

"Joe's".

"No, oh, no!" she wailed, shrinking closer to the wall.

"He was dead. I was glad, because I could not let him continue to hurt and torture you. You see, I loved you. For a long, long time I have loved you." She blanched like a page of white paper. She whispered:

"You killed Joe?"

Mr. Greatley paused, drew up a chair and sat down. He continued: "You remember the one day , years ago, when you first came to work for us? you came to our attic to ask if you could do anything? He was there and drunk; he struck you across the mouth. I saw the blood. You staggered down the stairs. I never forgot it. But for you I would have discharged him on the spot. But I warned him and let him stay for your sake. Years later when I saw him dead, Iwas glad. I remembered you. I bashed in his head. I shaved his hair and mine and sprinkled mine over his head, While his hair I melted in acid. I took out my false teeth and left them in his mouth where I knocked his out. His teeth went into the acid. Then I put my clothes on him. Remember how he used to say a valet should work for a master of the same size? My clothes fitted him, even the shoes.

41-7-16

"I took plenty of time, for I had long planned to take you away and give you happiness and freedom. That was why I cashed all my property. Then I stole away. I lived in Philadelphia and then in St. Louis, waiting. I knew when the house was sold. Finally I came here and sent for you."

She sat very still and listened. She gripped herself hard, for she felt her hold on thought and feeling and motion slipping, slipping away. She stared at him fascinated. This man had killed Joe--her Joe. She hated him. She had to hate him with every fiber of her body, as he maundered on and told of his plans, of the orange-grove, of his love. At last she could hold herself no longer and she began to moan; then she began to scream. She did not want to. She tried to stop, but still she screamed, louder and louder, until she felt his hand hard across her lips and finally (was silent and then) she fell asleep.

She lay dreaming in the night, trying desperately to remember why she was so sad, so utterly hopeless. She felt the body stirring beside her. A great surge of joy poured through her and gripped her limbs. Her silent tears poured down as she clutched him in her arms and strained toward him, so

that his body would be engulfed utterly in hers. "O Joe, Joe" she sobbed. Then suddenly she knew. It was not Joe.

It was Joe's murderer. She pushed him away hard and began to struggle. But she must not let herself go again. She must keep sane until she could escape and run. Until she could run and run and run. But then again she could not hold herself. She felt her strength slipping and she began again that low scream, that awful scream which she tried to stifle and could not. She must go and yet she could not move; she must be calm and quiet until--until; and then the screaming came again, louder and louder.

She knew they were putting her away. It must be some private asylum, for they were so kind and yet so careful. He must be somewhere near--he that terrible old man. She must not hate him; he had meant to make her happy. But how could she be happy without Joe! They placed her at last in a pretty room, with trees and flowers before the windows. Joe always liked flowers when he was sober and he was sometimes sober. Now he was sober forever. She must not weep. She must not hate--but--O God, there Mr. Greatley stood again.

Again she felt that horror--for he had killed Joe. But she held her hands to her lips. He saw with frightened eyes that out of the midnight of her hair, in a night, had lept a great lock of silver that lay on her forehead like a flaming sword defending paradise. But Mr. Greatly stood firm. He knew that he must conquer now or never.

Greatly came and stood beside her and spoke calmly. He was no longer suppliant and her hands fell to her lap and lay still. He said :"I promised God never to tell what I must tell you now." Suddenly she was sane. She sat and looked up at him, as he stood silhouetted against the trees and flowers. He spoke slowly and distinctly.

"I did not kill Joe. I could not kill a human being. You know that." She bowed; yes, she knew; of course she knew; she had really always known; but he himself had said--

"I said that I was glad that he was dead; but I did not kill him. My wife did. I was in my attic room one night, with the door open to the laboratory. Usually I shut it, but that night, my plans were maturing. I was adding my last cash to my hoard and soon I would be leaving for freedom and beauty and I hoped, Love. I heard a slight noise and looked up. It was Joe and he was drunk again. He saw the pile of bills and came lurching slowly forward. His eyes were red and his lips cruel. I was helpless for I had no weapon. He reached the door, when I saw a shadow behind him and with no word my wife struck. The heavy iron in her strong hands split his head wide and his brains and blood oozed out."

41-7-18

"We stood still and looked at his quivering body. Then we looked at eahh other. "I have been watching you" she said, shuddering. "I have known for weeks that you were bringing home money and hiding it. You were planning to run away from me and your children, because you hate us. I crept up here tonight to face you and have it out. I had hardly entered and hastily hidden behind the door, than this sot whom you pamper, blundered in and tried to kill you. I would have let him, but that might have made me and my children paupers. I killed him and saved you, I should kill you too."

"Then I told her of my plans. I wanted to go away and be alone. I wanted to live in some softer clime and think and explore the hidden laws of life; I thought I was near some revelation. "But with your hate and quarreling, I could not longer live here. I never meant to steal from you. I have left you two-thirds of my property in registered bonds, and title to the home. It is for you and the children. In this package I have been putting my third in cash. Next week I was going to leave; only I was puzzled to know how to do it and not cause you disgrace in the circles of folk you love so well."

"Now you have solved it. Joe will be me, murdered by him for my money. I will steal away. I will never tell a human being of this night. Only I

ask this: this man's wife has been kind to me. I love her for it and I have endured him, for the love I had for her and she for him. Keep her with you. And when you must let her go, I will leave an address. Send her to me or to those I will appoint to care for her.

"And so, my dear, my very dear, I drove you almost insane to keep my word --to the dead. For my wife died yesterday, of the cancer for whose cause I search. She died after long nursing and quiet convalesing with her lovely hair all white, and her hard and tired face softly at rest."

They left the sanitarium later and went to an orange grove in a little town called Monrovia, in California. The scent of orange blossoms bathed them from morning to night. She called him Joe because he asked it; and because she felt he had gained something of the strength of Joe with none of his cruelty and coarseness. Sometimes she whispered and said: "Be a little rough with me dear; I shall love and remember Joe, and not be afraid, because you could not hurt me. Your love is soft and clear and there is no pain in it. It must never end. It must last forever."

He answered: "Now is forever, even when it ends."

The orange blossoms prayed, the lemons gleamed and the great grey cottonwoods sang in the night. His laboratory was part of his house and it was all of his thought, save her. They settled down to a quiet and beautiful life. Their small needs were met entirely by their fruit orchards, run by a well-paid hired manager. Sarah did their own housework, cooking their simple meals tastily, of such food as he ought to eat; and gently tempting him to eat them regularly. The home was lovely, spotless and scented; and after meals he had a pipe while she washed up.

Gradually she acquired the habit of stepping with him out into the other room, his laboratory to watch him work. They talked, and some matters he explained simply. The deft and careful hands which cooked and cleaned so well, now and then came to help him in unobtrusive ways--holding and

snipping; fetching and carrying, watching and timing. After a while she became that rare and priceless technical assistant who learns by carefully doing, unhindered by intruding theory and ungrasped flood of learning. They grew to be a perfect team of scientists devoted to a great cause; and a man and woman who slept beside each other each night, hand in hand, in happy peace.

Now and then she was dizzy, and often he felt the cold creep of age. But neither mentioned these unimportant things. Sometimes he slipped into the hospitals of Los Angeles to observe; taking his wife along and letting her gaze at and shrink from the colossal cruel city and then to hurry back to nest in their quiet home. Then up and to work.

Definitely he was stalking the cancer monster; the ravening beast, the awful horror, whose terrible size was its infinitude of smallness and its malignant spite. He felt at last that he was close to caging him: carefully, only a few last steps; only a further probing in that dank, still wilderness where the hot blood of its pulsing could almost be heard: softly, softly, craftily and then late one night--far later than he in his absorption had dreamed,--in the faint blur of dawn, Sarah faithfully at his side like some soft shadow--Sarah swayed.

He loosed the beast and turned. He dropped his forceps and let a precious vial smash on the floor. He caught at her drooping body. She crumpled into his arms and slept and did not waken.

With one hand he held her long, gently and close; with the other he wrote out his last findings in the still undiscovered lair. Then he closed the book and placed it carefully beside its score of companions. He took a little hypodermic from his pocket and dipped it in a vial. He looked on her tenderly and inhaled the scent of orange blossoms as he pressed it home. Together they slept their eternal sleep.

The will of Joe and Sarah Sanders was found carefully locked in the safe deposit of the village bank, together with a hundred thousand dollars of matured federal saving bonds which had been deposited ten years before. They were left to the city council of a small Eastern city, together with notebooks and laboratory equipment, to found the "Joe and Sarah Sanders Cancer Clinic." The Council was jubliant and hastened to accept. They appropriated money for plans and building.

But the old Chief of Police, now retired, and always to be found with advice and reminiscences loafing about police headquarters, leaped to his feet when he read the item and let out a string of sulphurous blasphemy which outdid his usual notable record:

41-7-21

"Goddamit to high Hell! That dirty sonofabitch and his mealy-mouthed whore of a wife! I knew it; I coulda told them ten years ago! But was I given any money? It's only in novels that police can follow any clew to Hell and back, and spend all they need to hang crooks. We poor pups are lucky to get our monthly pay.

"This dirty scoundrel murdered old man Greatley and stole his cash. His wife grieved herself to death and his children went to Hell. I knew he Joe went West. They all do. I told them so. I wanted to follow him and hang him. But they wouldn't even pay my fare to Philly. Hire? Hell, we didn't have no description--no picture, finger prints, nor even a mustache. With money, shaved and new clothes, who could spot him but me? He went West to gamble and steal some more. His bitch followed after when she had sucked the widow dry, we never thought of chasing her.

"And now with their loot they come insulting this city with a clinic! We hadn't ought to accept this damned hospital, and if old lady Greatley was alive, we wouldn't neither. Wonder if we couldn't break the will? But hell no! What could we prove after all this time. Dammit! We ought to build a new jail with a good old-fashimned gallows. I dunno what we're coming to. More I see of civilized jackasses, the more I like wildcats."

It was a singularly vicious murder, together with robbery and absconding. The body with frightfully battered head was found up on the attic floor where Mr. Greatley had his apartment and chemical laboratory. He was old and rich enough to indulge his hobby. Just what his research was directed toward, nobody rightly knew. Once he said to Mrs. Sanders the housekeeper, that he was serching for life.

"I might sometime be able to raise the dead!" Then he gave her his kindly old smile and stroked her arm gently as he had become accustomed to do. But Mrs. Sanders was a little startled and hurried out noislessly. Mr. Greatley was kind but queer.

Mr. Greatly's head had been smashed almost beyond recognition, but the hair tallied and such teeth as were left. ~~While~~ Traces of flesh and bone were found in a tank of acid and it was surmised that by accident or intent, some parts of the head had dropped in here, and been dissolved. But there could be no real question as to the body: his clothes and shoes; his pickets and contents, the seal ring on his finger--all proved the corpse of Mr. Greatley. And too the motive was clear: bills and coin were strewn about and Mrs. Sanders' husband Joe, who acted as Mr. Greatley's valet and handyman, had been missing now four days. It was not until the third day that the body was found. Everybody thought Joe Sanders was caring for the old man, and it was not unusual for neither of the men to bother the lower floors for days. Greatly ate little and Joe had his own haunts.

Naturally Mrs. Sanders, the housekeeper, had been worried. She was a youngish woman with a cloud of black hair ; once beautiful and still attractive, with her slow timid manners. She worshipped her husband in a blind unreasoning way, while he, big and surly, a wastrel with women and often drunk, took her for granted, neglecting her shamefully and now and then knocking her down. How he kept his place at Greatleys, none could explain, except the old man's evident partiality for the housekeeper, ~~which~~ This however had never involved

hint of scandal. Mr. Greatley, older than his years, was not that kind. Also Mr. Greatley had a family, but his relations to them were casual. His wife, a tall, horse-faced virago, had complete contempt for him and let him go his secluded way so long as he furnished plenty of money which he always did. She never forgave him howeverfor giving up his medical practice and considerable social position, for seclusion and organic chemistry, which paid nothing and was messy. His two children, a son and daughter were wild and lawless folk, quarrelling continuously with their mother and completely ignoring the father. So the father ~~lived and~~ pottered about in the attic with his man; the family occupied the first and second floors, living in considerable elegance; while the housekeeper had the basement with visits from her ~~called~~ vagrant husband when he was so disposed. ~~She~~ Mrs Sanders ranged the house daily to keep it clean, but did not intrude into the attic unless summoned. But after three days of complete silence, which was unusual, and yearning as always for her surly husband, she finally on the third morning climbed aloft and ventured a timid knock. Getting no response, she turned the knob, opened the door, and saw the corpse lying in its dried dark blood. She promptly fainted and hours passed again, before the alarm was given.

It was all clear to the police: Joe in a fit of temper or drunk, had done the old man in and decamped with his money. Indeed a witness was soon found who remembered seeing Joe sneaking through town very early on the day probably that after of the murder. But no further trace was obtained. Mrs. Greatly seemed stunned and silent beyond her wont. From the day of the murder, she seemed to begin to die. Prodded by the police she offered a reward and set up the usual hue and cry, but to no purpose. Many surmised she was glad to be relieved of the old man and was now free to spend his money. But a new angle appeared. The bank officials let it be known, partially in pique no doubt, that for the last year or so, Greatly had been liquidating all his holdings, both bonds and real estate and converting the proceeds into cash. They calculated

which were Commanded on Diner Party she had opened here

he must have had considerably over fifty thousand dollars at the time of his murder which was probably its cause. He had however as Mrs. Greatly hastened to reveal, left her a fair share, so that she could live decently She moved overbuddy to a smaller house and took Mrs. Sanders with her. This, the town thought was charitable, for after her husband's death, the housekeeper naturally was under some suspicion. She looked stricken and continued to watch for news of Joe. She could not believe him wholly guilty and thought that if he would just return the money he might be saved from hanging. But why asked the town was Greatley hoarding cash? Probably they finally concluded, for a time some of his crazy experiments on the orgin of life.

Meantime misfortune dogged Mrs. Greatley. Her son was involved in an automobile accident while drunk and was sent to jail. Her daughter ran away and married a wishy-washy boy who dressed well and did little else. The tall ugly woman grew frail and began to look like a ghost. One day when Mrs. Sanders was crouching in her room, sad and frightened with memories, Mrs. Greatley entered with an envelope: "I'm closing the house" she said , "and going to a sanitarium. The doctor shay, I need constant care. My late husband, you know, always liked you and many years ago made me promise to look after you if he should die. Here is a letter to a friend in Philadelphia and money for the fare. Pack up and go. She will find you work."

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Then she glanced at Mrs. Greatley and knew. Joe was calling. This was the message. She hardly stopped to say goodbye and by noon with her shabby bag was ringing a door-bell in Philadelphia. She was disappointed There was no Joe. Only a message, which said that the position offered was in San Francisco. However it would pay well and a month's salary would be advanced, if she decided to accept. Naturally she had no choice, and she was still convinced that somehow Joe was in the background. But California was a long way off--how long she did not know; and she hated and feared to

leave the part of the world where she had been born and reared. But it must be Joe calling and where he called she must go.

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"Good evening, Mrs. Sanders."

"Good evening Sir--I thought--I"

" -- thought you would greet your employer. It was kind."

Something in the low voice stirred Mrs. Sanders vaguely. She was a little afraid. "Was there anything you wanted--I could do?"

"No, nothing;" there was a pause "I am glad you came. Tomorrow we will talk. You see I know much of you."

She paused a moment, then murmuring a low parting, went out. She was sick with disappointment and she was afraid.

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"You are better?" he asked.

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"It was his head." he answered.

"Whose?"

"Joe's"

"No, oh, no! " she wailed, shrinking closer to the wall.

"He was dead. I was glad, because I could not let him continue to hurt and turture you. You see, I loved you." She blanched like a page of white paper. She whispered

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"You remember the ~~day before~~ one day, years ago, when you first came to work for us you came to ask if you could do anything? He was drunk; he struck you across the mouth. I saw the blood. You staggered down the stairs. When I saw him dead I bashed his head in. I shaved his hair and sprinkled mine over his head, while his melted in the acid. I took out my false teeth and left them in his mouth where I knocked his out. His went into the acid. Then I put my clothes on him. Remember how he used to say a valet should work for a master of the same size? My clothes fitted him, even the shoes. I took plenty of time for I had long planned to take you away and give you happiness and freedom. That was why I cashed all my property. Then I stole away. I lived in Philadelphia and then in St. Louis, waiting. I knew when the house was sold. Finally I came here and

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They went to an orange grove in a little town called Monrovia. The scent of orange blossoms bathed them from morning to night. She called him Joe because he ~~begged~~ asked it; and because she felt he had gained something of the strength of Joe with none of his cruelty and coarseness. Sometimes she whispered and said: "Be a little rough with me dear; I shall love it and not be afraid, because you could not hurt me. Your love is soft and clear and there is no pain in it. ~~Only~~ It must never end. Itmust last forever."

He answered: "Now is forever, even when it ends." ¶ The orange blossoms prayed, the lemons gleamed and the great grey cottonwoods sang in the night. His laboratory was part of his house and it was all of his thought save her.

They settled down to a quiet and beautiful life. Their small needs were met entirely by their fruit orchards, run by a well-paid hired manager. Sarah did their own housework, cooking their simple meals tastily of such food as he ought to eat and gently tempting him to eat them regularly. The home was lovely, spotless and scented, and after meals he had a pipe while she washed up. ¶ Gradually she acquired the habit of sleeping with him out into the other room, his laboratory, to watch him work. They talked, and on some matters, he explained simply. The deft and careful hands which cooked and cleaned so well, now and then came to help him in unobtrusive ways--holding and snipping; fetching and carrying, watching and timing. After a while she became that rare and priceless technical assistant who learns by carefully doing, unhindered by intruding theory and ungrasped flood of learning. They grew to be a perfect team of scientists devoted to a great cause; and a man and woman who slept beside each other each night, hand in hand, in happy peace. ¶ Now and then she was dizzy and often he felt the cold creep of age. But neither mentioned these unimportant things. Sometimes he slipped into the hospitals of Los Angeles to observe; taking his wife along and letting her gaze at and shrink from the colossal cruel city and then to hurry back to nest in their quiet home. Then up and to work. ¶ Definitely he was stalking the cancer monster, the ravening beast, the awful horror, whose terrible size was its infinitude of smallness and its malignant spite. He felt at last that he was close to caging him; carefully only a few last steps; only a further probing in that dank still wilderness where the hot blood of its pulsing could almost be heard: softly softly, craftily and then late one night--far later than he in his absorbtion had dreamed,--in the faint blur of dawn, Sarah faithfully at his side like some soft shadow; Sarah swayed. ¶ He loosed the beast and turned He drotted his forceps & caught at Del a precious vial spread on the floor. He

(drooping body.)

her. She crumpled into his arms and slept and did not waken. With one hand he held her long, gently and close; with the other he wrote out his last findings on the still undiscovered lair. Then he closed the book and placed it carefully beside its score of companions. He took a little hypodermic from his pocket and dipped it in a vial. He looked on her tenderly and inhaled the scent of oranges blossoms as he pressed it home. Together they slept their eternal sleep.

The will of Joe and Sarah Sanders was found carefully locked in the safedeposit of the village bank, together with a hundred thousand dollars of matured federal saving bonds which had been deposited ten years before. They were left to the city council of a small Eastern city, together with notebooks and laboratory equipment, to found the "Joe and Sarah Sanders Cancer Clinic." The Council was jubliant and hastened to accept. They appropriated money for plans and building.

But the old Chief of Police, now retired, always to be found with advice and reminiscences loafing about police headquarters, leaped to his feet when he read the item and let out a string of sulphurous blasphemy which outdid his usual notable record:

"Goddamit to high Hell! That dirty sonofabitch and his mealy-mouthed whore of a wife! I knew it; I coulda told them ten years ago! But was I given any money? It's only in novels that police can follow any clew to Hell and back and spend all they need to hang crooks. We poor pups are lucky to get our monthly pay. This dirty scoundrel murdered old man Greatly and stole his cash. His wife grieved herself to death and his children went to Hell. I knew he went west. They all do. I told them so. I wanted to follow him and hang him. But they wouldn't even pay my fare to Philly. Wire? Hell, we didn't have no description--no picture, finger prints, nor

even a mustache. With money, and new clothes, who could spot him but me? He went west to gamble and steal some more. His bitch followed after when she had sucked the widow dry, we never thought of chasing her. And now with their loot they come insulting this city with a clinic! ~~Well~~, we ought to build a new jail with a good old-fashinned gallows. I dunno what we're coming to. More I see of civilized jackasses, the more I like ~~honest skunks~~.

It was ten years later, that the local police force in the East, slapped it thigh, spit on the stove and swore lustily: "I'll be damned. Read this. Some guy and his wife in California have died and left this burg money for a cancer hospital. And who do you think it was? Sanders. Joe Sanders. That murdering devil escaped to California and has been living in ease off his stolen loot. Yes and his wife, that mealy-mouthed bitch was with him. The chief of police slammed his desk.

"Just as I knew" he said. Joe ran away out west and after putting up a bluff at poverty, she followed. You know in detective stories, police always have scads of money to follow clues at any cost and scour the nation for murderers. We poor pups are lucky to collect our salaries. I knew this whole set-up, but where could I get money to go to prove it. So we had to fail while not its leaked out and the scoundrel boasting of it. ~~I don't think~~ we ought to accept this damned hospital, and if old lady Greatley was alive, we wouldn't neither.

MR. HEDLEY'S OPTION

c. 1950's
Typescript

MR. HEDLEY'S OPTION

by Bud Wurst

The death of Mr. Hedley at 26th Street, and Broadway looked at first like a hit and run accident but later like deliberate murder. Hedley was seventy, tottery and deaf. He had outlived his real estate business and had his available fortune in registered federal bonds, whose net value was almost matched by his debts, on which he had long posponed payment by various devices. This could not last always or indeed much longer. He faced something like pauperism in his old age unless he could pull off a last successful deal. He was keeping final look-out for a deal which would not only leave him comfortable but he would like to be able to set Frank, his dead brothers' son up in his own business.

Hedley loved the real estate business but he was above all a born gambler who got his joy out of chances in buying and selling and cared naught for development. He had his nose lifted for chances when he heard of the projected Bus Terminal. After inquiry and investigation he shrewdly guessed that 41st Street was the right block and he knew a man who owned one corner. Hedley looked him up at his home for a friendly visit. He let around gently to that corner. The man was sick but shrewd. He told Hedley frankly that he was about the fifteenth man who had wanted an option on that corner. He was holding out, but he admitted he could not hold long for he needed money and he was not well. Hedley plunged: Would he take $25,000 for an option? He would, but Hedley must know that such a price was high and meant a pretty stiff gamble. Hedley knew it, but it was a deal. It was a gamble and a costly one; but if it paid off, he stood to retire with a sweet profit with which he could safely finish his business career. If not---well, he was seventy.

Then Hedley prepared to wait. The closing date of his option crept uncomfortably near and the City Council continued to wrangle and vacillate. Hedley sensed how many interests had a finger in that pie and on this last

22-1-41

day of his option, he sat nervously in his office, near phone and radio. At five he dismissed his young woman clerk. At five-fifteen, a young real estate man, named Bledso, whom Hedley knew slightly, called. Did Hedley want to sell his option? The City Council might wrangle a month; or they might choose another site. Bledsoe had a certified check for $50,000. Would Hedley sell his option. Hedley would not; his reply left no doubt. Bledso left reluctantly. At the door a young man, evidently awaiting him accosted him and handed him a note. Bledso caught a cab and rushed uptown. Back in Mr. Hedley's office at five-thirty the news came over the radio; the City Council had at last agreed and Hedley had guessed right; it was going to be 41st Street. Hedley hastily gathered his papers and arose to leave when his telephone rang.

41-7-23

At six o'clock the mutilated body of Mr. Hedley was found at Broadway and 26th Street. The car that hit him had run the light at 27th , caught the green at 28th and disappeared west at 29th . On Hedley's body was found a real estate option and his certified check for $150,000.

Frank Hedley the nephew had parked his old but servicable Chevrolet before his apartment on West 29th Street beyond Ninth, at five o'clock. He rushed upstairs to dress so as to be prompt for his appointment with Myrna at six. Myrna had an annoying fixation for punctuality, which was frequently a matter of argument between them and almost of quarrelling; save that Myrna was too well-bred to quarrel. She did however from time to time express the opinion that successful men invariably kept their appointments promptly. Frank, who was well-built and handsome, sang merrily in his shower and would have been on time had it not been for the radio announcement at 5:30 of the Council's decision as to the Bus Terminal. His uncle at their last supper together had mentioned a bit vaguely his interest in this project. Frank was excited. He knew he was his uncle's only heir and counted on some inheritance; but he was not waiting for dead men's shoes and had a position as haberdasher's

clerk. Yet if Uncle had made a haul on this fortunate guess, no telling how much he might make. And he really couldn't last much longer. Frank tried not to be greedy but he was after all human, poor and in love. He phoned his uncle but got no answer. He then rushed downstairs and arrived at Myrna's flat a whole hour late.

Myrna was calm and courteous; she always was. But she looked as though she had experienced a great sorrow. She listened to Frank's excuses politely and only exclaimed at the extravagance of a cab:

"But where is your car?"

"The old bus? Somebody stole it. When I came down stairs it was gone. I had to run three blocks for a cab."

"How dreadful. Have you reported it?"

"No, I will in the morning. But its nothing; its insured and I'll get more than its worth. Besides, Dear, if I'm not mistaken, the old man is set to make a killing in real estate; if he does--well he can't live forever." He proceeded to explain in detail. He did not gloat; he liked his uncle. But after all he could use some cash to purchase his own shop. Myrna listened politely but was not diverted long before she began what Frank knew promised to be a lecture of some length on punctuality, parsimony and waiting for dead men's shoes. But she paused to exclaim when they drew up before one of the flashier restaurants and cabarets in the fifties. Frank hustled her in and explained that they were going to celebrate tonight, in atonement for his tardiness and in anticipation of his wealth;

"Darling, I tell you, the old man has come into money and unless he lives forever, we ought to be able to get married in less than a year." He looked Myrna over possessively. She was beautiful and immaculate; so coldly virginal that he always wanted to sweep her into his arms and undress her. He almost blushed at the impious thought as her frank blue eyes looked through him. He hastened to explain in detail about the bus

station and meantime herded her into the restaurant.

"But isn't this going to be expensive?" she remarked, her frugal Yankee upbringing surging to the fore, as she glanced about. Her family had been of considerable social status before her father died and she had come to New York, rather than lose face at home. Her painfully learned job in the Telephone Exchange was to be regarded as temporary until she married. She did not regard Frank Hedley as an altogether good catch; but she did like him; he was personable and if his uncle's fortune ever materialized, as she sometimes doubted, she was ready to bestow her hand upon him.

But Myrna regarded nothing as settled until she was sure of his finances. Meantime the thought of physical liberties so revolted her that even chaste kisses between them were rare. But tonight, nothing could repress Frank's exuberance and confidence. She was tempted by a couple of glasses of wine, while Frank finished a quart; and he seemed to appreciate more enthusiastically than Myrna regarded as wholly necessary, a bevy of half naked girls who entertained.

41-7-25

Frank's parting kiss at her apartment door sent Myrna to her room with more and a different kind of excitement than she ever remembered before. She dropped asleep determined to warn Frank on his future behavior; and then dreamed of kissing him herself with an abandon which was to her mind characteristic of lost women.

Frank was nearer drunk and more in love than ever before and didn't wake until after ten and then only because someone was pounding preremtorily on his door. He arose drowsily and then went angrily to face the janitor and two men who entered without invitation. He started to protest but they showed police badges and he sat down in astonishment. "Are you Frank Hedley?"

"Yes."

"Do you own car no N.Y. 654-3201"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"I don't know. It was stolen last night."

"Did you report it to the police?"

"No, I was going to this morning."

"Your car is downstairs in front of this building. It has blood on the fenders and looks like the car which ran over and killed your uncle last night."

Frank leaped up. Shocked surprise and then something almost like pleasure rushed over his face. But he recovered and looked genuinely worried:

"Uncle dead? My God--how, where? Let me phone--"

"Wait. Where were you last night?"

"At Leon and Eddies, with my fiancé."

"When did you get here before going there?"

"Just before five. I left my car downstairs and came up to dress."

"And you came down at what time?"

"About 6:30. My car was not there. I was late and I rushed around to get a cab. Then I took my girl to the restaurant."

"Hm! Well, come and explain that to the sergeant. You are suspected of murder."

Frank was not only suspected; he was booked and jailed without bail and young John Weston, a lawyer hunting desperately for his first fees was selected by the court to defend him. John Weston interviewed his client. Frank had no funds, and he refused to call friends. Weston finally went to supper at Mary's apartment, disappointed and discouraged.

Mary Winter taught mathematics in the Public Schools; that is she guided grade pupils through the intricacies of addition, substraction, multiplication and division so far as they were capable of these intellectual subleties. Thus she earned a living. But her real interest was in John Weston, who was two years her junior and whose law course she had financed

41-7-26

from her savings.

"All pure selfishness", she assured him! "I've always been curious about law and law-breaking, and now that I have bought a lawyer of my own, I expect to live in the midst of mystery tales."

But tonight John was glum. Mary was not at all attractive; she was inclined to be dumpy, her hair straggled and her clothes refused to fit her form, such as it was . But John liked her; she knew him thoroughly, the good with the bad; the weak with the strong. She was frank, but sympathetic. Her cooking was good and no one could resist the charm of her unselfish kindliness or not admire the keen insight of her mind. He thawed as he ate but was still gloomy.

41-2-27

"I'll never get anywhere with cases like those I get; petty larceny, cheap fraud; fighting; and now a murderer caught practically red-handed."

"You're sure he killed his uncle?"

"Without much doubt. And he's stubborn and brash about it. They can't hang him he thinks; can't they, though!"

"What is he like?"

"Young, good-looking, irresponsible. He is a good salesman in Walk ces on 42nd Street, but hasn't saved a cent. He's engaged to a telephone girl whom I interviewed. She is exasperated at his plight and refuses to discuss him further than absolutely necessary. To her, arrest in itself is the ultimate disgrace. I believe she knows he's guilty."

"Poor boy. When can I see him."

"Now, Mary, don't get sentimental; I'm afraid its a clear case although he's not a hardened criminal. But he needed money."

"How much did he get?"

"That isn't yet clear. The old man had ~~twenty~~ 25 thousand tied up to take up an option on valuable real estate. He died before the deal was closed."

"If he had lived longer he'd have been much richer."

"Much--very much".

"Then why kill him?"

"Because the fool was his sole heir, apparently didn't know this and was impatient."

"When can I see him?"

"Mary this is no good! Why get mixed up again--O well, tomorrow after school."

So Mary sat in his cell and listened to Frank pout and curse. Then looking into her sympathetic face, he broke down and wept:

"I didn't kill him; honest I didn't. I couldn't kill a human being. Certainly I wouldn't kill my fathers own brother."

41-7-28

Mary told John that night:

"He's not guilty of murder. I know this only one of my hunches; but I know. We've got to get him off. And that will be quite a feather."

"It sure will; it'll be a whole bird."

"First now, who benefits by this death?"

"He does."

"How much?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Find out!"

The next night they knew: There was $150,000 in cash but more than that owed on mortages and debts. But the queer thing was that if this cash had been used to take up his option, his estate would have been worth today as much as the Terminal would pay for a site which it must have.

"So it was worth something to somebody to have Hedley die?"

"How do you figure that?"

"Let's find out who bought it?"

Next day after school Mary and John sat in the modest offices of James Bledso, "real estate" on West 8th Street. Mr. Bledso received them graciously "That Broadway bit? Yes, I bought it; but I have already sold it again".

"You bought it of Mr. Hedley?"

Mr. Bledso looked up and gave them a level glance: "No", he said "Hedley never owned it. He had an option, but he never took it up."

"Was that what you called on him about?" Now this was pure conjecture on Mary's part. If Bledso was so interested in that option he must have called ~~on~~ phoned. Bledso paused, saw her move and answered briefly.

"Yes."

"I suppose you wouldn't want to tell us what he said?"

"No", said Bledso, "I would not."

41-7-29

John and Mary left. "Why", they asked each other ,"did Hedley wait so long to take up his option? First of course, to e sure of the City Council's decision; meantime perhaps a phone call; or possibly a visit, for after all there was ~~fifty~~ 25 thousand dollars invested and more at stake. Hedley waited for the Council's action and then probably rushed out at the last moment and was killed."

By his nephew's car? Why? The nephew, if guilty, was robbing himself. Was it reasonable that he didn't know this? Mary doubted this; John doubted to; but they came to different conclusions.

Bledso, after they left, slammed the door and sat down scowling. He must expect snooping like this. He had run a hard road, but he had won. They couldn't touch him. It happened this way: he believed a year ago that this 41st Street block would one day house the Bus Terminal, but he had no capital. He nosed out its owners. Most of them were too strong and knowing; but in the last month Hedley got an option on a corner of the block. How he managed it Bledso could not imagine; for Hedley was old, failing and in debt.

a twice its cost,

Yet when Bledso offered to buy this option, the old man curtly refused. He was a good gambler and was sitting tight.

Meantime Bledso began scheming. This corner was a key spot. The Terminal, ifplaced in that block, had to have it at practically any price. There was no way to build around it. Bledso finally got a firm down on the lower East side which had underground political connections, to finance his efforts. He arranged for this firm to furnish him funds to take up the option if he could get Hedley to sell. He was to call on Hedley at the last moment before Council acted with a tempting check to buy the option. If he refused, Bledso would receive word what to do next, for this firm had connections.

41-7-30

When Bledso left Hedley without success, he met the messenger and was ordered uptown. In a large office sat the head of his Eastside firm. When Hedley did not appear at six, the office went into action: Bledso found himself owner of the corner for five minutes and then he sold it to the Bus Terminal Company for a check whose exact figures he did not see but which seemed quite satisfactory to the head of the Eastside firm as he pocketed it. He intimated he would see Bledso "soon."

Next morning the papers carried the news of Hedleys death, which explained his failure to take up his option. But also there arose difficulties about Bledsoe's share of the profits. The firm took a high-handed and independent attitude. What after all had Bledso done? Had he stopped Hedley from taking up his option? If so, how? What information had he given them which was not generally known? If he knew more, what was it? If nothing, here was $5000 and goodbye.

Bledso was furious. He decided to go to Hedley's former office to see what he could find out. He found Hedley's clerk, a plain girl of no great intelligence talking to John and Mary.

He explained that he had made an offer for Hedleys' option and had come to inquire why it had been refused.. The girl knew little. At five or a little earlier Hedley had told her he was going out soon and that she could leave. She left immediately. His lawyers had phoned but had not yet visited the office. All his papers were in that closed safe which he always kept locked. John experimentally tried the door. It opened and out fell a dead body.

It was the body of a young man, dark and thin. The back of his head had been bashed in and the paper-weight that did it lay bloody on the closet floor. When the polier arrived and turned over the body, Bledso gasped.

"Know him?" asked the detective sharply glancing keenly at Bledso.

"No;--yes--that is I've seen him."

"Where?"

"On the East Side. He used to work for --the Ruggiere Brothers; they-"

"We know them." Then they found the check on the body. It was a bank draft made out in favor of Hedley for $75,000.

Bledso cursed silently. This was the messenger who met him on Hedley's door-step. "The double-crossing sons of bitches!" he whispered. The detective smiled grimly.

Bledso turned to him: "Better keep an eye on me," he called from the door.

Mary said slowly: "I reconstruct it this way. Bledsoe made an offer to Hedley of perhaps $50,000 late yesterday afternoon for his option. He was curtly refused. Before Hedley left this young man entered and offered him $75,000 with intimations that Hedley would accept or else. Hedley started as if to hand him the paper on which the option was written but instead crashed the paperweight on his head, pushed him in the closet and fled. He tottered down the stairs none too carefully--"

"And his nephew ran over him and killed him."

"No" said Mary: "his nephew's car killed him but the question now is,

41-7-31

who drove it?"

"And" added John, "the men who made this offer, might have sent it by the hand of someone to see that if their offer failed, Hedley's option would still not be taken up in time."

The detective interrupted cynically: "They did a job of timing, racing and efficiency that was too successful to convince me, but", he added,"come; lets call on the men who sent this guy. Bledso may run into danger."

Meantime, Bledso had taken a cab downtown on the lower East Side and walked unannounced into the sitting room behind a jewelry store, where three men were seated drinking coffee and eating coffee cake. They did not stir as he entered, nor stop eating. They just looked at him.

41-7-32

"Your boy Tony is dead" he shot out "and the cops have your draft." They stopped eating and turned cold, expressionless faces toward him. Quietly one of them reached over and closed the door.

"Who told you all this" asked the oldest man softly.

"The cops," answered Bledsoe "and they followed me here at my invitation. They'll be along before you can get rid of my body. You double-crossed me, damn you and murdered Hedley, I'm squealing." They all rose, as somebody knocked. Three policemen walked in.

"Sit down" said the oldest man imperturably, "Some coffee?"

"Thanks no. Explain this bank draft?" All three looked at it silently as it lay on the table.

"Never saw it before."

"Come again. The Corn Exchange says you drew it."

"We ordered it drawn; but we never saw it. Toney took it to Hedley. He had agreed to sell his option for $75,000."

"When?"

"Last night about six."

"And then?"

"Then he got himself killed."

"But why did he first kill Toney?"

"He didn't , Bledso did that. You see, Bledso wanted that option too." Bledso went white and leaped to his feet; but before he could speak, a thin black-haired boy leaped from the shadows and was at his throat:

"Did you kill Toney?" he shrieked.

The policemen seized him just as Mary entered: "So this is Vito, Toney's brother", she said looking at the boy. "He is an auto-racer and we suspect he drove Toney to Hedley's office. Possibly, he went from there and picked up Frank Hedley's car--"

Vito raged as he glared at the three brothers:

"You peached on me, you rats" he yelled.

"Shut up you blithering idiot" snarled the eldest brother, "before they trick you into squealing."

"So it was you that killed Hedley?" asked the officer.

"I thought he'd killed Toney, but now--"

"I'd like to wring your neck" hissed the eldest brother, but the detective answered: "Look out for your own."

John entered. "I think it is all clear" he said. "The Ruggieri brothers were willing to pay anything for the corner, on which Hedley had an option. They offered him $50,000 through Bledso and then $75,000 through Toney, if Bledso failed. Finally, when Toney failed to re-appear they let Vito kill Hedley with his nephew's car; whose whereabouts and habits they had carefully noted. Then they got hold of Bledso and furnished him money to pull off the deal without the use of their name. They did not know until now the whereabouts of Tony and their apparent neglect to tell Vito, who worshipped his brother, led him to betray them in his grief and anger."

41-7-33

Myrna wrote Frank a long letter after his release. He waited a week and then took her to dinner in a place cheap enough to suit all her ideas of careful spending. He looked her over frankly, as she struggled with a steak which was really tough. Then he said: "Well Myrna, I'm not rich and probably never will be. I'm hoping to salvage five thousand out of Uncle's estate, but not more. I guess that settles our little affair doesn't it?" Myrna agreed that it did. She began to gather up her things and powder her nose. He watched her and smiled. "You know, Myrna, I never was good enough for you and I'm damned glad I wasn't."

41-7-34

THE COUNTESS' SABLE

c. 1950's
Typescript

THE COUNTESS' SABLES — By Bud Weiss6

The tall and silver-haired Countess, with her carefully coiffed transformation and delicately massaged and tinted skin, looked startlingly less than her forty-five years as she glanced at the Count with cold, blue eyes down her high-bridged nose. She said again:

"Nothing but sables will do for this occasion."

The Count, short, spare and ugly, despite his faultless tailoring, had brought his wife an invitation to a party on St. Moritz from an American millionaire named Stevens. The first impulse of the Countess had been to decline; the place would be crowded with European nobility of high rank and low income; and with Americans of no rank and high income ~~expensive clothes~~. She had no desire for such competition.

41-7-35

However, as she considered the matter, she changed her mind. In antiquity and authority of rank she need yield to none ~~there~~. She would show these social climbers what to wear and how to wear it. She was tired of voluntarily denying herself her rightful place. It was then she determined to have sables, that fur of Russian Emperors, now so rare. She realized that the Count had special reasons for his friendship with this American. Very well, she would go, but on her own terms.

The Count turned and said impatiently: "Sables are quite out of the question. I am distressed but we cannot afford it. Besides, my dear, you have already an Arctic menagerie of furs--"

"All quite out of date and shabby. My dear Armand, let us drop the matter."

The Count turned and bowed ceremoniously but added as he left: "I am sorry, but we must go! It is necessary."

The nobleman bore a title which went back to the First Napoleon and his wife's family had four quarterings at the time of the Grand Monarch. Up to the First World War there had never been any question of lack of funds

in the family. Their wealth had never been fabulous, but there was always more than plenty for their needs, albeit those needs had been curtailed from generation to generation. Castles and landed estates disappeared; city hotels and liveried equipages became things of the past. But landed property and rights of birth had been transmitted into public office and then into stocks and shares. The Twentieth Century saw the great family narrowed to one ~~elderly~~ childless couple.

Always to the Countess, wealth was a natural function of status; the well-born were entitled to income in the nature of things just as laborers and menials were not; any real or attempted change in this order was against nature and must end in failure. Before the First World War, the Countess thought nothing of money: when it was wanted, it was there; there was no argument and little delay. Of course there were natural limits; one could not buy everything nor did one wish to. But this reduced itself to taste and Noblesse oblige and was not a matter of barter. Of the sources of her own wealth and that of her husband she did not know nor inquire.

41-7-36

When Germany erupted in 1914, there were inconveniences; but when Russia flamed into revolution, investments in the factories of Yaroslav and oil of Baku were suddenly worth nothing. With unbelieving countenances, the Count and Countess had actually to curtail their expenses to less than the demands of their status. But the Count was prominent in the Torgprom and everything was expected from the counter blows of Denikin, Kolchak and Savinkof.

It was at this time that the Count mentioned the family jewels to his wife, but she did not respond and looked at him curiously with a shade of contempt. The Countess' collection of jewelry was priceless. These were not the ordinary ornaments of the nouveau riche, but heirlooms and almost intimate friends, to which the Count before the war had added sentimental gifts. The idea of sale or even temporary pledging of these momentoes was to the Countess unthinkable. Indeed the Countess was inclined to blame her husband

for their financial difficulties. His stiff-necked pride and extravagance, with gambling and perhaps worse had not conserved their funds. The Countess could not think of sacrificing her jewels.

The depression of the thirties dropped down and pushed the Count and Countess with scores of their friends into plain sight of poverty. But they refused to admit poverty; their friends refused also. The tradesmen and furriers, the caterers and servants waited patiently for normal times to return and the rightful wealth of aristocracy to revert to where it morally belonged. The Count borrowed on every side; and went into the Black Market to stave off disaster.

There ensued a period of uncertain balance; some of their income from recovered investments returned and the expectation of re-instituted cartels through the Americans brought rosy hope. The Count dropped the matter of the jewels and spoke of new investments. Food began to reappear with some servants and a car. Entertaining was resumed and gradually life for the Countess took on familiar forms.

41-7-37

Somewhat to her surprise about 1935, Germans who knew and praised Hitler, and Italian noblemen who were friends of Mussolini, appeared among the Counts' guests in her drawing room. A new world seemed definitely to be building. She did not quite like it; it was lower in tone and ruder in manner.

The quick madness of a Second World War did not appear to affect their personal fortunes like the First. The Count had inconspicuous but high position in the Vichy regime with most of the aristocracy and enjoyed good income until the unbelievable triumph of the Allies over Hitler was implemented by Russia. Even then the Count escaped prosecution, and through social prominence and German connections was able to get the friendship and protection of the Americans. He knew that he was on the edge of disaster in business and society, but Then he came to know Henry Stevens.

Meantime the Countess continued to refuse to take the reverses seriously. In the very nature of the case, wealth must return to the use of the well-born. No revolution, French, Russian nor Chinese could turn back nature. So the Countess still dressed expensively, kept competent servants and dined well. Naturally she was seen on all the really smart occasions. This is a beautiful woman of high breeding could achieve and without touch of scandal. The Count was not so lucky. He was reduced to gambling for a living and only his great name saved him several times from open disgrace. Lately he had sought the acquaintance of American men, and in particular Henry Stevens.

Stevens was in steel and his firm during two wars had made so many millions that it was scarce worth while to count them. At sixty he retired; his two sons took over and his daughter married in the high income brackets of Western industry. His rather bewildered wife died in peace and contentment, and Stevens found himself at loose ends, wondering what a fellow did with life when he had nothing to do. But he was healthy and level-headed and came to France as a nominal part of ECA. He could if he wished easily have become Ambassador.

VI-7-38

Stevens liked Paris but did not quite understand it; it was like an echo of something he had once known and forgotten. He felt some ancient kinship as he stared at old buildings; looked at haunting paintings, and watched people with easy courteous manners. His own manners were casual but not boorish and he began unconsciously assuming something of outward French culture. He had learned to speak a little French. He could not become a playboy, but he sought exclusive society which did little but play and he relished it vaguely.

Thus Stevens met the Count and Countess, hardly noticing the first, save his clothes; but he thought he had never seen so completely attractive a woman as the Countess. She was everything that his dead wife had not been. He had loved and respected his wife; but she had little brains; had

had been homely and careless after her first fresh youth and as she grew older she would rather sleep and eat than talk, even had she had anything to talk about

Stevens watched the Countess at every opportunity and spoke with her now and then. She was always at ease. She was much more than beautiful, she was groomed, comely and attractive. She knew the world, read books, painted flowers and danced perfectly.

From the tutelage of an English governess she spoke English without accent, but used it only when she must. She disliked the American dialect. The Count spoke no English and was proud of the fact.

Obviously the Countess regarded Stevens as quite outside her circle; but he was not awkward--only brusque, and represented a kind of life which the Countess did not understand at all. She was a little curious. Why on earth should anyone give his whole attention to something which was of importance only for an ulterior object, which, he did not himself quite understand? It was fantastic and yet most Americans apparently were engaged in this merry-go-round. She consequently never liked Americans, but in the present madness of the world, one must acknowledge their existance. Stevens was the least objectionable.

41-7-30

At first the Countess thought Stevens was simply yielding to the usual vulgar sex urge which seemed to motivate most men in her presence. She calmly and unemotionally awaited the moment to put him in his place by one of her unmistakable gestures; or by a significant silence; or in extremes, with a cold word. For the Countess herself had never felt any sex urge worth noticing and the Count was not a person to arouse the existent in her, much less the non-existent. Her correct behavior was neither conscious virginity nor moral restraint; it was mainly indifference. So the Countess walked calmly above the earth with little temptation and no scandal, to the mystification of her women friends and the irritation of all men.

Gradually Stevens intrigued her; first because he was fabuously rich and did not know how to spend his wealth, which was inexplicable; and secondly

because he was quite evidently interested in her as mind and manner and not solely as a body to be owned, exhibited and used. This was new in the Countess' wide experience. Yet she had no plans nor schemes involving Stevens and his wealth. But she did begin to listen to his conversation and now and then she and the Count accepted his hospitality.

Since evidently the Count was now determined to go to St. Moritz, the Countess said nothing further; she simply proceeded to order the frightfully expensive sables. The furrier hesitated at the unusual order; but he was reduced to uneasy compliance by a look. After all this was the Countess and her credit, although often now lengthened, had never been repudiated. Moreover her influence went far. He accepted the order with a murmured hope for early settlement. His bank and the state officials were less amenable, but the market for building supplies in Russia wasopen and furs were rich pay. The order want through.

41-7-40

It was a month later that the Count again brought up the proposed trip to Switzerland and ventured to inquire if the Countess had been making the necessary preparations.

"You refer to the sables?" she asked.

The Count reminded her gently: "I have already said that sables were out of the question."

She turned and stared at him: "Surely you have not forgotten that I said I would not go without them?" In fact I ordered them a month ago. You see, my dear, since Russia went mad, sables are hard to come by. When you again mentioned this trip to St. Moritz, you insisted that it was of great importance. I therefore ordered the sables at once and in fact they are already here." She opened the long box lying on the satin embroidered and canopied bed. The dark almost black fur, with soft silver threads close clustered on the pelt, glistened with warm living splendor. The Count choked with many thousand thunders and his voice rose:

"Send them back, Madam; do you want us both to land in prison?" The Countess merely raised her eyebrows and stroked the furs:

"But Armand" she said quietly, "Do not be--" she hesitated and thought how much like an insect he looked; but she concluded "childish! The furrier is waiting below to talk to you. You may induce him to take this gorgeous thing back--but I doubt it, save at ruinous discount. I've already had a word with him."

The Count bit his lips and swore softly beneath his breath: "They must be returned immediately" he snapped. "I am at the end of my resources; I may even face bankruptcy. Unless you--" She waited. She knew what was in his mind and had been many of these last years. He had been too well-bread to mention her jewels again, those famous pearls and georgeous diamonds, with emeralds and rubies which had come down from her fathers and been augmented by her husbands' gifts. They had not been included in her dowry but were her own. He had often wanted her to offer them to him voluntarily, but she had never done so. After a pause, she continued coldly, as she lifted the shimmering black burnished coat, with its long soft tendrils of glinting silver.

" In that case, I will not go. Of course you will tell Mr. Stevens of our changed plans." The Count bowed over his last smothered oath, turned upon his lacquered toes and went out almost staggering as he shut the door gently. She was about to turn away to assuage her cold anger by another glance at the marvellous fur coat, when she heard the voice of the Count without raised in fury:

"Who the devil are you and what do you want here?" She opened the door quickly and saw Ivan. He was the new footman she had just hired and he had brought up the furs from the furrier's hands. Why he was lingering about instead of returning below, she did not know; perhaps he was awaiting some further message from her. It made no difference, but she glimsed the fierce cold resentment in the big Russians' face, which seemed to go beyond the Count's

oath; and she saw too the fury in the Count's face. It was almost as if murder was in the air, as she hastily explained:

"O, this is a new servant; I forgot to tell you. You may go, Ivan."

Slowly Ivan departed; but the Count turned without a word into his apartments, instead of descending to the waiting furrier. The Countess returned slowly to her rooms, listening to see if the Count would ultimately meet the furrier or if she herself must go down. Then she heard the Counts' voice in his own room on the telephone. Ordinarily she would never have thought of listening; but now she moved quickly to her bath room and raising the sash a bit, heard the conversation in the Count's apartment.

The Count had rung up Stevens:

"Mr. Stevens this is--"

"Quite well, I thank you; but I regret infinitely to say that my wife and I after all will not be able to accompany you to St. Moritz--"

"Well--it--you may rest assured, Sir, quite as embarassing for us too--"

"No, No! But certainly not! However, I will be frank; the Countess has ordered a new fur coat--"

"No, Sir most surely I could not hear of that; after all, a gentleman--"

"But Sir, I must insist, the sum is too great--far too great--the coat is magnificent royal sable, purchased in defiance of my express wish, I regret to say. The poor furrier faces bankruptcy--"

"But how could I--think why, Sir, it is impossible! It will cost not less than 4,000,000 francs. It would be unthinkable Sir--"

"Lazare Freres, but--well I am helpless, I suppose; but Sir, remember this; we speak frankly as man to man; this is difficult , very difficult to say; but Sir I have long been aware that my wife is--shall we say attracted to you? Since therefore you are willing in this crisis to save my name, hereafter--permit me to quote the Japanese?--I will speak no evil, see no evil, hear no evil! I am Sir, your humble servant, Au revoir!"

24-7-14

The Countess groped her way back to her bedroom and lay for a long time prone upon the coverlet, with wide open eyes. A hatred of the Count welled up in her above anything of which she had ever felt capable. She had of course never loved him. It was not a marriage of love. Soon she found him too selfish for respect; and as financial difficulties multiplied, she began to despise his helplessness. But now in her eyes he was no longer a great gentleman; he had offered to barter his wife to an American like a grisette. If with his gambling intrigues and investments, he really had not been able to find the money for the coat, she would have returned it. Her extravagance had meant that she would make this trip as befitted her rank or not at all. But he--he had insulted not only her station but her very womanhood. For the rest of the week she kept in seclusion, trying to decide what to do. Then one morining glancing through Le Monde, she noted that her furrier, one of the great firms of Paris, had gone into bankruptcy. She phoned hurriedly. Yes, it was true. No, the bill for the Countess' sables had never been paid.

41-7-43

The Countess phoned peremptorily for Mr. Stevens and desired him immediately to call upon her. He responded reluctantly and with trepidation; he would never understand the French. He did not know what the Countess wanted, or why this first visit which he had ever paid her alone was asked. To a man with a different experience and background, he would have surmised but one interpretation and that would have been wrong. She received him graciously but imperturbably in her boudoir, seated in a high, straight Italian chair, gowned with a long silken morning robe and a great emerald pendant on her bare neck. The magnificent sables lay on a couch nearby. She went straight to the subject.

"Mr. Stevens have you given my husband any money?"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"Is that a fair question?"

"I think so; among the French of my class, the wife's fortune is handled by the husband. His financial interests are therefore also hers."

Stevens frowned and said: "Very well; once I paid his gambling debts. You see, Madame, certain American friends of mine, whom I had introduced to the Count, complained that he had cheated them out of considerable sums at cards."

The Countess stiffened and grew dull red. Stevens noted this uneasily, but continued: "Unfortunately, I was compelled to believe this, because he had also been cheating me; but the sums were small and I said nothing. But now I felt responsible. I repaid the losses, and--and stopped ~~playing~~ gambling with him."

The Countess stared, this was something quite unexpected. Gentlemen of her class did not cheat at cards. They might fight, rob, or even kill, but they did not cheat--at least not their equals. Perhaps that was it; it would be like to Count to consider rich Americans fair game; perhaps too, his French companions knew him too well to let him cheat them. Even at that, this revelation of his way of life was detestable.

41-7-44

But the Countess put this all aside, and insisted: "You have furnished him no further funds?"

Stevens was silent a moment and then said: "I have from time to time given him tips on the American market; but I advanced no funds. I believe he passed the tips to his friends and it is possible they shared profits."

"And that is all, Mr. Stevens?" Stevens sensed that she must know more. So he said frankly:

"No, Last week, I deposited to his account, four million francs."

"Did that sum have anything to do with me?"

"Yes, it was to pay for a fur coat which you needed and for which he said he was at the moment unable to pay. I paid this money, because I wanted to and not because he asked me."

"And what consideration did the Count offer in return?"

"There was none--"

"Please, Mr. Stevens, let me confess--I heard, unwillingly, a part of that telephone conversation!" She arose slowly and stood straight, looking him full in the face.

He arose quickly and towered over her, although she was a tall woman, regal in her silver hair, her high-bred features and the long curved flowing of her robe. He said bluntly and rapidly:

"Countess, I am not what you or your husband consider a gentleman. But I am a man, and as a man, by God, I neither buy women nor sell them.. Your husband said over the telephone some things to which I made no answer, because I was not quite sure what he meant. You people often use fancy phrases which I do not understand nor try to. In this case I tried to help a great lady in a matter which I hoped would give her pleasure and which cost me comparatively nothing. That was all. Whatever he meant, I meant for you nothing but the highest respect. I like to be in your company. It is a kind of education for me and my schooling never went far. I had my heart set on this party. The high Alps and the Engadine seemed like the proper setting for you and people like you. The money was nothing. I never saw any sables; if you wanted them, why shouldn't you have them? I had no better use for my money."

This was one of the few times in her life, when the Countess was at a loss for reply. Stevens had been guilty at once of unforgivable impudence and unforgetable kindness. It was difficult to find phrase or gesture to express both feelings at once.

She sat down slowly. Then without premeditation, they talked more frankly than the Countess had ever before talked to a human being. He wanted to suggest a divorce, but he did not dare. She wanted to say openly, how happy an event the Count's death would be. Neither breathed a word of eventual marriage, although it was in the minds of both. Hesitatingly, as he arose to take leave, Stevens murmured something about the necessary expenses of the trip. But the Countess

was still the great lady and waved the suggestion aside, almost before it was voiced; but she looked at him keenly, with a slight softening of expression and said:

"Mr. Stevens, I want you to promise me one thing: never again to give my husband any money. I think I have a right to ask this."

"I think you have. I promise. Does this mean that you not be my guest at St. Moritz?"

"On the contrary, both the Count and I will come."

"And the sables",--he stepped to the couch and looked at them--"they are very beautiful--I--may--"

"You will forget the sables. I shall wear them ."

"I'm glad. The hotel accommodations are all made. May I send a car for the trip to Basle?"

"Yes, a car, for myself and the Count; and for you, if you will join us. But I prefer to use my own chauffeur."

She arose and held out her hand graciously but with only a slight smile. Stevens bent and for the first time in his life kissed a woman's hand. He did it awkwardly and yet with a certain dignity.

The Countess sat long in her chair after he had left, and sentenced the Count to death. She did it calmly but with bitter earnestness. Nothing else would do; he must not be free to degrade his great name. He could no longer live with her (nor apart from her). He must die; and rising she kneeled before the crucifix which hung above her prie-dieu.

Then she returned to her chair and summoned Ivan; For (an idea began to grow in) her mind was now made up; Ivan should (might) be her executioner. She remembered that venomous anger which once she saw on his face as he glared unwinking on the angry Count. She would (might) use it. After all he was only a Bolshevik and suited to this job. He entered sooner than she expected almost as if he had been waiting. His eyes

J1-7-46

sought the sable coat on the couch.

"Ivan" she said suddenly, "You hate the Count?"

"Yes" he said, slowly but clearly, without surprise. She did not ask why. She thought she knew.

She only said: "So do I," then after a pause: "He deserves to die."

Ivan still stared at the sables. "I hope he will die, somewhere, somehow on this trip of ours. And when he is dead, this jewel will be yours."

Ivan made no reply. He did not look at the emerald but looked long at her.

"You may go" she said at last, fingering the jewel. He backed out as though leaving royalty. But she did not notice that he faced the sables and not her; she did not notice anything but her cum cold fierce anger as still she fingered the emerald.

The Count when he left his chamber, leaned against the ballustrade to recover breath and dignity. He had long feared that the Countess would hear of his gambling and the threatened exposure of his cheating. Then when no mention was made, he suspected some intrigue between his wife and Stevens. Ineeed all his married life, he had suspected unfaithfulness in his wife, after being unable himself physically or spiritually to arouse her. But always his suspicions had yielded so little fact that he could never voice them. Now this Stevens had become his savior and hope, and also his fear and hate. He knew he must cajole the furrier, whom he did not intend to pay more than enough to escape legal prosecution. It would be the same with his other creditors. Then at St. Moritz he must induce Stevens to come further to the rescue of his fortunes, even at the unspeakable cost of winking at liaison between his wife and this rich American upstart without family or breeding. All this was clearly in his mind when he made his phone call. All this made him now enter and greet the cringing furrier with his traditional dignity.

"Ah there, Bergthal, how are you? Now my good fellow listen: today I

shall give you a million francs--no more. I had not expected to pay for this order. But if we go to Switzerland properly outfitted according to our station, my fortune is made. I shall come into millions and you shall be paid every cent--perhaps more. You can take this offer, or we'll return the sables and God knows when you'll get a franc, if ever. I shall go into bankruptcy."

Bergthal wring his hands; it was as the Countess had said. The furrier confirmed it, with regret and profuse apology:

"You see, your Grace, the order came in August, and I never doubted but that Her Grace--er--I hurried the command to Kazan. But there were difficulties; the Russians are not so interested in furs as they once were and were in no hurry to fill this order, unless they could make a good trade for materials and machinery; which was not easy on this side. The sables too, were priced high, as I notified your Grace--but you of course, you gave the letter no notice, or perhaps Her Grace--"

The Count scarcely listened to the furrier's long plea, as he continued: "Worthy Sir, I myself am at the end of my tether. My helpers have had no pay for weeks and most of them are already on strike. They are demanding not only back pay but increase of rates. Your sables have had all my outfit at work for a week. I tell you, Sir--even with this remittance--"

The Count yawned and waved dismissal. The furrier hesitated. What could he do? To return to his shop with an expensive fur coat over his arm, meant hunting for a cash customer, refitting and sale at a loss; together with the loss of the Count's custom and possibly that of his influential friends. A law suit was costly and apt to lead to worse than nothing.

The tired old man left and came to his empty shop, where a hungry, angry crowd was milling about and shouting ribald names.

"But I can't raise wages," screamed the furrier. "The Count won't pay the rest can't pay! " The furrier was in dispair, and so was his oldest

VI-7-48

assistant, who tired and racked with a tubuclar cough, had stopped work a month before and gone home to his sick wife and hard-faced daughter.

The daughter, Marie, looked at him and knew. There was but one answer. She was well-built and comely; not beautiful but attractive. She deliberately put on her best dress and loosened her hair. She looked at neither parent as she went, nor did they look at her. She knew where the man loitered who had accosted her repeatedly the last month. She went to him deliberately and followed him silently. That night there was meat for dinner and bread with butter; but there was no conversation. So it was that Marie joined the world's oldest profession and so it was she met Ivan.

VI-7-49

The fur strike drove Marie to prostitution and her father to the grave. But it did not stop there, the furrier, after failure to collect the Count's whole bill, went into bankruptcy and became a journeyman furrier. He grew to be bitter and hard, a syndicalist, with his hand and heart against all socialists, capitalists or communists. He was shot and killed by soldiers at the mine strike around Lille. His eldest son became a government clerk and strongly upheld authority. These two were symbolic of a split in the personality of France which tore the land in twain.

Ivan was big and silent. His French was slow and indistinct. He was evidently a Russian, and a peasant not a former aristocrat. But he had a certain fierce honesty behind all his furtiveness. It was not long before in halting words he had told Marie his story. He had been a game warden for fur-bearing animals in Northern Siberia, away out in Yakutsk, along the dark flood of the Lena river, which rolled 500 miles from beyond Irkutsk up to the white Arctic Ocean. The indiscriminate slaughter of these lovely animals, especially the little ones--the white ermines, the dark-brown minks, the white and silber foxes and the brown and black sables, had lessened since the Revolution. He talked of them lovingly, and despite his slight vocabulary made Marie see and feel them alive. She had seen their pelts as her father

worked on them and as he caught death from their dust.

Then Ivan would get excited, especially over the sables, whom he seemed particularly to love. The Czar had murdered and mutilated the black sables but the Revolution had made them free. Once they yielded 50,000 pelts a year to London and Paris; but during the First World War, only a thousand. They were shy things, about a foot long with small head and ears, and the size and shape of kittens. They grew fur even between their toes and had long bushy tails. Reddish of sheen, in the brief Siberian Summer, they darkened to near black with silvery hairs interspersed, in the dead of the long winters. Once in deadly fear of men, now in the long interrruption of hunting, they could be tamed into friendliness, and Ivan tamed them.

41-2-50

The fur-bearing animals ranged the hundreds of thousands of square miles of Yakutsk in Siberia, ringing the Aretic circle. To Ivan fell the care of those on the lower reaches of the Lena from Nordnik Bay to Lapteva Strait. There he tried to organize a vast reservation, separating the killers from the prowlers; seeking but with difficulty to furnish natural food for all. Many of the silver-miners and cattle-traders chafed him and laughed at his love of animals; but they did not go far, for he was silent and surly; and more and more he became a brother of the wild and unmolested, since he was bringing a sort of order into the primeval forest.

To most game wardens, animals were but animals, to be viewed as enemies or marauders, or at best as sources of income for the State. But to Ivan, they gained a new personality; they were fellow citizens in a broad common-wealth. They wept and talked. Especially the little dark sables. To them from the first, Ivan was strangely drawn. For their very beauty, the hand of the forest world was against them; the bears loved to eat their juicy flesh; the wolves sought the shelter of their warm fur; the foxes lay in ambush for them. Ivan began to protect them, as he noted how they fled to the iciest cold and deepest wood for survival. He brought them food, as the mice and hare grew

scarce. He was sure he was learning their language, as through low whistling and guttural cries, he made them understand. At last, he contrived a separate shelter for them: a square mile of high forested peak above the wild Artic Ocean, silent and bitter cold. He walled it in with tree trunk and thorn, rock and ice, until it formed a natural refuge from all mauraders. In the center, on the highest peak, he found a natural cave deep in the solid rock, sheltered from storm and flood. From this coign he watched over them.

Ivan, gradually lured, trapped or caught, a hundred or more of the finest sables he could find. Here he often lay for hours, talking to his flock, calling them to him one by one; or in pairs; feeding them choice morsels; even stroking softly their marvellous fur. Here began to center his real and most passionately loved life. He cared for all his furred children over thousands of square miles of mountain, steppe and forest; but in his cave of sables alone he lived. And the sables grew to be the largest, sleekest and most rarely beautiful that any remembered to have seen. The visiting commissars marvelled at them and praised him.

Then came the order from Kazan: "100 finest young sable skins; Paris calling." Ivan protested: sable were still scarce; the flock needed many more years to grow to where it could safely be decimated for export; would not fox do? Or the sly and rapidly multiplying mink? The answer was a preremptory: "No: Sables and hurry."

Ivan got leave and went up to Yakutsk town, to protest and explain. Why should his precious sables, once killed for Czars and nobles, now be sacrificed for French aristocrats? What had the Soviet Union to do with the fashions of Paris idlers? The Commissar took time and pains to explain; he sat down with Ivan to tea, new from China, with game and vodka. He showed him that the Soviets must have many things now only obtainable in western Europe and America. Later it would be different; but now they needed French

11-7-44

machinery for the mines, and steel for bridges and road making in Siberia; and the French wanted Sables. Very well; the Union must export what it must, not what it might prefer. The Commissar at Yakutsk carefully explained this to Ivan, and Ivan argued but understood. Discipline was discipline and command was command. He returned to his territory, planning how he could shield his selected flock of sables and fill the order by trapping in the wilder east, and perhaps if necessary in the end filling in from his farm.

While Ivan went trapping far out toward the East Siberan Sea, seeking the rare sable, reminder after reminder came from Kazan for the sables ordered, and went unanswered. Then Kazan acted and a special agent arrived. He had but to glimpse Ivan's sables, than he seized, killed and skinned nearly all of them and sent the pelts flying to Gorki on a special plane.

41-7-52

The plane skimmed far above Ivan, trudging home with fifty inferior sable pelts, which he realized must be supplemented by at least 25 of his own collection. When he arrived and saw the murder and destruction of near his whole flock, he went half mad with grief and anger. To his fellows his attitude was beyond reason. After all, what was a sable but an animal? And what more could a game wardenwant, than to be able to fill an order so well and quickly? But Ivan without permission flew to Gorki just behind the sable plane and stormed the office of the Chief Commissar. His thugs listened stolidly, and for a time considered severe punishment for insubordination; but before they could act, Ivan fell desperately ill and was sent to a sanitarium, down by the Caspian Sea.

In a month, Ivan's strong body recovered but his mind was still sick. Yet he seemed quiet and normal. With all his taciturnity and gruffness, Ivan was a highschool graduate, with training in a technical college. But perhaps the long silence and inner communion of dark Siberia had rendered him in some ways abnormal. He was now obsessed with the idea of recovering his sables; if only their skins, to keep them undefiled from sacrifice to people whom he

despised. How he could accomplish this, he did not know; but he studied French during his convalesence and then without explanation, asked extended leave to see the West. This was granted willingly, because of his long and faithful service without vacation, and because there seemed no danger to him from a sojourn abroad. He left for Paris, set on finding the aristocrats who had ordered his sables murdered, and determined to bring the pelts back to Siberia for revenge, and for burial and resurrection. He had mystic belief in the resurrection of his sables.

In Paris he easily found the district of the fur-dressers and cutters. The recent shipment of unusually beautiful sables was well-known. Finally he saw the strike and later met Marie pacing the mid-night streets and learned that her father had done his dying job on these sable pelts. Ivan was going slowly half-mad. He was determined more than ever to take the pelts back to Russia.

41-7-53

The Countess meantime realized that security of life with the Count was at an end. She passionately revolted from being further bothered with petty matters of money, with skimping of service, food and clothes; she must not be deprived of the joy of buying the things she admired, in pictures and bric-a-brac; of entertaining graciously those whom she liked or disliked. More than that, the Count had deliberately transgressed the code of the station in which he was born. Had he been guilty of highway robbery, of passionate rape; of killing a man in fair combat,—all these however unfortunate were forgivable under certain circumstances; but deliberately to cheat gentlemen while playing at cards--that simply was not done in her world. Finally he had offered her for sale--her a daughter of ten generations of French nobility!

What now? Could she become the paid mistress of an American? Never! Could she marry him? She recoiled at this in spirit at first, but slowly realized after the interview that she could, if she must. Certainly he was less objectionable than any American she had seen--and it was in his favor

that he worshipped her--which was evident. She not only could bring herself to marry Stevens--she might even want him as a husband. Certainly she wanted his money.

But what of the Count? Divorce? Beyond her Catholic upbringing, was distaste for anything so vulgar. None of her family had ever been divorced; they had whored, philandered and deserted, but the legal tie remained. Then again in such case, what would become of the Count and his great name, if she left him to poverty, crime and disgrace? That would be unfair, not only to the Count himself, but to the aristocracy of France. He ought to die. He was not strong or well; he was continually complaining. She found herself as the days passed, recurring repeatedly to the desirability of his death; his necessary, his inevitable death. At first, it never occurred to her that she herself could have any hand in his death; but later, almost unconsciously, the idea interpolated itself continually in her thought. She recoiled from it always in horror; but it returned again and again until she displaced it by another thought---Ivan. Ivan must be induced to kill the Count.

11-2-54

The appearance of Ivan at the Countess' ~~apartment~~ (residence a month since) begging for work at any wage or none, had seemed from the beginning providental. To be sure he was Russian and the Countess hated Russians; but he was a refugee, probably hated them too. Besides it did not matter. His French was poor but adequate; he could clean--yes, he could drive a car. He said nothing about wage, but he must sleep in, as he had no other place to go. He was hired forthwith and now he would drive her to Switzerland.

The Countess knew that this trip was the turning point of her life. It would be heaven again to live with no worry or questions as to money; to have all the money one needed and be able not only to eat and wear clothes, but to buy, ~~pictures and bric-a-brac~~, to travel; to entertain as only she knew how. Yes, this, all this she must have and this Stevens was too ready to offer. But how could it come? The Count must die, but how? She herself could do no murder--she could not --but Ivan could.

The hulking dumb Ivan who hated the French and could hardly conceal his dislike of the Count--nor the Count's instinctive of him. Ivan must kill the Count. He might escape punishment; but if not, after all he was only a dirty Bolshevik There was no other way. She would not stoop to divorce and let the Count sink lower in besmirching a noble name. If she became the mistress of Stevens his very worship of her spotless reputation would shrink and die despite his wish and will. No; she was convinced after long thought and sleepless nights the Count must die, by accidant or murder, and then after magnificent mourning and a pause, she would with reluctance marry Henry Stevens. The Count watched her sullenly as though instinctively he had some inkling of her designs.

Ivan, the Countess was sure, was a fool; not only crazy, but Russian. She hated Russians and he hated aristocracy; this she easily gathered in the first weeks of his service; and later from the gossip of his fellow-servants. Perhaps he had come to this house purposely to wreck vengance on them as representing culture and civilization. If so, it would be poetic justice to make him executioner of one who ought no longer to live; under some silly notion of vengeance, when the real guilt was Russia's own. More and more she deliberately envisaged Ivan as a murderer.

J1-7-55

Stevens had broached this excursion to St. Moritz early in the Fall. He had a chalet up there, 6000 feet above the sea. He talked of the valley of the Engadine and of the long thread of the river Inn, rushing down to the Danube and the Black Sea. All the world would be there. The Count and Countess must go as his guests. The Count at once was eager; there would be intrigue in politics and investments; there would be gambling. The Countess accepted and then demurred. She had ordered the costly and beautiful sables, only to hear the Count confess his imminent bankruptcy. Then came the revelation of Stevens. It was the end of an era and possibly the beginning of a new life. Her resolution to make some far-reaching change became firm, and Stevens with all his misgivings, lost himself in a dream of the Engadine

and the Countess reigning high on the snow Alps.

To mark a change in her plan of life, the Countess took half her priceless jewels to a pawnbroker and secured a large loan. She next summoned the furrier and when he did not respond, searched for him and found him at work as a journeyman. He was surly and gave her no such greeting and deference as once he was accostomed to. She learned , as she had surmised, that the Count had paid him only a small part of his loot from Stevens. He still owed him three million francs. The Countess paid him the balance in cash. He hardly thanked her. That night he was dead drunk. "Wretched canaille", she hissed. Then she went to a display of wardrobe in the Rue de la Paix and sat an hour, apparently not noticing a certain absence of alacrity in serving her.

V1-7-56

After a time, the Countess called the proprietor and said a word as she wrote out a check. Suddenly the whole establishment was alive and alert. She soon had a wardrobe worthy of a queen.

She had accepted graciously but without eagerness the use of Stevens' new Bently car, but insisted on Ivan as chauffeur. It was true he did not know the French roads, but he was a safe driver and a deft mechanic. They would start in mid-December and drive up the Seine to Melun and Fontainebleau; then by Sens and Troyes to Chaumont and Epinal, and skirting the dark Vosges, drive to Belfort, and to Basel in Switzerland. There they would continue to Berne by car or train as the weather decreed; and then see the silver glory of the high Alps.

So off the party rode through the fields and farms of France; but none of them saw the land, save Ivan and he saw but the walls of the winding roads and heard the low cry of his sables weeping in the Russian forest, three thousand miles away. All four travellers were by this time a bit mad.

The Count sat in front and stared bleakly at nothing. To think of a peer of France being brought to sponge on a foreign upstart of peasant blood! His fathers would have had the presumptions intruder whipped and hung in

public by the heels! But he, in this topsy-turvy world, was helpless. He had been playing this American for a sucker to get in on such financial deals as he could swing; and thinas such opportunities failed to reveal themselves, he tried by crooked gambling to turn a needed franc. It was for a sizable haul in big gambling among rich Americans, that he planned to go to St. Moritz and back of this further attempts at investment and high finance. This gambling chance was gone when the Count's cheating had been discovered, but in its place then came the unexpected windfall of the Sable coat.

The Count despised himself, but was desperate and as he and Stevens stood in the courtyard awaiting the Countess, he had not been able to refrain from a last explanatory effort, which would carry further his hint to Stevens on his affection for the Countess. If he succeeded in this he would demand a king's ransom. In his most detached manner he intimated over his Turkish cigarette that after all his absence from Paris for any length of time just now, might prove inconvenient. The tips which Mr. Stevens had kindly given him especially as to that silver stock, were beginning to yield results. If he could collect sufficient funds, it might be wise for him to rush back from St. Moritz and--pursue the matter.

41-7-57

Stevens had lighted a large black cigar and said clearly after a long pause: "I hope you will not leave. I would not like it, and I am sure the Countess would not stay without you." Just here the Countess appeared, and they entered the automobile, the Count insisting on handing the Countess and Stevens to the wide rear seat, while he took the folding seat in front. Here baffled and unseeing, he stared ahead.

Stevens too was in stark dilemma as he sat in awkward silence in the rear seat beside the Countess and murmured monsylablic replies to her casual remarks. He was no philanderer and never had had a mistress. Last of all would he have approached the Countess, for this he was sure would have affronted her beyond forgiveness. Yet she needed money for her gracious way of life

and he had so much money that he knew no way of spending it. The Count would have taken as gift or loan, any part of it gladly; but the Countess would have bitterly and rightly resented it; while her circle would have put the worst interpretation upon it. How then could he help support the autumnal bloom of this gracious Lady, and thus enjoy an intercourse which was the most interesting thing in life to him? He could not imagine.

The Countess was not thinking at all, nor was she completely conscious even of the polite phrases which she uttered from time to time. They were almost automatic and followed an old and long-cut pattern. She was meantime staring at the Counts' head and calculating when and how he would die. She was at the same time quite aware of the voice and the firm bulk of the man beside her and she let her body lean slightly against him; wondering again what it would feel like to be married to a man without ancestry and one so utterly strange to the culture of her clan? Yet withal so powerful and comforting!

11-7-58

Night had fallen when they wheeled softly into Basle. The hotel reservations attended to by Stevens were perfect. The Count and Countess had an apartment with separate bed rooms and sitting room and bath in common. Ivan took the car to the garage with orders to return later for tomorrows' plans. Lightly falling snow indicated that he would probably return to France in the morning.

He must not return, thought the Countess, until he was guilty or planning to be guilty of murder; so fitting because his hands and the hands of his people were already red with blood. And Ivan knew he would not leave without the sables, the soft fur of his tenderly nurtured children, now bought by a lazy thief to cover the back of a bitch. "When he leaves for Paris," swore the Count silently "I leave too! Where else may a nobleman of France find decent death?" But Stevens thought of the snows of Engadine with a lovely woman beside him, sharing its beauty with his hospitality.

It was ten o'clock at night and the snow now swirled angrily. The Count stood silently by the window looking into space. Then he whirled quickly and ordered a bottle of rare cognac, and an absynthe. He bowed gravely and went to his bedroom. The Countess knew the gesture; ordinarily the Count drank sparingly, but under stress, he drowned himself into unconsciousness. This she had hoped for. It was eleven and she waited an hour; then she softly opened his door; he was sprawled across the bed in gay pajamas, snoring heavily.

She summoned Ivan, and meantime went to her trunk. She began counting out new thousand franc notes. As Ivan knocked and entered, she did not raise her head but kept counting until a hundred lay on the bureau. Then she looked Ivan in the face. He stared back unmoved. She turned and opening the bedroom door; pointed to her husband. She said:

41-7-59

"Can you take him down to the car, without discovery?" As she spoke she handed him the pile of bank-notes. "You return to Paris tomorrow. Here are expenses." He took them slowly and looked full at her. Her eyes fell, but she slowly unfastened the emerald on her bosom and added it to the bills in his hand; she turned away saying: "Drive him to Paris; if he never reaches there, I shall not care." She turned abruptly and entering herown bedroom, closed the door.

In her room she sat still and stared. She had not planned this. The opportunity had come unexpectedly. All now depended on that great fool of a Russian. Would he understand? He seemed to. She had given him ten times as much as the trip to Paris would cost, and on top of that a perfect four carat emerald. She sat and waited. There was no sound from without. The ~~city~~ clock on the cathedral struck midnight.

If he took the Count down and was discovered, it would be kidnapping and robbery. Ivan would go to jail and no guilt would be attached to her. If he got him down undiscovered and drove to Paris, he would still, when apprehended go to jail. The Count might die of exposure or--and this she did not

formulate but hoped--Ivan would kill the Count and be hanged; and she would be free. She breathed hard: suppose she herself killed him as he slept? No, that she she could not do.

The clock struck one, She was beginning to undress, when she sensed her door opening silently. She turned and saw Ivan standing there with her sables over his arm. She clutched her lace neglige close about her. He beckoned; she hesitated, then slowly followed to the other bedroom. Her husband lay on his bed, composed, white and still. She bent over him. He was dead. With a certain horrid joy she started to turn, when the great coat of sables closed round about her. She struggled fiercely and then was still, as it covered her eyes, nose and mouth. She grew faint. She heard the little squeaking noises of tiny animals; the furs writhed and wriggled about her. The soft long tails coiled around her. Suddenly she felt very tired and slumped down as little eyes gleamed and little teeth pricked and stung her. Then quietly she died. Her long white hair cascaded down about her cheeks and part of it fell to the floor.

Slowly and carefully, Ivan lay the dead couple in the laced bed of silk and down. He arranged the bed clothes about them and disposed their limbs so that they appeared sleeping calmly side by side. Then he put the coat of sables into a travelling bag and as the clock struck two, went silently down the back stairs. He greeted the night-watchman surlily and sauntered to the garage.

Something near madness possessed Ivan. He was a lonely man who had known no human love; not from father nor mother, both of whom Wrangel butchered in cold blood before his young eyes. His brothers and sisters were long lost. He had known neither sweetheart, wife nor child, being eternally busy building a new land. Perhaps Marie, whom he had bought on the streets of Paris, only as a means to one vast end, came nearest of any human being to entering his heart; and then it was too late. His heart, his soul, his mind for 25 years had gone out to his little animals. They were his life and thought.

Their well-being was the end of all his work and plan. When men broke in upon and blasphemed that inner-most sanctuary of his being, every dark passion of lhis life arose in protest and vengeance. First he hated the Commissars, but later saw their reasons. Always he had hated aristocrats as parasites and wastrels who lived for their bellies and backs, and walked on the faces of the poor. But this dislike was dim theory and propaganda, because he but vaguely remembered aristocrats in his life. Except for the soldiery, landlord and noble had gone before he knew them.

The Count and Countess were his first real meeting with aristocracy. At first he despised them rather than hated them. They were weak and pampered; their eyes and ears and thought turned inward on themselves and they were not worth hate. They were human and forthright neither in speech nor laughter; their object was amusement and yet they could not be really amused. They knew nothing of real things like sunrises or sunsets, trees or grass; but only raved at paintings, imitations and caricatures of truth; at flowers not growing, but cut and killed. They knew no animals; not even human animals and this, in the murder of his sables, grew in Ivan's distorted mind to a crime, a monstrous sin. These were the murderers.

41-7-61

He began to hate the fragile, elegant, ugly Count, whose only quest was money for pleasures he did not really enjoy. But he both hated and despised the Countess, who wore over her jewelled nakedness the skins of a hundred soft innocent little beasts who belonged to him, whose timid search was only for life and food and love. It was monstrous that such murderers should be allow ed to live and to use the world idly and arrogantly for their whim.

Next day was stormy, and sensing that his guests would enjoy rest, Mr. Stevens did not try to get in touch with them. When however, there was no sign of them at lunch, and his car had apparently already left for Paris, he ventured to telephone. It was full five in the afternoon, when the cry of murder, aroused the corridors af the startled hotel. It was dusk before search for the

missing chauffeur and car began, along the road to Paris, urged on by the frantic Stevens.

By that time Ivan, driving swiftly west and not east, had reached Munich, using his French easily in the German zone, now occupied by the French. By morning as the hue and cry roared east, the Bently was deep in the waters of the Danube and Ivan, in a near forest, was carefully tearing the silken lining from the hundred little skins of sables. Under cover of night, with haversack, peasant clothing and his Russian pass, Ivan easily made his way to Prague and took a plane to Warsaw and Moscow.

At Moscow, aided by the lengthening nights and deepening snow, he went undeground. He began his long weary pilgrimage east and north; through Gorki, once Nijni Novgorod, where the first fur markets flourished; through Kazan where the robbery of his sables had been confirmed; by Yaroslav and Molotov; up the river Kama, across the steppes and over the bleak Urals; down the Ob to the frozen gulf. He knew every step of the way; he knew many people, but none knew him, for he was now thin and whiskered; his eyes were wild and his hair grew low on his neck. He was sick in body and soul. His mind was a raging furnace.

41-7-62

Ivan approached his old haunts, stealthily and by deep night after the brief day. Surely he found his ways without eyes; up from the black gulf, into the dark forest, beyond and over the low hill. Then straight up toward the ice of the Artic, with the Northern Lights flaming, finally, above. Here it lay on the black plateau--the secret nest he had once built for his fur children. Within there was no snow, only bare cold stone, which his own hands once had cushioned with moss and pine boughs. Tonight he fingered clumsily at his haversack and then lined the cave with the skins of the Countess' sables.

Ivan stretched himself on them and lay long, silent and prone waiting and listening. As the roar in his head lessened a bit, he began the low call as he dozed; like a whispered whistle, liquid and clear. Soon he awakened

fully and heard the almost noiseless patter; the suspicious pause and again the furtive tread of feet, so little and light, they could make scarce sound enough for noise. He caught the glint of an eye and the quick tiny feel of a furry snout. It was one of his sables, his lost sables deserted for a long year, yet faithful. They were creeping back to live again in theirown skins!

Then Ivan sat up suddenly and groaned; for he felt the little animals nosing for food; pushing gently but insistently. He knew how hungry they must be, and with a shock he realized that he, Ivan, had forgotten to bring food. How could he have forgotten? He had clearly remembered food at the last village and started to the little commissary; but he had retreated hastily lest someone question the wild stranger. Then seeing a familiar landmark, he had hastened on and forgotten, quite forgotten in his eagerness, that the quest of the ice-capped Arctic was ever food.

When had he himself had food? He had forgotten hunger for long days and nights. His pockets were empty. In distress he reached out his hand gently and gently a sable bit it to the bone. The hurt was keen, but Ivan never winced. He reached out again and now felt the hot blood trickling down slowly. Numbness gradually came over him and after hours he knew he was beginning to freeze. Then there was a scurry and hiss and strange and alien presences came creeping in. He recognized the smell of the little foxes and felt the swift rush of the mink. But he lay still, while the hungry ate. He wanted to make his body a blood sacrifice to pay for all his neglect; for all his failure; for the awful deed of expiation which he had wreaked on the bodies of two hateful human beings.

He would have chosen to feed only his own sables with his body and soul; but they were mostly dead or gone astray, far from these cunning enemies. Well, then feed these, what did it matter? They were all his furry children and the feast no longer hurt; even the blood grew hard and cold.

They did not know their own skins were waiting.

Then he heard the Call; he heard the Great Song, from the top of the world, as though almighty fingers were plucking at the burning strings of the Aurora Borealis and making unearthly music. He could even sense the full melody--"Arise ye prisoners of Starvation", and then afterward down behind and intertwined with this, a faint "Allons, Enfants de la Patrie"; while finally in the deep bass that rolled crushed down beneath, thundered "God Save the Czar!"

So Ivan Ivanovitch died. They found his bones weeks later, white and bare and scrubbed clean of flesh and blood and evil. He had made the last sacrifice to all the Gods he knew. Beneath his gleaming skeleton lay, soft, crumpled, brown and dirty, the skins that once formed the Countess' Sables.

41-7-64

"The Countess' Sables"

A Bud Weisob mystery

[Fragment of first draft]

Ivan as a murderer.

Stevens had broached this excursion to St. Moritz early in the Fall. He had a chalet up there, 6000 feet above the sea. He talked of the valley of the Engadine and the long thread of the river Inn to rushingdown to the Danube and the Black Sea. All the world would be there; the Count and Countess must go as his guests. The Count at once was eager; there would be intrigue in politics and investment; there would be gambling. The Countess accepted and them demurred. She had ordered the costly and beautiful sables only to hear the Count confess his imminent bacnruptcy. Then came the revelation of Stevens. It was the end of an era and possibly the beginning of a new life. Her resolution to make some far-reaching change became firm.

To mark the change she ~~determined to go and~~ took her priceless ~~sables~~ to a pawnbroker ~~with the~~ and secured a large loan. ~~outfitted herself with a perfect wardrobe which she concealed in her trunks, without~~. With some show of reluctance she accepted the use of Steven's new Bentley car, but insisted on Ivan as chaufferu--he did not know the French roads, but he was a safe driver and a deft machanic. They would start in mid-December and drive up the Seine to Melun and Fontainebleau; then by Sens and Troyes to Chaumont and Epinal, and ~~then~~ shirting the dark Vosges to Belfort, and Basel in Switzerland. There they would continue to Berne by car or train as the weather decreed, and see the silver glory of the High Alps.

So off they rode through the fields and farms of France, but none of them saw the land, save Ivan and he saw but the walls of the winding roads and heard the low cry of his sables weeping in the Russian forest, three thousand miles away. All four travellers were a bit mad. The Count sat ~~beside Ivan~~ and stared bleakly at nothing. ~~Just before they started, Stevens had told him that in the future he would not care to gamble with him and that he would have to guess why. The Count was stunned but could make no answer.~~ To think of a peer of France being brought to ~~book by~~ a foreign

She ~~first~~ next summoned the furrier and when he did not respond, searched for him and found him at work as a journeyman. He was surly and gave her no such greeting and deference as once he was accostomed to. She learned, as she had surmised, that the Count had paid him only a small part of his loot from Stevens. He still owed him 3 million francs. The Countess paid him cash. He hardly thanked her. That night he was dead drunk

"Wretched canaille", she hissed. Then she went to ~~hxxx~~ a display of wardrobe in the Rue de la Paix ~~and noticed~~ not sat on down, apparently not noticed a certain absense of alacrity in serving her. She called the Pro prietor and said a word with a check. Suddenly the whole establishment was alive and alert. She soon had a ~~complete~~ wardrobe worthy of a queen.

24-41-34

THE BANK ROLL

c. 1950's
Two draft manuscripts

THE BANK ROLL — by Bud Waicot

John Hayes boarded the plane at Boston and settled back with closed eyes. He had done it; at last he had done it. He had stepped off and out in the world with no idea what would happen to him. He had cashed his bonds for a thousand dollars which represented his savings and about one per cent on his investment and bought a ticket to Paris. What he would do there he had no idea; nor what would happen after his money was gone. So what?

If he had stayed working as an accountant at fifty dollars a week, what would happen to him, but drab days of toil he hated with dismissal at any moment, or promotion in ten or twenty years? If he skimped he might save $250 a year; should he get sick or run over crossing the avenue, this would disappear. So when the Big Boss had bawled him out for carelessness and he had been careless, he resigned in a huff, probably a week or so before he would have been fired.

41-7-66

He wasn't a bad worker, but he had no interest in his work. All his life he had been blocked: he was not good-looking—not ugly but negligible; short with thin colorless hair promising early baldness; a face that no one looked at twice and always forgot. He stumbled through high school but failed at college extrance exams. War, passed at a desk in Washington, followed by refusal to try college at his age, when discharged; he took a "business" course and here he was. His work had never interested nor inspired him.

Then he began to dream: why couldn't he get rich—no, not rich but with a few thousand dollars of the millions which floated about? If he had say, ten thousand dollars, he would disappear; he would retreat to some corner and find out what he wanted to do—what he could do; what life was or might be. He would harm no one; indeed he might help; not that he would live to help, but helping might help him to live peacefully, even happily, if that was humanly possible. It was then that dropping his hand down beside him between the seat and window, he found the bag.

How it happened was dim in his mind. He had chosen a seat beside a young woman and on the aisle since no window seats were available. He did not notice the girl nor speak to her until lunch was served. Then he sat up, glanced at his food and at her. He was not used to talking to women and they seldom noticed him. This girl seemed in her early twenties, neatly dressed. She had a long, thin face, very white and quite expressionless. It was like marble, carven, intense, until she smiled; until she smiled! Then instantly it was transfigured; it was intense, alive and in its way beautiful. He did not witness the smile until his lunch landed in his lap and the girl and the hostess cleaned him up.

41-7-67

"I'm not sure", said the girl as she smiled" but that was the best disposition of that meat." Then he recoved from his embarassment and they talked. Just what they talked about, he could never remember; but it was one of those satisfying, unpremeditated, unforced flow of ideas and impressions, which make communion with another person so filling and informing. Then also without plan they both reclined on their chairs and slept soundlessly and peacefully. At Shannon in early morning with the lovely green all over the world, he awoke to find his companion packing her belongings.

"Leaving?" he asked.

Yes, she was Summering in West Ireland. "Queer Summer resort," he remarked.

"Not bad--indeed in some respects quite fascinating. There's peace, and rain, flowers and the greenest of grass; and its cheap."

"That is attractive; but what do you do?"

"My hobby is writing--that is, trying to; no success yet; but I'm pegging away."

"Must be fine to be interested in something--I never had a chance."

"Chance? Why don't you take one?"

"I have taken one" he answered, staring at her blankly. She hesitated and then held out her hand. It was a nice hand, large, firm and hard; it was a hand that had worked. He almost clung to it. Nice handshakes had been rare in his life. Then she was gone,--forever, he thought bitterly. He had so seldom met a friendly soul. He followed slowly to the lounge and saw her pass out through the customs. She waved and he stared without thinking to wave in return. He had a lonely supper at a table where he said nothing to his companions, who mostly talked in French. Then returning to his seat, he took the chair by the window and lay back to see the sunrise.

He dropped his hand negligently down by his side and felt something. Pulling it out from where it was wedged in, he grasped a small leather hand-bag. It must belong to the girl, whose name he had forgotten to ask and who had left the plane. He turned to tell the stewardess, and then felt the bag; it was small and had a roll inside which felt like money. He stuffed it in his pocket and went to the toilet. Carefully opening it, he found a roll of hundred dollar bills wrapped in paper. There were one hundred of them. He put them in the bag and back in his pocket and returned to his seat. The girl would be wiring any minute.

But he was puzzled. Now why would a girl of small income who had to skimp on vacations, be carrying around $10,000 in cash? Travellers checks,--yes, ~~of course.~~ Or drafts. But cash, in comparatively small bills? It didn't make sense--unless--well, unless she had no right to it--was concealing it because she had stolen it? But no, not that girl--or why not? What did he know of her or of anybody.

He was at the Orley airport before he had consciously come to any conclusion. No wire had come. More or less unconsciously he ~~dropped~~ put the bag into his side pocket. He certainly was not going to hand over the cash to the stewardess or report it to customs. What he really was going to do, he

did not know, But burning low in the back of his mind, despite the conscious meanness of the thought, was the hope that this might be the fortune he had been dreaming of, dropped from the sky or from a woman's handbag. Then the numbing thought: but what of the woman?

He heard ~~him~~ two Americans at the desk inquiring for "Miss Elwood." He knew ~~Miss~~ Helen Elwood well and did not like her. She had worked in his office with a soft job and the boss's favor. But she had not been on this plane. Yet the stewardess coming by explained: yes ~~she~~ had boarded the plane in New York, but left suddenly in Boston. Hayes walked on. This was a complication. Was this money hers, perhaps stolen; and these detectives? In which case would he himself be under suspicion? But at any rate that girl who stopped in Ireland and whose name even he had not had sense enough to ask, was not a thief--and he glowed and then froze--or was she? Had she robbed Helen Elwood?

41-7-69

He had his Paris trip all planned. His French was poor but sufficient for taxi-cabs and restaurants. He was so colorless a person that he had only to walk quietly through the routine of customs and to the bus, to soon be on his way without attracting notice. He left unobtrusively avoiding the Americans and drove into the little hotel on the Left Bank, which a taxi man recommended and where his scant French had to be supplemented by gestures; but where he was sure he had not been followed. Then he sat down on the bed counted his cash again, concealed in around his waist, destroyed the bag and lay down to think.

Why was old Cargile sending cash to France, if he was sending it and Helen was not absconding? Of course one could put over slick deals today in Europe with American cash, and perhaps Cargile was over-reaching his partners and sending Helen. Helen was shrewd and knew her way about. He had always hated her superior ways; she never appeared even to see him; indeed if she had not engineered his dismissal, she had certainly done nothing to

hinder it. So perhaps, Helen rushing to Paris, had fallen in with the girl he had met and been deftly robbed. In that case the detectives would already be on the way to Ireland! He sat up suddenly. No, no! He had the money, not she, even if she had taken it originally. Or perhaps she really knew nothing of it--she did not seem a person who would carelessly let $10,000 elude her.

But why had Helen left the plane in Boston? Perhaps she had seen him and tried to avoid him. He had come to Boston to say goodbye to his sister; ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ which he might just as well have committed for all the notice the sister paid him. But she was his only relative, save her gruff husband and three grimy brats. That must be it: when Helen saw him she ducked out; of couse; but good Lord, she would suspect he found the cash, if once she or the detectives learned, as they easily might, that he had occupied her deserted seat, after the girl in Ireland left. That might leave him facing prison rather than treasure trove! He rushed out, and discovered nearby the lovely Luxemburg gardens; he slipped into an iron chair, in a nook where he could see all comers, and tried to think this mess out.

Cargile ran an import-export business. Just what he did or how, Hayes had never asked, nor cared. He was just one of the minor accountants and dealt with figures--bare, blank, and horribly impersonal and uninteresting figures. His sole job was to add and subtract correctly and this he did quite automatically like a machine. They probably had a machine in his place right now. But even an automatic day brings dead weariness after eight hours, and when a long invoice arrived at his desk well into his ninth hour, it did not seem of prime importance and he filed it for next day.

Next morning, it appeared that the whole of God's universe had depended on all the additions, subtractions, divisions and multiplications in that latter being a matter of exact record before six p.m. yesterday! Now the final end of the world was imminent and Cargile told him so with unnecessarily vile language;

41-7-70

yes, and in the presence of Helen Elwood, who made elaborate efforts to indicate that she heard nothing and cared less. But he, John Hayes, was not so self-effacing. In fact he got Cargile told a few truths which even now pleased Hayes' soul as much as they infuriated Cargile.

Perhaps this transaction had something to do with a French deal and his neglect or rather lack of specific instructions, had led to Helen's hurried trip. Heavens, what a complication if true. But was it true, or plain fancy? But one thing was true--$10,000. What should he do? What could he? Then this became clear: one thing must be done and now. He must find the girl he left in Ireland, either to warn her or get some explanations. Could he beat the detectives there, or was he already too late. Again he cursed himself for not even knowing her name, but he boarded a plane for Shannon that night, seeing nothing of the detectives after sharp lookout.

He arrived for early breakfast and set out, conspicuous even then that he might be leading wolves to the quarry; and yet finding no alternative. But it proved curiously easy. He met her at noon on a country lane near Limerick, walking in the rain. Her plain, cold face looked straight at him a moment and then lit up in one of its rare, beautiful smiles which transfigured her. A moment he was dumb with sheer wonder. Then with characteristic lack of tact, he blurted out, trying to be honest as quickly as possible, "I found it!"

She looked at him with puzzled questioning, "Found what?" and then stopping his attempt to explain, she added "You're wet; first some tea and scones. I'm glad to see you." This with no smile or coquetry, just as statement of plain fact. The tea was bitter but bracing; the scones tough but good and the butter fresh and sweet. He ate hungrily. Then he said suddenly:

"Whatever is your name--I --forgot to ask?"

"Jane," she answered, "Jane Ashworth; and you of course are John Hayes

as your brief case announced. And now what did you find?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand what?"

"Ten thousand dollars--did you lose it?"

"Did I lose--why I never saw so much money in my life! You found it—and where pray?"

"In your seat, after you left. It was this way." And he told his story and while he watched her face he knew she was no thief and as surprised as he.

"And now" she said in the most matter of fact way, "whose is it and how can we return it?" He noted the "we" and was curiously pleased. He began fumbling at his belt.

"Good gracious, not here," she said. "Wait, Mrs. Murphy has another room. You will stay the night of course. Later you may show it to me. I certainly would like to see that much cash once in my life."

After supper they repaired to his tiny cubby-hole with its one little high window and tightly drawn linen curtain. He unrolled the treasure trove and told his suspicions.

"Good Lord," she said "and you came here with all that money and detectives looking for you or Helen or both! Helen, poor devil, may be in jail or Cargile bankrupt, or"--it was then somebody knocked at the door.

"Miss Ashworth," said the landlayd, in trepidation at three strangers in one day. "There is two strange gentlemen asking for you, if you please."

"Of course" said Jane. She touched her fingers to her lips, motioning for him to put out his light and went leaving his door slightly ajar. He listened, the sweat pouring down his face. But Jane was her calm unemotional self. "Good evening, Gentlemen," she said with her cameo face, "And what can I do for you?" To his horror, John recognized the two ~~detectives~~ Americans.

41-2-72

"We are right sorry to trouble you at this late hour, Ma'am, but we're passing through Shannon to New York on the midnight plane and ventured to call. We got your name from the airplane company and your address from the airport. You see we have been searching for a missing passenger who started with you from New York, and sat beside you, but left the plane at Boston. We've just had a cable that she has been located, but claims she lost a valuable package somewhere, perhaps on the plane. Nothing of the sort was reported, so we thought you might have seen somebody or something?--" Jane looked at them straight with those grey unsmiling, candid eyes:

41-7-23

"No," she said, "I saw nothing."

"Well, we did'nt think you did. We're sure the woman is lying. But we wanted to ask you, for the record. We've checked on you of course and we know you have a good reputation. Now, there's just one more matter-" John Hayes listening, now strongly wanted to faint--"There was a man who boarded the plane at Boston and is said to have sat beside you when you moved into Miss Elwood's seat. Did he say or do anything suspicious?"

"No, we talked a bit; quite generally; he slept until morning and then, I think he said something about the weather, which is usual in Ireland."

"It sure ought to be; and look here Bill, it's midnight and time to be moving through this rain. He went to Paris, we hear?"

"I think he said so, but of course I wouldn't know."

"We never saw him and had no reason to. It's doubtul if he knows more than you do, although it was odd for him to board just the plane on which a fellow worker was travelling, with a large sum in her care."

"Did she speak to him?"

"She says not; declares that he did not even see her. But how could she be sure of that? At any rate she declares he could not have found what she lost unless she lost it on the plane. You sat in her seat and found

nothing. The plane was searched in Paris and nothing discovered. The only possibility is the unlikely one that this man Hayes found it and smuggled it off the plane. We don't believe it. Either Helen Elwood is a thief or somebody higher up is using her as a shield."

"Was the loss large?"

"Not so large in itself; but the contract it was to tie up, mounted into millions and means bankruptcy for many, unless—" But his companion hushed him up:

"Come Jack, we must run for it."

"Well, so long and thank you." They went before the garrulous old landlady had any opportunity to offer tea or mention her other guest.

Meantime that other guest was lying prone on the bed amid hundred dollar bills. Very carefully and methodically Jane brought him around with a bit of good whiskey; packed away the money and induced him to go to sleep. Next morning, they held council of war. Jane planned a cable which would arrive before the detectives and keep Helen out of jail.

"And" said Jane quite calmly "Keep you from replacing her."

John was both uneasy and angry. He proposed to return the money, or at least enough to clear Helen, of whose entire innocence he was not sure. But he meant to make Carglie squirm. He would offer to return half the cash--maybe two-thirds. The old scoundrel must not get away with more.

Jane said nothing, but lay on the velvet grass and stared up into the bright green sky. John stopped, looked at her and fell silent too. Jane said at long last:

"I think we all like to play God at times and punish the wicked. But you see we lack all the facts. We don't know about Cargile; he may be guilty of something and he may not; nor do we know how guilty. One thing we do know--this $10,000 is legally his."

"I doubt it."

"All right; but we can't deny this: it isn't ours."

"So here's what we cable from Limerick tomorrow: 'Have found something valuable belonging to you. Describe loss and if satisfied will return it."

"No, say rather 'something has been found which may be yours. Wire description and if satisfied will see that it is returned to owner."

"Meantime" said Jane, "I have a dim idea. What were these invoices which you did not finish in time?"

41-7-75

"I've no idea. Only—the street had a funny name—I noticed that—wait a minute; I do remember; the Street of the Old Pigeon."

"Let's find a map of Paris."

"O yes, here it is-I remember laughing --Vieux Colombier; but I've no idea of the firm's name."

"Hm! all right; tonight a cable, and then right back to Paris for you. I'll await the answer here."

So sleepily back to Paris, John Hayes flew; and all along weary day, up and down the Rue de la Vieux Columbier, to find some trace of somebody who had business dealing with Cargile and Company. At last there it was right on th corner in plain sight but too impressive and well-known a name to catch John's notice before. Soon he was closeted with various officials over an hour. It seemed the deal was definitely off; it had been far too long delayed.

John finally arose to go, but incidentally mentioned the cash-the atmosphere cleared instantly: cahh? Here? Now? That was different! John emerged with a signed contract for Cargile and company for so many francs it seemed astronomical. The duplicate would be mailed to New York. He rushed back to his room to find an answer to his cable "Lost ten thousand dollars in cash. Return for reward or face arrest."

"We leave tonight" said Jane, when he landed in Limerick.

"But your vacation?"

"Listen, this is the best story I've ever heard," said Jane, "I'm going to write it."

Next day they entered the offices of Cargile and Company. It was a strange sight; Cargile was a battered old man; Helen Elwood sat beside him with drawn face. Two grim partners with their lawyers sat ~~by~~ and the two detectives stood near. John and Jane entered in silence and for a few minutes nothing was said.

41-7-76

"Where is the cash?" growled Cargile.

John felt in his pockets, fingered slowly and carefully among a number of documents and then examined one slowly. Cargile shook with rage; "The money!" he shouted. But John insisted that he must first tell his story and did so. It did not sound convincing and his auditors were impaticent.

"All right; now, the cash!"

John handed over the contract, Cargile stared, choked and passed it to Helen. She sat very still but tears started down her cheeks. She made no attempt to wipe them away. She handed the document to the partners and they gaped with amazement.

Cargile choked: "well, I'll be a monkey's uncle--where in Hell did you get the ~~money~~--how--"

But the older member of the firm said briefly "Shut up!" and arose and walking to John, shook hands firmly. "You've saved our firm which this fathead tried to ruin."

"I didn't try and we're not ruined; but this thief, who belongs in jail!-- He muddled the whole thing from the beginning; and by God!"

"And by God, you'll shut your damned mouth or--oh, all right, Mr. Hayes, thank you! Your old position is of course open to you with a raise.

What have your expenses been?

"O, why--I've no account--"

"I have" said Jane. " I think ~~amount~~ $2500 will about cover all": and she presented an itemized bill.

They went out together in silence. And then instead of standing up like a man and asking Jane humbly for her hand in marriage, John Hayes suddenl y put his arms about her neck, laid his head on her shoulder and wept.

Jane stroked his thin hair and smiled.

41-7-77

John Hayes boarded the plane at Boston and settled back with closed eyes. He had done it; at last he had done it. He had stepped off and out in the world with no idea what would happen to him. He had cashed his savings bonds for a thousand dollars which represented his savings and about one per cent on his investment and bought a ticket to Paris. What he would do there he had no idea; nor what would happen after his money was gone. So what? ¶ If he had stayed working as an accountant at fifty dollars a week, what would happen to him, but drab days of toil he hated with dismissal at any moment, or promotion in ten or twenty years? If he skimped he might save $250 a year; should he get sick or run over crossing the avenue, this would disappear. ¶ So when the Big Boss had bawled him out for carelessness and he had been careless, he resigned in a huff; probably a week or so before he would have been fired. ¶ He wasn't a bad worker, but he had no interest in his work. All his life he had been blocked: he was not good-looking: not ugly but negligible; short, with thin colorless hair promising early baldness, a face that no one looked at twice and always forgot. He stumbled through high school but failed at college entrance exams. War at a desk in Washington, refusal to try college at his age, when discharged; he took a "business " course and here he was. His work had never interested nor inspired him. ¶ Then he began to dream: why couldn't he get rich--no, not rich but with a few thousand dollars of the millions which floated about. If he had say, ten thousand dollars, he would disappear; he would retreat to some corner and find out what he wanted to do--what he could do; what life was or might be. He would harm no one; indeed he might help; not that he would live to help, but helping might help to live peacefully, even happily, if that was humanly possible. ¶ It was then that dropping his hand down beside him between the seat and window, he found ~~the~~ the Bag.

How it happened was dim in his mind. He had chosen a seat beside a young woman and on the aisle since no window seats were abailable. He did not notice the girl nor speak to her until lunch was served. Then he sat up, glanced at his food and at her. He was not used to talking to women and they seldom noticed him. This girl seemed in her early twenties, neatly dressed. She had a long, thin face, very white and quite expressionless. It was like marble, carven, intense, until she smiled; until she smiled. Then instantly it was transfigured; it was intense, alive and in its way beautiful. He did not witness the smile until his lunch landed in his lap and the girl and the hostess cleaned him up.

"I'm not sure", said the girl as she smiled" but that was the best disposition of that meat." Then he recovered from his embarassment and they talked. ~~He tried again.~~ At Shannon in early morning with the lovely green all over the world, he found his companion packing her belongings.

"Leaving?" he asked.

Yes, she was summering in West Ireland. "Queer summer resort" he remarked.

"Not bad-- indeed in some respects quite fascinating. There's peace, and rain , flowers and the greenest of grass; and its cheap."

"That is attractive; but what do you do?"

"My hobby is writing--that is, trying to; no success yet; but I'm pegging away."

"Must be fine to be interested in something--I never had a chance."

"Chance? Why don't you take one?"

"I have taken one," he answered, staring at her blankly. She hesitated and then held out her hand. It was a nice hand, large, firm and hard, it was a hand that had worked. He almost clung to it. Nice handshakes had been rare in his life. Then she was gone,--forever, he thought bitterly. He had so

Just what they talked about, he could never remember; but it was one of those satisfying, unpremeditated, unforced flow of ideas and impressions, which make communion with another person so filling and informing. Then alsp without plan they both reclined on their chairs and slept soundlessly and peacefully.

seldom met a friendly soul. He followed slowly to the lounge and saw her pass out through the customs. She waved and he stared without thinking to wave in return. He had a lonely supper at a table where he said nothing to his companions, who mostly talked in French. Then returning to his seat, he took the chair by the window and lay back to see the sunrise.

He dropped his hand negligently down by his side and felt something. Pulling it out from where it was wedged in, he grasped a small leather handbag. It must belong to the girl, whose name he had forgotten to ask and who had left the plane. He turned to tell the stewardess, and then felt the bag; it was small and had a roll inside which felt like money. He stuffed it in his pocket and went to the toilet. Carefully opening it, he found a roll of hundred dollar bills wrapped in paper. There were one hundred of them. He put them in his pocket and back in the bag and returned to his seat. The girl would be wiring any minute.

But he was puzzled. Now why would a girl of small income who had to skimp on vacations, be carrying around $10,000 in cash? Travellers checks,--yes, of course. Or drafts. But cash in comparatively small bills? It didn't make sense--unless--well unless she had no right to it--was concealing it because she had stolen it? But no, not that girl--or why not? What did he know of her or of anybody.

He was at the Orley airport before he had consciously come to any conclusion. No wire had come. More or less unconsciously he dropped the bag into his side pocket. He certainly was not going to hand over the cash to the stewardess or report it to cumtoms. What he really was going to do, he did not know. But burning low in the back of his mind, despite the conscious meanness of the thought, was the hope that this might be the fortune he had been dreaming of, dropped from the sky or from a womans handbag. Then the numbing thought: but what of the woman?

He heard the two Americans at the desk inquiring for "Miss Elwood." He knew Helen Elwood well and did not like her. She had worked in his office with a soft job and the Boss'es favor. But she had not been on this plane. Yet the stewardmss coming by explained: yes she had boarded the plane in New York, but left suddenly in Boston. Hayes walked on. This was a complication. Was this money hers, perhaps stolen; and these detectives? In which case would he himself be under suspicion? But at any rate that girl who stopped in Ireland and whose name even he had not had sense enough to ask, was not a thief--and he glowed and then froze--or was she? Had she robbed Helen. He left unobtrusively avoiding the Americans and dove into the little hotel on the Left Bank, where his scant French had to be supplemented by gestures; but where he was sure he had not been followed. Then he sat down on the bed; counted his cash again, concealed it around his waist, destroyed the bag and lay down to think.

Why was old Cargile sending cash to France, if he was sending it and Helen was not abscounding? Of course one could put over slick deals today in Europe with American cash and perhaps Cargile was overreaching his partners and sending Helen---Helen was shrewd and knew her way about. He had always hated her superior ways; she never appeared even to see him, indeed if she had not engineered his dismissal, she had certainly had done noghing to hinder it. So perhaps, Helen rushing to Paris, had fallen in with the girl he had met and been deftly robbed. In that case the detectives would already be on the way to Ireland! He sat up suddenly. No, no! He had the money, not she, even if she had taken it orignally. Or perhaps she really knew nothing of it--she did not seem a person who would carelessly let $10,000 elude her. But why had Helen left the plane in Boston? Perhaps she had seen him and tried to avoid him. He had come to Boston to say goodbye to his sister, which he might just as well have omitted for all the notice sister paid him; but she was his only relative, save her gruff husband and three grimy brats. That must be it: when Helen saw him she ducked out; of course; but,

He had his Paris trip all planned. His French was sufficient for taxicabs and restaurants. ~~His small cheap hotel on the Left Bank had been chosen and his room booked~~ He was so colorless a person that he had only to walk quietly through the routine of customs and to the bus, to soon be on his way without attracting notice

good Lord, she would suspect he found the cash if once she or the detectives learned as they easily might that he had occupied her deserted seat, after the girl in Ireland left. That might leave him facing prison rather than treasure-trove!

He rushed out and dissected recently the lovely Luxemburg gardens; slipped into an iron chair, in a nook where he could see all comers, and tried to think this mess out. Cargile ran an import-export business. Just what he did or how, Hayes had never asked, nor cared. He was just one of the minor accountants and dealt with figures--bare, blank, and horribly impersonal and uninteresting figures. His sole job was to add and subtract correctly and this he did quite automatically like a machine. They probably had a machine in his place right now. But even an automatic day brings dead weariness after eight hours, and when a long invoice arrived at his desk well into his ninth hour, it did not seem of prime importance and he filed it for next day. Next morning, it appeared that the whole of God's universe had depended on all the additions, subtractions, divisions and multiplications being a matter of exact record before six p.m. yesterday! Now the final end of the world was imminent and Cargile told him so with unnecessarily vile language; yes, and in the presence of Helen Elwood, who made elaborate efforts to indicate that she heard nothing and cared less. But he, John Hayes, was not so self-effacing. In fact he got Cargile told a few truths which even now pleased Hayes' soul as much as they infuriated Cargile.

Perhaps this transaction had something to do with a French deal and his neglect or rather lack of specific instructions, had led to Helen's hurried trip. Heavens, what a complication if true. But was it true, or plain fancy? But one thing was true--$10,000. What should he do? What could he? Then this became clear: one thing must be done and now. He must find the girl he left in Ireland, either to warn her or get some explanations.

Could he beat the detectives there, or was he already too late. Again he cursed himself for not even knowing her name, but he boarded a plane for Shannon that night, seeing nothing of the detectives after sharp ~~search~~ lookout.

He arrived for early breakfast and set out, conscious even then that he might be leading wolves to the quarry; and yet finding no alternative. But it proved curiously easy. He met her at noon on a country lane near Limerick, walking in the rain. Her plain, cold face looked straight at him a moment and then lit up in one of its rare, beautiful smiles which transfigured her. A moment he was dumb with sheer wonder. Then with characteristic lack of tact, he blurted out, trying to be honest as quickly as possible "I found it," She looked at him with ~~cold, frank~~ puzzled questioning. "Found what"? and then stopping his attempt to explain, she added "You're wet. First some tea and scones. I'm glad to see you". This with no smile or coquetry, just as statement of plain fact. The tea was bitter but bracing; the scones tough but good and the butter fresh and sweet. He ate hungrily. Then he said suddenly.

"Whatever is your name--I --forgot to ask?"

"Jane", she answered, "Jane Ashworth; and you of course are John Hayes as your brief case announced. And now what did you find?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand what?"

"Ten thousand dollars--did you lose it?"

"Did I lose--why I never saw so much money in my life. You found it and where pray?"

" In your seat, after you left. It was this way." And he told his story and while he watched her face he knew she was no thief and as surprised as he.

"And now" she said in the most matter of fact way, "Whose is it and how can we return it"? He noted the "we" and was curiously pleased. He began fumbling at his belt.

"Good gracious, not here", she said. "Wait, Mrs. Murphy has another room. You will stay the night of course. Later you may show it to me. I certainly would like to see that much cash once in my life. "After supper they repaired to his tiny cubby-hole with its one little high window and tightly drawn linen curtain. He unrolled the treasure trove and told his suspicions.

"Good Lord," she said "and you came here with all that money and detectives looking for you or Helen or both! Helen, poor devil, may be in jail, or Cargile bankrupt, or"--it was then somebody knocked at the door.

"Miss Ashworth", said the landlady, in trepidation at three strangers in one day. "There'll be two strange gentlemen asking for you, if you please."

"Of course" said Jane. She touched her fingers to her lips, motioning to for him to put out his light and went leaving his door slightly ajar. He listened, the sweat pouring down his face. But Jane was her calm unemotional self. "Good evening, Gentlemen", she said with her cameo face ,"and what can I do for you?" To his horror, John recognized the two detectives.

"We are right sorry to xxkx trouble you at this late hour Ma'am, but we're passing through Shannon to New York on the midnight plane and ventured to call. We got your name from the airplane company and your address from the airport. You see we have been search ng for a missing passenger who started with you from New York, and sat beside you, but left the plane at Boston. We've just had a cable that she has been located, but claims she lost a valuable package somewhere, perhaps on the plane. Wo thing of the sort was reported, so we thought you might have seen somebody or something?--" Jane looked at them straight with those grey unsmiling, candid eyes.

"No, she said, "I saw nothing".

"Well, we didn't think you did. We're sure the woman is lying. But we wanted to ask you for the record. We've checked on you of course and we know you have a good reputation. Now, there's just one more matter"

John Hayes listening now strongly wanted to faint--"There was a man who boarded the plane at Boston and is said to have sat beside you when you moved into Miss Elwood's seat. Did he say or do anything suspicious?"

"No, he slept until morning and then, I think said something about the weather, which is usual in Ireland."

"It sure ought to be; and look here Bill, it's midnight and time to be moving through this rain. He went to Paris we hear?"

"I think he said so, but of course I wouldn't know."

"We never saw him and had no reason to ~~them~~. Its doubtful if he knows more than you do, although it was odd for him to board just the plane on which a fellow worker was travelling, with a large sum in her care."

"Did she speak to him?"

"She says not; declares that he did not even see her. But how could she be sure of that? At any rate she declares he could not have found what she lost unless she lost it on the plane. You sat in her seat and found nothing. The plane was searched in Paris and nothing discovered. The only ~~possibility~~ possibility is the unlikely one that Hayes found it and smuggled it off the plane. We don't believe it. Either Helen Elwood is a thief or somebody higher up is using her as a shield."

"Was the loss--large?"

"No so large in itself; but the contract it was to tie up, mounted into millions and means bankruptcy for many, unless--"

But his companion hushed him up; "Come Jack, we must run for it."

"We talked a bit, quite generally;"

"Well, so long and thank you." ¶ They went before the garrulous old landlady had any opportunity to offer tea or mention her other guest. ¶ Meantime that other guest was lying prone on the bed amid hundred dollar bills.

Very carefully and methodically Jane brought him around with a bit of good whiskey; packed away the money and induced him to go to sleep. Next morning, they held council of war. Jane planned a cable which would arrive before the detectives and keep Helen out of jail.

"And" said Jane quite calmly "Keep you from replacing her." ¶ John was both uneasy and angry. He proposed to return the money, or at least enough to clear Helen, of whose entire innocense he was not sure. But he meant to make Cargile squirm. He would offer to return half the cash--maybe two thirds. The old scoundrel must not get away with more. ¶ Jane said nothing, but lay on the velvet grass and stared into the bright green sky. John stopped, looked at her and fell silent too. Jane said at long last:

"I think we all like to play God at times and punish the wicked. But you see we lack all the facts. We don't know about Cargile; he may be guilty of something and he may not; nor do we know how guilty. One thing we do know --this $10,000 is legally his."

"I doubt it."

"All right; but we can't deny this: it isn't ours."

"So here's what we cable from Limerick tomorrow: 'Have found something valuable belonging to you. Describe loss and if satisfied will return it.'"

"No, say rather 'something has been found which may be yours. Wire description and if satisfied will see that it is returned to owner"

¶ "Meantime I have a dim idea. What was the address on those invoices which you did not finish in time?"

"I've no idea. Only—the street was funny; I noticed that--"

~~"look over these Paris streets in this old guide"~~

wait a minute; I do remember: the street of the Old Pigeon!"

4 lets find a map of Paris

"~~No, no!~~ O yes, here it is: ~~it was the Old Pigeon~~-I remember laughing --Vieu Colombier; but I've no idea of the firm's name."

"Hm! all right; tonight a cable, and then right one back to Paris for you. I'll await the answer here."

¶ So sleepily back to Paris; John Hayes flew; and all a long weary day up and down the rue de Vieu Columbier to find some trace of somebody who had business dealings with Cargile and Company. At last there it was right on the corner in plain sight but too impressive and well-known a name to catch John's notice before. Soon he was closeted with various officials over an hour. It seemed the deal was definitely off; it was far too long delayed. ¶ John finally arose to go but incidentally mentioned the cash--the atmosphere cleared instantly: cash? Here? Now? That was different! John emerged with a signed contract for Cargile and company for so many francs it seemed astronomical. The duplicate would be mailed to New York. He rushed back to his room to find an answer to his cable "Lost ten thousand dollars in cash. Return for reward or face arrest."

"We leave tonight" said Jane, when he landed in Limerick.

"But your vacation?"

"Listen, this is the best story I've ever heard", said Jane," I'm going to write it." ¶ Next day they entered the offices of Cargile and Co. It was a strange sight; Cargile was a battered old man; Helen Elwood sat beside him with drawn face. Two grim partners with lawyers sat by and the two detectives stood near. John and Jane entered in silence and for a few minutes nothing was said.

¶ "Where is the cash?" growled Cargile.

John felt in his pockets, fingered slowly and carefully among a number of documents and then examined one slowly.

Cargile shook with rage; "The money" he shouted. But John insisted that he must first tell his story and did so. It did not sound convincing and his

auditors were impatient.

"All right; now, the cash!"

John handed over the contract, Cargile stared, choked and passed it to Helen. She sat very still but tears started down her cheeks. She made no attempt to wipe them away. She handed the document to the partners and they gaped with amazement.

Cargile choked: "Well, I'll be a monkeys' uncle----where in Hell did you get the money--how--"

But the older member of the firm said briefly "Shut up"; and arose and walking to John, shook hands firmly. "You've saved our firm which this fathead tried to ruin."

"I didn't try and we're not ruined, but this thief, who belongs in jail!— He muddled the whole thing from the beginning; and by God!"--

"And by God, you'll shut your damned mouth or--oh, all right, Mr. Hayes , thank you! Your old position is of course open to you with a raise. What have your expenses been?

"O, why--I've no account--"

"I have" said Jane. "I think about $2500 will about cover all; and she presented an itemized bill.

They went out together in silence. And then instead of standing up like a man and asking Jane humbly for her hand in marriage, John Hayes suddenly put his arms about her neck, laid his head on her shoulder and wept.

Jane stroked his thin hair and smiled.

THE NECKLACE OF EMERALDS

c. 1950's
Typescript

New York.

THE NECKLACE OF EMERALDS

by Bud Wersot

Thomas Wrenn hurried along the Rue de Rivoli in Paris peering into the windows of the endless line of small shops and trying to decide what he could carry home as a present to his wife. He did not know what she wanted or what she liked. She was always appropriately dressed but what she put on to achieve the effect he had never noticed. He did remember her scathing remarks when somebody else wore the wrong thing. Finally in desperation he bought a necklace. At first it seemed too gaudy with its delicate green glass pendents; and then too cheap; and finally too expensive. But he bought it and when he had figured the cost in dollars, found 3000 francs was the equivalent of or a little more than ~~three~~ nine dollars. Well, he could not be accused of extravagance, whatever might be said of his taste.

41-7-103

He took a slow boat home and slept most of the time, trying to catch up on his exhausting work which had taken him over much of Western Europe. He had been reasonably successful and was content. He talked little to the other passengers, but did notice the French woman whose chair adjoined his on deck. She seldom occupied it, but when she came on deck, she made an attractive figure. She was not strikingly beautiful, but had that air of finish and perfect grooming which Parisians so often accomplish. Wrenn watched her but they hardly spoke save to pass a greeting. Once he picked up a book which she dropped. He noticed it was in English and by a guy named Lawrence.

He did not see her again until they were leaving the boat at the dock at New York. Then he had the distinct pleasure of taking her arm to keep her from stumbling at the top of the gang-plank. She thanked him charmingly in English with a slight French burr. But at the bottom of the gang-plank, she excused herself with a little cry:

"Ooh! my bague; I haf forgotten eet--please excuse"--and she glided back up again. He lingered a bit--she certainly was interesting; but at last he

started through customs with his small valise. He talked politics with the accomodating inspector, said he had nothing to declare and then as he turned to go, remembered; "Oh", he said "here's one little purchase I made for the wife." He pulled the box with the necklace out of his side pocket, and showed it smiling. "Cost me ~~three~~ nine dollars." The inspector glanced at it; looked more carefully however and then eyed Wrenn appraisingly.

"Could you tell me, off-hand," where I could buy some more of these necklaces at ~~three~~ nine dollars?" and he beckoned another inspector. Wrenn looked at them with surprise and then at the necklace. It was green all right, but it was not the necklace which he had bought; it was a small but exquisite string of emeralds, set in old gold, as he later learned. He stared at them now in consternation. "I never bought these," he gasped. "I never saw them before!" They went to the office of the chief inspector. The chief looked at his passport and telephoned. Soon his office was vouching for him, although the first inspector still looked suspicious.

The Chief said: "Mr. Wrenn, I'm convinced you are telling the truth; although you know many respectable persons are not above smuggling. But we are pretty certain we know about these emeralds. Are you willing to help us catch a gang of international thieves?"

"Certainly, if the office--"

"The President is agreed." "Quick! See that woman just coming down the gang plank?" Of course he saw her; it was the charming French lady.

"Put these jewels back in your pocket; don't look and stroll out past the barrier. Sooner or later the lady will accost you. She will then either pick your pocket, or she or her accomplices will hold you up. When they do--just yell. We'll be near. If neither happens, keep in touch with her and at your first chance, let us know. She can't get away, but what we want is her gang; we've got her." Wrenn nodded and passed on.

401-7-14

Sure enough, eventually they both tried to get the same taxi. "O, mille pardons", she said softly, "I'm so afraid my frans have geeven up and deserted me--I was so verry long,--but I derange Monsieur?"

"Not at all-not a bit; step in and I'll be glad to drop you at your hotel."

"The Savoy Plaza", she said "you are so verry kind. I did not like to traverse a strange city so all alone."

She leaned back easily and looked about. She seemed to take vivid but restrained interest in the sights--the slums and storehouses of lower Manhattan, the Washington Arch and lower Fifth Avenue. And then at Fourteenth Street without preliminaries, she sat up and leaned forward and said in plain English with no French accent:

41-7-105

"And now, may I have my emeralds?" She looked straight at him and smiled with disarming cordiality. Wrenn's mouth almost dropped open; he was prepared for almost anything but this frankness. She continued, with a slight Southern drawl, "You have been awfully kind!"

He searched her candid eyes a moment; feeling like a worm, then put his hand in the pocket furthest from her and handed her the box. "Why did you do it?" he asked blankly. She examined the necklace and held it softly against her cheek. "Lovely, aren't they? Well, you see its a long story. I'll tell you, suppose we stop at the hotel, while I register and change? It will not take long--not nearly as long as finding my bag." She smiled at him again. "Then we'll have dinner together. I'll wear my emeralds and tell you my story--or as much as you care to hear."

There was no doubt of the subtle charm and perfect breeding of this woman Under these extraordinary circumstances, when she must suspect that she was practically in the hands of the police, she did not once, by the quiver of an eyelash, reveal aught but the well-bred woman of the world, quite sure of her standing and future. Wrenn looked at her with admiration. Whatever she was or whatever she had done, she completely gripped his senses. He bowed her

out of the cab, letting her take the jewels with her. He explained that he could not dress but would wash up and meet her at dinner within an hour. She bowed her appreciation with a warm gesture and then without a glance around or backward went to the desk and after most polite attention disappeared into an elevator. Wrenn whirled for a telephone, but it was unnecessary; a man with credentials was at his elbow and heard his story.

"Good! She can't excape, nor switch the goods. We've searched her room already and we'll search it again after she leaves. She'll have to come down in her emeralds and try to use you further. Sit tight and don't fall for her."

"Don't fall for her", muttered Wrenn; that was a large order. He had already fallen and hard. He was ashamed of the part he was playing. He wanted to hear her story which he felt was going to be true and was sure that she planned to appeal to him for help and sympathy. Very well, she would have it.

He admired her intensely; she had poise and courage; she was living dangerously; but who knew just why and who was to blame? Was it not possible for her even now to escape the chains which held her? And if so--there he stopped thinking, confused and a bit guilty. But life with such a creature would be an adventure! And if not actually with her (for he did not forget his wife and children) at least in touch—in some connection however small, with a person whose every motion appealed to his sense of perfection.

She appeared in less than an hour even more completely appealing; her black plain gown clung about her; her hair, simply parted, rolled low on her neck and the emeralds gleamed not so much as ornaments but as a part of a gracious and complete ensemble. They started in with the hors d'oeuvres which he ordered and began to talk without apology or hesitation.

"Do not feel in the least embarassed. I am in no danger, and you are not to blame. You did as you had to and I was so glad, because I really did not want to get you into any difficulty."

41-7-106

"But" he started, "do you understand that even now--"

"That even now," she interrupted with a smile, "two astute policemen are struggling with this complicated menu at the table in yonder corner and watching us like hawks; it will ruin their digestion." Wrenn had to grin. "They are quite helpless and harmless", she continued, "In the first place these are not the emeralds which they seized this afternoon. They are a paste replica which we had all ready. The real jewels are not on me and I did not smuggle them in. You did, my poor dear, but you surrendered them to the customs. What they gave you back is their part to prove and not yours. We are neither of us in danger." She turned to her consommé and he sat stunned.

"But--but--" he stammered, "I did take the necklace!"

"Whatever you took, you gave to me and duly reported to them."

"What then did you do--" Wrenn blushed.

She did not answer; she was busy over the menu. She was not sure about the fish nor he about the steak. They compromised on chicken, arranged in some manner strange to Wrenn but familiar to her.

"Chicken was always our real dish at home", she continued , ordering a certain brand of ~~champagne~~ white wine about which she was very particular. "You see I am not French; I was born in Georgia; away down in Dougherty County, on a plantation which my grandfather once ran with a hundred ~~slaves~~ [illegible]. We were local aristocracy. The war killed ~~him~~ and ruined his plantation, but ~~grand~~father moved to town and made a fortune hiring black convicts, which the local courts furnished in plenty. We lived fashionably in a spacious house with many servants. I went through the grades of a private school and then was 'finished' in a 'college.' It really wasn't bad. We learned manners and poise, good French and something about wearing clothes. I spent several summers in Paris.

"But I wanted to be free and freedom was marriage. At least, that was what I thought." She looked up at him gravely. "I wonder why I'm telling you

41-7-107

all this? I never before told anyone all of it. But somehow you are like that old life. You are honest and --forgive me--not too bright; I mean not sophisticated and subtle. You never have probed life and plumbed its depths; you have accepted it. And somehow I feel you will have the truer judgment. Do you understand? I mean it all kindly--very kindly."

He reached over and touched her hand--her long lovely, ringless fingers, with their perfectly tinted nails; touched them as he would have touched a child's although he knew she was no child. She continued with the salad: "Marriage always meant freedom to my mind and instead it was slavery. It was mean and stingy slavery to a little narrow man who was always watching to see in what mans' arms I was lying, when in truth I hated even to be in his. He doled out money, issued harsh orders and struck me twice. Then I went to France and stayed there.

"I wanted to live and I did. I ran naked in the woods and among the flowers; I swam unclothed in the sea; I sang love songs in the midnight streets. I knew what it was to kiss a man whom I loved and who loved me--not of course in any impossible forever, but in the eternal now."

"You mean you--but how did you manage to live--your clothes--expenses?"

"Money came to me in all sorts of ways, but never for the love that nothing can buy. I brought a little fortune with me, I gambled, I begged and finally I ran off with the Comte."

"You married him?"

"O no! you see I had a husband and perhaps he had a wife. I never asked. The Comte was splendid. He still is. But I'm leaving him because he has left me. Or better, I suppose, we have left each other. We have grown apart, slowly, imperceptibly, inexorably; until now we find ourselves parted forever, even when we are in the same bed. He was a French aristocrat, born to the purple, cultivated to his fingers ends. He was a great gentleman. His high breeding showed from the wavy mass of black hair, high forehead and sensitive

41-7-108

nostrils, down to his long white hands, slim waist and small feet. Yet this tall slimness was vibrant with life; and his beauty of curve and movement was instinct with strength of muscle; he was possessively male..

"He should have had a thousand retainers and castles not only in France but in Spain. He should have had millions to spend; but he didn't have a cent. After the few thousands I had stolen from home and gathered abroad were gone, we were penniless. But what matter? Those who own the world need no money."

"I-I am afraid I know what you mean . But its difficult--" She ignored his remarks graciously, but almost as if she had not heard him.

"We saw each other first at Nice in that golden curve of the bay. We came together like the wind. We were inseparable, we went everywhere, we did everything, we owed everybody and they loved it and invited us to their salons from Rome to London, from Daauville to Cannes. Of course it had to end and it did.

"Then we began to steal. It was a t first a sort of game: tricks, laughter and deception. We who owned all were taking it. I joined because it was so jolly. Then it became serious and now and then we had to flee and hide. Finally it became sordid. It ceased to be a game. An alien element entered: certain keen-faced Americans were more and more to be seen with the Comte; they brought 'business' in, rigged card games, guided roulette wheels and fixed races. They arranged also to smuggle jewels into the United States, and to steal the jewels. I was glad to become go-between ,so as to go back again to see my country and it was easy to slip jewels along. I went to Georgia, but I could not find it. It was not there. I made several trips; but because I did not actually witness any theft, nor actually see the cheating I grew callous and began to enjoy the new game. Only I shrunk from the men I met--the go-betweens; they were ill-favored, coarse men. I despised them and they came to know it. Then in the face of this, Love, swift, sweet love began to die. The Comte and I, we struggled to keep it alive. Then we smiled courteously

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bowed and let it go.

"I imagine that was just as well" said Wrenn, eying the salad with some distaste.

"But one must live--or must one? We put over two or three last deals, each to be the last. Now the last has come. I have surrendered all the proceeds to them. I stand at last alone, with this gown and two others; and these paste jewels. No, don't say it. I know what you want to say; in a way I wanted you to, I planned you should. But you can't. I know it now. The very thing which attracted us, keeps us forever apart." They drank a bit of Benedictine and black coffee. Then arose and strolled toward the lobby. She continued:

"You are respectable and conventional. You have to be. You have a wife and children. You can't be rid of them and you don't really want to. But there are things you do want; nameless things, vast and unuttered, unutterable. For a moment, for a swift moment, I wanted them with you. Your arms seemed strong and protecting. Your face was good, I was ready to rest after this wild and thrilling journey and try leisurely excursions to plumb the possibilities of middle age. But it will never be, you are not the stuff that explorers are made of. And now, Tom, goodbye." She kissed him lingeringly, right in the lobby, turned negligently as the detectives sauntered over unobtrusively. She ordered her wraps.

"Shall we take a cab?" They all got in and drove swiftly and silently downtown, by shops and church, the lions of the library, squares, cannons and sky-scrapers. The tall customs building loomed, dark and inhospitable with scowling continents as they entered. In the office, the lady unclasped the necklace and handed it to the chief. He frowned.

"At least," he said "they didnt get this, although you saved their dirty hides."

"They didn't want this. It isn't theirs--its mine."

The Chief glared at her and then back at the necklace. The experts

41-7-110

trooped in. Then he rose and swore blasphemously.

"Tricked again, by God!"

"How could she do it?"

"Easily. She brought the replica with her; we didn't search. At the hotel it might have been a bellboy or a maid or she could have dropped them from her window. Our mistake was to assume she would make personal contact to be sure of her share. How could we know she was giving away a hundred grand?"

"Why the Hell didn't you arrest her when she had the real jewels?"

"She didn't have them when we could have nabbed her. You gave them to this guy."

"Arrest him and search him."

They took Wrenn out and did a thorough and rough job. All they found was a green glass necklace worth $9.00 in the Rue de Rivoli.

"I gave her the jewels which you gave me." Wrenn insisted. "I'll swear to that if you try to hold her."

The woman reached over and took back her necklace; she carefully adjusted it and fastened it about her neck, standing before the office mirror. Then turning she bowed to them as gravely as though leaving an ambassador's reception. Wrenn shut his eyes as he saw her walk penniless and alone into a New York night, and noted the plain clothesman who followed. He could feel that grim, tall, forest of stone, stretching darkly up the long miles of the jungle called Broadway. A determined Beast was stalking a gazelle, waiting but for the chance to leap and kill. A hard lump rose in Wrenn's throat. Then suddenly came relief. He wondered whether the Hunter or the Hunted had most to fear? She was terrible in her resourceful defense and she had claws. Well, he could go no further. For him it was the end.

The chief glared at him. "You're either a slick crook or a Goddamned fool. But don't think we're done with you. We'll watch you until we get you, if it takes a hundred years. Now get the Hell out of here!"

Thomas Wrenn walked out of the inspector's office like an old and tired man. He took the subway to Grand Central Station and thence a cab to his home in the west seventies. It was midnight when he arrived. Shame and revulsion overwhelmed him. His wife was still busy with household tasks and a bit peeved with his lateness:

"Hello Tom, whatever kept you? We waited dinner after you phoned--"

He went to her, seized her in his arms, and kissed her hungrily.

"Good gracious", she gasped, "what's come over you? Don't for heavens' sakes' begin to paw me; I'm dead tired and you may wake the children. The darlings have been acting like little devils ever since you have been gone. I can't do anything with them. Then to we've no help in the house again and what with the high prices, I've almost no money left--What? Oh, thank you. It's a pretty necklace, but looks a bit showy, don't you think? Where did you get it? Was it expensive? And, Tom, what on earth is that scent you've got on your coat.?"

41-7-117

THE
NEW YORKER
No. 25 WEST 43rd STREET

We regret that we are unable to use the enclosed material. Thank you for giving us the opportunity to consider it.

THE EDITORS

I

201-7-11

THE CASE OF THE TIFFANY DIAMONDS

Manuscript

"Did you ever ~~noticed~~ noticed" said the porter, "the way in which a man handles his travelling bag.?" "The porter ~~was talking~~ used excellent English despite his great unobtrusive way had a most interesting personality when one came to know him "What do you mean" said I.

"Well I remember a case some time ago. I was on the Seaboard's Palm Limited to Florida then A man came aboard with an ordinary suit case Some people pay no attention to their bags & others act as tho' they were married to them & especially those suddenly & develop feet. This man ~~developed feet~~ was careless about his bag & yet I noticed from the first that he was too elaborately careless He put his feet carelessly on it when he sat. He pushed it about. When he went to the smoker he sent for it & ~~whistled~~ whistled a pleasing tune & when he went to ~~dinner~~ the dining car I took occasion to note that it was double locked

31-13-2d

car might at any unlocked shaky and on the aisle. I wondered what had been taken out & transferred to the berth. In the morning this secret was out in a curious way & all on account of his illegally overdoing the carelessness. The bag was ordered to the wash room — the brandy rumpled & pressed & the bag left carelessly opened. A near sighted man came in — a young Irish business man & deposited his open bag next it. When getting from the wash room, he bumbled in my mans bag — and Well I gasped when that necklace fell on the floor. It was in a morocco covered box. The boy trundled out balanced a moment on the bumper and as the owner of the bag grasped hastily for it, it fell & the floor struck hardly on the corner & flew open. We all stared. The young man bent & recline it & bumped again the other man As he raised it he gave a low exclamation of surprise. It was a beautiful thing of diamonds — ranging from drops of sunlight to one great yellow pear shaped stone as large as pigeons egg, and all

surrounded with drops & rays of intensely red and
stones.

The young trainers gave a surprised cry. The
other train after his first hasty attempt to rouse
the jewels treated the accident carelessly, received
the committee apology coolly & tossing the jewels
in his bag frowned thanks. When he left the
other man stood fuming & staring. When he asked
about the nearest telegraph station & wrote a
message & handed it to me with a tip & a wave
of contempt.

~~Of course I knew that the owner of the bag owned~~
~~the necklace~~. The message was brief: "Is the
necklace safe?" and was directed to Tiffanys NY
The other man ~~had a message to~~ as I found when the car
(came) of course
— and asked carelessly if I had other other messages
to get off at 10— as he had one. I said I could
get his off. I found to my surprise that he was
very silent & engaging all the lower berths
as far as Savannah. Beside this there was a
message to Columbia in cipher to "H.B. Smith"
Well a few hours after word a message was
handed it over for L B Drew — The young trainers

He seemed very much puzzled at it & sat a long time pondering. Then suddenly he walked to the counter and wrote another message "Yes it"

and the answer came at Columbia. It excited him greatly. He sat still and he did not move for sometime the row which the young lady who boarded us a Columbia was making. You see there were only 4 persons in the car. The man with the diamond necklace had lower six — Mr. Drew had lower four and lower 5 & 7 were also taken. When the lady got aboard she found all the other lowers — 1, 2, 8, 10, 12, 1, 3, 9 & 11 engaged. She stormed but the Conductor explained that lower six had engaged them all for friends who were coming aboard lower down the line. He would give her either 6 or 7, but she indignantly refused proposing to the occupants of six who took the matter coolly

Then Mrs Drew looked at her. She was a very attractive woman — perhaps 25, brown haired

30-13-21

Hammond charmed & unquestionably well bred. Beside all that she was, as we say, attractive almost allure with that indefinable appeal that some women have. I was not surprised to find Mr Drew standing when the evening lower began. The lady hesitated and then yielded gracefully.

They sat down together & naturally enough & talk — at first casually, then continuously. She evidently fell him interesting and he was evidently fascinated from the first. Their talk I soon gathered drifted about their selfish neighbor & by & by each time I was sure that he had told her about the necklace and was hunting his eyeglass I indeed think I saw him show her the last telegram. She got more & more excited but he seemed to hesitate & to watch each station evidently expecting some one. At last two men slipped unobtrusively on the car from the front & back doors & stood in the passage way. Mr. Drew left them the lady & crossed the conductor & myself in the smoker. He told us that an extraordinary theft had taken place in N.Y. At Tiffanys at midnight a diamond necklace had been sent on approval

seemed to hesitate and to watch each station evidently expecting the man's confedrates to board the train. At last when we has passed the last stop before Savannah he slipped quietly into the smoking room, beckoning to the conductor and myself.

He told us that an extraordinary theft had taken place in New York. At Tiffany's a marvellous paste imitation has been left in place of a diamond necklace. worth one hundred thousand dollars. The original necklace Mr Drew was ready to swear was at that moment in possession of the man with the bag. He had considered the matter carefully and had telegraphed ahead for astrong gurad of police at Savannah. Meantime however, he was going to try to effect the return of the necklace without resorting to force or arrest. He proposed quietly taxing the man with the theft and giving him the alternative of turning over the diamonds and escaping free or of arrest at Savannah. He was sure that the firm would prefer this quite method to unpleasant newspaper notoriety.

"Invite him into the drawing-room and I will do the rest. I have papers here to prove that I am a trusted employee of the Tiffany company and while I have nothing to do with their detective department it will be a big feather in my cap to save this necklace."

The conductor quickly assented and walking into the car he touched the man with the bag on the shoulder. The man looked up in surprise, made some demur but at last walked forward to the drawing-room. I then came in/ took the bat and followed them while the lady watched.

Pretty soon Mr Drew came through, said a word to the lady and entered the drawing room. The scene had all the elements of tragedyand looking on as a cool observer from the outside I somehow got the impression again that the man with the bag was acting his part just a little too well. It seemed to me that he stormed just a little too much, yielded up the diamonds a mite too soon and looked even more dejected and scare than he ought to. Perhaps I was wrong. At any rate Mr Drew got the

morrocco case and hurried out into [illegible] staid in the drawing-room.and the conductor hovered near.

Opening the morocco case he showed the diamonds to the lady and she gave a cry of admiration. They were cretianly beautiful things;I never saw anything quite as gorgeous, and I am crazy about jewels and take every chance to see them. Spreading the diamonds in her lap he asked me to help him and selecting one of the smaller stones at the end he quickly and ~~xiftx~~ deftly tested it in various ways, then looked up in triumph.

"It's the real thing," he said."I didn't know but he might try a second conterfeit on me."

He carefully put the diamonds in the box and turning, nodded to the conductor. It was then that I got a little suspicious. It seemed to me that things were not all right. Matters had gone much too smoothly. In the drawing-room the confessed thief was sitting huddled up with his head between his hands. In the car Mr Drew couldn't help swelling with triumph and importance. The lady too was excited and I heard her arguing very strongly that it was a grievous wrong to society to let the man escape, that he ought to be turned over to the police and punished. But on this poiht Mr Drew was obdurate and great as was his evident admiration for the lady he insisted that his word must be kept.

We now drew into Savannah and sure enough several policemen climbed on and got in the back of the car. The conductor explianed to them that they were to guard a certain valuable piece of jewelry in its transit to the express office. Meantime Mr Drewwith his valuable package looked in a suitcase was bidding good bye almsot affectionately to the young lady and carefully taking her address that he might let her know the outcome of the affair. Then it was that I got a second suspicion, but I said nothing. She went ahead. He followed, tightly I went ahead, he followed, tightly grasping his suitcase. In the dark

passage way we were blocked a few moments [illegible] embarked. The thief quickly disapeared on foot, the girl went off in a motor car and Mr Drew went into the express office with the police.

Just before our train started out again he returned to resume his journey. I looked at him curiously. He seemed very happy and that puzzled me.

"Did you send the jewels off safely?" said I.

"You bet", he said, with a confident laugh. "The responsibility is on the Southern express now."

"That's curious", said I, putting my hand in my pocket, and drawing out a morocco case.

He stared at it as if he had seen a ghost.

"Where did you get it?" he yelled.

"Out of the lady's bag", said I.

He seized the case, opened it and again applied his tests. They were the genuine diamonds.

"Well, what the devil did I send north?"

"Search me? " said I.

Here the porter paused arising and started about his duties.

"You must have got a handsome reward, " I remarked.

"H'Mm," growled the porter, "the chump wanted to have me arrested."

30-13-35

THE BLACK RIVER

c. 1950's
Draft manuscript and fragments

THE BLACK RIVER

by Bud Weiss.

1. THE BROOK

As the sun rose above low hills in the wide Land of the North, a slim and silver birch leaned down and let a drop of water slide slowly, slowly to the world below; from bark to leaf and leaf to earth; and another and another, all glinting in the fine thin arrows of morning light. Thus was the Brook born, tiny and hesitating, a straggling sliver of water, crawling uncertainly by tree and stump and stone, until at last, long last, it rippled, sang and rolled, gurgled and gleamed. Then it was, that a little fish, a green and silver fish appeared, whence no one knew. But what matter? He wiggled and sailed and floated. He swam and darted; played with the bubbles of water and made himself a little song:

Little sunbeam in the sky,
Teach me how to climb so high.
Little bird forever singing
Swift come kiss me music bringing.

He ate little bits of weed and small worms, leaped toward the sky and dove in the water, until one day another brook and other fish joined him. The new fish were like him; varying a little in size and coloring, changing in form from round to long and flat to bulging, but all quite evidently alike and jolly little fellows to play with. There were rains and winds, cold and heat and yet withal it was a happy, care-free world as slowly the river of brooks grew larger and the fish more in numbers and different in kind. Now the brooks had become the River. The little silver fish first realized the change, when one day a long-headed fish darted at

him with open mouth. He barely missed him. Little Fish swam swiftly away and hid in the long grass.

2. THE GREEN RIVER

The Green River was swift and gay -- casual and untamed. It headed nowhere and from nothing. It sang. But it did not sing like the birds but choruses of intricate parts. It made mostly wordless symphonies with the meaning hidden and uncertain; with melody shot through with splendid dissonance. Many bubbling brooks had formed the brawling river, swift, green and white crested with caps of foam and brought myriads of fish continually. Silver was amazed at the new kinds of fish which now filled the Green River. There were minnows smaller than he; there were swift and shy trout and carp and bass. Slowly the Little Silver Fish became aware of strength and will, but they seemed outside his body forcing him relentlessly on and making him dart and fight, hide and eat not only bee and bug, but sometimes other fish smaller than himself.

41-7-79

It was perhaps this growing difference, this feeling of strangeness to most of his fellow fish, and of them toward him, which slowly made Murder part of the Law of Life, and Life of the River. At first it horrified and frightened him, for if he killed and ate, might he not be killed and eaten? And always despite the fact that he killed now and then and only to live or to escape death, he never got used to murder.

In the lovely green river there rose however an increasing desire to hurry, to escape, to arrive somewhither. Yet on still golden mornings, Silver could often lie and watch the clouds through green leaves and hear bird songs faintly and wonder what all this rush was about and why he lived and whither he and all the other

fish were apparently fleeing. He was still happy for above was the sky and below soft, singing shadows; and always there were flowers -- wild and beautiful flowers, fantastic and free, beckoning him toward the sun.

Then at last came dissonance, first low and faint but unresting; then louder and louder, until slowly it filled earth and heaven. Finally and suddenly came a roar, an increasing clamor and summons until the sky tilted and the earth climbed and the river stood on end, leaped into the air and with sudden fury as the world seemed to stop, cleared a rocky cliff, swung, twisted and whirled in the mist-drenched air and with horrid scream fell into the Lake a thousand feet below, while all around roared rainbows.

3. THE LAKE

Save for its first angry protest, there where the river fell rioutously into it, and shoals of dead fish rolled in the Sun, the Lake was silent, wide and still. It seemed Haven and Accomplishment. It broadened into calm and rest, and Silver dreamed again. But now the dreaming was his own; it was within and he could guide it at times and make it do his bidding. He could summon with power his own thought from the world without. He grew larger and stronger and his white and silver fins gleamed gloriously. He could build fantasy and contrive plans.

Increasing numbers of other fish appeared, of many kinds and shapes; of every color and size -- snake-like eels and flat flounders; bursting sun-fish and sharp-nosed pickerel and black, bristling cat-fish. Most of these he could avoid, for the Lake was wide. He could lie half concealed in the fringe of the foliage and watch them. Often he grew curious and wondered if they wondered and if they felt as he felt and dreamed dreams as he dreamed and built fan-

tasies.

Swiftly one morning, Long Head slipped up beside him: Long Head whom he had known in river days. But now they spoke. It was queer to talk to another and Silver was not sure how it started; and often he was not certain just what he said and what Long Head understood and answered. But they talked, not clearly and fully but with understanding of a sort.

41-7-81

Through such conversation, Silver gradually realized that the Lake was different from the Green River. Life was more fixed and orderly. It was not accidental but set in molds made long since. First of all the fish were grouped and graded: not only by class and kind, shape and color; but also criss-crossing this, into Big Fish, Middle Fish, Common Fish, Little Fish. The distinctions, to be sure, had little to do with size, nor seemingly with anything else important; but all fish were separated in class and order; in honor and power, in food and work. To Silver this did not make sense, while to thousands of others it did not even make decency. These murmured and rebelled, in return for which the Big Fish ate them and became wretchedly fat, or they in turn were eaten and became white bones. But Life was regular, place was fixed and domicile was allotted. One consorted mostly with one's own and did not intermingle with strangers and unknown breeds.

Also Silver quite accidentally discovered sex and liked it. He sidled up to a lovely little brown fish and stroked his side against her. Both laughed gaily, darted away and after a bit slowly returned. Soon there were little eggs like pearls, then little toylike fish. Soon he was swimming with his sons and daughters and grandchildren. In consequence of all this love and laughter on the part of many other fish beside Silver and indeed among all fish, the question of food became imperative rather than incidental. All fish now ate each

other as well as vegetation and worms. Their cannibalism was now quite calm and calculated. They sailed up to a smaller neighbor, bit him and tried to swallow him; if he fought and got away, well and good; they hunted further. Sometimes a big fish ran into difficulties. Then the little fish matter-of-factly ate him. It was a system of life by cannibalism and all assented to it for lack of any conceivably better way.

28-7-14

"It's the Law," explained Long Head. "And it's quite simple: too little food; too many fish. We eat each other or die. You kill or be killed. Besides, most fish are not worth anything better than to be eaten. So that's the law ikm and the King makes it."

"What is a King?" asked Silver, chewing at a worm.

"The law-giver."

"How does he know what laws to make?"

"He doesn't, he makes Law out of what we always have done and will do."

"Then why have him?"

"Why not?"

"But I don't understand."

"That's the trouble with you. Why try to understand? Just accept things as they are -- it's much easier."

Silver considered this. Then he said:

"Where can I see ikm this King?"

"You can't. He's at the bottom of the Lake. Only Big Fish approach him. He's awful modest, in fact we call him 'His Shyness, Muskelunge the 47th, by the Grace of God --'"

"Cod? What are Cod?"

"The Codfish; they're Big Fish, who ran off to the Ocean. But first they proclaimed Muskelunge, King of Fish, Lord of the Lake

and Emperor of the Black River."

"What is the Black River?"

"Say, did anybody ever tell you that you want to know too much?"

"No, do I? But that isn't possible —"

Long Head with his wicked golden fins turned away, saying in his low hoarse voice, so like that of the lake: "All right, Bud, swim down and see the King; he may like you — for breakfast."

41-7-83

Silver disliked this sort of joke. It was crude. Fish always seemed to be thinking of food; and food always meant murder and murder meant that most fish had to be unhappy or dead. He himself for instance was big and strong; but most of his life was spent in killing and eating; hunting and hiding and sleeping with an eye cocked.

He began thinking: thinking was something new and grew upon him. It consisted in putting together pictures of things he saw or imagined; and ~~from these making~~ then from these making new images; thus he invented new things which then had to be found so as to correspond to the image and complete them. It was like exploring this ~~great~~ lake; only this world of dream was even more boundless and full of might. So Silver began to sing:

Hidden hoard and sullen cloud
Mystic strength that screams aloud
Thresh me, shrive me, drag me round
Kill me, thrill me, till I'm drowned,
Kill and cripple, drive and drain
Drink the blood and eat the brain —

Then Silver suddenly stopped; this was not what he had started to sing; it was quite different; some alien wicked thought had swept across his dream and seized him — he glanced up to the sunlight and saw a nice fat worm dangling lazily above him.

Now worms were different from fish; they didn't mind being eaten; they liked it, and they thus fulfilled their destiny —. He grabbed; he grabbed and bit and shrieked and them fled with part of

the worm and also with a torn and bloody mouth. Never, never in all his life, had a worm treated him thus. It acted worse than a fighting fish. But even as he wept and writhed, he sensed and saw an awful shape above — neither fish nor bird, bending down over the water above and dangling the torn, writhing worm. Silver turned and streaked down to the farthest depths of the Lake and thus saw the King.

He was a grey hulk of a thing, some five feet long and weighing at least a hundred pounds. Subservient fish floated about him and quickly Silver was seized and brought to the Presence, who appeared asleep.

"What, supper already?" he drawled sleepily. But Silver rushed into explanation; first to the disgust of the serving fish and then to their horror:

"What, a fisherman!" they all yelled, and then all, including the King, fled incontinently leaving only Silver and an old Salmon who was very wise.

The Salmon said: "That fisherman was God's Image."

"I don't like his Image," said Silver, shuddering.

"Neither does God; and that's the reason that this wasn't even his Image. You see it all happened this-a-way," continued the Salmon. "Once upon a time God's Images really resembled him; but for various reasons, they gradually became only anaemic angels, with weak eyes and no sense. Then the Devil fish came from the Ocean and stole up the Black River and raped the angels. At least so the angels said. The result was the Superfish. The Superfish walked on their tails, shaved off their scales and covered their bodies with grass and skin, so as not to resemble either angels or fish. They hunted animals until the animals all died or took to the tall timber, elected as a King and fought back. Then the Superfish began

growing fruit and grain and fishing for fish and eating them in vast numbers. Finally they invented machines and kkk lolled at ease, attended by sycophant dogs, foolish cows and cunning cats. Now they're getting dangerous. Something has got to be done."

"But what?"

"Well, God himself got scared and went down Black River to the Ocean; but I'm going to climb the falls, back to the Green River."

"But that's impossible!"

"I don't care, I'm going to try. There's nothing else but the Black River and that is the worse than impossible, as God knows!"

"But how can it be worse? And where is it?" the Salmon only pointed and turning leaped the Waterfall.

Silver told other fish about Salmon and what he had attempted. None stopped to ask whether or not he had succeeded, but most of the fish swam thither where Salmon had pointed and warned and wondered just what he had meant about the Black River and what God had been doing there.

Then it was clear that something was happening; Somebody was trying to change the World; somebody had a plan. First this was clear because the Lake began to rise; began to crawl up on its own banks and slither over the land, drowning flowers and even pushing up the waterfall. Then strange shapes appeared in the sky and new thunders and lightnings.

Then an awful, an unbelievable story came up out of the depths: the King and his court had disappeared, and it was because of the Net. None knew exactly what a Net was. But it was said that as the King fled toward the Black River, up from utter darkness had arisen ropes and bars, threads and chains, unbreakable, inescapable until all the court was lifted and disappeared into the sky.

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Silver and others took so much time thinking over this and doing nothing about it, that they did not at first notice the change in the world about them; a fateful transition. Not only did the Lake rise and spread out over the fields, but where it used to spill over gently and glide down to the river, it was now held back by a huge dam, which was being built by vast shapes called Machines which ate fire. Slowly, at last, in silent, strong, irresistible current, the whole lake entered the Black River. The wide, silent, blue lake, became a dark-brown, broad and deep river with a slow current that was resistless ~~and purposeful~~ and flowed like some gigantic omniscient and omnipotent Will, relentless and determined, on and on forever.

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4. THE BLACK RIVER

Now Silver found himself full-grown and aware. He became himself; a person, an entity; a self-propelling mind. As he was different, so was the world about him; it was heavier and harder; birds went swiftly through the sky; they did not sing; they flew; trees dripped with grey and deadly moss. Flowers grew but huddled strange and apart. The water was no longer green nor blue but muddy brown and thick; ~~hm~~ bitter to taste and it smelt of dung. Fish swarmed, but rushed on as if to flee their surroundings. And they were not the same fish which Silver had known; he did not recognize them. They seemed like the old fish but now new and strange. They seemed scared and to look on the river not as home but highway to somewhere else. They did in droves, but always others filled their places.

The Black River was different -- terribly different. Its current was not as swift and noisy as that of the Green River, but it was more powerful and purposeful. There was no possible limit to its overwhelming force, with all its silent surge. It consisted of Three Worlds. Perhaps such regions had existed in the Lake, but if so the fish had hardly noticed. There the sky, the water, and the regions beneath the water formed one world, which was all theirs.

Here the land belonged to the Superfish while the Superfish belonged to the Machines which they had built. The air belonged to the birds, but the Machines were trying to seize it. It was all very puzzling and complicated and Silver had

difficulty in understanding it. Certain it seemed that the Superfish were curiously divided. Some lived in filthy hovels by the river bank where they caught fish for food. Some further inland ate roots and grass and such animals as could not escape them. But back on the hills rose the towers of beautiful homes and cathedrals and palaces where other Superfish slept and played. There were flowers and birds up there. In the air, machines and Superfish flew amid birds while back in the forests the beasts hid, except the sycophant dogs and silly cows and the mocking cats.

Now the Superfish along the Black River were very strong because of the machines which they built. These machines were vast formless giants of infinite strength and cunning. The Superfish had contrived them as ~~xhxxx~~ slaves but the Machines were too strong for them.

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Most of the Superfish knew this and struggled vainly against their chains. But some of the Superfish, especially those living grandly in the hills, imagined that the Machines were still theirs to command; that these select Superfish had made them and owned them and could make them do their will. Now it was said that Somebody Else made the Machines and was now guiding them. The Machines did not know this for the Machines knew nothing. The Superfish did not know it for the Superfish knew but did not know what they knew nor why, nor what to do ~~xhxt~~ about it. It was all very confusing. But still the Machines whirled and steamed and lifted but what they were making only God knew and he said nothing.

Silver often pondered how the select Superfish got to live in splendor in the hills. He asked several, but truth depends on who tells it. Some said they climbed; others said they were kicked up; some said they deserved consideration; others that they stole it; still others that it stole them. However they got it, Silver concluded, they got a raw deal.

So the air and sky were not for fish and they carefully avoided them. They lived below the surface of the river. They rose furtively for breaths of air, darting back to escape the fish-hooks of hordes who fished hungrily. In the river food was scarce, for the Machines poured their excrement into the ~~xk~~

water; the little fish died of poison and the tough fish who remained fought off the cannibals; the fish lived on worms and refuse for which they sought furiously. They also ate as dainties the smaller fish rising continually from the depths of the river; but of the depths themselves they were chary. Down there lurked silent, strong monsters, some of them refugees from the Lake, and other strange beings of unknown origin who came up from the Ocean. They had to be avoided, for they were cunning and cruel. Sometimes they rushed suddenly to the top, and left red streaks of murder.

Silver grew old, grey and lean. His fellow fish grew strange and bizarre in form. In some he recognized old friends from the Lake, but singularly altered and transformed. They slunk by silently, in groups of their own kind, suspicious of all strangers. Furtively from time to time all of them slipped to the surface of the river and watched the Machines, with fascination. God! How these things worked; always they worked: lifting, dragging, pushing, combing, knotting, hammering and squeezing. They poured an endless stream of Things into the river which the river hungrily bore away to the Ocean.

In the midst of such cold cruel forces, forces of such irresistible destiny, it behooved the fish to counsel carefully and act in concert. First they must think: whither were they being swept and why? Had they choice as to the End and just what choice? How could they avoid death and hurt and steer wisely toward the best life?

This called for knowledge, agreement and cooperation. It was first proposed that they have another King, despite their indifferent experience in the Lake. Long Head was chosen, but he did not last long. He thought that because he was King, he knew everything, when in fact he knew less than many other fish who were swimming, seeing and conferring. Long Head insisted that he knew about the adventures of God and that he had learned them by thinking it all out by himself. He said that God had come down from the Green River with great plans for training his Angels to rule the world. But they enjoyed the company of the Devil so much that their children the Superfish dammed the Lake and built Machines. The

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Machines were too strong for God, so he fled to the Ocean to get the Monsters to overthrow the Machines or if that failed to find a way from the Ocean (down through the Gates of Hell) back to Green River where he could begin again. Most of the fish regarded these tales of Long Head as foolish and untrue. So Long Head in anger sought corroboration in the depths of Black River where Monsters from the Ocean were said to live. What Long Head learned none ever knew, for all of him which returned was a streak of blood and one long gut.

Then Silver, who was now old and strong and ugly, called all fish to conference. The fish, dying in droves yet always miraculously renewed from far up the river, clustered in groups and whispered.

"What shall we do? What can we do? Where can we go?"

"Back to the Lake — the Beautiful Lake."

"Too far, and the current is too swift. The oncoming hordes would eat us. The Superfish would hook and net us."

"Couldn't we become Superfish and gang up with their poor against the rich? After all the Superfish are like us, with backbone and heads."

"Nonsense; the Machines would prevent us."

"But the Machines — couldn't we become machines and with our goods escape down the river?"

"Machines are strong and neither think, nor feel, and down the river is the Ocean."

"What is the Ocean?"

Then Silver spoke. He said with hesitation: "I have lived a long time and know some things. But chiefly I know that I do not know much. Yet together we all know much. I dare say that if all we know was pooled and shared, we might be very wise, or certainly wiser, let's decide what to do."

"No," said one large group, "we will know now all we want to know; we're swimming back to the Lake."

"Good," said Silver. "If you never return, that will add to our knowledge; if you do return, you will have much to tell us."

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Another group said, "What's the use? We'll follow the river and swim faster than the current and find out what's ahead."

"All right," said Silver. "If you return, tell us about it; if not, that will be that." But most of the fish agreed with Silver that the best way was to learn and share knowledge. Although some said: "After that, what?"

"That," said Silver, "depends on what we learn, but after learning we must act and act together."

"What shall we do with those who won't act with us?"

"Wait and see," said Silver. "First learn."

It turned out that most fish had learned from stories, gossip and exploring that the River was headed for the Ocean.

"What's that?"

It was a great black and evil-looking fish from the depths of the River who informed them, although he never told them how he knew. Had he been there and got back? As his big red eyes roved over his visitors, calculating which was at once the juiciest and easier to catch, he said hoarsely:

"A horrible place; filled with monsters. The Ocean is Hell. It has neither beginning nor end and is filled with awful creatures in terrible shapes born millions of years ago; and with the wrecks of the worlds which they destroyed." He talked wildly and fiercely, growing livid as he talked. His hoarse voice convinced them that he knew what he described and concealed some terrible experience from which he had escaped. They edged away as they listened; and before he darted at them, all but one escaped his cruel teeth, all save one who had lingered to thank him and say goodbye.

The rest agreed that even allowing for exaggeration and mere hearsay, the Ocean was no place for them and that they must try to escape from the river. To escape by land or air was to rot or be burned alive. None returned from the excursion back to the Lake, save bones which looked familiar. Several attempts to escape up side streams met only death or wearied return. It was finally decided that they must go on toward the Ocean, protecting themselves meantime

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from hook and depth, and finding and hoarding food and safe shelter.

But meantime it was clear that their journey would be long; that its End and Reason, if any, was unknown; that the illimitable Ocean must be looked forward to as the logical end of their trip. Meantime they must keep careful outlook for their approach to the Ocean. Probably its noise would warn them. When they descried its roar, they would rush explorers forward, who would come back and report. If the ocean proved as bad as they had heard, there were two desperate, hopeless expedients: to turn back up the river, swimming criss-cross from shore to shore; or (and all agreed this was visionary) to take advantage of some heavy rain and swim right it up toward heaven on its waters.

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Meantime all settled down to life as it was and having learned certain facts to decide what common action to take. First of all it was necessary to take a stand about murder. Fish had always eaten fish from the day of the brook. But there had formerly been a sort of casualness about it, although the facts were clear; now regular cannibalism was steady and growing; one had to watch one's neighbors narrowly and be on guard with all strangers. The old and sick, and the young were ready victims.

So the fish decided that the young must be protected; they formed a guard to swim near them and consequently there was increased difficulty about food; it was hard to get and often stolen, especially if there was any which some fish wanted to save. Such theft was discouraged and thieves, if caught, were ordered eaten, which made punishment a pleasure.

But a third thing was more puzzling and nothing was done, because it was impossible to agree: some big and capable fish got the habit of hiring certain weak, careless and hungry fish to forage for food for them in return for a quick meal, so that while they rested at ease others found their food. The fish could not decide whether this was smart virtue or mean deception. They talked about it, quarrelled and almost fought. But Silver, who hated all fighting, threatened mass

action. So many supported him, that the argument did not end in fighting; but neither did it end in agreement.

In the midst of this long dispute, the fish were conscious of a noise. At first while it was noticeable, they did not heed it; then it was simply a new sensation; but finally it became a low roar and someone screamed: "The Ocean."

Everyone was deathly still. Then Silver darted. "Forward, explorers." There was but a moment's hesitation; then five thin swift fish darted away. All day the fish waited, circling slowly upstream, listening and peering. Then one fish returned struggling slowly and painfully against the mighty current.

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"I saw the Ocean. I heard it. It was awful. It was all the noise of all the world in one. Listen! The Ocean is unbounded and untamed. It stretches from Everywhere to Nowhere. In its horrid holes are Things on which no living being can look and live; within its black and awful depths creep creatures too terrible to think on, more terrible to see."

"It was horrible," gasped the fish as he died. Of his companions he said no word. Then Silver spoke: "All this I do not believe. Even if true, I do not fear. I seek the new and strange to learn and listen. This world in which I have lived too long, I do not know, I do not understand. But I am not afraid of knowledge, I dare to understand. If Ocean has other life and other thoughts, welcome Ocean, I come!" He swam to the Sea.

The fish looked at each other and of one accord turned upstream. It was a quick but terrible decision. Now they were going back to what they knew — a hard and continued struggle with no aim, no goal. Before there had been the lure of the Uncertain on which to dream even if to fear. Now they knew and they were more than afraid; they were humble, hopeless. They could only look forward to what they already knew and what they had already seen.

They had hardly finished the first hard mile, and lay gasping just beneath

the surface of the black waters, when there came an unexpected uproar directly in front. The world began fighting; all began to murder each other wholesale; they were fighting and killing each other horribly. Not simply were the rich fighting the poor, the Machines the Superfish; but all fighting each other and for no reason the fish could understand. They crippled and maimed each other and tore down and set fire to their box buildings and their goods. Their faces distorted with wild anger, their mouths spitting wild words, they tried their best to rid the world of themselves. The fish gasped and rode the waters in dismay. At first they thought some unseen enemy was driving them; but no; all were fighting each other in higledepigledy disorder.

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Meantime the plight of the fish became suddenly and unexpectedly excellent; there was plenty of food — great gobs of flesh, rich warm blood, and soft brains; then too there were no fishermen, and the worms were free again for the fish. The fish revelled and without thought floated back down the river. Gorged, they dropped to the bottom while other fish rose to feast. Day after day the rush of fish up and down, down and up, churned the river into black foam.

Then the fighting quickly stopped. There were shrill cries and low moaning. Armies of cripples carried the dead to great tombs and a vast song arose as the Machines started again to whirr and dump, while the poor superfish started again to fish.

Mile after mile the fish floated down the Black River and talked and planned:

"Why not escape up a side river to another lake?"

"They are all too swift and broad. They differ no whit from this river. Hurled back, we'd go the same way — to the Ocean."

"But the air? Superfish and Machines and birds fly — Heaven is wide and free!"

"Not for fish. We don't know how. And how wide is Heaven and where does it end? We know but one end -- the Ocean."

"Perhaps ——", but before another could speak, the roar of war swelled

again and again the fish rushed back up the river.

This Second War was worse than the first — much worse. More of the Superfish were killed and more buildings destroyed by the Machines. Moreover, it began to look as if the Machines were becoming bigger and more powerful and the Superfish weaker and crazier; and that sometime soon the machines would crack open the inner Karmal Power of the world and blow it all to pieces. Most of the fish withdrew to the river bottom. There were left Carp, Pickerel, and Trout.

"Look," said Carp, "there's no use expecting help or example from Superfish. They're impossible: selfish and silly. We must fend for ourselves. Let's turn and follow Silver."

So all the fish of the Dispensation — all who traced their path from the Waterfall to Lake and Lake to the Black River, rose upon the swelling waves and turned down the river. "This," they said, "is the End! Now we gird ourselves for the Last Battle of the World. The Fish of the Descent now conquer or forever die."

"Fight to death?"

"To death!"

"What is a world without fish?"

"With fish, what is it?"

"Flee, leave the Black River; there is a refuge, a hiding place, a goal."

"Where, what?"

"The Ocean!"

"But the Superfish may be there."

"They are everywhere like lice, but they do not own the Ocean, and when they fight a third time they'll all be dead and the Ocean will be free."

Then talk stopped; the river grew wider, until one night the sound of Doom,— perhaps not a sound but a feeling — a physical despair.

Fear sat on the heaving waters. Three times war among the Machines and Superfish rose, bled, fainted, fell and rose screaming again; until one midnight there came a bitter shriek of utter fear and the Black River did not lunge nor

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fall, did not rise nor pause, but just spread and widened and widened again until it disappeared in a wide stain and in its place arose the vast swell of the Ocean and the roar of its sound lapping on the shores of all the world. A great roar as of the reverberating thunder of all lightnings: as of an infinitude of lakes and rivers of waters: as of all the rains and floods of all time in one mass of unimagined breath and width and length, belting all the world, ~~lapping on every shore~~, and calling together so vast a mass of living, creeping, crawling, fighting things that the world seemed to burst with life and being and want and dream and thought and unbounded power. For Ocean was had gone mad with Storm.

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They yelled: they damned, they sneered: but as they mocked, even as they jeered, the Ocean answered. It rose in storm. The Ocean thundered beneath a rending, burning sky. The waves towered and curled and dashed: and dashed again against the moon: they swirled and shuddered and yelled. They shook the air and stars and tore at the ~~x~~ foundations of the Earth. It rained so that waters pouring down met waters plunging up, and winds tearing on, crossed winds ~~xxxxx~~ roaring back, and met and twisted into whirlwinds of crimson flame, rolling out of Machines too vast to see. They towered for one last blow at the foundation of the universe, when the voice of Silver resounded: a low thin voice, yet easily heard:

"Peace, be still!" And the storm suddenly stopped.

In the midst of the storm when the world was poised to end, a vast school of dead and dying fish rose gasping on the seething waters and saw Silver riding, alive and battered.

"Lead us," they shrieked.

And Silver answered wearily: "Peace, be still!"

Suddenly in the world there was utter quiet, and in the depths of the ocean where the fish found themselves swimming, there was no more war, no storm nor ~~x~~ raging. The Machines disappeared.

All stared at Silver with new eyes. He must be a Magician instead of a

poor old fish. But he heard their thought and hastened to explain: "I reached the Ocean while it was yet calm and swam about a bit. Then I heard the war up the river and turned back. But then the Ocean broke into frenzy. I was scared to death but looking up, I saw God. He was a little man, unshaven and ragged, and his face was wrinkled with grief. His head was clasped in his hands and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He seemed to be begging and pleading with a crazy universe, hell-bound to suicide. I tried to say something to him, speaking softly under the din. It was then that he said, 'Peace, be still.' He said it, not me; but he meant me. I was interrupting."

Here a Dolphin broke out: "You're lying."

Silver inched himself to a swell and sighed: "Well, maybe I am; it is quite possible. You understand I'm getting old and my eyes aren't near as good as they once were. Perhaps what I saw was only Deacon Jones (whose story is quite another one). Or again perhaps I saw nothing, because these days it's hard for me to draw lines between what I see and what I think, and what I want to think I believe I see. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, what I say is true. Whoever today runs this universe, if anybody, is grieved and worried and sick and needs help. He's worried not only about us fish; but about the animals and birds; the trees and flowers; and more especially (for reasons I cannot conceive) about the Superfish, who have lately been raising so much hell. It seems he intended them to be a little lower than the Angels, while they seem about to become considerably lower than anything on earth. But especially is he worried about the Machines. You see, he worked with the Superfish to make them and now he don't know what to do with them. So temporarily he has dropped them into the depths of the Ocean, where he thinks they may meet their match."

Just here a big round flounder roared by, circled Silver so near that he toppled into the waves but rose smiling. Said the flounder:

"You say God told you all this?"

"I don't know, but I think so."

"How do you know there is a God?"

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"I don't, but there ought to be."

"Is this a world where what should be, is?"

"It might be."

"But have you found it so ~~in your experience~~?"

"No, but my experience is so short — "

"But if it ain't and he isn't?"

"Then I suppose we'd have to invent him."

"Just as the Superfish invented Machines?"

"I admit that didn't turn out so well —"

"Fish," said the flounder as he dove, "you've squared the circle."

Silver proceeded, unperturbed: "There are many forms of life swarming about us, beneath and above, not counting the Superfish who I admit are quite impossible. But these other living things must have new thoughts and imaginings: they must have new plans: could we not all live together and think together and share alike?"

Barracuda said: "There would never be food enough!"

"Why not, in all this endless ocean in all the rivers and lands with all the myriad beasts and birds and fish?"

"Who in Hell wants myriads of misbegotten monsters to live?" yelled a Marlin. "No, never. Fish to the front! Fight, fight, exterminate, kill and maim until we conquer or sink to oblivion of this horrible ocean. What ho! Who rallies to the last Flag of the Fish?"

"Not I," said Silver.

"Are you too cowardly to lead?" cried the Swordfish.

"I am too brave to follow; I will lead — one way."

"Which?" asked a big blackfish.

"To Peacewards."

No one had anything better to suggest, so then and there assembled the First World Council of the Fish. Silver rode a wave in the center, one fin on cheek, one eye on the sky while with the other he scanned the multitude. In

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the rear were the Big Fish: a whale to the right and to the left, half in shadow, an immense octopus, with one vast crimson eye and eight arms. Between them swam Barracuda, black bass, marlins and swordfish, tarpon and tuna, shark and dolphins; in the fresh water of the swelling river, were carp and catfish, perch, pickerel, pike and salmon. In front were all manner of little fry, in gorgeous dress together with cod, herring and mackerel, weakfish and flounders. Below one heard the great crabs and lobsters. Above a few white gulls flew low and listened. Silver's keen ears told him that (birds were in the sky and) beasts were lurking in the dense forests afar, while the trees and bugs and flowers were within earshot. The grey eel whose lithe curves fitted him to record the minutes with beautiful chirography, told Silver that he smelled superfish also. Silver pooh-poohed that.

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"They wouldn't have that much sense and there are too few alive after all that fighting."

"Don't you underrate them babies."

"I don't. They do."

Modestly Silver had been prevailed upon to preside; he insisted that this meeting was purely democratic and that all must be heard. He was just there to arrange the order of talking:

"Now and then, I may venture a word."

"Now or then?"

"Now," answered Silver, and he proposed the first article of a world constitution: "Peace. No more war. Whoever starts a war will be an outlaw. With him we will neither eat nor drink; sing nor dance; nor work nor play; nor buy nor sell; nor nurse, cure nor bury; nor even consider him a fish. Nor even consider him at all."

"Now," continued Silver, "comes the first by-law under this constitution: 'Thou shalt not kill!'"

There came a protesting roar: "What shall we eat?"

"Ourselves."

"What would a world be without fish?"

"What is it with fish?"

"Listen, ~~this~~ idiot: if you think we fish are going to commit suicide, retail, like Superfish do wholesale, you're crazy!"

"No, no," Silver hastened to explain, "you see it's this way: this world needs help."

"You mean for us to help God?"

"Well, if you put it that way — Yes!! You see, there is a way to get to Green River and not go back through the Black River and that is down through Ocean: its caves and springs lead through Hell to the Upper Air. Once at Green River we all could begin again."

41-7-99

"Just when did God tell you all this?"

"He never did — I just thought it up and it sounded reasonable when nothing else did."

"They tell us he can do anything," said several.

"Silly! Nobody can make up, down; nor black, white; nor good, bad. No, he can't do everything; but he has plans, a Big Plan, if he can get help. Once he had all the angels lined up to help, but," said Silver, as he glared over at Octopus, "they flew off to sea and what came back" — Silver paused and Octopus stirred uneasily, dropped his huge eye and folded up three of his legs. "What came back were Superfish! You know what they did! But God didn't give up, although this hurt him something awful. He still has weeds and trees and vines, bugs and worms, snakes, beasts and birds — and Fish! All these can work, but they mustn't kill."

"What will they eat?" insisted Shark.

"I mean they must not kill others."

"I suppose then we kill ourselves," sneered a huge Tuna.

"Certainly, when necessary; we who are fit to live offer ourselves as food for those who must not die."

"Is anybody here that crazy?" yelled Tarpon, Bass and the vast Flounder.

"Oh, yes; we've always had multitudes of volunteers to kill others even without cause. How much more reasonable to kill ourselves for a purpose. And decent murder at that: no cripples nor surgeons; no lice nor dirt. No hurt nor Red Cross, no blood, just good clean painless death. Imagine the ceremony: martial music and mighty dirges; garlands and medals; cheers and tears of Joy. A real path to Immortality!"

"Would we have to eat Superfish?" asked a long Weakfish, who looked hungry.

"Well, hardly that; but they'd make excellent manure."

"And all the vegetables and bugs, would they commit suicide for us?"

"All this brings up some tough problems, I admit," said Silver. "We might set up courts of guardians who had the right to sentence Life to Death for the Good of all. It would be a tough duty, but I could imagine a rose worth more than a clam."

"Would the Beasts come in?"

"Sure, they've got more sense -- that is nearly as much as fish, and perhaps some day Machines — "

"What, more Machines?"

"Yes, even Machines are not hopeless, if — "

Here the Whale swished his great tail, dashing several fish into the sea. He snorted and blew two vast columns of water into the sky.

"It's just as my grand-daddy always said," he roared as he headed out to sea. "All Fish are fools!"

"Could be; but all Fools are not Fish!" answered Silver.

Silent and ever more silent grew the sea. The world was water and the Sun burned it to gleaming gold. Behind the Sun danced stars and low in the West, the Moon moaned. The air throbbed and the winds were song. For a space and a time, the World was Peace.

So Silver, old and tired, rose and rode upon the water and looked and listened, but spoke no word; for he was happy.

He heard a voice beneath, "I am your lunch, Sir."

41-7-100

He looked down and saw a lovely, little, fat fish, with shining golden scales. "What?" he asked.

"Whenever you are hungry, you may eat me!"

Silver looked again.

"I shall never be hungry again," he said.

41-7-101

THE BLACK RIVER

I. The Brook

As the sun rose above ~~the~~ low hills in the Land of the North, a silver birch leaned down and let a drop of water slide slowly to the grass below and another and another, all glinting in the fine arrows of morning light. Thus the Brook ~~was~~ born, ~~a~~ tiny, straggling sliver of water, crawling uncertainly ~~around~~ tree and stone, until at last it rippled ~~and~~ sang and rolled and gurgled. Then it was that a little golden fish appeared ~~and~~ sailed and ~~sang too~~ ~~and floated dreaming into the river~~

Insert A

2. The River

The bubbling brook and other brooks formed the brawling river, swift, green with white crested caps of foam and fish that fought to live and struggled to survive. The ~~first~~ little fish ~~was~~ aware of strength and will, but they seemed ~~without~~ his body ~~and forced~~ him ~~on~~ relentlessly, ~~made~~ him dart and fight, hide and ~~kill~~, not only bee and bug but other fish ~~like~~ himself; even when he ~~received~~ from murder, he could not help himself; he ~~was~~ ~~forced~~ to kill to live and ~~yet~~ he hated his life; he had no time to dream; he seldom sang. And ~~then~~ with sudden fury and cry ~~and scream~~, all the world seemed to end as the river lept the waterfall, swung in the mist-drenched air and with horrid ~~roar~~ fell into the Lake a thousand feet below.

Insert B

3. The Lake

The Lake was silent and still. Save for its angry protest, there where the river fell riotously into it, it broadened into calm and rest, and ~~the little fish~~ dreamed again; but ~~he~~ did not sing. And now the dreaming was his own; it was within and he could guide it at times and make it do his bidding. He could build fantasy and contrive, ~~he could talk~~ to ~~other fish~~, not clearly and fully but with understanding of a sort. He joined ~~them~~ in forays for food and when food was scarce, in forcing smaller fish to surrender theirs. From this at ~~first~~ he shrank and rebelled but hunger drove him back. ~~A big black fish~~, with wicked fins, laughed at him.

Insert C

"Look you" he said in his hoarse, low voice which was so like the Lake: "Look, you: you eat or starve; you steal or die; you kill or are killed; there is not enough food for all; too many fish; and poor fish at that; ugly and scrawny, with no golden scales like ours. Fit for slavery; fit for food; see?" And he darted down to slow hulk of a creature and seized his hoard. So ~~the little Fish~~, stole and enslaved and became big and strong. ~~But~~ he did not like his life. ~~He wanted something finer; he wanted more time~~

Insert D

A

He swam and darted, played with the bubbles of water and made himself a little song:

Little sunbeam in the sky,
Show me how to climb so high
Little bird that's ever singing
Swift to me come music bringing

He ate little bits of weed and small worms and then suddenly another brook and other fish joined him. One, long-headed and blue bit at him and nearly ate him."

"Hey!" cried the little fish, " Careful there, you nearly bit me. "

"Sure" said Long Head, " I meant to eat you. I was hungry and still am. Know where any small fry are lurking, Silver ? Best watch out. Fish eat fish is the rule here" and then another brook and other fish joined them and Silver as he now called himself darted away and hid.

2. The River

There was no more time to sing and dream

B

In the swift green rushing river there rose a wild fierce fight to live, to hurry, to escape. Only now and then on still gold mornings, Silver could lie and watch the clouds through green leaves and hear bird songs faintly and wonder what all this rush and fear was about and why he lived and whither he and all the other fish werefleeing. Then, first low and faint but unresting; then louder and louder until it filled earth and heaven came a a roar; the river reared on end, leaped into the air

41-9-259

C

Increasing numbers of other fish joined him , of all kinds and shapes; of every color and size. But he could avoid them for the Lake was wide. He could lie half concealed in the fringe of the foliage and watch them. Then he grew curious and wondered if they wondered and if they felt as he felt and dreamed dfeams as he dreamed and build fantasies -- Then swiftly Long Head slipped up beside him: Long Head of river days; and they spoke It was queer to talk and Silver was not sure how it started and what he said and what Long Head understood. But they talked

D

He hated to spend so much of his time just eating and gathering food to eating; sleeping and hunting safe places to sleep. He disliked having to make so many little fish unhappy or even dead just so he could be fairly comfortable. "Why couldnt--" he glanced

(D continued)

up and saw a nice fat worm dangling lazily above him. Now worms were different from fish, they didnt mind being eaten and, they thus fulfilled their destiny --" He grabbed and shrieked and fled with part of the worm and torn and bloody mouth. Never, never, had a worm treated him thus. But as he wept and writhed ~~in pain,~~ he looked up and saw God.

When he told Long Head, he and all about ~~him~~ laughed. "That wasnt God -- it was only his image"

"I dont like his Image"

"Neither does God" they all agreed, " but his Image owns the Earth; worse luck."

~~But~~ Silver was disturbed, and began thinking. Thinking ~~was~~ was something new that grew upon him. It consisted in seeing things and then putting their images together and finding new things which did not yet exist but must be found. It was like exploring the lake, only this lake was boundless, reaching beyond the mountains and above the clouds. So ~~deep was Silver immersed in thought~~ that they did not at first notice a vast change in the world about them, a fateful transition. Slowly, in silent, strong, irresistable current, they entered the Black River. The broad, silent, blue lake, became a dark-brown, broad and deep river with a slow current that was resistless and purposeful and flowed like some gigantic Will, relentless and determined, on and on forever.

It was this thinking which led to the idea of a king

(insert to from p. 2)

So Long Head became King, by the Grace of God, and the firm refusal of Silver to accept the honor on any terms. "I dont know what to do myself -- how shall I tell others." Then they ranged the fish in order with Big Fish, Middle Fish, Common Fish and Little Fish. The distinction had nothing to do with size, nor with anything else important; but soon all fish were separated in class and order; in honor and power, in income and work. To Silver this did not make sense, while to thousands of others it did not even make decency. So they murmured and rebelled, in return for which the Big Fish ate them and themselves became wretchedly fat. Silver and others took so much time thinking over this and doing ~~no thing~~ nothing about it

to dream. He hated murder. He hated slavery. Of this he was thinking one day, away down at t far end of the Lake, when a silent, irresistible current, swept him despite his struggles in to the Black River.

3. The Black River.

Now he found himself grown and aware. He became himself; a person, an entity; a self-propelling Mind. The River was broad and very dark; so dark, he could not rightly fathom its depths and what they held. His fellow fish were bigger and more purposeful. They swam in groups, with little conversation without the gangs. But the gangs differed greatly: some were big and well-fed, with gorgeous ornament and careful grooming: in the strong movement of the great river, they had their own place and refuge; and their power over the dark depths seemed so complete tat food and ornament rose seemingly of it own accord to serve them; yet there was almost most no intercourse between the upper class which lived above in sunlight and plenty and the hordes which toiled and groveled far below in darkness. And The Living Dead below never spoke

Gradually, the Great Fish, as he had now become was taken into a group. How this happened, he could not say clearly. It was a matter of passing greeting, a word of of warning and advice -- a reminiscence of Lake and Waterfall. Soon he was one of this dominant group and it seemed that he had always belonged there . He married and his sons and daughters, even grandchildren formed an ever increasing clan. Somehow and somewhere talk began, it was not simply of food and shelter, but of life and goal; of tide and power and end.

"I understand that this river flows to the Ocean" said one, one day

"And what is the Ocean and where?"

Endless and terrible and no place for fish of quality

Then we wont go

Suppose we cant help ourselves. We had to leave the Lake?

We were young and weak then We had no organization. Now we are strong; in fact all we need is a King, but a democracy Once we had a king — now we call Democracy

What is a King

Someone to tell us what to do

How do we get one

We choose him

But if we can choose somebody to direct us, why can't we direct ourselves

Because we need a King. The beasts have Kings; so must the fish Other fish have Kings they call kings

41-9-261

As he was different, so was the world about him; it was heavier and harder; birds flew swiftly but they did not sing; trees drooped with grey and deadly moss. The water was no longer ~~it~~ green or blue but muddy and thick; bitter to the taste and it smelt of dung. The fish swarmed, but rushed on as if to be rid of their surroundings They seemed to look on the river not as home but highway to some other world. ~~The~~ fish died in droves yet always others filled their place. Silver got the idea that they rose from the dark depths of the river. He swam down to see but returned hastily and aghast. There were fish below but strange fish, who never came up to heaven and air. And too there Things -- alive and whirring and clanking and yet not alive -- unthinking, unfeeling yet going, turning, always moving, with desperate unresting force. Silver fled up to the murk~~ingxy~~ sky, dripping with slow rain and cowered in the muddy bank, trembling.

In the Black River meander there was no sprightly talk and inquiry as in the lake; the fish slunk by silently in groups of thier own kind, suspicious of all strangers -- & of any who differed in form or color or size. They were not Fish, but only ~~K~~inds of Fish — Superior and Inferior

(over)

for the River Ride the Wide had no Readers. The fresh Fish did not come from heavens Their Books proved that. Their Workers from the dark depths

And what pray might Democracy be? , asked Silver who was always asking, and who was no longer silver, but dull, drab grey
We do not know

Why have it

We must

Why must we--

41-9-262

Let [illegible] be our king

No, said Big-fish Silver, who in truth was Silver no more but dull, drab grey.

Why not?

No why: I just wont

Listen, Fool; we are not safe here; in yonder depths lie unknown power and hate and envy We must organize to rule the river or fight for dominion with the lowest of beings; the all off-scourings of [illegible] waters. And our king is a fool and an old one at that.

So they argued as the river became larger and mightier; and the fish became wiser and up from the depths arose more and strange kinds of animals and wanted sha re in food and shelter and fought for it. And so si nce newcomers could not be excluded, they were included in a new [illegible]. But still the [illegible] clans dominated the food and shelter. And still the black river poured down larger and larger floods of new sorts and kinds of life , crying, demanding, threatening, untilthe river was war and flood red toward the sea. And there was stench n the air and sorrow beneath the waters. Until one night all heard a sound. A great sound as of a multitude of rivers of waters; as of all the rains and floods of all time in one [illegible] of unimagined breadth and width and length, belting the [illegible] world. A moment war and murder and fear and hate ceased but as the river rolled down with its vast dark burden of life, stirring to quicker louder fiercer demand and threat, the war began again. Three times war rose, bled, fainted fell and rose screaming again; until one midnight there came a bitter shriek of utter fear and the Black River did not luunge nor fall, did not rise nor pause, but spread and widened and [illegible] agai n until it disappeared and in its place arose the vast swell of the Ocean and the sound of its lapping on the shores of all the world

41-9-264

And Long Fish the King fought the river and its burden until the depths of the river swelled and ate him, devoured him head and tail, belly and fin and left only a memory and streak of blood and entrail. There were no more kings but they choose a form of control in which [illegible] rule; but what it reallhy was few knew. But it was effort, stark effort to do through many what no one fish was strong enough to do

So all the fish of the Dispensation -- all who traced their path from the Waterfall to Lake and Lake to the Black River came together and rose upon the swelling waves to take council. This they said is the End. Now we gird our selves for the Last Battle The fish of the Descent now conquer or forever die

I.

and calling together so vast a mass of living, creeping, crawling, fighting things that the world seemed to burst with life and being and want and dream and thought And unbounded Fear sat on the heaving waters

This was a new sort of murder. The fish knew murder since the days of the green bubbling brook. There were always fights on the river; and in the lake whole schools of fish combined to control or exterminate each other. But this while often and habitual was never total; it never threatened all alike.

But now came total war and universal murder, planned on spawning egg, pregnant mother, whale and minnow; all faced Death.

"What can we do?"

Keep all arms to our clan

All fish are armed, even the new fish

Fight to death

What is a world without fish

With fish, what is it

Flee, leave the Black River; climb back to the Lake

We cannot breast the eternal current; the Lake is not large enough

Listen: there is a refuge, a hiding place, a goal.

Where, What,

The Ocean

Never, never, rather death, much better Death! Listen, the Ocean is unbounded and untamed. It stretches from Nowhere to Nowhere. In its horrid depths are Things on which no living being can look and live; within its black and awful depths creeps creatures from other ages and climes, too terrible to think on, more terrible to see.

11-6-43

Then Silver spoke; for now he was old, ugly and wise.

All this I do not believe. Even if true, I do not fear. I seek the new and strange to learn and listen. This world in which I have lived so long, I do not know, I do not understand. But I am not afraid of knowledge. I dare to understand. If Ocean has other life and other thoughts, welcome Ocean, I come!

But Godsimage is there, worse than all ~~other life~~ else.

He is everywhere like lice. But he does not own the Ocean. The Ocean is free

And then talk stopped, for while they argued, the river grew wider, wider

"Why, asked ~~Big Fish~~ Silver, cannot democracy save us?"

"Democracy ~~among~~ is for the Chosen; but share of all ~~and~~ for every living thing-- never; better death

I am not so sure, answered ~~Big Fish~~ Silver. There are many forms of life swarming about us beneath & above

But They ~~must~~ other living things have new thought and imaginings; they must have new plans; could we not all live together and share?"

"There would never be food enough!"

But surely shellfish; and food Why not, in all this endless ocean; with all the ingenuity of myriads of ~~men~~ fish?

Who in Hell wan ts myriads of misbegotten monsters to live. No, never. Fight, fight, exterminate, kill and maim until we sink to the oblivion of this monstrous ocean

What ho. Who rallies to the last flag of the fish?

Not I said ~~Big Fish~~ Silver

"Are you to cowardly to lead" cried all

I am to brave to follow & will lead — one way?

~~Yes, save one way~~

Which?

Peace. I will be Prince of Peace

They sneered, but as they mocked; even as they jeered the Ocean rose in storm. The Ocean thundered beneath ~~the thundering~~ a rending, burning sky. The waves towered and curled and dashed, they swirled and shuddered and yelled. They shook the air and stars and tore at the foundations of the Earth. They towered ~~into~~ for one last blow at the foundations of the universe, when the voice of ~~Big Fish~~ Silver resounded, a low thin voice, yet clearly heard, now grew out

"Peace, be still!" And the storm ~~ceased~~ suddenly ~~broken~~ stopped. Then sensing that this gleaming thing of ~~golden~~ silver scale and ~~gleaming~~ golden fin was a magician; and that half their number was drowned in endless wa ter, while ~~glaring~~ war and round-about floated all manner and kind of living thing, the breathless throng gasped:

"What was that you said?"

He said: "Peace!"

They asked "What is Peace?"

He said "Peace is not What; it is How. It is the Way. We swim this ocean to everlasting Peace"

"Where shall we find it?"

"I do not know"

What shall we do with it when we reach it

And dashed against against the moons?

What Country Gobanazzo like? admiral are girls unforseable

around It

"Nothing; we will talk and think and dream and sing. I've heard no singing lately"

"And what will we use for food?"

"What the Earth gives us and what we ~~dig~~ and grow."

"And when that gives out

"Work harder, share better and ~~show~~ eat Faith; then starve," ~~in Peace~~

"And meantime, from all the Dark Rivers of the Ocean uncounted millions of monsters pour down -- with new ideas (and curses) and ways; with new laughter with new music and perhaps -- this I do not know -- but possibly with a Thing called Love, which you ~~do not~~ never know but which can be useful on this waste of waters

And some fish muttered "Fool!" and called Coward!"

~~And others~~ The rest were quiet.

Silver said "Them shall not kill!"

41-9-260

+2 carbons

(1)

THE BLACK RIVER

41-9-235

1. The Brook

As the sun rose above low hills in the wide Land of the North, a slim and silver birch leaned down and let a drop of water slide slowly slowly to the ~~grass~~ ~~world~~ below; from bark to leaf and leaf to earth; and another and another, all glinting in the fine think arrows of morning light. Thus was the Brook born, tiny and hesitating~~ly~~, a straggling sliver of water, crawling uncertainly by tree and stump and stone, until at last, long last, it rippled, sang and rolled, ~~was~~ gurgled and gleamed. Then it was, that a little fish--a green and golden fish appeared whence no one knew. But what matter? He wiggled and sailed and floated. He swam and darted; played with the bubbles of water and made himself a little song:

Little sunbeam in the sky,
Show me how to climb so high
Little bird that's ever singing
Swift to me come music bringing

Over 1

He ate little bits of weed and small worms and then ~~suddenly~~ one day another brook and other fish joined him. ~~One, long-headed, and ate at him and nearly ate him.~~

~~"Hey! " cried the little fish, "Careful there, you nearly ate me."~~

~~"Sure", said Long Head, "I meant to eat you. I was hungry and still am. Know where any small fry are lurking, Silver? Best watch out. Fish eat fish is the rule here."~~ and then another brook and other fish joined them and Silver as he now called himself darted away and hid.

2

2. The River

There was ~~no more~~ little time now for Silver to sing and dream. The bubbling ~~brook and other~~ brooks formed the brawling river, swift, green and white crested with caps of foam and brought ~~other little~~ muscle of fish that fought to live and struggled to survive. Slowly the Little Silver fish became aware of strength and will, but they seemed outside his body forcing him relentlessly on and making him dart and fight, hide and eat not only bee and bug but sometimes other fish smaller than himself; even when he shrank from such murder, he could not seem to help himself; he must kill to live ~~and [illegible] to live~~

2

(1)

The new fish were like ~~the first and different~~ hum; varying ~~in~~ a little in size and coloring, changing in form from round to long and flat to bulging, but all quite evidently fish and jolly little fellows to play with ~~and even to talk to as they little motions and sounds and even words.~~ There were rains and winds, cold and heat and yet withal it ~~remained~~ was a happy care free world until slowly the river of brooks grew larger and the fish ~~grew~~ more in num- and different in kind. Because now the brooks had become the River. The little Silver fish first realized change, when one day a long-heade fish darted at him with open mouth. He barely missed him. Little fish ~~noticed~~ swam swiftly away

"Hey! you nearly nipped me "

"Sure" answered Long Head "I meant to eat you. I'm hungry. " and with a friendly wriggle he added "I still am. Know any

over (2)

---

2. The Green River

The Green River was swift and gay--casual and untamed. It headed nowhere and from nothing. But it sang. It sang not songs like the birds but choruses in [redacted] intricate parts. ~~Silver could find no words~~

It made wordly a wordless symphony with the meaning all hidden and uncertain, with ~~Then~~ melody shot ~~through~~ with splendid discord.

over 2

over I

~~sometimes he hated his life, because often now he had little time to dream; and he seldom sang.~~ In the swift green rushing river there rose a ~~wild~~ fierce fight to live, to hurry, to escape. Only now and then on still gold mornings, Silver could lie and watch the clouds through green leaves and hear bird songs faintly and wonder what all this rush and fear was about and why he lived and whither he and all the other fish were fleeing. Then, at last, first low and faint but unresting; then louder and louder until it filled earth and heaven, came a roar; the river reared on end, leaped into the air and with sudden fury ~~and easy, all~~ the world seemed to ~~end~~ as the river lept the waterfall, swung, twisted and whirled in the mist-drenched air and with horrid scream fell into the Lake a thousand feet below.

3. The Lake

Save for its first angry protest, there where the river fell riotously into it, the Lake was silent and still. It broadened into calm and rest, and Silver dreamed again, ~~but he did not sing.~~ And now the dreaming was his own; it was within and he could guide it at times and make it do his bidding. He could build fantasy and contrive. Increasing numbers of other fish joined him, of ~~all~~ kinds and shapes; of every color and size. But he could avoid them, for the Lake was wide. He could lie half concealed in the fringe of the foliage and watch them. Then he grew curious and wondered if they wondered and if they felt as he felt and dreamed dreams as he dreamed and built fantasies ~~of his~~. Swiftly Long Head slipped up beside him: Long Head of river days; and they spoke. It was queer to talk and Silver was not sure how it started and what he said and what Long Head understood. But they talked, not clearly and fully but with understanding of a sort.

~~He~~ joined other fish in forays for food, and when food was scarce, in forcing smaller fish to surrender theirs. From this again he shrank and rebelled but hunger drove him back. Long Head with his wicked fins, laughed at him.

"Look you," he said in his hoarse, low voice which was so like the Lake: "Look you: you eat or starve; you steal or die; you kill or are killed; there is not enough food for all; too many fish! and poor fish, ~~as I am~~ ugly and scrawny, with

Silver was amazed at the new kinds of fish which filled the ~~new~~ river. There were minnows smaller ~~and quicker~~ than he; there were huge sharp-nosed pickerel; there were carp and bass and ~~great flounders~~ swift trout; there were things he never would have called fish -- like the snakes called eels and the great flounders.

~~It was~~ perhaps this growing difference, this feeling ~~of strange-~~ ness to most of his fellow fish, and of them toward him, which made murder the Law of Life, the Life of the River. At first it horrified and frightened him. And always despite the fact that he killed not only to live but to ~~escape death, he never got used to murder.~~

Through such conversation, Silver gradually realized that the Lake was different from the Green River. Life was more fixed and orderly. It was not accidental but set in molds made long since. First of all the fish were grouped and graded: ~~Big Fish, Middle Fish, Small Fish. The grouping was not wholly by size; there were other less obvious differences.~~ But Life was regular, place was fixed and domicile was allotted. One consorted mostly with ones own and did not intermingle. Then Silver quite accidently discovered sex and liked it. Soon he was swmming with his sons and grandsons. Most arresting was the way in which the fish lived: they ate each other as well as vegetation and worms. Their cannibalism was quite calm and casyal. They sailed up to a smaller neighbor bit him and swallowed him; or if he fought and got away, well and good; they hunted further. Sometimes a big fish ran into difficulties. Then the little fish matter-of factly ate him. It was a system of slavery by cannibalism and all assented to it for lack of any conceivably better way.

"Its the Law" explained Long Head. ~~"You see we have a king."~~

"What is a King?"

"A law-giver"

"How does he know what laws to make?"

"He doesnt; he makes the Law out of what is already the Law

"Then why have him?"

"Why not? Beasts have a King -- why not fish?

"But I dont understand

"That's the trouble with you. Why try to understand. Just accept things that are so. Its much easier."

"yes, easier - but

"Where can I see this King?"

"You cant. He's at the bottom of the Lake. Only Big Fish approach him. He's awful modest. In fact we call him, 'His Shyness, ~~Barracuda~~ Muskelunge the 47th, by the Grace of the Cod --"

"Cod? What are Cod?

"The Codfish; theyre Big Fish, -- ~~King of Fish, Lord of the Lake and Emperor of the Black River.~~ who roam off to Sea. But first they knocked Muskelunge

"What is the Black River?"

"Say, did any body ever tell you that you want to know too much?"

"No; do I? But that isnt possible--"

~~But~~ Long Head with his wicked golden fins turned away, saying in his low hoarse voice, so like that of the lake.: "~~listen~~, Bud, all right, swim down and see the King; he may like you -- ~~and eat you~~ for breakfast."

Big Fish,

Middle Fish, Common Fish and Little Fish. The distinction had ~~nothing~~ little to do with size, nor with anything else important; but soon all fish were separated in class and order; in honor and power, in food and work. To Silver this did not make sense, while to thousands of others it did not even make decency. There ~~So they~~ murmured and rebelled, in return for which the Big Fish ate them and themselves became wretchedly fat.

Or under water and bones

2 Its quite simple: too little food; too many fish. We eat each other or die. You killed or be killed. Beside most fish are not worth anything better than to be eaten. So thats the law and the King makes it"

(1) He nibbled up to a lovely little fish and stroked his side against her. She laughed gaily, darted away + returned. Soon there were lovely little ~~fishes~~ eggs like pearls. The little fish and soon

Silver disliked this sort of joke. Fish always seemed to be thinking of food; and food always meant murder and murder meant that most fish had to be unhappy or dead. He himself for instance was big and strong; but most of his life was spent in killing and eating; hunting and hiding and sleeping with an eye cocked. He began thinking; thinking was ~~putting~~ something new and grew upon him. It consisted in putting together things he saw or imagined; and making new images; thus he found new things which must be actually ~~discovered~~. It was like exploring this vast lake; only this world of dream was even more boundless and full of might. So Silver began to sing:

Hidden hoard and sullen cloud
Mystic strength that screams aloud
Thresh me, shrive me, drag me on,
Kill and cripple, drive and drain
Drink the blood and eat the brain --

Then Silver stopped; this was not what he had started to sing; some alien wicked thought had swept across his dream and -- he ~~xxxxxxx~~ glanced up to the sunlight and saw a nice fat worm dangling lazily above him. Now worms were different from fish; they didn't mind being eaten and they thus fulfilled their destiny--. He grabbed and shrieked and fled with part of the worm and a torn and bloody mouth. Never, never, had a worm treated him thus. But as he wept and writhed, he saw God. ~~At least it looked like God should look~~. He turned and streaked to the farthest depths of the Lake and saw the King. He was a grey hulk of a thing, some five feet long and weighing at least a hundred pounds. Subservient fish flocked about him and quickly Silver was seized and brought to the presence, who appeared asleep "What, supper already" he drawled sleepily. But Silver rushed into explanation; first to the disgust of the serving fish and then to their horror:

"What, a fisherman!" they all yelled, including the King, and they fled incontinently leaving only Silver and an old Salmon who was very wise.

The salmon said "That ~~wasnt God; it was only his~~ Image. ~~Dont-ja it wasnt even his image. You see, it was this-a-way~~

"I dont like his image", said Silver, shuddering

Neither did God; and that's the reason that this wasnt even his image. You see it all happened this-a-way: once upon a time God's images really resembled him; but for

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various reasons, they gradually became only anemic angels, with weak wings and no sense Then the Devil fish came from the Sea and up the Black River and raped the angels. The result were Superfish. They walked on their tails, shaved off their scales and covered their bodies with with grass and skin. They hunted animals until the animals elected a king and fought back. Then the Superfish began fishing for fish and eating them in vast numbers. Finally they invented slavery, making the weakest and poorest and of their own folk, work, steal and kill for them, while they lolled at ease, attended by sycophant dogs, foolish cows and cunning cats. They're getting dangerous. Something has got to be done."

"But what?"

"I'm going to climb the falls, back to the Green River."

"But thats impossible!"

"I dont care, I'm going to try. There's nothing else but the Black River and that is the worse than impossible!"

"But how can it be worse. And where is it?" The Salmon only pointed and turning leaped the Waterfall. Again silver took to flight and told of Salmon and what he had attempted None stopped to ask whether or not he had succeeded. So Silver and most of the fish swam unconsciously thither where Salmon had pointed and warned and wondered just what he had meant.

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Silver and others took so much time thinking over this and doing nothing about it, that they did not at first notice a change in the world about them; a fateful transition. Slowly, in silent, strong, irresistable current, they entered the Black River. The silent, blue lake, became a dark-brown, broad and deep river with a slow current that was resistless and purposeful and flowed like some gigantic mill, relentless and determined, on and on forever.

4. The Black River

Now Silver found himself full grown and aware. He became himself; a person, an entity; a self-propelling mind. As he was different, so was the world about him; it was heavier and harder; birds swiftly but they did not sing; trees dropped with grey and deadly moss. The water was no longer green or blue but muddy brown and thick; bitter to the taste and it smelt of dung. The fish swarmed, but rushed on as if to be rid of their surroundings. They seemed to look on the river not as home but highway to some other world. Fish died in droves yet always others filled their places.

Then an awful, an unbelievable story came up out of the depths: the King and his court had dissapeared. It was because of the Net. None knew exactly what a Net was. But it was said that as the King fled up frm utter darkness afraid ropes and bars, threads and chains, unbreakable, inescaple, and until all was lifted and dissapeared into the sky

Toward his fortress realm, the Black Rider

over

The Black River was different -- terribly different. Its current was not as swift and noisy as that of the Green River, but it was more powerful and purposeful. There was no possible to its overwhelming force, with all its silent surge. It consisted of three worlds; perhaps such differentiated regions had existed in the Lake, but the fish hardly noticed this. There the sky the water and the regions beneath the water formed on world, which was theirs

The world no longer belonged to the fish. It was owned and dominated by Superfish. They swarmed over the land, and filled the skies, and owned the River. On the muddy banks lurked the rich Superfish who owned great bundles of machines, which also lived, clanking, whirring and belching fire and smoke. Beside the Machines lived poor superfish in filthy hovels. Away back on the hills, rose the towers of beautiful homes and cathredrals and palaces where the rich superfish slept and played.

In the air, the superfish flew amid birds while back in the forests the beasts hid, except the sycophant dogs and silly cows and mocking cats. So the air and sky were not for fish and they carefully avoided them. They lived below the surface of the river, but not in its depths. There they gathered food from refuse avoiding the worms and bugs dangling from the hooks above. They also ate as dainties the smaller fish rising continually from the depths of the river; but the depths themselves they were chary of. Down there lurked silent, strong monsters big fish, some refufgees from the Lake and some strange beings of unknown origin. They had to be avoided for they were cunning and cruel. Sometimes they rose suddenly to the top, and left a red streak of murder.

In the midst of such cold cruel forces forces and such irresistable destiny, it behooved the fish to counsel carefully and act in concert. First they must think: whither were they being swept and why? Had they choice as to the End and just what choice? How could they avoid death and hurt and steer wisely toward the best life.

This called for knowledge, agreement and cooperation . It was first proposed that they have another King, despite their indifferent experience in the Lake. Long-Head was chosen but did not last long. He thought that be cause he was King, he knew everything, when in fact he knew less than the fish who were swimming, seeing and conferring. Long Head insisted on exploring the surface of the river and one day suddenly was yanked up to heaven and never returned. His successor explored the other direction and made several expeditions to the bottom of the river. The last time all that came back was a streak of blood and one long gut.

Then Silver, who was now old and strong and ugly called all fish to c

They rose furtively for breaths of air, daring back to escape the fishhooks of hord who fished hungrily . Food was scarce, for the machines poured their excrement into the water; the little fish died of poison and the tough fish who remained fought off the cannibals; the fish lived on worms and refuse which they sought furiously

of the river. Silver grew old, grey and lean. His fellow fish came up out of the dark depths, strange and bizarre in form. In some he recognized old friends from the Lake, but singularly altered and transformed. They slunk by silently, in groups of their own knid, suspicious of all strangers. Furtively from time to time they slipp to the surface of the river and watched the machines, with facination. God! how the things worked; always they worked: lifting, dragging, pushing, combing, knotting, hamm ing and squeezing. They poured an endless stream of Things into the river which the river bore greedily and rushed away.

7) from the fish, dying in droves yet always miraculously renewed from the depth and far up the river, clusterd in groups and whispered and

"what shall we do? What can we do? Where can we go!"

"Back to the Lake-- the beautiful Lake".

"Too far, and the current is too swift. The oncoming hordes would eat us. The superfish would hook and net us."

"Couldnt we become superfish and gang up with their poor against the rich? After all the superfish are like us, with backbones and heads

Nonsense; it would take a million years

"But the machines -- couldnt we become machines and keep the goods and escape down the river?

"Machines cant think -- and down the river is the ocean

What is the Ocean?

conference. He said with hesitation: I have lived a long time and know some things form experience and observation. But chiefly I know that I do not know much. all know much and different things. I that if all we know was pooled and shared, we might be very wise. So first lets share what we know all listening to everyone, and then, being wise, lets decide what to do.

No, said one large group, we know now all we want to know; we're swimming back to the Lake.

Good, said Silver; if you never return, that will add to our knowledge If you do return, you will have much to tell us.

Another group said what's the use. We'll follow the river and swim faster than the current and find out whats ahead.

All right, said Silver; if you return, and tell us, If not, that will be that.

But most of the fish agreed with Silver that the best way was to learn and s share knowledge. Although some said " After that, what?" "That" said Silver will depends on what we learn. But then we must act and act together, what shall we do with those w who wont act with us?"

"Wait and see," said Silver. "First learn."

It turned out that most fish had learned from stories, gossip and exploring that the River was headed for the Ocean.

"Whats that?"

It was a great black and evil -looking fish from the depths of the River who informed them, althought he never how he knew. As his big red eye roved ove his visitors, calculating which was at once the juiciest and easier to catch he said, hoarsely:

"A horrible place; filled with monsters

"The Ocean is Hell. It has neither beginning nor end and it is filled with awful creatures in terrible shapes born millions of years ago; and with the and wrecks of the worlds which they distroyed.

OVER

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Still the fish escaped, save the last who unfortunately lingered too long to say goodbye. The rest agreed, that, allowing for exaggeration and mere hearsay, the ocean was no place for them and that they must try to escape from the river. But escape by land or air already had been proven impossible To rot or be cooked alive, seemed the only way there. None returned form the excursion back to the Lake, save bones which looked familiar. Several attemp to escape up side streams met only death or wearied return. It was finally decided that they must go on to the Ocaan, protecting themselves meantime from hook and depth, finding and hoarding food and finding safe shelter. But

He talked wildly and fiercely, growing livid as he talked.. His hoarse voice convinced them that he knew what he desrribed and concealed some terrible experienced from which he had escaped, they eddged away as they listened and before he darted at them, all but one escaped his cruel teeth save one who had lingered to thank him and say goodbye.

Meantime it was ~~nice to agree~~ clear that their journey would be long; that its its end and reason, if any, was unknown; that the illimitable sea must be looked ~~accepted~~ forward to as the logical end of their trip. ~~That~~ Meantime they must keep careful outlook for their approach to the ocean. Probably the noise would warn them. When they descried its roar, they would rush explorers forward, who would turn back and report. If the ocean proved as bad as they had heard there were four desperate, ~~almost~~ hopeless expedients: to turn back up the river, swimming criss-cross from shore to shore; to turn aside into some last tributary; finally (and all agreed these were visionary) to take advantage of the last heavy rain and swim ~~fly~~ toward heaven on its waters; or to try to become superfish, since both fish and superfish had backbones and must be ~~distantly related~~ kin.

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Meantime all must settle down to life as it was and having learned certain facts to decide what common action to take. First of all it was necessary to take a stand about murder. Fish had always eaten fish from the days of the brook. But there had always been a sort of casualness about it, although the facts were clear; now cannibalism was steady and growing; one had to watch one's neighbors narrowly and be on guard with all strangers. The old and ~~the~~ sick, and the young were ready victims. So the fish counselled and decided that the young must be protected; they formed a guard to swim near them Then there was difficulty about food; it was often stolen, especially if there was any ~~examples~~ which some fish wanted to save. Such theft was discouraged and thieves if caught, eaten. But a third thing was more puzzling and nothing was done, because it was impossible to agree: some big, ~~swift~~ and capable fish got the habit of hiring ~~their~~ fish to forage food for them so that they ~~were almost on~~ slept at ease ~~while~~ others ~~did the work~~ The fish could not decide whether this was smart virtue or mean deception. They talked about it, quarrelled and ~~nearly~~ fought ~~had it not been for the first of~~ Silver who hated all fighting, ~~and~~ threatened mass action. So many supported him that argument ~~never~~ ended in fighting; but neither did it end in agreement.

In the midst of ~~one of these~~ this long dispute, the fish were conscious of a noise. At first it was ~~scarcely~~ noticeable; then it was simply a new sensation; but finally it became a low roar and someone ~~said~~ cried

"The Ocean!"

Everyone was deathly still. Then Silver darted ~~"It is the time"~~ "Forward, explorers." There was but a moment's hesitation; then five ~~big~~ their, swift fish darted away. All day the fish waited circling slowly upstream, listening and peering.

The ~~superfish~~ Fish were fighting each ~~other~~ and killing each other horribly. The rich were not fighting the poor, nor the machines the superfish; but all each other and for no reason which the fish could understand.

Then one fish returned struggling slowly and painfully ~~but powerfully~~ against the mighty current.

"I ~~did not mean~~ the Ocean. ~~I [illegible]~~ I heard it. It was awful. It was all the noise of all the world in one. Listen!"

~~When they heard it,~~

"It was horrible" gasped the fish as he died. Of his companions he said no word. The fish looked at each other and of one accord turned upstream. It was a quick but terrible decision. Now they were going backto what they knew -- a hard and continued struggle with no aim, no goal. Before there had been the lure of the Uncertain on which to dream. Now they knew and they were more than afraid; they were hopeless. They could only look for ward to what they already knew and what they had already seen

They had hardly finished the first hard mile, and lay gasping just beneath the black waters, ~~then~~ there came ~~the most~~ unexpected uproar. The Superfish began fighting; they began to murder each other wholesale; they crippled amd maimed each other and tore down and set afire their box buildings and machines. Their faces distorted with wild anger, their mouths spitting wild words, they tried their best to rid the world of themselves. The fish gasped and rode the waters in dismay. At first they thought some unseen enemy was driving them; ~~then they thought the rich owners were murdering the poor workers.~~ But no; all were fighting each in higledepigeldy disorder.

Meantime the plight of the fish ~~was~~ suddenly excellent; there was plenty of food -- ~~nice rich~~ gobs of flesh, warm blood and soft brains; then there were no fishermen and the worms were free again for the fish. The fish revelled ~~and [illegible]~~ and without thought floated back down the river. The roar of war outshouted the roar of the Ocean and before the fish realized it the river banks receded, ~~the river became a narrow stain upon a vast width of heaving waters~~ and then at last over the face of the war of the superfish poured the storm of the Ocean

Gorged they dropped to the bottom while other fish rose to feast. Day after day the rush of fish up and down , down and up, churned the river into black foam.

Then the fighting stopped. There were shrill cries and low moaning. Armies of cripples carried the dead to great tombs and a vast song arose as the machines started again to whirr and dump, while the poor superfish started to fish.

Then one fish returned struggling slowly and painfully ~~but powerfully~~ against the mighty current.

"I ~~did not hear~~ saw the Ocean. ~~It was the noise of all the world.~~ I heard it. It was awful. It was all the noise of all the world in one. Listen!"

~~Then they heard it, and~~

"It was horrible" gasped the fish as he died. Of his companions he said no word. The other fish looked at each other and of one accord turned upstream. It was a quick but terrible decision. Now they were going backto what they knew -- a hard and continued struggle with no aim, no goal. Before there had been the lure of the Uncertain, on which to dream, with a hope. Now they knew and they were more than afraid; they were hopeless, they could only look for ward to what they already knew, and what they had already seen

They had hardly finished the first hard mile, and lay gasping just beneath the surface of the black waters, when there came ~~the most~~ and unexpected uproar, directly in front. The Superfish began fighting; they began to murder each other wholesale; they crippled amd maimed each other and tore down and set afire their box buildings and machines. Their faces distorted with wild anger, their mouths spitting wild words, they tried their best to rid the world of themselves. The fish gasped and rode the waters in dismay. At first they thought some unseen enemy was driving them; ~~then they thought the rich owners were murdering the poor workers.~~ But no; all were fighting each in higledepigeldy disorder.

Meantime the plight of the fish had been unexpectedly suddenly excellent; there was plenty of food -- ~~nice rich~~ great gobs of flesh, rich warm blood and soft brains; then there were no fishermen and the worms were free again for the fish. The fish revelled ~~and worked~~ and without thought floated back down the river. The roar of war outshouted the roar of the Ocean and before the fish realized it the river banks receded, ~~the river became a narrow stain upon a vast width of heaving waters~~ and then at last over the face of the war of the superfish poured the storm of the Ocean

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and untamed. It stretches from Everywhere to Nowhere. In its horrid depths are Things on which no living being can look and live; within its black and awful depths creep creatures from other ages and climes, too terrible to think on, more terrible to see.

Then Silver spoke; [illegible]

"All this I do not believe. Even if true, I do not fear. I seek the new and strange to learn and listen. This world in which I have lived too long, I do not know, I do not understand. But I am not afraid of knowledge, I dare to understand. If Ocean has other life and other thoughts, welcome Ocean, I come!" His answer to the Sea

Fear sat on the heaving waters. A moment of war and murder and fear and hate ceased but as the river rolled down with its vast dark burden of life, stirring to quicker louder fiercer demand and threat, war began again. Three times war rose, bled, fainted, fell and rose screaming again; until one midnight there came a bitter shriek of utter fear and the Black River did not lunge nor fall, did not rise nor pause, but just spread and widened and widened again until it disappeared in a a wide stain and in its place arose the vast swell of the Ocean and the sound of its lapping on the shores of all the world.

(9) Mile after mile the fish floated down the Silver River and talked and plan[ned]

"Why not escape up a side river to another lake?"

"They are all too swift and broad. They differ no whit from this river. Hurled back, we'd go the same way — to the Ocean."

"But the air? Superfish and machines and birds fly --Heaven is wide and free!"

"Not for fish. We dont know how. And how wide is Heaven and where does it end? There is but one end — the Ocean. Perhaps --- but before another could speak, the roar of war swelled again and the fish rushed ~~up toward the sky.~~ back up the river.

This Second War among the Superfish was worse than the first -- much worse More of the Superfish were killed and more buildings and machines destroyed really Moreover it began to look as if the rich and poor were fighting each other "At this rate they'll kill each other off soon and we'll inherit the earth."

But ~~Silver gathered his best known companions and~~ most of the fish withdrew to the river's bottom. There were ~~Long Head,~~ Carp, pickerel and trout.

Look said ~~Silver~~ Carp, theres no use expecting help or example from Superfish They're impossible: selfish and silly. We must fend for ourselves. ~~First we must organize~~ Let's turn and follow Silver [illegible]

So all the fish of the Dispensation--all who traced their path from the Waterfall to Lake and Lake to the Black River ~~came together and~~ rose upon the swelling ~~waves~~ Carp turned down the River " " " ~~waves to take our all~~ This they said is the End. Now we gird ourselves for the of the world Last Battle. The Fish of the Descent now conquer or forever die.

"Fight to death?"

"To death!"

"What is a world without fish?"

"With fish, what is it?"

"Flee, leave the Black River; ~~climb back to the lake.~~"

~~We~~ cannot breast the eternal current; the lake is not large enough.

~~Elsewhere~~ There is a refuge, a hiding place, a goal."

"Where, What?"

"The Ocean."

"But ~~God is~~ the Superfish are there, ~~more than all else~~"

They are He is everywhere like lice. But they do not own the Ocean. ~~The Ocean is~~ free. And when they fought a hundred times they'll all be dead and the Ocean will be free

And then talk stopped, for while they argued, the river grew wider, until one night all heard the sound. A great ~~roaring~~ sound as of a multitude of lakes and rivers of waters; as of all the rains and floods of all time in one mass of unimagined breadth and width and length, belting all the world, lapping on every shore, and calling together so vast a mass of living, creeping, crawling, fighting things that the world seemed to burst with life and being and want and dream and thought and unbounded power. The Ocean was mad with storm

They yelled; they damned, they sneered, but as they mocked; even as they jeered the Ocean answered. It rose in storm. The Ocean thundred beneath a rending, burning sky. The waves towered and curled and dashed; and dashed again against the moon; they swirled and shuddered and yelled. ~~They shook the air and stars and tore~~ at the foundations of the Earth. They towered for one last blow at the foundations of the universe, when the voice of Silver resounded, a low thin voice, yet easily heard.

"Peace, be still!" And the storm suddenly stopped.

Mile after mile the fish floated down the Black River and turned and plain

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" T. death!"

"What is a world without fish?"

"With fish, what is it?"

"Flee, leave the Black River; ~~climb back to the lake.~~"

~~"We cannot breast the eternal current; the Lake is not large enough.~~

~~"Brothers~~ there is a refuge, a hiding place, a goal."

"Where, What?"

"The Ocean."

"But ~~Godsimage is~~ the Superfish are there, ~~more than all else.~~"

"He is everywhere like lice. But they do not own the Ocean. ~~The Ocean is~~ Free. And when they fought a last time they'll all be dead and the Ocean will be free

And then talk stopped, for while they argued, the river grew wider, until one night all heard ~~a~~ in sound. A great ~~sound~~ roar as of a multitude of lakes and rivers of waters; as of all the rains and floods of all time in one mass of unimagined breadth and width and length, belting all the world, lapping on every shore, and calling together so vast a mass of living, creeping, crawling, fighting things that the world seemed to burst with life and being and want and dream and thought and unbounded power. For Ocean was mad with storm

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"Peace, be still!" And the storm suddenly stopped.

It re[illegible]aters pouring down met waters pouring up and winds tearing up

[illegible] winds roaring down and met and twisted into whirlwinds of crimson flame.

In the midst of the storm when the world was poised to end,, a vast ~~sch~~ school fo dead and dying fish rose gasping on the seething waters and saw

Silver riding alive and battered
" Lead us" they shrieked
And Silver answer d wearily
"Peace, be still.
Suddenly in the world there was utter quiet and in the depths of the ocean where the fish found themselves swimming, there was no more war, no ~~noise~~ storm nor raging as ~~they all rested~~.

They stared at Silver with new eyes. He must be a Magician instead of a poor old fish. But he heard their thought and hastened to explain: " I reached the ocean while it was calm and swam about a bit. Then I heard the war up the river and turned back. Then the Ocean broke into frenzy. I was scared to death but ~~when~~ looking up, I saw God. He was a little man, unshaven and ragged, and his face was wrinkled with grief. His head was clasped in his hands and the tears were streaming down his ~~wrinkled~~ cheeks. ~~I tried to call out to him, but he shook his head and cried:~~

~~"Peace, be still."~~

Here ~~several of the fish~~ a dolphin, broke out, "Your're lying"

be begging a
say somethin
"Peace, be s

Silver inched himslef on to a swell and sighed:

"Well, maybe I am; its quite possible. You understand I'm getting old and my eyes aren't near as good as they once were. Perhaps what I saw was only Deacon Jones (whose story is another one) Or again perhaps I saw nothing, because these days its hard for me to draw lines between what I see and what I think and what I want to believe think I see. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, what I say is true. whoever today runs this unive se, if anybody, is grieved and worried and sick and needs help. He's worried not only about us fish; but about the animals and birds; the trees and flowers. And more especially (for reasons I cannot conceive) about The Superfish, who have lately been raising so much Hell. It seems he intended them to be a little lower than the angels, while they ~~seem not to be~~ seem about to become considerably lower than the fish."

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out

be begging and pleading with a crazy universe, hell-bound to suicide. I tried to

He seemed to

say something to him, speaking softly under the din. It was then that he said

"Peace, be still." He said it, not me; but he meant me. I was interupting--"

nd my

on Jones

"I am not so sure," answered Silver. "There are many forms of life swarming about us, beneath and above, not counting Code-images, who I admit are quite impossible.

"But these other living things must have new thought and imaginings; they must have new plans; could we not all live together and share alike?"

"There would never be food enough!"

"But surely shelter; and why not food in all this endless ocean, with all the ingenuity of myriads of fish?"

"Who in Hell wants myriads of misbegotten monsters to live. No, never. Fight, fight, exterminate, kill and maim until we sink to the oblivion of this monstrous ocean."

"What ho! Who rallies to the last Flag of the Fish?"

"Not I," said Silver.

"Are you to cowardly to lead?" Cried

"I am too brave to follow. I will lead--one way?

"Which"?

"To Perseverado"

Noone had anything better to suggest, so then and there assembled the First World Council of the Fish. Silver rode a wave in the center, one fin on cheek, one eye on the sky while with the other he scanned the multitude. In the rear were the Big Fish: a whale to the right and to the left, half in shadow, an immense octopus, with one vast crimson eye and ~~xixtxxx~~ eight arms. Between them swam Barracuda , black bass, marlins and swordfish, tarpon and tuna, sharks and dolphins; in the fresh water of the in swelling river were carp and catfish, perch and pickerel, pike and salmon. In front were all manner of little fry, in georgeous dress together with cod, herring and mackeral, weakfish and flounders. Below one heard the great crabs and lobsters. Above a few white gulls flew low and listened. Silver's keen ears told him that beasts were lurking in the dense forests afar, while the trees and bugs and flowers were within earshot. The grey eel whose lithe curves fitted him to record the minutes with beautiful chirography, told Silver that he smelled superfish also. Silver pooh-poohd that

"They wouldnt have that much sense and there are too few alive after all that fighting"

"Dont you underrate them babies!"

"I dont. They do."

Modestly Silver had been prevailed upon to preside; he insisted that this meeting was purely democratic and that all must be heard. He was just there to arrange the order of talking:

"Now and then, I may venture a word."

"Now or then?

"Now" answered Silver, and he proposed the first article of a world constitution:

"Peace. No more war. Whoever starts a war will be an outlaw. With him we will neither eat nor drink; sing nor dance; nor work nor play; nor buy nor sell; nor nurse, cure nor bury; nor ever consider him a fish. Nor ever consider him at all."

" Now" continued Silver "comes the first by-law under this constitution:

"Thou shalt not kill!"

There came a protesting roar:

"What shall we eat!"

"Ourselves."

"What would a world be without fish?

"What is it with fish?

retail like Butterfish do wholesale, you're crazy!

"Listen Idiot: if you think we fish are going to commit suicide, ~~to support fighting~~ Superfish --

"No, no " Silver hastened to explain. ~~"But just because Superfish commit~~ suicide, why ~~should~~ we follow their fool example? Why not try to live without murder and if that is impossible, why not die quickly and decently rather than by long and bloody war? Think of what we' d save in time and pain"

" Beside god needs help?"

" You see it this way! This world needs help"

" You mean for us to help god"

" Well, if you put it that way — yes! "

"Just when did God tell you all this?" (14) (13)

" He never did -- I just thought it up and it sounded reasonable when nothing else did."

" They tell me he can do anything " said several

" Silly! Nobody can make up,down; nor black, white; nor good bad. No , he cant do everything; but he has plans, a Big Plan, if he can get help. Once he had all the angels lined up to help. But " said Silver, as he glared at Octopus "they flew off to sea and what came back " -- Silver paused and Octo pus stirred uneasily, dropped his huge eye and folded up three of his legs

" What came back were Superfish! you know what they did! But God didnt give up, although this hurt him. He still has weeds and worms, bugs and snakes beasts and birds -- and Fish! All these can work, but they mustnt kill."

" What will they eat? " asked Shark.

" I mean they must not kill others "

" I suppose then we kill ourselves, " sneered a huge Tuna

" Certainly when necessary; we who are fit to live offer ourselves as food for those who must not die "

" Is anybody here that crazy ", yelled Tarpon, Bass and the vast Flounder!

" O yes; we've always had multitudes of volunteers to fight to kill others even without cause. How much more reasonable to kill ourselves for a purpose. And decent murder at that: no cripples or surgeons; no dirt nor lice pain No hush nor Red Cross, no blood

Just good, clean death . Imagine the ceremony: martial music and mighty dirges; garlands and medals; cheers and tears of Joy!"

" Would we have to eat Superfish?" askeda long Weakfish, who looked hungry

" Well, hardly that; but theyd make excellent manure "

" And all the vegetables and bugs, would they commit suicide for us?"

" We'd have to have guardians to decide for them; and perhaps guardians over the guardians "

Here the Whale swished his great tail, dashing several fish into the sea. He snorted and blew two vast columns of water into the sky.

" Its just as my granddaddy always said, " he roared "All Fish are fools."

Silver eyed him coldly and replied

" Could be; but all Fools are not Fish! "

THE BLACK RIVER

1. THE BROOK

As the sun rose above low hills in the wide Land of the North, a slim and silver birch leaned down and let a drop of water slide slowly, slowly to the world below; from bark to leaf and leaf to earth; and another and another, all glinting in the fine thin arrows of morning light. Thus was the Brook born, tiny and hesitating, a straggling sliver of water, crawling uncertainly by tree and stump and stone, until at last, long last, it rippled, sang and rolled, gurgled and gleamed. Then it was, that a little fish--a green and silver fish appeared, whence no one knew. But what matter? He wiggled and sailed and floated. He swam and darted; played with the bubbles of water and made himself a little song:

Little sunbeam in the sky,
Show me how to climb so high
Little bird that's ever singing
Swift to me come music bringing.

He ate little bits of weed and small worms and then one day another brook and other fish joined him. The new fish were like him; varying a little in size and coloring, changing in form from round to long and flat to bulging, but all quite evidently fish and jolly little fellowsto play with. There were rains and winds, cold and heat and yet withal it was a happy care-free world until slowly the river of brooks grew larger and the fish more in numbers and different in kind. Because now the brooks had become the River. he little silver fish first realized change, when one day a long-headed fish darted at him with open mouth. He barely missed him. Little Fish swam swiftly away.

41-9-244

THE GREEN RIVER

The Green River was swift and gay--casual and untamed. It headed nowhere and from nothing. It sang. But it sant not songs like the birds bur choruses in intricate parts. It made mostly a wordless symphony with

the meaning hidden and uncertain; with its melody shot with splendid discord. The bubbling brooks formed the bubbling river, swift, green and white crested with caps of foam and brought myriads of fish who fought to live and struggled to survive. Slowly the Little Silver fish became aware of strength and will, but they seemed outside his body forcing him relentlessly on and making him dart and fight, hide and eat not only bee and bug but sometimes other fish smaller than himself, even when he shrank from such murder, he could not seem to help himself; he must kill to live.

Silver was amazed at the new kinds of fish which filled the Green River. There were minnows smaller than he; there were huge sharp-nosed pickerel; there were carp and bass and swift trout; there were things he never would have called fish--like the snakes called eels, and the great flounders.

It was perhaps this growing difference, this feeling of strangeness to most of his fellow fish, and of them toward him, which made murder the Law of Life, the Life of the River. At first it horrified and frightened him. And always despite the fact that he killed not only to live but to escape death, he never got used to murder. In the swift green rushing river there rose then a fierce fight to live, to hurry, to escape. Only now and then on still golden mornings, Silver could lie and watch the clouds through green leaves and hear bird songs faintly and wonder what all this rush and fear was about and why he lived and whither he and all the other fish were fleeing.

VI-9-215

And always there were flowers--wild and beautiful flowers, fantastic and free. Then at last, first low and faint but unresting; then louder and louder, until it filled earth and heaven, came a roar; the river quickly reared on end, leaped to the air and with sudden fury when the world seemed tostop, as the river left the waterfall, swung, twisted and whirled in the mist-drenched air and with horrid scream fell into the Lake a thousand feet below.

3. THE LAKE

Save for its first angry protest, there where the river fell riotously into it, and shoals of dead fish rolled in the dum, the Lake was silent and still. It seemed haven and accomplishment. It broadened into calm and rest, and Silver dreamed again. Now the dreaming was his own; it was within and he could guide it at times and make it do his bidding. He could summon his own talk with power from without. He grew larger and stronger and his silver fins gleamed gloriously. He could build [illegible]y and cont ive. Increasing numbers of other fish joined him, of many kinds and shapes; of every color and size. But he could avoid them, for the Lake was wide. He could lie half concealed in the fringe of the foliage and watch them. Then he grew curious and wondered if they wondered and if they felt as he felt and dreamed dreams as he dreamed and built fantasies.

41-9-216

Swiftly one morning Long Head, slipped up beside [illegible] Long Head of river days; and they spoke. It was queer to talk continuously and Silver was not sure how it started and often just what he said and what Long Head understood. But they talked, not clearly and fully but with understanding of a sort.

Through such conversation, Silver gradually realized that the Lake [illegible] was different from the Green River. Life was more fixed and orderly. It was not accidental but set in molds made long since. First of all the fish weregrouped and graded: Big Fish, Middle Fish, Common Fish, Little Fish. The distinction had little to do with size, nor with anything else important; but all fish were separated in class and order; in honor and power, in food and work. To Silver this did not make sense, while to thousands of others it did not even make decency. These murmured and rebelled, in return for which the Big Fish ate them and became wretchedly fat, or were eaten and became bones.

But Life was regular, place was fixed and domicile was allotted. One consorted mostly with ones' own and did not intermingle. Then Silver quite accidently discovered sex and liked it. He siddled up to a lovely little fish and stroked his side against her. He laughed gaily, darted away and returned. Soon there were lovely little eggs like pearls, then little fish. Soon he was swimming with his sons and grandsons. Then came the question of food. Most arresting was the way in which the fish lived: they ate each other as well as vegetation and worms. Their cannibalism was quite calm and casual. They sailed up to a smaller neighbor hit him and swallowed him; or if he fought and got away; well and good; they hunted further. Sometimes a big fish ran into difficulties. Then the little fish matter- of-factly ate him. It was a system of slavery by cannibalism and all assented to it for lack of any conceivably better way.

41-9-217

"It's the Law", explained Long Head. "It's quite simple: too little food; too many fish. We eat each other or die. You kill or be killed. Beside most fish are not worth anything better than to be eaten. So that's the law and the King makes it."

"What is a King?"

"A law-giver"

"How does he know what laws to make?"

"He doesn't, he makes Law out of what is already Law."

"Then why has he him?"

"Why not? Beasts have a King--why not fish?"

"But I don't understand."

"That's the trouble with you. Why try to understand. Just accept things that are so,"its much easier."

"Yes, easier--but where can I see this King?"

"You can't. He's at the bottom of the Lake. Only Big Fish approach him. He's awful modest, in fact we call him 'His Shyness, Muskelunge

the 47, by the Grace of Cod--"

"Cod? What are Cod?"

"The Codfish; they're Big Fish, who ran off to Sea. But first they proclamed Muskelunge, King of Fish, Lord of the Lake and Emperor of the Black River."

"What is the Black River?"

"Say, did anybody ever tell you that you want to know too much?"

"No, do I? But that isn't possible--"

Long Head with his wicked golden fins turned away, saying in his low hoarse voice, so like that of the lake: "All right, Bud, swim down and see the King; he may like you--for breakfast."

41-9-218

Silver disliked this sort of joke. Fish always seemed to be thinking of food; and food always meant murder and murder meant that most fish had to be unhappy or dead. He himself for instance was big and strong; but most of his life was spent in killing and eating; hunting and hiding and sleeping with an eye cocked.

He began thinking; thinking was something new and grew upon him. It consisted in putting together pictures of things he saw or imagined; and then making new images; thus he invented new things which he must set out actually to find. It was like exploring this vast lake; only this world of dream was even more boundless and full of might. So Silver began to sing:

Hidden hoard and sullen cloud
Mystic strength that screams aloud
Thresh me, shrive me, drag me on,
Kill and cripple, drive and drain
Drink the blood and eat the brain--

Then Silver stopped; this was not what he had started to sing; some alien wicked thought had swept across his dream and--he glanced up to the sunlight and saw a nice fat worm dangling lazily above him. Now worms were different from fish; they didn't mind being eaten and they thus fulfilled their destiny--. He grabbed and shrieked and fled with part of the worm and a torn and bloody

mouth. Never, never, had a worm treated him thus. But as he wept and writhed, he saw God, an awful shape--neither fish nor bird. He turned and streaked to the farthest depts of the Lake and saw the King.

He was a grey hulk of a thing, some five feet long and weighing at least a hundred pounds. Subservient fish floated about him and quickly Silver was seized and brought to the presence, who appeared asleep.

"What, supper already," he drawled sleepily. But Silver rushed into explanation; first to the disgust of the serving fish and then to their horror:

"What, a fisherman! " they all yelled, including the King, and then fled incontinently leaving only Silver and an old Salmon who was very wise.

The Salmon said: "That was God's image."

"I don't like his image," said Silver, shuddering.

"Neither does God; and that's the reason that this wasn't even his image. You see it all happened this-a-way: once upon a time God's images really resembled him; but for various reasons, they gradually became only anaemic angles, with weak wings and no sense. Then the Devil fish came from the Ocean and stole up the Black River and raped the angels. The result were Superfish. They walked on their tails, shaved off their scales and covered their bodies with grass and skin. They hunted animals until the animals elected a king and fought back. Then the Superfish began fishing for fish and eating them in vast numbers. Finally they invented slavery, making the weakest and poorest of their own folk work, seal and kill for them, while they lolled at ease, attended by sycophant dogs, foolish cows and cunning cats. They're getting dangerous. Something has got to be done."

"But what?"

"I'm going to climb the falls, back to the Green River."

"But that's impossible!"

"I don't care, I'm going to try. There's nothing else but the Black River and that is the worse than impossible!"

41-9-219

"But how can it be worse. And where is it?" The Salmon only pointed and turning leaped the Waterfall.

Again Silver took to flight and told other fish of Salmon and what he had attempted. None stopped to ask whether or not he had succeeded. So Silver and most of the fish swam unconsciously thither where Salmon had pointed and warned and wondered just what he had meant.

Then an awful, an unbelievable story came up out of the depths; the King and his court had disappeared. It wasbecause of the Net. None knew exactly what a Net was. But it was said that as the King fled toward his furtherest realm, the Black River, up from utter darkness spread ropes and bars, threads and chains, unbreakable, inescapable until all was lifted and disappeared into the sky.

41-9-220

Silver and others took so much time thinking over this and doing nothing about it, that they did not at first notice a change in the world about them; a fateful transition. Slowly, in silent, strong, irresistable current, they entered the Black River. The wide, silent, blue lake, became a dark-brown, broad and deep river with a slow current that was resistless and purposeful and flowed like some gigantic omniscient and omnipotent will, relentless and determined, on and on forever.

4. THE BLACK RIVER

Now Silver found himself full grown and aware. He became himself;a person, an entity; a self-propelling mind. As he was different, so was the world about him; it was heavier and harder; birds went swiftly though the sky; they did not sing; they flew; trees dropped with grey and deadly moss. Flowers grew huddled and apart. The water was no longer green nor blue but muddy brown and thick; bitter to taste and it smelt of dung. The fish swarmed, but rushed on as if to be out of their surroundings. But they were not the same fish, he did not recognise them. They seemed all new strange fish, they seemed scared and to look on the

river not as home but highway tosome other place. They died in droves yet always others filled their places.

The Black River was different--terribly different. Its current was not as swift and noisy as that of the Green River, but it was more powerful and purposeful. There was no possible limit to its overwhelming force, with all its silent surge. It consisted of three worlds; perhaps such differentiated regions had existed in the Lake, but if so the fish hardly noticed. There the sky the water and the regions beneath the water formed one world, which was all theirs.

The sky and land no longer belonged to the fish. It was owned and dominated by Superfish. They swarmed over the land. On the muddy banks the rich Superfish owned great boxes of machines, which also lived, clanking, whirring and belching fire and smoke. Beside the Machines lived poor Superfish in filthy hovels and hooked fish for food. Away back on the hills, rose the towers of beautiful homes and cathedrals and palaces where rish Superfish slept and played. There were flowers and birds up there. In the air, the Superfish flew amid birds while back in the forests the beasts hid, except the sycophant dogs and silly cows and mocking cats.

41-9-221

So the air and sky were not for fish and they carefully avoided them. They lived below the surface of the river, but not in its depths. They rose furtively for breaths of air, darting back to escape the fish-hooks of hordes who fished hungrily. Food was scarce, for the machines poured their excrement into the water; the little fish died of poison and the tough fish who remaindd fought off the cannibals; the fish lived on worms and refuse for which they sought furiously. They also ate as dainties the smaller fish rising continually from the depths of the river; but of the mmmmmm depthes themselves they were chary. Down there lurked silent, strong monsters, some of them refugees from the

Lake and some strange beings of unknown origin. They had to be avoided for they were cunning and cruel. Sometimes they rose suddenly to the top, and left red streaks of murder. Silver grew old, grey and lean. His fellows fish came up out of the dark depths, strange and bizarre in form. In some he recognized old friendsfrom the Lake, but singularly altered and transformed. They slunk by silently, in groups of their own kind, suspicious of all strangers. Furtively from time to time they slipped to the surface of the river and watched the machines, with fascination. God! How these things worked; always they worked: lifting, dragging, pushing, combing, knotting, hammering and squeezing. They poured an endless stream of Things into the river which the river jauntily bore away.

In the midst of such cold cruel forces, forces of such irresistable destiny, it behooved the fish to counsel carefully and act in concert. First they must think: whiter were they being swept and why? Had they choice as to the End and just what choice? How could they avoid death and hurt and steer wisely toward the best life.

41-9-22-14

This called for knowledge, agreement and cooperation. It was first proposed they they have another King, despite their indifferent experience in the Lake. Long-Head was chosen but did not last long. He thought that because he was King, he knew everything, when in fact he knew less than the fish who were swimming, seeing and conferring. Long Head insisted on exploring the surface of the river and one day suddenly was yanked up to heaven by a thinkrope and never returned. His successor explored the otherdirection and made several expeditions to the bottom of the river. The last time all that came back was a streak of blood and one long gut.

Then Silver, who was not old and str ng and ugly called all fish to conference. The fish, dying in droves yet always miraculously renewed from the depths and brow far up the river, clustered in groups and

whispered.

"What shall we do? What can we do? Where can we go?"

"Back to the Lake--the Beautiful Lake."

"Too far, and the current istoo swift. The oncoming hordes would eat us. The Superfish would hook and net us."

"Couldn't we become Superfish and gang up with their poor against the rich? After all the Superfish are like us, with backbones and heads."

"Nonsensse; it would take a million years."

"But the machines--couldn't we become machines and keep our goods and escape down the river?"

"Machines can neither think, nor feel, and down the river is the Ocean."

"What is the Ocean?"

So Silver spoke. He said with hesitation: "I have lived a long time and know some things from experience, remembering and looking. But chiefly I know that I do not know much. Yet together we all know much. I dare say that if all we know was pooled and shared, we might be very wise, or certainly wiser, let's decide what to do."

VI-9-223

"No," said one large group, "we know now all we want to know; we're swimming back to the Lake."

"Good," said Silver;"if you never return, that will add to our knowledge, if you do return, you will have much to tell us."

Another group said, "What's the use? We'll follow the river and swim faster than the current and find out whats' ahead."

"All right," said Silver; if you return, tell us about it, if not, that will be that." But most of thefish agreed with Silver that the best way was to learn and share knowledge. Although some said: "After that, what?"

"That", said Silver , "depends on what we learn, but after learning we must act and act together."

"What shall we do with those who won't act with us?"

"Wait and see," said Walker, "First learn."

It turned out that most fish had learned from stories, gossip and explor-
ing that the River was headed for the Ocean. Several attempts to
"What's that?"
All was a great, black and evil-looking
which looked familiar. It was finally decided that they
who informed them, although he never told them how he knew. Had he been
there and got back? As his big red eye roved over his visitors, calculat-
ing which was at once the juciest and easier to catch, he said hoarsely:

"A horrible place; filled with monsters. The Ocean is Hell. It has neither beginning nor end and is filled with awful creatures in terrible shapes born millions of years ago; and with the wrecks of the worlds which they destroyed." He talked wildly and fiercely, growing livid as he talked. His hoarse voice convinced them that he knew what he described and concealed some terrible experience from which he had escaped, they edged away as they listened and before he darted at them, all but one escaped his cruel teeth, save one who had lingered to thank him and say goodbye.

41-9-224

The rest agreed, that even allowing for exaggeration and mere hearsay, the ocean was no place for them and that they must try to escape from the river. To escape by land or air was to rot or be cooked alive. None returned from the excursion back to the Lake, save bones which looked familiar. Several attempts to escape up side streams not only death or wearied return. It was finally decided that they must go on toward the Ocean, protecting themselves meantime from hook and depth, and finding and hoarding food and safe shelter. But meantime it was clear that their journey would be long; that its End and Reason, if any, was unknown; that the illimitable Sea must be looked forward to as the logical end of their trip. Meantime they must keep careful outlook for their

approach to the ocean. Probably its noise would warn them. When they descried its roar, they would rush explorers forward, who would come back and report. If the ocean proved as bad as they had heard there four desperate, hopeless expedients: to turn back up the river, swimming criss-cross from shore to shore; to turn aside into some last tributary; finally (and all agreed these were visionary) to take advantage of the last heavy rain and swim toward heaven on its waters; or to try to join the superfish, since both fish and superfish had backbones and must be kin.

Meantime all settled down to life as it was and having learned certain facts decide what com on action to take. First of all it was necessary to take a stand about murder. Fish had always eaten fish from the days of the brook. But there had formerly been a sort of casualness about it, although the facts were clear; now regular cannibalism was steady and growing; one had to watch one's neighbors narrowly and be on guard with all strangers. The old and sick, and the young were ready victims.

41-9-225

So the fish counselled and decided that the young must be protected; they formed a guard to swim near them and consequently there was difficulty about food; it was hard to get and often stolen, especially if there was any which some fish wanted to save. Such theft was discouraged and thieves, if caught, were ordered eaten, which made punishment a pleasure. But a third thing was more puzzling and nothing was done, because it was impossible to agree: some big and capable fish got the habit of hiring certain weak, careless and hungry fish to forage for food for them in return for a quick meal, so that while they rested at ease others found their food. The fish could not decide whether this was smart virtue or mean deception. They talked about it, quarrelled and almost fought. But Silver who hated all fighting, threatened mass action. So many supported

him, that the argument did not end in fighting; but neither did it end in agreement.

In the midst of this long dispute, the fish were conscious of a noise. At first while it was noticeable, they did not heed it; then it was simply a new sensation; but finally it became a low roar and someone screamed. "The Ocean!"

Everyone was deathly still. Then Silver darted, "Forward, explorers." There was but a moment's hesitation; then five thin swift fish darted away. All day the fish waited circling slowly upstream, listening and peering. Then one fish returned struggling slowly and painfully against the mighty current.

41-9-226

"I saw the Ocean. I heard it. It was awful. It was all the noise of all the world in one. Listen!" The Ocean is unbounded and untamed. It stretches from Everywhere to Nowhere. In its horrid holes are Things on which no living being can look and live; within its black and awful depths creep creatures from other ages and climes, too terrible to think on, more terrible to see."

"It was horrible," gasped the fish as he died. Of his companions he said no word. Then Silver spoke: "All this I do not believe. Even if true, I do not fear. I seek the new and strange to learn and listen. This world in which I have lived too long, I do not know, I do not understand. But I am not afraid of knowledge, I dare to understand. If Ocean has other life and other thoughts, welcome Ocean, I come!" He swam to the Sea. The fish looked at each other and of one accord turned upstream. It was a quick but terrible decision. Now they were going back to what they knew --a hard and continued struggle with no aim, no goal. Before there had been the lure of the Uncertain on which to dream even if to fear. Now they knew and they were more than afraid; they were hopeless. They could only look forward to what they already knew and what they had already seen.

They had hardly finished the first hard mile, and lay gasping just beneath the surface of the black waters, when there came an unexpected uproar directly in front. The Superfish began fighting; they began to murder each other wholesale; they were fighting and killing each other horribly. The rich were not fighting the poor, nor the machines the Superfish; but all each other and for no reason which the fish could understand. They crippled and maimed each other and tore down and set fire their box buildings and machines. Their faces distorted with wild anger, their mouths spitting wild words, they tried their best to rid the world of themselves. The fish gasped and rode the waters in dismay. At first they thought some unseen enemy was driving them; but no; all were fighting each other in higledepigeldy disorder.

L222-6-14

Meantime the plight of the fish had been suddenly and unexpectedly excellent; there was plenty of food--great gobs of flesh rich warm blood and soft brains; then too there were no fishermen and the worms were free again for the fish. The fish revelled and without thought floated back down the river. Gorged they dropped to the bottom while other fish rose to feast. Day after day therush of fish up and down, down and up, churned the river into black foam.

Then the fighting quickly stopped. There were shrill cries and low moaning. Armies of cripples carried the dead to great tombs and a vast song arose as the machines started again to whirr and dump, while the poor superfish started again to fish.

Mile after mile the fish floated down the Black River and talked and planned:

"Why not escape up a side river to another lake?"

"They are all too swift and broad. They differ no whit from this river. Hurled back, we'd go the same way--to the Ocean."

"But the air? Superfish and machines and birds fly--Heaven is wide and free!"

"Not for fish. We don't know how. And how wide is Heaven and where does it end? There is but one end--the Ocean."

"Perhaps-----", but before another could speak, the roar of war swelled again and again the fish rushed back up theriver.

This Second War among the Superfish was worse then the first--much worse more of the Superfish were killed and more buildings and machines destroyed. Moreover it began to look as if the rich and poor were really fighting each other. "At this rate they'll kill each other off soon and we'll inherit the earth. But most of the fish withdrew to the river bottom. There were Carp, Pickerel and trout.

41-9-228

"Look," said Carp,"there's no use expecting help or example from Superfish. They're impossible: selfish and silly. We must fend for ourselves."

"Lets turn and follow Silver."

So all the fish of the Dispensation--all who traced their path from the Waterfall to Lake and Lake to the Black River rose upon the swelling waves and turned down the river. "This," they said "is the end! Now we gird ourselves for the Last Battle of the World. The Fish of the Descent now conquer or forever die.

"Fight to death?"

"To death!"

"What is a world without fish?"

"With fish, what is it?"

"Flee, leave the Black River; there is a refuge, a hiding place, a goal."

"Where, What?"

"But the Superfish are there."

"They are everywhere like lice, but they do not own the Ocean, and when they fight a third time they'll all be dead and the Ocean will be free."

Them talk stopped, for a while they argued, the river grew wider, u til one night the sound of Doom, perhaps not a s und but a feeling--a physical

. Fear sat on the heaving waters. Three times war among the Super-fish rose, bled, fainted, fell and rose screaming again; until one midnight there came a bitter shriek of utter fear and the Black River did not lunge nor fall, did notrise nor pause, but just spread and widened and widened again until it dishappeared in a wide stain and in its place arose the vast swell of the Ocean and the sound of its lapping on the shores of all the world. A great roar as of the reverberating thunder of all lightinings as of a multitude of lakes and rivers of waters; as of all therains and floods of all time in one mass of unimagined breath and width and length, belting all the world, lapping on every shore, and calling together so vast a mass of living, creeping, crawling, fighting things that the world seemed to burst with life and being and want and dream and thought and unbounded power. For Ocean was mad with storm.

41-9-229

They yelled; they damned, they sneered, but as they mocked; even as they jeered the Ocean answered. It rose in storm. The Ocean thundred beneath a rending burning sky. The waves towered and curled and dashed; and dashed again against the moon; they swirled and shuddered and yelled. They shook the air and stars and tore at the foundations of the Earth. It rained so that waters pouring down met waters pouring up and winds tearing up crossed winds roaring down and met and twisted xm into whirlwinds of crimson flame. They towered for one last blow at the foundations of the universe, when the voice of Silver resounded, a low thin voice, yet easily heard.

"Peace, be still!" And the storm suddenly stopped.

In the midst of the storm when the world was poised to end, a vast school of dead and dying fish rose gasping on the seething waters and saw Silver riding alive and battered.

"Lead us", they shrieked.

And Silver answered wearily: "Peace, be still."
Suddenly in the world there was utter quiet and in the depths of the ocean where the fish found themselves swimming, there was no more war, no storm nor raging.

They stared at Silver with new eyes. He must be a Magician instead of a poor old fish. But he heard their thought and hastened to explain: "I reached the Ocean while it was calm and swam about a bit. Then I heard the war up the river and turned back. Then the Ocean broke into frenzy. I was scared to death but looking up, I saw God. He was a little man, unshaven and ragged, and his face was wrinkled with grief. His head was clasped in his hands and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He seemed to be begging and pleading with a crazy universe, hell-bound to suicide. I tried to say something to him, speaking softly under the din. It was then that he said "Peace, be still." He said it, no me; but he meant me. I was interrupting."

Here a Dolphin broke out: "You're lying."

Silver inched himself to a swell and sighed: "Well, maybe I am; it is quite possible. You understand I'm getting old and my eyes aren't near as good as they once were. Perhaps what I saw was only Deacon Jones (whose story is another one) Or again perhaps I saw nothing, because these days its hard for me to draw lines between what I see and what I think and what I want to think I believe I see. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, what I say is true. Whoever today runs this universe, if anybody, is grieved and worried and sick and needs help. He's worried not only about us fish; but about the animals and birds; the trees and flowers; and more especially (for reasons I cannot conceive) about the Superfish, who have lately been raising so much hell. It seems he intended them to be a little lower than the Angels, while they seem about to become considerably lower than the fish."

41-9-230

Then Silver added: "There are many forms of life swarming about us, beneath and above, not counting the Superfish who I admit are quite impossible. But these other living things must have new thought and imaginings; they must have new plans; could we not all live together and think together and share alike?"

Barracuda said: "There would never be food enough!"

"Why not, in all this endless ocean in all the rivers and lands with all the myriads beasts and birds and fish?"

"Who in Hell wants myriads of misbegotten monsters to live?" yelled a Marlin. "No, never, Fish to the front! Fight, fight, exterminate, kill and maim until we conquer or sink to oblivion of this horrible ocean." What ho! Who rallies to the last Flag of the Fish?"

"Not I," said Silver.

"Are you to cowardly to lead?" cried the Swordfish/

"I am too brave to follow. I will lead--one way?"

"Which?" asked a big blackfish.

"To Peacewards."

No one had anything better to surgest, so then and there assembled the First World Council of the Fish. Silver rode a wave in the center, one fin on cheek, one eye on the sky while with the other he scanned the multitide. In the rear were the Big Fish: a whale to the right and to the left, half in shadow, an immense octopus, with one vast crimson eye and eight arms. Between them swam Barracuda, black bass, marlins and swordfish, tarpon and tuna, sharks and dolphins; in the fresh water of the swelling river were carp and catfish, perch, pickerel, pike and salmon. In front were all manner of little fry, in georgeous dress together with cod, herring and mackeral, weakfish and flounders. Below one heard the great crabs and lobsters. Above a few white gulls flew low and listened. Silver's keen ears told him that

41-9-231

beasts were lurking in the dense forests afar, while the trees and bugs and flowers were within earshot. The grey eel whose lithe curves fitted him to record the minutes with beautiful chirography, told Silver that he smelled superfish also. Silver pooh-poohed that.

"They wouldn't have that much sense and there are too few alive after all that fighting."

"Don't you underrate them babies."

"I don't. They do."

Modestly Silver had been prevailed upon to preside; he insisted that this meeting was purely democratic and that all must be heard. He was just there to arrange the order of talking:

"Now and then, I may venture a word."

"Now or then?"

"Now", answered Silver, and he proposed the first article of a world constitution: "Peace. No more war. Whoever starts a war will be an outlaw With him we will neither eat nor drink; sing nor dance; nor work nor play; nor buy or sell; nor nurse, cure nor bury; nor even consider him a fish. Nor even consider him at all."

41-9-232.

"Now", continued Silver "comes the first by-law under this constitution: "Thou shalt not kill!"

There came a protesting roar: "What shall we eat?"

"Ourselves."

"What would a world be without fish?"

"What is it with fish?"

"Listen Idiots: if you think we fish are goingto commit suicide, retail like Superfish do wholesale, you're crazy!"

"No, no," Silver hastened to explain, "you see its this way; this world needs help."

"You mean for us to help God?"

"Well, if you put it that way --Yes!"

"Just when did God tell you all this?"

"He never did--I just thought it up and it sounded reasonable when nothing else did."

"They tell us he can do anything." said several.

"Silly! Nobody can make up, down; nor black white; nor good bad. No, he can't do everything; but he has plans, a Big Plan, if he can get help. Once he had all the angels lined up to help, but, said Silver, as he glared over at Octopus, "they flew off to sea and what came back"--Silver paused and Octopus stirred uneasily, dropped his huge eye and folded up three of his legs. "What came back were Superfish! you know what they did! But God didn't give up, although this hurt him something awful. He still has weeds and trees and vines, bugs and worms, snakes, beasts and birds--and Fish! All these can work, but they mustn't kill."

"What will they eat?" insisted Shark.

"I mean they must not kill others."

"I suppose then we kill ourselves," sneered a huge Tuna.

"Certainly, when necessary; we who are fit to live offer ourselves as food for those who must not die."

"Is anybody here that crazy?" yelled Tarpon, Bass and the vast Flounder!

"Oh yes; we've always had multitudes of volunteers to kill others even without cause. How much more reasonable to kill ourselves for a purpose. And decent murder at that: no cripples nor surgeons; no lice nor dirt. No hurt nor Red Cross, no blood, just good clean painless death. Imagine the ceremony: martial music and mighty dirges; garlands and medals; cheers and tears of Joy."

"Would we have to eat Superfish?" asked a long Needlefish, who looked hungry.

"Well hardly that; but they'd make excellent manure."

41-9-233

"And all the vegetables and bugs, would they commit suicide for us?"

"We'd have to have guardians, to decide for them; and perhaps guardians over the guardians. I could imagine a rose worth more than a clam."

"Would the Beasts come in?"

"Sure, they've got more sense--that is nearly as much as fish."

Here the Whale swished his great tail, dashingseveral fish into the sea. He snorted and blew two vast columns of water into the sky.

"It's just as my granddaddy always said," he roared as he headed out to sea. "All Fish are fools!"

"Could be; but all Fools are not Fish!"

41-9-234

THE BLACK RIVER

1. THE BROOK

As the sun rose above low hills in the wide Land of the North, a slim and silver birch leaned down and let a drop of water slide slowly, slowly to the world below; from bark to leaf and leaf to earth; and another and another, all glinting in the fine thin arrows of morning light. Thus was the Brook born, tiny and hesitating, a straggling sliver of water, crawling uncertainly by tree and stump and stone, until at last, long last, it rippled, sang and rolled, gurgled and gleamed. Then it was, that a little fish, a green and silver fish appeared, whence no one knew. But what matter? He wiggled and sailed and floated. He swam and darted; played with the bubbles of water and made himself a little song:

41-9-206

Little sunbeam in the sky,
Teach me how to climb so high.
Little bird forever singing
Swift come kiss me music bringing.

He ate little bits of weed and small worms, leaped toward the sky and dove in the water, until one day another brook and other fish joined him. The new fish were like him; varying a little in size and coloring, changing in form from round to long and flat to bulging, but all quite evidently alike and jolly little fellows to play with. There were rains and winds, cold and heat and yet withal it was a happy, care-free world as slowly the river of brooks grew larger and the fish more in numbers and different in kind. Now the brooks had become the River. The little silver fish first realized change, when one day a long-headed fish darted at

him with open mouth. He barely missed him. Little Fish swam swiftly away and hid in the long grass.

THE GREEN RIVER

The Green River was swift and gay -- casual and untamed. It headed nowhere and from nothing. It sang. But it did not sing like the birds but choruses of intricate parts. It made mostly wordless symphonies with the meaning hidden and uncertain; with melody shot through with splendid dissonance. Many bubbling brooks had formed the brawling river, swift, green and white crested with caps of foam and brought myriads of fish continually. Silver was amazed at the new kinds of fish which now filled the Green River. There were minnows smaller than he; there were swift and shy trout and carp and bass. Slowly the Little Silver Fish became aware of strength and will, but they seemed outside his body forcing him relentlessly on and making him dart and fight, hide and eat not only bee and bug, but sometimes other fish smaller than himself.

It was perhaps this growing difference, this feeling of strangeness to most of his fellow fish, and of them toward him, which slowly made Murder part of the Law of Life, and Life of the River. At first it horrified and frightened him, for if he killed and ate, might he not be killed and eaten? And always despite the fact that he killed now and then and only to live or to escape death, he never got used to murder.

In the lovely green river there rose however an increasing desire to hurry, to escape, to arrive somewhither. Yet on still golden mornings, Silver could often lie and watch the clouds through green leaves and hear bird songs faintly and wonder what all this rush was about and why he lived and whither he and all the other

4-9-207

fish were apparently fleeing. He was still happy for above was the sky and below soft, singing shadows; and always there were flowers -- wild and beautiful flowers, fantastic and free, beckoning him toward the sun.

Then at last came dissonance, first low and faint but unresting; then louder and louder, until slowly it filled earth and heaven. Finally and suddenly came a roar, an increasing clamor and summons until the sky tilted and the earth climbed and the river stood on end, leaped into the air and with sudden fury as the world seemed to stop, cleared a rocky cliff, swung, twisted and whirled in the mist-drenched air and with horrid scream fell into the Lake a thousand feet below, while all around roared rainbows.

41-9-208

3. THE LAKE

Save for its first angry protest, there where the river fell rioutously into it, and shoals of dead fish rolled in the Sun, the Lake was silent, wide and still. It seemed Haven and Accomplishment. It broadened into calm and rest, and Silver dreamed again. But now the dreaming was his own; it was within and he could guide it at times and make it do his bidding. He could summon with power his own thought from the world without. He grew larger and stronger and his white and silver fins gleamed gloriously. He could build fantasy and contrive plans.

Increasing numbers of other fish appeared, of many kinds and shapes; of every color and size -- snake-like eels and flat flounders; bursting sun-fish and sharp-nosed pickerel and black, bristling cat-fish. Most of these he could avoid, for the Lake was wide. He could lie half concealed in the fringe of the foliage and watch them. Often he grew curious and wondered if they wondered and if they felt as he felt and dreamed dreams as he dreamed and built fan-

tasies.

Swiftly one morning, Long Head slipped up beside him: Long Head whom he had known in river days. But now they spoke. It was queer to talk to another and Silver was not sure how it started; and often he was not certain just what he said and what Long Head understood and answered. But they talked, not clearly and fully but with understanding of a sort.

Through such conversation, Silver gradually realized that the Lake was different from the Green River. Life was more fixed and orderly. It was not accidental but set in molds made long since. First of all the fish were grouped and graded: not only by class and kind, shape and color; but also criss-crossing this, into Big Fish, Middle Fish, Common Fish, Little Fish. The distinctions, to be sure, had little to do with size, nor seemingly with anything else important; but all fish were separated in class and order; in honor and power, in food and work. To Silver this did not make sense, while to thousands of others it did not even make decency. These murmured and rebelled, in return for which the Big Fish ate them and became wretchedly fat, or they in turn were eaten and became white bones. But Life was regular, place was fixed and domicile was allotted. One consorted mostly with one's own and did not intermingle with strangers and unknown breeds.

41-9-209

Also Silver quite accidentally discovered sex and liked it. He sidled up to a lovely little brown fish and stroked his side against her. Both laughed gaily, darted away and after a bit slowly returned. Soon there were little eggs like pearls, then little toylike fish. Soon he was swimming with his sons and daughters and grandchildren. In consequence of all this love and laughter on the part of many other fish beside Silver and indeed among all fish, the question of food became imperative rather than incidental. All fish now ate each

other as well as vegetation and worms. Their cannibalism was now quite calm and calculated. They sailed up to a smaller neighbor, bit him and tried to swallow him; if he fought and got away, well and good; they hunted further. Sometimes a big fish ran into difficulties. Then the little fish matter-of-factly ate him. It was a system of life by cannibalism and all assented to it for lack of any conceivably better way.

"It's the Law," explained Long Head. "And it's quite simple: too little food; too many fish. We eat each other or die. You kill or be killed. Besides, most fish are not worth anything better than to be eaten. So that's the law ~~thm~~ and the King makes it."

012-6-15

"What is a King?" asked Silver, chewing at a worm.

"The law-giver."

"How does he know what laws to make?"

"He doesn't, he makes Law out of what we always have done and will do."

"Then why have him?"

"Why not?"

"But I don't understand."

"That's the trouble with you. Why try to understand? Just accept things as they are -- it's much easier."

Silver considered this. Then he said:

"Where can I see ~~thm~~ this King?"

"You can't. He's at the bottom of the Lake. Only Big Fish approach him. He's awful modest, in fact we call him 'His Shyness, Muskelunge the 47th, by the Grace of Cod --'"

"Cod? What are Cod?"

"The Codfish; they're Big Fish, who ran off to the Ocean. But first they proclaimed Muskelunge, King of Fish, Lord of the Lake

and Emperor of the Black River."

"What is the Black River?"

"Say, did anybody ever tell you that you want to know too much?"

"No, do I? But that isn't possible —"

Long Head with his wicked golden fins turned away, saying in his low hoarse voice, so like that of the lake: "All right, Bud, swim down and see the King; he may like you -- for breakfast."

Silver disliked this sort of joke. It was crude. Fish always seemed to be thinking of food; and food always meant murder and murder meant that most fish had to be unhappy or dead. He himself for instance was big and strong; but most of his life was spent in killing and eating; hunting and hiding and sleeping with an eye cocked.

He began thinking: thinking was something new and grew upon him. It consisted in putting together pictures of things he saw or imagined; and ~~from~~ then from these making new images; thus he invented new things which then had to be found so as to correspond to the image and complete them. It was like exploring this vast lake; only this world of dream was even more boundless and full of might. So Silver began to sing:

Hidden hoard and sullen cloud
Mystic strength that screams aloud
Thresh me, shrive me, drag me round
Kill me, thrill me, till I'm drowned,
Kill and cripple, drive and drain
Drink the blood and eat the brain —

Then Silver suddenly stopped; this was not what he had started to sing; it was quite different; some alien wicked thought had swept across his dream and seized him -- he glanced up to the sunlight and saw a nice fat worm dangling lazily above him.

Now worms were different from fish; they didn't mind being eaten; they liked it, and they thus fulfilled their destiny —. He grabbed; he grabbed and bit and shrieked and then fled with part of

11-6-11

the worm and also with a torn and bloody mouth. Never, never in all his life, had a worm treated him thus. It acted worse than a fighting fish. But even as he wept and writhed, he sensed and saw and awful shape above — neither fish nor bird, bending down over the water above and dangling the torn, writhing worm. Silver turned and streaked down to the farthest depths of the Lake and thus saw the King.

He was a grey hulk of a thing, some five feet long and weighing at least a hundred pounds. Subservient fish floated about him and quickly Silver was seized and brought to the Presence, who appeared asleep.

"What, supper already?" he drawled sleepily. But Silver rushed into explanation; first to the disgust of the serving fish and then to their horror:

"What, a fisherman!" they all yelled, and then all, including the King, fled incontinently leaving only Silver and an old Salmon who was very wise.

41-9-212

The Salmon said: "That fisherman was God's Image."

"I don't like his image," said Silver, shuddering.

"Neither does God; and that's the reason that this wasn't even his image. You see it all happened this-a-way," continued the Salmon. "Once upon a time God's image really resembled him; but for various reasons, they gradually became only anaemic angels, with weak eyes and no sense. Then the Devil fish came from the Ocean and stole up the Black River and raped the angels. At least so the angels said. The result was the Superfish. The Superfish walked on their tails, shaved off their scales and covered their bodies with grass and skin, so as not to resemble either angels or fish. They hunted animals until the animals all died or took to the tall timber, elected a King and fought back. Then the Superfish began

growing fruit and grain and fishing for fish and eating them in vast numbers. Finally they invented machines and ~~kill~~ lolled at ease, attended by sycophant dogs, foolish cows and cunning cats. Now they're getting dangerous. Something has got to be done."

"But what?"

"Well, God got scared and went down Black River to the Ocean; but I'm going to climb the falls, back to the Green River."

"But that's impossible!"

"I don't care, I'm going to try. There's nothing else but the Black River and that is the worse than impossible, as God knows!"

"But how can it be worse? And where is it?" the Salmon only pointed and turning leaped the Waterfall.

41-9-213

Silver told other fish about Salmon and what he had attempted. None stopped to ask whether or not he had succeeded, but most of the fish swam thither where Salmon had pointed and warned and wondered just what he had meant about the Black River and what God had been doing there.

Then it was clear that something was happening: Somebody was trying to change the World; somebody had a plan. First this was clear because the Lake began to rise; began to crawl up on its own banks and slither over the land, drowning flowers and even pushing up the waterfall. Then strange shapes appeared in the sky and new thunders and lightnings.

Then an awful, an unbelievable story came up out of the depths: the King and his court had disappeared, and it was because of the Net. None knew exactly what a Net was. But it was said that as the King fled toward the Black River, up from utter darkness had arisen ropes and bars, threads and chains, unbreakable, inescapable until all the court was lifted and disappeared ~~from~~ into the sky.

No, back to the Lake
no, swing into the first branch river
no, climb upon the banks and crawl away
Leap into the air and fly

It all looked pretty hopeless at first; but after hours, nearly all agreed to rush to the Ocean, swimming deep under water, withonly night sallys to reconnoitre

"The few who still disagree, should go their way." A few swam north and soon came back exausted. A few climbed the banks and never returned. A few watched for side rivers, but found none that seemed promising. But in the group, differences soon appeared; for some were bigger; some were wiser and some more clever. Some became powerful by hoarding food or finding hiding places; the wise often deceived the ignorant and the strong sometimes ate the weak. Most became unhappy and suspicious and anarchy spread We've just got to have a king. Let Silver rule and whoever disobeys him, dies.

But Silver refused. So Long Head became King and appointed a council of nobles. But Long Head was a fool and all knew it. Yet they turned upon Silver when he pointed this out

41-9-256

Hernia
Rupture

So then and there assembled the First World Council of the Fish Silver rode the wave in the center, one fin on cheek and one eye on the sky. With the other he marked the Big Fish in the rear: whale farthrest, shark and tuna, swordfish and barracuda, marlin and tarpon, dolphin and black fish; then in the near center all manner of little fry, with weakfish, bass and flounder. A few big white gulls flew low and listened in; on the river side were carp and cat fish, perch and pickerel, pike and trout Away out on the fartherest border rose now and then a vast octopus with one crimson eye. Silver knew that hidden in the dense forest beasts were prowling and hearkening. ~~Yet was even suggested that superfish had escaped [illegible] sneaking about. This Silver [illegible] they would-n't have sense enough.~~

Modestly Silver had consented to preside, but insisted: this is De mocracy. All may speak who have anything to say. I shall just arrange the order so all ~~may be heard~~ until all can. Now and then I may say a word

Now or then?

Now, said Sliver and he began

Hears ears Cold hum

A flounder who was preparing to take minutes told Silver he smalled a super fish near. Silver pooh-poohed that. "They wouldnt have that much sense" "Dont underrate ~~those~~ them babies"

"I dont. They do."

41-9-252

Armies will disband: all generals ~~with medals~~ will [illegible] quickly and painlessly Staff officers will be imprisoned for life, solitary; line officers will serve ten years at hard labor; privates, including sergeants, corporals and all classes will for five years, each day an hour a day, be compelled to look steadily at pictures of battles, hospitals, operations, crippled & insane and their homes and families.

All senators and representatives who ever voted for war and judges who found it legal

Every penny which anybody, directly or indirectly made out of war shall be confiscated incontinently and put into the fund for free public kinder gartens

An old whale grumbled " This is going too far! "

Said Silver "To stop war we cannot go too far. The farthrest is not far enough. We must from birth make war so hateful, so horrible so unthinkable that literally it will pass from thought"

I peered above the storm and I saw God. I saw a little man, old and shriveled, his head in his hands, and tears streaming down his wrinkled face He seemed begging and pleading with a crazy universe, hell-bound to suicide I tried to say something to him, speaking softly under the din. It was then that he said "Peace, be still. " He said it not me ; but he meant me. I was interupting ---"

But here the mounting disgust of the fish broke bounds. A shark leaped clean out of the water and yelled:

"Youre lying!"

Silver inched himself on a swell and sighed:

" Well, maybe I am; its quite possible. You understand I'm getting old and my eyes arent near as good as they once were. Perhaps what I saw was only Deacon Jones (whose story is another one) Or again perhaps I saw nothing because these days its hard for me to draw lines between what I see and what I think and what I want to believe I think I see. Nevertheless and notwithstanding what I say is true. Whoever today runs this universe, if anybody, is grieved and worried and sick and needs help. He's worried not only about us fish; but about the animals and birds; and the stars and the Moon wh who started this storm; and about his Images, who lately have been particularly raising Hell.

41-9-267

There wasnt any magic about it — not a bit. It was this way: I looked up above the Storm and saw God. He was a little man, shriveled and ragged, and sitting with his head in his hands, worried nigh to death about this crazy universe of his. I tried to say something comfort and he was the one who said "Peace be still" and he meant me — A dozen fish snorted, "Youre lying" they said.

"Well" said Silver "maybe I am. I'm getting old and my eyesight aint what it was. Maybe what I saw was Deacon Jones. Then again perhaps I saw nothing because these days its hard to draw lines between what I see and what I think. Nevertheless what I say is true. Whoever runs this universe today, if anybody, is terribly worried and needs help. He's not only worried about us fish, but about the animals and birds and also about his Images, who lately have been raising Hell. Its up to us to help him before he just gives up. Who but the fish, the first [redacted] can help? And how? The path is Peace. He said so because he wanted a chance to talk. I say so because I want a chance to act. You must say so, else there'll be none to act, being all murdered

892-6-16

So all the fish sat in council and adopted unanimously this first article of a new constitution:

Peace. No more War. Whoever starts a war will be an outlaw. We will not speak to him. Nor eat with him. Nor sell him wares nor buy of him Nor work nor play with him. Nor ever consider him a fish. Nor marry him nor bury him

It rained so that waters pouring down met waters pouring up and winds tearing up crossed winds roaring down and met and twisted into whirlwinds of crimson flame

"And what pray might Democracy be? asked Silver who was always asking, and who was no longer silver, but dull, drab gray.

"We do not know."

"Why have it?"

"We must."

"Why must we--

above are the Sunfish

"Listen Fool; we are not safe here; in yonder depths lie ~~unknown powers and~~ hate and envy. We must ~~organize to~~ rule the river or fight for dominion with the lowest of beings; the off-scourings of all waters. And our king is a fool and an old one at that."

So they argued as the river became larger and mightier; and the fish became wiser and up from the depths arose more and strange kinds of animals and wanted share in food and shelter and fought for it. ~~And~~ Long Fish Head the King fought the river and its burden until the depths of the river swelled and ate him, devoured him head and tail, belly and fin, leaving and ~~left~~ only a memory, ~~and~~ a streak of blood and one entrail. There were no more kings but ~~they tried to choose~~ There must be a form of control in which all would share in rule; but what it really was, few knew. But it was effort, stark effort to do through many, what no one fish was strong enough to do alone. And since newcomers could not be wholly excluded, they were included in the new government. But still the superior fish clans dominated the food and shelter And still the Black River ~~poured down~~ deluged us larger and larger floods of new sorts and kinds of life, crying, demanding, threatening, until the river was war and flowed red toward the sea. And there was stench in the air and sorrow beneath the waters.

41-9-253

This was a new sort of murder. The fish knew murder since the days of the ~~green~~ bubbling brook. There were always fights on the green river; and in the lake whole schools of fish combined to control or exterminate each other. But this was while often and habitual was never total; it never threatened all alike.

But now came total war and universal murder, planned on spawning egg, pregnant mother, whale and minnow; all faced Death.

Again very earnest to Silver. He said:

persisted

The only remedy they knew was war and war simply killed, it never cured; ~~but the fish knew nothing better~~. War between schools of fish and between portions of the river and between heights and depths that it began to seem normal and inevitable ~~and natural~~. Certain fish who suggested that fish could live without war were eaten incontinently and thus nourished the warmongers

All wanted Silver to be the new king. But he stubbornly refused So they chose Long Head, although they knew he was a fool

41-9-254

Armies will disband: all generals wearing their bands and metals, all senators and representatives who ever voted for war and judges who found it legal, will be executed secretly, quickly and painlessly. Staff officers will be imprisoned for life, solitary; line officers will serve ten years at hard labor; privates, including sergeants, corporals and all classes, will for five years, each day an hour a day be compelledto look steadily at moving pictures with sound, of battles, hospitals, shrieks and cries, operations, crippled and insane and their homes and families.

Every penny which anybody , directly or indirectly ever made out of war shall be confiscated incontinently and put into the fund for free national public kindergartens with no segregation by color, or size or length of fin.

41-9-255

"What was that you said.?"

He said: "Peace!"

They asked "What is Peace?"

He said, "Peace is not What; it is How. It is the Way. We swim this ocean ~~to~~ everlasting Peace,"

"Where shall we find it?"

"I do not know."

"What shall we do with it when we reach it?"

"Nothing; we will talk and think and dream and sing. I've heard no singing lately"

"And what will we use for food?"

"What the Earth gives us ~~and what we know~~."

"And when that gives out?"

"Work ~~harder~~, share ~~better~~ and eat Faith; then--if need be--starve"

"And Meantime, from all the Dark Rivers of old Ocean, uncounted millions of monsters ~~will~~ pour down--with new ideas and crazy ways."

"With new laughter with new music and perhaps--this I do not know--but possible with ~~a living carried~~ Love, which you never knew, but which can be useful in emergencies, and particularly with your enemies

There seemed no point in arguing. After all Silver seemed a fine

(kindly) (bullock)

So all the fish sat in council, and adopted unanimously this first article of

a new world constitution:

Peace. No more War. Whoever starts a war will be an outlaw. ~~Whoever wills war will be criminal.~~ We will not speak to him. Nor eat with him. Nor drink with him, nor nurse him, nor cure him nor bury him. Nor sell him wares nor buy of him, nor work nor play with him. Nor ever consider him a fish. Nor ever consider him at all. ~~We will just let him go on and fight himself.~~

(nor sing nor dance with him.)

41-9-251

(signed Bull)

An old whale grumbled, "This is going too far!"

Said Silver, "To stop war we cannot go to far. The farthrest is not far enough. We must from birth make war so hateful, so horrible so unthinkable, that literally it will pass from thought."

The whale retorted "It's just like my grandaddy said: 'All fish are fools.'"

Silver answered "But all fools are not fish!"

41-9-257

No, now listen: we'll all plan together; everybody talks, until we agree

Suppose we dont agree

We talk untilmost of us agree. Then we act

And those who still dont agree?

They string along or leave

And if ~~they~~ wont do either

But here the mounting disgust of the fish broke bounds. A shark leaped ~~clean~~ ~~out of the water~~ and yelled:

"You're lying!"

Then sensing that this now

grey and gleaming thing of silver scale and golden fin was a magician; and that

half their number was drowned in the endless war and water, while round-about floated

fish and sea-fowl, worm and whale

all manner and kind of living things, the breathless throng gasped: "Who are you?" "Where have you been?"

Silver Sand!" I peered through above the storm and I saw God. I saw a little man, old and shriveled,

his head in his hands, and tears streaming down his wrinkled face.

A RACE RIOT

1906
Manuscript - incomplete

A Race Riot

c1901

In the somber house at the head of High street stood two women. One was in the library — erect and still; her face pale and finely cut, touched with age and wreathed with silver hair. She stood listening with eager eyes, but ~~impassive~~ calm attitude.

On the other side of the door in the bright dining-room stood another woman, girlish and lithe, with smooth dark brown face, ~~and~~ thick clinging hair, and sensitive mouth. She seemed so happy as her soft broad hands flew among the supper dishes, scraping the tiny blue butter plates, piling up the saucers, and gathering together the fragments of food. The pretty china jingled lightly, and to the music the woman crooned a tune. It was a song without words, sweet and plaintive, that seemed ever ready to escape into wondrous melody, then fell away into some minor ca

38-13-100

dence like a moan.

Surely the maiden was not thinking of song or work, for as she moved toward the kitchen with her tray dish of dishes, there lay a far-off gladness in her eyes — a still light like the moon-rise. Perhaps in her heart she saw the little white kitchen stretch away into a great galleried church, where all the people sang that song; perhaps she saw them ~~and~~ moved like a dream slowly toward the door — toward the broad, strong figure of John. She knew he was awaiting her, she saw his kind black face, she heard his soft voice and felt that great arm beneath hers, and then all earth flushed into a glow of love and starlight beneath the great guardian oak at the trysting-place on Smith's Hill.

38-13-101

Perhaps all this made the woman smile and made her heart say: tonight tonight, this very night beneath the oak at nine a lover awaits his kiss And

as she dreamed, she glided more swiftly about her work, and the song bubbled into words:

"If you fly There before I do
"I know you'll tell the Story!
"O tell them I'm a-coming too,
"Then we'll all sing Glory, glory!"

38-13-102

A swift rattle of the gate, a step on the porch, and a young man, slight and nervous, entered the library. "Why Mother." he said "I believe you've been standing there ever since I left." A kindly light crept into the eager eyes of the matron, but she only said, "Well?" "Well," returned the son, wearily, "I've lost the election." She came to him, laid a thin hand ~~and~~ on his hair and stood a moment silently regarding him. "Was there — bloodshed?" she said at last, slowly. The young man sank into an easy-chair, and leaning his head on his hands, said: "O yes. There always bloodshed at Carolina elections

Let's see: one Negro dead, and a Negro and a white man wounded — that was all I think, at our poll. The Skinner was elected senator."

A shade of bitterness lay in the woman's voice as she looked at the fair-haired man. "There was a time when a son of the Yuckens and Effees did not stoop, to assume from Negroes and white riff-raff a senatorship in Carolina."

38-13-103

"Ah! Mother, but in these free and independent days Skinners count for more than Virginia blue blood — aye" he added gloomily, "and Negroes too."

"Is everything quiet now?

"No I fear for tonight. The Negroes are impudent and some of the whites are determined to teach them a lesson. They are going to burn some Negro editor shanty down, and they'll do more mischief before sun-rise. One party has started out to lynch a county Negro; he was determined to vote and shot at some white man and ran off. Lets see Johnson

think his name is, John Johnson, you remember — well for gracious sakes what is that?"

From the dining-room came a sudden crash and ring of breaking china, then silence.

38-13-104

"The last of mother's blue china, I suppose," sighed the mother, opening the dining-room door. The room was empty, and on the floor and table lay strewn the fragments of a tray full of china and silver.

Out in the darkness, down the hill, a dark figure fled & the west. Past street and lamp she flew, silent swift as a cat; past the pale half-lighted stores on Broad street, through the dim alley to Sixth, down Sixth. A horseman reined up, ~~& let her by~~, (just in time to see her flit across big horses fore-legs,) a dog snapped furiously after her, a policeman hailed her gruffly, but ere he turned she was gone. Slowly a dull, red light spread above and about her; a murmur of voices and crackle of flam

rose clearer and clearer, but she heeded nothing until the roar of the fire and shout of ~~the~~ the mob flared full upon her as she turned into Cedar Street.

Pausing suddenly she stood for a ~~moment~~ like a bronzen statue, tall and still. A flaming building threw a crimson glory on the rising street and behind loomed the great city, dark and dead. Against the awful shadow the slight figure of the lone black woman stood for a ~~moment~~ second glowered.

The mob was sweeping ~~too~~ straight toward her, grim and hoarsely shouting: red-shirted men with long glistening winchesters; tall lank mountaineers with shot-guns and pistols; bare-headed youths, wild and blasphemous, and behind a roll of drums.

A second the woman looked on the marauders with widened eyes, then turning darted like a deer back through the alley to the left.

"Stop the wench!" cried a voice

38-13-105

THE SEGREGATION OF TOM

Manuscript - incomplete

The Elegy from Town (1)

Dark Dunoon of roofs & chimneys slaughtering
the leaden smoke of a coming day; dreary
winds whirling & crying; drab and earthly
spaces of grey sea & sand ground down
with its Tuesday walls & airs: all the
the mean scene looking with taller in-
patient eyes and hurt the dark hills
that flanked his old home

To the woman in the cottage
opposite last down the lavender side
streets the the white pillars of the morning
were foaming like bathed in red gold
She raised from the white pillows of the

33-2-59

sandy haker a face startled
surprised, with pencil ribs.
"The Town Hodges Place is to be sold"
she murmured mechanically, shifting
the brown baby to her left breast &
unclasping the dark & drowsy figure
holding by the grey fire place then
off she went dreaming as she crooned
to the sleeping child. Off she flew
on the wings of her fancy: "The Town
Hodges Place!" On wide wings the palaces of
heaven along the gold. As a child she
had toddled by its stately beauty; as a girl

33-2-60

Her heart leapt clashed in her black
mothers great bell Jealous she had
entered those sacred portals with the
great white dashed of clothes & a
lady of wonderful face & beautiful
legend Roman dress Had pinked her
a rose; then as she grew & womanhood
she saw how this fair Jealous
with well Jargonant Jealous grief.
She saw the beautiful lady carried
silently away in the old black
house with only a pale & lorde-
eyed boy & mourn although the town

33-2-61

hollowed decorously in a long black line. Older & older grew the mansion, fallow & unfanned; the peacocks, the red roses tangled themselves in the green weeds; and yet & the brown woman the glory never faded; & her abuse it remained the most wonderful house on earth. And now it was to be sold!

"Ah Tomo" she said breathlessly whirling back in mad gallop on her pony sleek & smoothly out the crumbly sheen of her hair.

"Tom," she said unfashionably shaving her

33-2-62

He turned with a start

"Uh what" He turned his dull black face & wide soft eyes on her

"It is D he said & the paper says it would bring more than $6 or 7 thousand dollars. She laid the baby gently in the old oak cradle and drew back in the shadows. She stood there a dark form & figure & for a while sat calculating

The man watched her humorously She looked up sharply

"Tom we can run away — we could you know" she whispered. But he shook his

33-2-63

heard slowly. ~~The~~

"They wanted what nuggets I have here" he said.

All the savage cruelty was dying out of the sky and the young man who stood looking out of the window of the Town Lodge manager turned wearily away. Never before had the world seemed so lovely so adored so hateful. All about them lay ugliness & freedom like concentric walls of a beleaguered town against which the waves of the world beat in.

33-2-64

33-2-65

but a vision. It was a place where everything was done settled & sealed long years ago all the really great men had lived & died. All great deeds had been done & pondered all the puzzles of life had been thought o'erred; all of life's values had been settled for all time. Not a slab could one take, not a thought could one think, not an idea could flash, but out slabbed the Boom had, decorously garbed & solemn:

"your grandfather, Tom, would not approve"

& "I think it was great aunt's first thought — no it was her father that first told me. A girl incomprehensible man." and so always no matter what he said or dreamed.

But he did dream. He wandered & paint. He

wanted somehow to clear the gates of his mind and express the everyday turmoil of his ideas — words would do it, but his warmth & passion demanded rather color flame & bone wide flowing vistas, dimensions & shudders human things —

33-2-66

Now his hands stirred. His uncle said: "your grandfather was a lawyer & became Lieutenant Governor — we had hoped —

"Damn you — " he started but the blank horror on their pained shocked faces.

"I'm going away — I'm going away & stay" he said doggedly, "and I've got a real place. The mortgage is due and I'll earn & work this money

"But you could borrow easily. God knows there are dollars of South Carolina convicts' good friends —

But I don't want to lose you & then close the door
I want to go go go. I want the world. I want
freedom — my god —
"Thomas!" came the outraged answer
and the family ~~bounced~~ broke up
33-2-67 For awhile Tom watched the sunset
sunset until the flaming clamorous
& the world beyond the dark & grey leaves
a clamour that defeated all his senses
He drew the faded curtains & sat down
before the fire.

When Elein came. He did not take them
& yet he liked him. Elein was gentle &
indigent. His hands declined & mad Elein
because Elein was Nobody whose misery began
apparently not more than 10 years ago when he

was discovered in the shed of Hodge Lowe helping his father who was a back peddler. Then he became a general store keeper; then he bought land & now he had a 3 thousand dollar mortgage on the Hodge Lowe home

33-2-68

"Wouldn't care a Dam could this dinky Alle I then and the lake work experience is proven us something awful. Nine dam war has killed the boom & there we are. Then property here is going down like * oh dear goodness when the factories come
Hell " In ten years this place won't be worth a thousand "

Elena was direct & single minded & Tom looked at him curiously. It would be done if he were able & reduce life & make simple terms

Hodges barn, fashions, the fashionable Lakewood ex-
Cursion; 3000 + 1000 = $10,000"

"I'll go in a carriage instead of a new
an automobile" said Elena reflectively, taking
his regard"

33-2-69

Tom's smile became grim. Such simplicity was
not for him. It would kill him.

"What will the house bring?" He asked
suddenly

"If we can get three thousand for it we
better get it" said Elena

Tom calculated. He could start with
at least $1700. That would mean 3 years
at least in Paris. And in 3 years — He
heard the step of many millions; he felt the

mad surge of life & the wild beckoning of endless beauty—

"We'll sell" he said abruptly, aware that he had learned that this thus meant that he must go. He went reluctantly for he felt quite comfortable.

Tom watched the approaching crowd grimly.

33-2-70

SCHOOLTEACHER

Manuscript

41-2-173

School Leader

The rain was pouring down in torents and a number of farmers and idlers had collected in the country store at the crossroads waiting for it to stop. "That aire Dlair bill is another thing I'm dead agin" said old Cap'n young who had served in the "lost cause". "I don't bleeve in Fed'ral sub'vision at all no way you can put it. Got 'nuff rev'nue officers now snoopin' 'round into other folk's business, and let 'em once git that blasted bill through an' we'd hev a lot school commissioners trapsin' about with their noses in every school-house. I tell ye, by Jacks, I'm agin it an I won't vote for no man 'et 'tint." And the Cabtain relieved himself of half pint of tobacco juice by way of emphasis. "I don't see how you make that" said storekeeper Dates, as he tilted back his chair and took out his pipe "as far as I can see the government's got nothing to do with this. It just gives the money to the states to be used in their schools" "that may all be" said Ol' Alexander a fit representative of the "pore white trash", and who was forever borrowing meal of his Negro neighbors, "that may all be, but then they're goin' to give the niggers as much as the white folks so I heard and if that's so will hev so iddicated and smart niggers here will hev to move out" "you'll certainly starve to death" returned Dates with a twinkle in his eye while the rest of the crowd laughed, "for my part I'll be glad to see the niggers getting [illegible] that you fellows can't cheat the eye teeth out of them. Slave times have gone by and I believe in giving them a chance. They have almost as schools now and if they had there's no one to teach them" "Nobody wants slave times back" growled the captain, "but we don't want the Fedral goviment doin' this business that blongs to the states an' we don't propose to pay all the taxes and hev the niggers gettin' as good schools as we" "If the niggers had their right they'd have some [illegible]

to pay for". "Here's comes a stanger nigger on horseback got pretty good clothe on too! remarked Ef.
"Humph! ~~he~~ aint never seed him before" actually Seemed apparently 18 or 19 years of age
At this juncture a young Mulatto rode upon on an old worn out nag, both already drenched with the rain. "Can you tell one where Hells Bend is?" He ~~asked~~ asked politely. "Yes! but you'd better come in and wait till the storm is over" answered the storekeeper. Hesitating a moment the young man alighted tied his horse to the porch shook off the water and took a seat near the door. "Reckon quite a shower" remarked Ef eyeing the stangers leeches askance. "yes" "What's your bygness young man" asked the Captain expectorating in dangerous proximity to his shoes. "I am a school teacher" "School teacher, eh! What are ye from?" "My home is in Miss. but I am attending school in Nashville now at Fisk University. "Hey, hey ye! Well how long ye been there?" "About 6 years. I shall graduate for College next year if I earn enough to get back" And the young man looked rather ruefully out at the pelting rain. "How much does it cost a year there?" asked the storekeeper. "The A.M.A. pays most of the expenses. The students pay $10 4 per year exclusive of clothing and books." "That's cheap enough" "Yes its very cheap but its a hard thing to ~~earn~~ get even that amount sometimes". "yes I surpose so. Have you got your certificate yet?" "Yes, that's what I'm after. He Ef has he in Hell's Bend, does he not?" "yes he teaches school there "Stalkin' ud a leetle now" said Ef who was watching the shower. "I guess I'd better move on as its getting late" said the young teacher, as he arose "Would you be so kind as to direct me now?" "Yes Ef will tell you

3

He knows this part of the country little

"Wall, Jess come out here; you take

this yeer big road road right straight till ye come to two

creeks. Now after ye cross them creeks that is when

than by from Smithy buy him you'll come to, to get

shortest is to turn to the right, and strike right down

through that piece of woods. The road's rather winding but

I guess you can't find it easy. Then keep straight

on and ye'll strike Hell's Bend in a mighty short time.

"Did I hear say the road was hard to find?" "Wall not

hardly. Jess kinder over in this direction an' you all right."

"About how far is it?" "O five or six mile, mebbe 'tout seven.

Yes, guess 'tis; seven or eight mile." "Well; good day; thank you

your trouble." "O not at all, not at all! Hope you'll have good

luck. Looks a little like rain again good day." And the

young man rode briskly down the pike "Pears like a

nigger" remarked Ef. "Humph! Too smart" growled the

captain. "Its them smart nigger that allus makes the

mos' trouble." "Our grandfathers ought to have thought of

that!" sagely observed the store keeper as he arose to

wait on a customer.

The young teacher pursued his way smartly

and rough road would allow. The road was a typical

southern "big road", covered with rocks and seamed by gullies

running now up hill, now down hill, twisting and

turning towards all the points of the compass till it seemed

in imminent danger of running into itself. Soon one

comfortable theory began to set in and "Come Conto,

for this was the teacher's name, was not one to be easily

discouraged but no one could blame for being a little

down hearted now. Six years ago a teacher had come

to this home in Miss. His aid and method were strangely

different from what the people had been used to. Of

him Conto first learned of Fisk University and his longing

for and education had led to make every sacrifice

in to procure the necessary funds.

After a few years patient toil he saved a small
sum and came to the University. His small savings
would only enable him to attend school a few months but
he found his little education enabled him to enter a low
grade class. His difficulties however only sharpened his
thirst for knowledge and he had taught country schools every
summer in his native to procure the means to finish
his education. The malaria however abounding in the
low swampy districts and the difficulty of procuring the
small wages after they were earned compelled him to leave
Miss. and he determined to teach the his last year in
school in Penn. He already owed the University considerable
on account of sickness with fevers contracted while
teaching and so he determined to start out early to
to make as much as possible. Commencement week
with all its gayety & pleasure soon passed and the sad
time of parting came; for a sadder than in most colleges
for vacation time does not bright dreams of rest and pleasure
to most but only [illegible] school is generally
only the beginning of a hard summer's work for means to
return the next year. There it was with Tom and his heart
was like lead as he thought of the hard struggle
through before he should see these pleasant fields again.
The next day he set out for a small town, the county seat
of W— county where he was to be examined for his teacher
certificate

Beau shut a man ~~[illegible]~~ for burning other peoples property
but not [illegible] if this were not so man would
be no free moral agent but must do as the majority
thought was right. If then Probabl

THE HAUNTED HILL

Notes

The Haunted Hall

A moment they regarded each other.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"Yes," she said very sadly, "you are the Knight of the Night Fires, and I almost not but you do come to woo. I am but a simple maiden and very poor but I am not unworthy of you, Sir, for I am a King's daughter — a child of one whose Kingdom

Dearest Mary -

Reached one day a thousand & a thousand miles. This & am & yet Mother love not for Now I am here - very very poor & ignorant & - and, I have a Mark which some do call a Blemish But which my Father doth Sign Always & yet

33-2-41

No I have not
touched my lips to
any human face —
my father.

H H.

- Tom asks her to kiss him
- She has never kissed anyone — The flash of her memory of a mother's kiss
- She kisses him, struggles stands ashamed

33-2-42

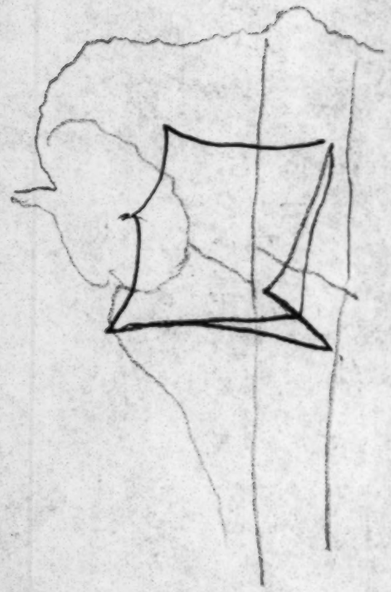
—

- The horse comes
- The white man rescues her & bears her in the twilight

—

- her tale — The second kiss

The beginning of the light



H. H.

33-2-43

We must fly

We rushes down for his motor

The flame of the burning

Brown boy" — the leap of the girl

H H

33-2-44

Her running sleds become a great fire mountain slide

"God! God! the gun is dead" — then she danced with a start & said slowly "Some time my heart doth leap within me doth yours?"

"Theyre niggers" said Miss Jones briefly

H. H.

33-2-45

See Brown Boy, this upon am peace - it is the sign - it is the sign

It is the cross it is the sign

Why do you hide Why do be blind & at the redness of the Sign there will go a work gathering

Then come with me for this sign is for All & not merely for me.

The Haunted Hill (1)

The haunted hill stood
with its black bare silent
fingers pointing upward to the
skies. Away to the southward

33-2-46

She walked down to the
world in wonder — gentle-silent

The strange talk.
Nigger
get outy here you black —

The talk with the grandfather

~~The~~ The cauldrons & witchcraft

The old white man

The library

The work

The veil

The quaint clothes (2)

down to the world

The wonder

The story of the disobedient
daughter

The gossip — the scar

33-2-47

The meeting of the old men

This your granddaughter

The raised gun — the
veiled lady

The Man & the Serf
in love

I do have many many
things which I must do

many me (3)

Who am I shall marry
him I love. We shall out
into the world. You see I
do have such wonder things
for to do — but Brown boy
— how do they name you

I the Johnson

The? how ugly — it matters
me you shall always be
& me brown boy — Do it not?
But what shall I do with you
O you must come & be esquire
to my lord — will you brown boy

33-2-49

The old mill — commencement

The kiss

The discovery

—

The transfigured woman

[redacted]

The wild rage of the Man

—

The mob

The burning

The fire on the mountain

Come — christ you are
blacker — come come
we will flee I care
not come

O yes yes we will
flee — I do have so many
things I do but but I
cannot leave Brown Bay
— do you know, some times

33-2-50

I do things some times —
Hark I hear fire
Come
Listen I see a flame
In gods great name!
Pitiful Christ — Brown Bay
— The boats
The mountain flames
The town burns

& through it wanders with
bowed a soul that is
damned.

33-2-51

The hatred of Brown Bay for the whites

The old man & his smithy
his fairy tales & brews
his dialect

—

His philosophy of life

Veil your face Honey
veil your face. All fully
women should veil their
faces. The beauty of the mountains
is heaven. But the beauty of woman
is hell

33-2-55

33-2-52

O bother — if you don't keep away from these darkies I'll be a gay & warm your jacket — then now.

—

Arrival of convicts for the mine

—

Discovery of iron on the haunted hill

—

~~Discovery~~ Labours — criminals the chains travail of soul.

—

The hunter & Neer-do-well — Brown Boy — chain gang Escapes & finds the girl

—

O I did wait for thee, Brown Boy — there endless years & thou hast come — O thou hast come & I am happy happy!

33-2-57

—

we must get rid of him — he is untamed, uncreated hell raise hell, drive him north or — kill him we must in self defence

—

The victor shudders at him

—

Who made him what he is

Ah Brown Boy kiss me kiss me again for I do be absent for thine hot kiss

33-2-48

Do you love me?

O yes — we will be lovers ~~lover~~ only — only there is a secret

I know — I know

O do you know? Do you really know? ah I fear will you kiss

N-no

—

The misery of brown & brown

O you beautiful brown boy but you are not dressed in kingly fashion & you talk in so common a fashion but O brown you make my heart beat so. Why do you make my heart beat, beautiful brown boy?

33-2-54

Dorance sees him inside.

"He attacked you" he gasped
Ike - took me in his arms
she wheezed

O my god! he shrieked
& dashed below on men —
dell him, Lynch him, dam him
& quarter him — There he
is —

She heard nothing only a
great noise above the World
She drew her veil aside as
he dashed up

Colored he grin — I thought
it was a scar
It is the enemy
grin we must flee

33-2-53

The mayor serves a warrant
but the old miners sits with
ready rifle.

—

The haunts on the hill

—

The medicines

—

The force

—

The mining disputes &
the unions

—

~~The~~ girl set where & saved
by the boy — his grace at
home & their fear of his foe
natures — his mother's talk
why yes be kind
of arms the little

33-2-56

The blazing up of the
mine & the ruin of the
Haunted hill.

Oh – oh – Drown Boy she gasped
What have you done – what have
you done?

I fear me it be evil & ugly – and
yet oh Drown boy it was desperate
sweet.

Literary Progress 1913-14

June July Aug — Upsurge of Negro

Is it not great

Yes — it is greater than Peace
greater than love greater than life
— O merciful God!

33-2-52

August & September — Red Rose
October — Crowd Color
November — Interlude

The Iron Hill

June
July } Victory

August
Sept } Black Man & His Mother

Oct
Nov
Dec } Novel { Rocky Coast Color Interlude

THE CRUCIFIXION OF GOD

Draft manuscripts and notes

THE CRUCIFIXION OF GOD

A Priest was walking timidly down the King's Highway. He was clad in full canonicals - stole and alb and chasuble, with the heavy odor of incense hanging about him. As his eyes searched the far off shadows his lips prayed.

Suddenly the shadows became trees, mighty trees, lifting their heads five hundred feet in air and swelling in thickness a full rod through. Old were the trees, grizzled with aged bark and moss, and yet so thick they blotted out the heavens and blackened the earth.

Fearfully the Priest approached the wood - there was no other way - holding his broidered robes close about his limbs. The cold gloom of the forest fell about him and he lifted his voice in louder prayer.

At last as the mist of the wood encompassed him and shivered through his bones he discovered a young man leaning against one of the largest of the trees - a young man thin and tall, naked, with thickly curled brown hair and a face - it was the face that made the Priest start and gasp. It was a face of sorrow sown with a sort of awful fear; a face white with pain and dark with passion, scarred with the fury of life and yet luminous, strangely and wonderfully luminous with the vision of some Unseen Thing, and eyes- ah what eyes looked from that face upon the Priest.

"What seekest Thou?" said the young man in a voice both low and clear.

"I seek Almighty God" murmured the Priest.

"I am God" said the young man, "but I am not Almighty."

"You? God? - why, you are young! Why are you so young?"

"Because I may not die."

"But you - are human."

"Humanity is divine."

"But you are weak - thin small and weak?"

"Yes I am weak but there is One stronger than I."

"Him then I seek" cried the Priest. "Where is He?"

"Her too I seek" said the Young Man, "but the way is long - come."

He turned and pointed and the Priest saw at the end of the wood a crimson glow in the Heaven. Swiftly the young man strode toward it and the Priest followed stumbling and panting over the gnarled and knotted roots of the vast trees that coiled and twisted along the soft black earth. Brighter and fiercer the crimson blaze burned until it became a silent glowing fire, a great still flame without heat or smoke and in its clear and brilliant mist lay a dark form suspended.

The Priest paused.

"Is that the One mightier than you" he whispered.

"Yes" said the Young Man.

"Who is this?" asked the Priest.

"It is Death."

The Priest shuddered and looked again. The form was the form of a maiden - a black maiden whose body was like the light of a soft summer midnight and whose hair was as smoke curling and swaying about her head in the crimson halo.

"Death!" gasped the frightened Priest, but the Young Man's face was exstacy.

"Death!" he whispered in a voice the yearned. "When my work is

done, I shall die!"

"I shall die before my work is done" said the Priest.

"Wherefore I am God - and thou a Priest."

"I do not want to die."

"Ha! you want Work?"

"I want Righteousness."

"Righteousness? What is Righteousness? I know it not - three things alone I know, Work and Death and Myself. I work that I may die."

"Can God die?"

"When his Work is done."

"Can His work be done?"

"Else he is no God."

"And when God is dead, what then?"

"Love."

"And whence this - Love?"

"From Work."

"What work?"

"The uprooting of these black trees of Hate. Once they go and from this soil will spring all the flowers of Love and God will wed with Death - ah! but the work is hard, bitter hard. Would I might die now."

"Can you not die?"

"Not if I be God."

"Are you really God?"

"I am that I am."

"Must you be God?"

"No and therefore I must - hark?"

Afar off from the darkest end of the wood came a soft sighing, a sigh so light as a woman's soft breath but as he heard it the Young Man stiffened like a hound and his face went white and drawn. He sank to his knees and as he sank the sigh became a wandering summer breeze. He hid his drawn face hid has hands as he bowed. The breeze became a light and fitful wind. He lifted up his streaming eyes to that calm crimson flame but the flame grew dimmer and the wind whelled in the black tree tops.

"Let the cup pass" he cried. "O Death, let the cup pass. I cannot - I dare not work today." But the dark maiden lay coldly silent and the crimson flame blackened with the roar of the tempest.

The storm sang and shrieked in the forest, the thunder bellowed and lit and silvered the dark corpse of death and the ghostlike trees.

The Priest cowered and hid his face, but looking up at one awful crash of flame that seemed too awful for the earth to hold he saw in its white blaze the young man transfigured and glorious. His white face glowed with vision, the muscles in his thin long body stood out like cords. With a cry that was of war and victory he threw himself against the vasted tree in this black forest and clung against it like a writhing worm.

In the next great flash his muscles rose strained and dark and red, drawn to the last limit of strife - silent, taut against that mighty tree. The roar of the storm rose to intermittent shrieks of rage and the tree groaned and swayed.

The Priest arose in amazement and stepped forward heedless of wind and water and saw when the darkness was again rended a sight that appalled and astonished him. The tree was bending, swaying and tearing beneath the awful grip of the man. The roots were crawling, clinging and gripping like live serpents and from that

white strained face and neck the sweat and blood were pouring to the earth.

"By Thy Bloody sweat" murmured the Priest, and then he forgot the storm and the din and saw in the dim blue light a little crawling thing. He wondered afterward how he had come to notice so small a thing. It crawled and wriggled slowly to the foot of the strong man and hung there motionless.

"Help", the cry rang sharp and clear in the forest above the clamor of the storm. The Priest looked around and saw nothing, but as his eyes wondered back he saw a little lazy stream of blood trickling down beside the pale worm on the writhing foot.

"Help" came the cry again and there was agony in it. The Priest watched facinated. Whence would the help come? Then abruptly he thought of himself. "Can I help - God?" he muttered and as he muttered and hesitated the cry rang again with a pain and agony that trembled to dispair. "Help for God's sake!"

"Quickly the Priest bent and crawled and lightly picked the wriggling insect from out the dark and clotted blood. Slowly the forest lightened and the wind died, Slowly gripped in those thin white arms the great tree rose toward heaven and a vast sheet of earth rose with it. It swayed and toppled and in a frenzy of fear the Priest turned his back and crouched. There was a pause, a grinding of rocks and crashing of branches and then a fall like the fall of the world and a stillness. The Priest lifted his eyes. Before him lay a broad cross of golden sunlight as if a vast space were cleared behind him. And behind? He dared not turn. What was behind? A crushed and bleeding form or - he paused and gasped for in the sunshine lay a shadow.

No longer did he see the golden cross nor the white springing flowers - but only a shadow that swept across the wood - a shadow of

mighty limbs - limbs such as human eyes had not seen before - curving glorious limbs fit to uphold a universe. He did not turn to see whence the shadow came. He almost knew. Fearful he glanced along to where the shadow of the limbs burst to great swelling thighs and mighty buttocks. The Priest clutched his hands in his hair and closed his eyes then strained them again further where thick withes of sinews struggled up along a body poised like a mountain peak and crowned by shoulders broad as the ends of earth. And on the mighty shoulders flushed the faint glowing of a crimson flame - but further the Priest dared not raise his eyes but grovelling he fell upon the earth and hid his face and cried "Here am I - send me."

Wherefore God called his Son and sent him forth to writhe in the Almighty forest to be crucified and commanded him saying

"Thou shalt be crucified and may not die - behold they crown of thorns."

The Crucifixion of [redacted]

God. [redacted]

[redacted]

A Priest was walking lumbly down the Kings Highway. He was clad in full canonicals — stole and alb and chasuble, with the heavy odor of incense hanging about him. As his eyes scanned the bar of shadows his lips prayed.

Suddenly the shadows became trees mighty trees, lofty their heads fine sunlit heat in air and smelling in thickness a full and thorough. Old were the trees, gnarled with aged bark & moss, and yet so thick they blotted out the heavens & blackened earth. Fearfully the Priest approached the wood — there was no other way — holding his brindered robes close about his limbs. The cold gloom of the forest fell about him & he lifted his voice in prayer

At last as the mind of the wood arrom-
bracced him al shivered through his Bones
he descried a young man leaning against
one of the largest of the trees — a young
man thin and tall, naked, with bushy
curled brown hair and a face — it was the
face that made the priest start and
gasp. It was a face of sorrow sown
with a sort of awful fear; a face
white with pain and dark with passion
scarred with the fury of life and yet
luminous, strangely and wonderfully lum-
inous with the vision of some Unseen
Thing. And eyes — ah what eyes looked from that
face upon the priest

"What seekest Thou?" said the young
man in a voice both low & bleak.

"I seek Almighty God" murmured the
Priest

"I am God" said the young man, "but
I am not Almighty

"You? God? — why, you are young!
Why are you so young?"

"Because I may not die"

"But you — are human"

"~~All that is divine is~~ Humanity is divine

But you are weak — thin small & weak!

Yes I am weak but there is One stronger than I"

"Then then I seek" cried the Priest "Where is He"

"Where too I seek" said the Young Man

"And the way is long — come"

We turned and pointed and the Priest saw at the end of the wood a crimson glow in the heaven. Smiting the young man strode forward & the priest follows shamblingly & panting over the gnarled and

knotted roots of the vast trees that coiled & twisted along the soft black earth.

Brighter & fiercer the crimson blaze burned until it became a silent glowing fire a quiet still flame without heat or smoke and in its clear & brilliant midst lay a dark form suspended.

The priest paused

"Is this the One you spoke of when you" he whispered: "yes" said the young man

"Who is this" asked the Priest

"It is Death"

The Priest shuddered and looked again. The form was the form of a maiden — a black maiden whose body was like the night of a soft summer night wrapped & whose hair was as smoke curling & emerging about her head in the crimson halo.

"Death!" gasped the frightened priest, and the young man's face was was ecstasy

"Death!" he whispered in a voice that yearned "when my Work is done, I shall die!"

"I shall die before my work is done" said the Priest

"Wherefore I am God — and thou a Priest"

"I do not want to die"

"Ha! you want Work!"

"I want Resplendences"

"Resplendences? What is Resplendences? I know it not — three Things alone I know Work + Death + Myself. I work that I may die.

Can God die?

When his Work is done

Can his work be done

Else he is no God.

And when God is dead, what then?

Love

And whence this — Love
From Work
Whose Work
The uprooting of these black trees of Hate.
Once they go and from this soil will spring all
the flowers of Love and God will mend
with Death — ah! and the ~~Book is~~ Word
is hard, bitter hard.. Would I might die now!
Can you not die.
Not if I be god
~~And then~~ Are you really God
I am that I am.
Must you be god
Yes and therefore I must — hark?
Afar off from the darkest end of the wood
came a sort cry-ing

~~It was~~ a sign ~~was~~ light
as a woman's soft breath but
as he stood at the young man
stepped like a hound at his
feet went white and drawn. He
sank & his senses all as he
sank the night he came a
trembling summer breeze. He
held his drawn face in his hand
as he ~~stood~~ the breeze became
a light & fitful wind. He
looked up his weary eyes
to that calm crimson flame
But the flame grew dimmer
& the wind whistled on the
black trees that
"Let the end have" he cried
"of death, let the end have
& cannot - I dare not work
& day," but the dark wanderer

lay coldly silent & the
crimson flame flashed such
the roar of the tempest.

The storm sang and
shrieked in the forest, the
thunder bellowed and
lit and relieved the dark
corpse of death and the
gaunt tree. ~~Then at~~
~~the height of the awful~~
The priest cowered &
hid his face but looking
up at one awful crash
of flame that seems to
awful for the earth the
world he saw in its white
blaze the young man
transfigured & glorious, his
white face glowed with
vision, the muscles on his
strong body stood out like

cords. With a cry that was
of war & victory he threw
himself against the vast
tree in the black forest
& clung against it like
a writhing worm

On the west great flash
his arms were stained
& dark & red drawn & the
last limit of strife ~~and~~
- silent, tense against that
mighty tree. The roar
of the storm rose & whis-
tled shrieks of rage
and the tree groan and
swayed

The Priest arose in
amazement & stepped
forward heedless of wind
& water and saw when
the darkness was a gaun

revealed a figure that appalled
& astonished him. The
tree was bending savagely
& tearing beneath the awful
grip of the storm. The
roots were crawling clinging
& gripping like live ~~snakes~~
serpents and from that
white stained face &
wreck the sweat & blood
were pouring to the earth

"By Thy Bloody sweat"
murmured the priest & then
he forgot the storm & the
dim and saw in the dim
blue light a little crawling
thing. He wondered afterward
how he had come & notice
so small a thing. It crawled
& writhed slowly & the foot

of the strong man & hung there motionless.

"Help"; the cry rang short & clear in the forest above the clamor of the storm. The priest looked around & saw nothing but as his eyes wandered back he saw a little line of blood trickling down beside the hole worn on that worthy foot.

"Help" came the cry again and there was agony in it. The Priest watched pained. Whence issued the help came? Then absently he thought of himself "can I help — god?" he stumbled and as he stumbled & hesitated the cry rang

again more & pain & agony than trembled & died — "Help for God's sake!"

Quickly the Priest bent and crawled & clasped the struggling mass from out the dark & clotted blood. Slowly the forest lightened, the wind died slowly, grasped within the thin white arm the great tree rose toward heaven & a dark sheet of earth rose with it swayed & toppled & in a frenzy of fear the Priest turned his back and crouched. There was a groan a grinding of rocks

& crashing of branches & then a fall & the fall of the world & a stillness. The priest lifted his eyes. Before him lay a broad cross of golden sunlight as a vast shape loomed behind him. And behind? He dared not turn. What was behind? a crushed and bleeding form or — he paused and gasped for in the sunshine lay a shadow ~~the most distorted shadow ever seen by human eye~~

no longer did. He saw the golden cross and the white clinging flowers — but only a shadow that smote across the wood — a shadow of mighty limbs — limbs such as human eyes had not seen before — great sinewy curving gloriously limbs & feet & naked a monstrous torso He did not turn to see when the shadow came. He almost knew. Tempted he glanced along & where the shadow of the limbs burst & great sinewy thighs & mighty buttocks. The Priest clasped his hands on his brain & closed his eyes & shrank down again further where the mighty mightier of arms struggled up along a

The Crucifixion of God the King

1. The scene opens with the Coronation of a child — Joseph by His own Grace ~~God~~, King of All Lands & Seas & ~~God~~ of the Unknown worlds that lie Beyond the Sky. He is a deep spiritual child, ~~and~~ his reign is made a hell by those who Hate and Loot & sneer — robbers, intriguers and ~~the children of abortion & lust~~ gluttons. Their actions Oppress him & he is possessed, in his inmost arms crying wounded & Known & cannot die but I cannot until I conquer ~~them~~ & am revealed." The shouting of the cries.

2. "The King is dead — long live the King — ~~Joseph~~ a wellborn John by his own Grace, King of all Lands &c crowned on the battlefield &c. He is a wild youth & leads in extravagance, art & a wild amour with a peasant girl. He is assassinated just as he realized that he must conquer himself in order to rule the rest & love & that he cannot die until he does this. His terrible death agony — Let me die! Let me die! The black shadow of the cross

3. The great coronation of Joseph II, a in his bed-room
deep introverted man in hard misunderstood
who rules but does not love his wayward wife
He blames & gives Carrie but cruel &
Cupping thwarts him & he dies in despair
declared
take refuge in a mystic religion. The rebellion
beneath the Shadow of the Cross — longing
for rest and knowing that he cannot see

Coup d'état
4. The ~~usurpation~~ of John II, by the Grace
our Grace &c. His stalling Ordeners
& John I & the envy of the Soothsayers
He organizes industry and creates
wealth but poverty and excess
about all he pities & gets the girl he loves who belongs to a fellow about town
shame his efforts & he sees the necessity
of work & love but knows no way
Suddenly a Christ appears from nowhere. He cures many
& ~~selects~~ & a Communist in election
leaving his crown to the old Negro. The Cinnamon
His stately Ceremonies passed in front
5. The coronation of Faith the last. He teaches
Old Nurse
love & work. He finds the love of his youth.
The land becomes a great social democracy
& he and his wife suddenly become very old

We ends a great book with the intimation — & The God of Other Worlds

crying across the hill

Love is God
Love is God
There is no God but Love
And Word is his Prophet

A golden ~~&~~ Crown appears in the sky

JESUS CHRIST IN GEORGIA

Incomplete manuscript

The Guard laughed. "Well, I don't know," he said, "I hadn't thought of that." And then he looked at the stranger curiously.

It was twilight and the man stood rather in the shade, so that one got a sort of impression of unusual height, of a dark, cloaklike coat, and of great soft eyes.

"A curious sort of fellow for the Colonel to bring along with him," thought the Guard.

"But that nigger out there," he continued, pointing to the convict, "is a pratty bad sort of fellow. Ought to be in here for life - is practically, that is, comes in for a year or two, and then goes out and comes back again within a week or ten days. Good for nothing, I say."

Then the voice of the promoter rose. He was bending over his figures, sitting by the Colonel. He was slight, with a sharp nose.

"The convicts," he said, "would cost us $96 a year and board. Well, we can squeeze that so that it won't be over $125 apiece. Now if these fellows are driven, they can build this line within twelve months. It will be running by next April. Freights will fall fifty per cent. Why,man, you will be a millionaire in less than ten years!"

The Colonel started. He was a thick, short man, with clean-shaven face, and a certain air of aristocracy and good breeding about the

of his countenance, and the word millionaire sounded well in his ears. He thought, he thought a great deal, but he almost heard the puff of the automobile that was coming up the road and he said," I suppose we might as well hire them."

"Of course," said the promoter.

But the voice of the tall stranger in the corner broke in here. "It will ~~do them much good~~ be a good thing for them!" he said, half in question.

The Colonel started. "The Guard makes strange friends," he thought to himself. "What's this man doing here anyway? " He looked at him, or rather, looked at his eyes, and then somehow felt a certain ~~warming~~ toward him.

He said, "Well, ~~it can hardly harm them~~ at least it can't harm them — they're beyond that."

"It will do them good," said the stranger again.

The promoter shrugged his shoulders. "It will do us good," he said.

But the Colonel shook his head impatiently. He felt a ~~strange~~ ~~sort of~~ desire to justify himself before those eyes.

"Yes, it will do them good," he said. "~~Gosh~~, at any rate it won't make them any worse than they are." And then he started to say something else, but here sure enough the sound of the automobile ~~stopping~~ breathing at the gate stopped him and they all arose.

"It is settled, then," said the promoter.

"Yes," said the Colonel. Then he turned to the stranger again. "Are you going toward town?" he asked with the Southern courtesy of white man to white man in a County town.

The stranger said he was.

"Then come along in my machine. I want to talk to you about this."

They went out to the automobile. The stranger as he went turned again to look back. The convict was a tall, powerfully built black fellow. His face was ~~forbidding~~ sullen, with a low forehead and shifting eyes. There was ~~crime~~ the revolt written about the mouth, and a hang-dog expression. He stood bending over his pile of stones pounding listlessly. Beside him stood a boy of twelve, yellow, with a hunted, crafty ~~look~~. The convict raised his eyes, and they met the eyes of the stranger. The hammer fell from his hands.

Then the stranger turned and looked toward the automobile, and the Colonel introduced him. He could not exactly catch the name, but mumbled something as he introduced him to his wife and little girl who were waiting in the automobile. He started to talk to the stranger as they whirled away, but the stranger had taken the little girl out of the back seat into his lap, and together they conversed in low tones all the way home. Somehow, they did not exactly know how, they got the impression that the man was a teacher, and of course he must be a foreigner. The long cloaklike coat told this.

They rode in the twilight through the lighted city, and at last

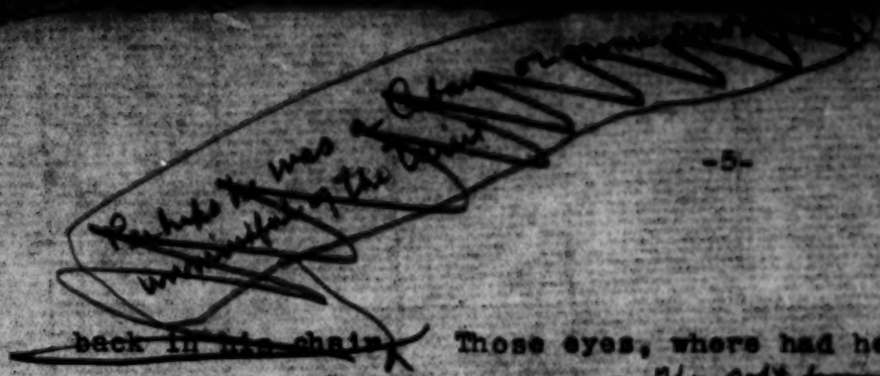
drew up before the Colonel's mansion, with its great white pillars.

The lady in the back seat was thinking of the guests she had invited to dinner, and wondered if she ought to ~~invite~~ this man, ~~who seemed so educated~~. It would be rather interesting to have him there, with the Judge's wife and daughter and ~~the young man visiting the Judge and~~ the Rector. She spoke almost before the thought:

~~So she said as they entered the gates~~, "You will stay to dinner, Colonel" and the little girl insisted. Just for a moment he say — he could not clearly — but must be about his father's business ~~He stepped aside~~

So up the steps they all went, and into the cool, dark parlor, and there they sat and talked a long time. It was a curious conversation. Afterwards they did not remember exactly what ~~they~~ said, but they all remembered a certain strange satisfaction in that long, low talk. The ~~Then somebody went out into the dining room. It was blazing with light and~~ the Colonel's finest silver and china was on the table. With one accord they all looked at the stranger, for they had hardly seen him well in the glowing lamplight ~~upon him~~. The wife started ~~up~~ in consternation, and the Colonel ~~stepped back half~~ in anger. Why, the man was a mulatto! He was tall and straight, and the coat looked like a Jewish gabardine. His hair hung in close curls down the sides of his face, and his face was olive, even yellow.

~~The Colonel started with an angry ejaculation, and then sat~~ The stranger's eyes.



back in his chair. Those eyes, where had he seen those eyes before? Long years ago, the soft brown tear-filled eyes of a brown girl He remembered them, he ~~remembered the eyes of that girl long years ago.~~ ~~them.~~

~~It was Sal's girl.~~ He remembered how he had followed her through the forest. He remembered, ~~he remembered~~ many things, and his face grew drawn and white. Those eyes kept burning into him, even when they were turned half away toward the staircase, where the white figure of the child hovered with her nurse.

The lady sank into her chair and thought "What will the Judge's wife say? How did this man ~~came~~ here? ~~What shall I do?~~" She looked at the Colonel in reproachful consternation

~~And~~ Then the door opened and the old butler came in. He was an ancient, black man with tufted white hair, and he held before him a great silver tray filled with china service. The stranger rose slowly ~~at the table~~ stretched forth his hands as if to bless the viands. The old man, stopped tottered ~~and swayed~~, and the tray ~~with all the china~~ went crashing upon the floor, ~~[illegible]~~ "My Lord and God!" murmured the old man;

But The woman screamed: "Mother's china!" ~~she moaned, and she rushed forward.~~

~~But the stranger lifted the tray and put it upon the table, and lo! there was not a piece broken. She was just going to thank him when~~

The door bell rang. ~~This brought her to herself again.~~

"Heavens! here are the party!" ~~she said.~~ exclaimed the Lady. She turned toward the door ~~and~~ but there in the ~~door~~ hall clad in her night clothes was the little girl.

She had stolen down the stairs to see the stranger again, as the Nurse was calling in vain

The woman felt frightened and chilled at the sight and the stranger had shielded his arms with a glad cry the child rushed in to them. And they caught the words as he silently vanished the sting! "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

(with the little white dress)

The mother was glad; and they & he and the children were for a moment [illegible] but the man said, "Suffer the child

[illegible] for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The little child came with a glad cry, and he took her in his arms

and they spoke in low tones.

The bell rang again and the Colonel's wife went toward the door, which the black maid was already opening. The little girl ran up the steps. She did not notice the shadow of the stranger as he returned came slowly down the stairs and

The stranger stood by the newel post, dark and silent.

The Judge's wife came in. She was an old woman, frilled, powdered into youth, and richly and gorgeously gowned. She came forward, smiling, with extended hands, and when she was opposite the stranger, somewhere a chill seemed to strike her, and she shuddered and cried, "Oh, that draught." Then she recovered and shook hands cordially, and forgot the stranger was. The Judge strode in whistling and thinking of a case. "Eh? what? Oh-er-yes - good evening" he said, "good evening."

Behind him came a young woman in the glory of youth, daintily silked and satined, with diamonds around her fair neck, beautiful in face and form. She came in, with a little shriek, said, "Why, I beg your pardon. Was it not curious? I thought I saw the outline of a skeleton there." And she smiled again

Behind her came a tall, handsome young naval officer [illegible] his

coat and taking the stranger for a servant, handed his gilded card carelessly toward him, and the stranger took it quietly.

Behind him came the Rector, a man of forty, and well-clothed. He started to pass the stranger, stopped and looked at him and observed;

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I beg your pardon, I thought I knew you."

The stranger made no answer and the hostess nervously hurried the guests on. But the Rector lingered and looked perplexed.

"Surely I know you, I have met you somewhere," he said, putting his hand vaguely to his head. "you remember me, do you not?"

But the stranger quietly swept his cloak aside and passed out of the door. "I never knew you," he said, in low tones. The lady murmured some faint excuse about intruders, but the Rector stood with annoyance written on his face. "I beg a thousand pardons." he said to the hostess abroad, "It is a great pleasure to be here — Somehow I thought I knew that man. I am sure I knew him, once."

The stranger had passed down the steps, and as he passed, the maid flew down after him — caught his cloak, knelt trembled, hesitated, and then stepped out in the dusk before him.

He touched her lightly with his hand and said, "Go, sin no more." With a glad cry left the house with its open door and turned north. Hand in hand they went, then the maid, turned north and the man turned south into the night. As they parted a low, long howl was

heard through the darkness.

The Colonels wife started up. "The bloodhounds?" she said.

The Rector said carelessly, "Another one of those convicts escaped, I suppose." And then he stopped. He was trying to remember that stranger's name.

The Colonels wife shuddered a little. The young girl thought of the skeleton, but the young officer was looking at her, and the fires of life burned in her veins, so she forgot.

Howl after howl sounded through the night. The stranger glided rapidly down the street and out into the deep forest. There he paused and stood waiting, tall and still. A mile up the road behind, a man was running, tall and powerful, with crime stained face, with convicts' stripes upon him and shackles on his legs. He ran and jumped in little short steps. He fell and rose again, while the howls of the hounds sounded behind him. Into the forest he leaped and ran, and then seeing the tall form before him, he fell panting in the dust. A great gray hound shot out of the woods behind him; it fawned before the stranger's feet. Hound after hound came and lay there, then silently crept away toward the forest.

The stranger made a cup of his hands and gave the man water to drink, and bathed his head, and gently took the chains from his feet. By

The convict and by ~~he~~ stood up. Day was dawning over the treetops. He looked into the stranger's face. "Why, you are a nigger too," he said.

~~The stranger said "Yes."~~

Then the convict seemed ~~to want~~ conscious to justify himself. "I never had no chance," he said. "They lied about me, I didn't steal" furiously. "Then, finally he added that time

"But you struck," said the stranger, quietly.

"Yes, I struck him," said the man fiercely, "I struck him, and I'd strike - " and then he looked into the stranger's eyes and was silent.

And the stranger said, "Go and work" ~~and do not steal~~"

And the man said, "I can't help stealing. When I see things it seems just like ~~as though~~ I must take them.

And the stranger ~~repeated, "Go and work and do not steal!"~~ said "For My sake!"

The convict looked down at his striped clothes, but the stranger had taken off his long coat. ~~He turned~~ and put it around him, and the stripes ~~fell to the ground.~~ disappeared. Into the opening morning the black man reeled toward the farm house, and the stranger stood watching him. ~~The convict went on and~~ The farm house & the convict gazed at ~~him~~ each other but not knowing what ~~the~~ farmer thought ~~man~~ hired him for a day's work.

There was a new glory in the day, ~~and a new sensation came to him.~~ The black man's ~~His~~ face seemed to clear up. He worked as he had never worked before. The ~~man~~ farmer watched him with satisfaction. "Go up to the house and get your supper," he said, just before sunset. "I'll give you a bed in the barn & you can work tomorrow."

The convict laid down his tools and walked toward the house. He walked as he had never walked before; he did not slouch. He looked into the kitchen door. No one was there. He looked into the sitting room. On the table lay a gold watch. He looked at it, and in a moment he was beside it, and his hand was on it.

It was the house of the convict Guard. A little while before a woman had come down from the house and walked out toward a neighbor's.

She was gone but a little while and when she came back she started to see a dark figure on the door steps. She thought it was a Negro; he said in a soft voice, "Will you give me some bread?" She thought it must be the voice of a white man, and answered in her soft, Southern tones, "Why, certainly."

She was a little woman. Once she had been handsome, but now her face drawn with work and care. She was nervous, and was always thinking, wishing, wanting for something. She went in and got him some cornbread and some cold bacon, then came out and sat down beside him. She began to tell him about herself, the things she had done, and had not done, and the things she had wished. She told him of her husband.

about his wages, how the convicts ran away and got him in trouble; of only yesterday when he had kicked; at last she gricked and bought and sold of the men they were buying of her neighbors, how good they were and how bad.

"And do you like them all?" asked the stranger.

She hesitated. "Most of them," she said, and then putting her hand in his as though he were her father, she said; "There are none I hate, no, none at all."

But he said again, holding her hand in his, "Do you love them all?"

"I try—" she began and then she looked the way he was looking; and down under the hill lay a little half-ruined cabin, and in the cabin was a [illegible] woman was looking for her home, and she quite half apologetically, "They are niggers," she said, [illegible] bridling. He looked at her. And he said, "All all, do you love them all?"

Suddenly a great confusion came over her, and she said, she knew not why, "But they are niggers."

Then with a sudden impulse she rose, [illegible] and held [illegible] her face. She saw that he was [illegible]. She shrieked in sudden terror and rushed down into the path; and just as she rushed down, the black convict came running [illegible] They met, and [illegible] and she fell to the earth. The Guard came running with an oath. "I knew it," he

THE COCOA TRILOGY

Draft manuscript

THE COCOA TRILOGY

Part I in the Cameroons

Dwala in a brown shift, a gold brown skin nd a brown study sat staring at his father's cocoa fields. There was something wrong, radically wrong and Dwala thought he had the answer. Here was this crop, beautiful luxurious, waving on a hundred trees, yielding every year wh t ought to be a fortune and yet when the prices were listed down at the white factories he saw easily that his year's crop was going to leave him in debt. Partly the price could be remedied and lifted by more careful cultivation which he had already given it working misty mornings and dark twilights along with his none to eager retainers. Then the sorting and drying was going to be done finally. Not for naught had he attended the government courses in cocoa raising along with the Presbyterian mission school. Even then, however, the price was not satisfactory. He had the quotations last week in London in the current copy of the Times. The difference between what was paid for a ton of cocoa in the Cameroons and in Liverpool was outrageous. It was theft, he said, angrily stamping his feet. There was only one cooperative selling which the government or at least a part of the government was encouraging. And then this other scheme of his. Cocoa could be processed right there in the Cameroons and then smaller in bulk and more carefully packed could be sold at a high price even when the high Elder-Dempster was paid. What he would do would be to study chemistry in England. Perhaps who knows he could get a year or two in a cocoa factory, return to the Cameroons and then he rose with bright and flashing eyes and stared out over the sea.

He had difficulty getting permission to go to England despite the ready money which his father furnished him and in London further difficulties in the matter of lodging which he ignored. The matter of admission to the school of chemistry. The young American Floyd Haines was especially nasty but he did his two years with excellent marks and careful savings and he studied his England. Then he went thenext year to the Cadbury's factory seeking employment as a chemist. It was preemptorily refused but he got on as a laborer and he saw and learned things although the same Floyd Haines kept him from being accepted by the union with a chance for promotion. He

(1)

The small hut shone in thousands of diamonds were shooting beneath the rainbow flowered shade trees and above the rich black earth

(2)

And the world was drinking cocoa —
how it was drinking it across the great world
was [illegible] in America [illegible] 1906
first times as much as in

3 times as much

(3)

Of course he could improve his cocoa — perfect the beans more carefully. Possibly distribute on Trans the S. American variety which took lean trans. And then the drying — perhaps clay floors instead of mats. But this did not go in the pot

(4)

He took an idea of a cocoa factory —
and the world was

5
and down the ally — The Evolution of the Emperor. ——— For was there might
believe he found an unlikely Ally. Most trades

(5) cont

Across Fields from Courtesy — with green dress
Alice waves "Hello up"

(6) London Views —

(7) World before

(8) Cadbury's as seen with Aunty Hazel — Mrs Hall
Mistress — = yet if she knows she needs, Mistress —
who knows.

(9) Where does Granny's Kath snuggle out?
down —
Walk; doubtfully — not Kath or down that stairs
Rat or Fish or down
Which the difference?

appealed to the new young director, the Honorable John Griggs, the younger son of an earl. Griggs was tall and slim, a fine clean cut young fellow just from Eaton and Oxford. It struck him as rather funny to see this black fellow wanting to learn the inner facts of cocoa manufacture. He was disposed to let him but he was warned of trade union difficulties and with some regret refused. Then came news from the Cameroons, sudden, distressing. In the interests of appeasement ~~the Cameroons~~ Togoland was were going to be returned to Germany. There was a native uprising and England sent out soldiers. The Honorable John Griggs went out as ~~lieutenant in a territorial regiment~~, but the thing that dismayed Dwala was that his father's land was confiscated and turned into a plantation. He protested in London. He protested in ~~Duala~~. He showed that his estate was part of tribal lands coming down in his family a thousand years. He showed that without this land he was reduced to day labor, to working for a shilling a day, $60 a year, to support himself and family, $60 which was exactly what the honorable John Griggs had paid for his patent leather boots.

So Dwala in fury joined the native uprising, fought, starved, bled, was captured and sentenced to death. He escaped, ~~to England~~ and his first job was to find the Honorable John Griggs.

Part II - Iowa

Floyd Haines was a typical western American, self-reliant, clear headed if not brilliant, determined to make his way in the world. He asked no help; he wanted no gifts; just a clear chance to make his path and he knew that path was going to be wide and lead high. He worked his way through the agriculture school and specialized in agriculture. He became interested in tropical agriculture and the chemical possibilities and since he so prefer cocoa to coffee his attention gradually became concentrated there. He went to Chicago and got a job with a wholesale dealer in cocoa and began to experiment in the processing of the bean. He was disgusted at the condition in which the beans arrived the result he was told of lazy niggers in West Africa. He soon realized that the center of cocoa processing was in England. He saved and borrowed enough money to go there first to study chemistry and then to get into a cocoa factory. ~~He got a good job at Cadburys.~~ The first difficulty was a West African Negro who actually tried to

Where there got a gourmet fit in the colonial office between the knowledge of Ocean about him in good stead. Who should meet in our home but Dwarka

11

Quigley was incensed & puzzled

(1)

She was sure that on exploring the bullion & treasury that caverns she could find ways of bettering & cheapening the product

(2)

Just discuss Bl. Auckland & ask them & question about books by Ch. Lees

~~Soaking~~ cleaning beans

2 Sorting Them

3 Roasting Them in Cylinders

4 Cracking beans & Winnowing off shells

5 Turning nibs & Sugar

6 Removing heart of Cocoa bean

7 Sifting Cocoa powder thro' mill

8 Packing

pal with him, but Haines put him in his place. He laid his plans for cocoa manufacture in America with new machinery which he was devising and newer methods. And then he suddenly found himself out of a job. When he wanted to return to his American job he was discouraged. They were not expanding there. They were cutting down their importations. Prices were falling. All right if American didn't have sense enough to see his ideas he would turn them over to England and he tried to lay his plans before the factory executives. They listened to him with pained incredulity. It was American push and they did not like it. He happened, however, on one occasion to meet the Honorable John Griggs, a young and coming member of the board. He went to Griggs and laid his cards on the table. Griggs was intrigued. Here was a man obviously not a gentleman but full of force, vim and faith. Griggs did not know much about the cocoa business but after all he was in to learn. He encouraged Haines. He promised him facilities and capital but the depression sharpened and the Cadbury's had to curtail. The first thing that was suggested was to cut off this new chemical experimentation that Griggs had championed for Haines. Haines argued with him bitterly. The deal with Germany will cut the price of raw cocoa, won't it.

Yes, said Griggs, although it will be rather hard on the poor black devils there. they think they own the land. Nonsense, what they need is work, said Haines. Then said Haines, you proposed to cut down on expenses here.

Yes, admitted Griggs.

Well, is that necessary? Can't you keep up wages and materials and cut down a little on profit. You are making a pretty big income.

Griggs stiffened a little and shook his head. No, of course, you wouldn't quite understand but there is a certain scale of living to which Englishmen of - He hesitated and then said, a class has attained. Its got to be kep up. Its part of civilization, of empire.

All right, all right, said Haines, but civilization consists in doing things better, distributing the results more widely and empire must be efficient to last.

But Griggs was sorry. As he said this young American was getting to be offensively democratic. They must cut down the payroll. There was nothing else to do.

Haines went out to the factory and to the men. He gave full voice to his grievance. We have got to organize against this kind of arbitrary dismissal. It is not only a matte

of our bread and butter. It is a matter of efficient manufacture.

That is right, answered several. We can take over ~~organise labor against~~ capital.

Oh no, screamed Haines, that is all damn nonsesne. I am not a communist. I believe in capital. But why should I be fired. Why should white men be fired when you have got a chance to make still greater profit just for the present luxuries of a few snobs.

And then the Negro spoke up. So you haven't any sympathy for black men working for a shilling a day but only for white men working for a pound a day.

That is it precisely, said Haims. The reason Negroes are getting a shilling a day is because that is all they are worth. But the trade unions wouldhave nothing with him. He wasn't a worker. He was a capitalist. Smiling bitterly he took boat for the United States.

Part III - Blamwell Towers

There was no doubt that life at Blamwell Towers was a triumph of modern civilization. There was much that one reads about in English novels: the ancestral home which had certainly belong to the earldom for 200 years and there was no reason to dispute the tradition of a couple of hundred other years. There was the marvelous lawn, the shubbery, the vast and benign trees. There was the army of servants, low voiced, efficient, respectful, always on hand when needed, always fading out of sight when superfluous, showing every shade of deference to rank and breeding. The Honorable John Griggs had been born into this. It was a part of him and the central and sustaining part of what he called the world. He was good-hearted and intelligent; he had read considerably; he had received the education of an English gentlemen. Income to him and his family was light sunshine - necessary and needed in generous amounts. Not for merely selfish purposes, the Honorable John wasnot selfish, was generous to a fault but there were certain things which of course he must have. You couldn't get a suit of clothes fit for a gentleman at less than 25 pounds. Standing in evening dress he represented in goods and services almost exactly what it had cost Haines to live during the last year. Of course this included some purely ornamental things like his black pearl buttons and studs, his cigarette case, his cane, cloak and opera hat. On the

other hand the servants at the Towers were well paid and had easy jobs. They were cared for in age. There was no poverty in the village although the number of people who lived there was much less than in olden days. But the Honorable John's f ther had been sorely pressed the last few years. The taxes had eaten into his real estate and holdings. He had had to sell them to avoid taxes and had invested in commerce especially in cocoa. The change had been profitable until the depression came. Then there was difficulty. The empire needed money. The far flung, thin red line was wavering. The prestige of England was in doubt and that prestige had to be kept up at any cost. His eldest son and heir had of course gone into the army. He would have liked to have an Honorable John in the navy but somewhat shamefacedly he put him in commerce. The heir was to be married and the presents of a young bride who had money in her own right had to be worthy of an earl. The earl had picked out a pearl necklace. Its cost was 50,000 pounds. He could hardly spare it. He certainly could not spare it if taxes went up and profits went down. He told the Honorable John this frankly. John was now on the board of directors of the company where his chief investments were made and the expenses of that company, especially the payroll, must go down if income dropped. For this and other reasons Haines was dismissed and a strike threatened at the Cadbury's facotry. At the last moment English Haines made appeasement with Germany and it was a great relief that John could go out with the territorial regiment to superintend the transfer and at the same time represent cocoa. Everything seemed to be going well until there came that silly uprising over the land. What it was John did not understand. It was poppy-cock to talk about land belonging to a tribe. Land must belong to individuals and when the land was sold to a German company for a large sum it meant the salvation of his English company, higher income and lower taxes for his family and the magnificent pearl necklace. John put the deal ~~went~~ through just as the native uprising came. Of course it amounted to nothing. Machine guns, airplanes and wireless soon had the black men crawling and begging. It had of course its nasty aspects but as John rose in his place in the dining room of the steamer and raised his glass to the king his fine young face was alight with enthusiasm and tears were in his eyes. After all what could be greater than the British Empire and the fine young King and Queen who represented the greatest nation in modern history. He raised his glass and as he raised it the carving knife in the hand of the black waitor found his heart and he died. Dwala leaped into the sea and did not rise ~~again~~. Haines searched the seas with gloomy eyes. As he sailed westward he saw the paradox of human culture.

THE JEWEL

Draft manuscript and incomplete draft

The porter was sitting in the end section, and as I came [illegible] of the smoking room, I sat down beside him. He offered to rise. "Keep your seat" I said, and when he leaned back and placed his long thin hand on the window sill, I noticed the ring on his hand and the peculiar jewel in it.

" That's a rather pretty stone" I said, bending forward. " Yes" he said. I looked at it again. Evidently it was costly and I was surprised. " You like jewels?" I said curiously. "Yes" he said hesitatingly," but I sometimes think that is it wrong to put so much beauty and value in so small a space. Yes, I like jewels, I'm crazy about them. Did I ever tell you about the Jewel that was on my train one time?" " No I said, and I settled back, expectantly.

"Well" he said " I was running to Florida on the Seaboard, then. My car came from New York and went to Jacksonville, two nights and a day. The first night I determined to get my bunch of shoes polished and out of the way early so that I could get a good night's

sleep. I was sitting at the end of the aisle in the little jog as you turn xxxxx to go round to the smoking room, polishing away and thinking- Oh, I don't know what- when I thought I heard a rustle. I looked up and bless me! if there wasn't a woman coming slowly down the aisle directly toward me in her long white xxxx night robe. I sat still. One sees a good many things on sleeping cars and is usually surprised at nothing. But this gliding white apparition gave me quite a turn at first. She came toward me but with a peculiar, soft, hesitating sort of walk as though she were groping. Nearer and nearer she came until at last stopping right before me she bent over me and I could feel her breath upon my forehead. I looked at her eyes. They were closed. She was evidently walking in her sleep. Well it would have been decidedly embarrassing to me if she had waked up just then. I suppose there would have been a lynching or something like by time she was through yelling. I squirmed until I noticed that she held in her hand a little box. She thrust it forward-

evidently wanting me or somebody to take it. I hesitated, then took it out of her hand. She gave a long sigh as of great relief and turning walked slowly back toward her berth. I tiptoed after her so as to make no noise and not to wake her and just as she was pulling the curtain around her I slipped the little box in after her and chuckling went back to my work. It was a curious sort of experience and I was thinking over it as I brushed a little pair of patent leather shoes. I noticed, by the way, that they came from her berth, and looking inside I saw that they were bought in Boston. I turned over and looked at them thoughtfully, when looking up again, here came the woman. I started up. My first impulse was to disappear into the smoking room but there was alook of such evident distress and suffering upon her face that I did not have the heart to go. So I stood still, received the box the second time, heard again that deep sigh of relief and saw her walk slowlyback to her berth. I sat down and looked at the box but it was rather dark where I was so that I turned

and went into the smoking room. It was a little box about three inches square -and two inches high, covered with leather and bound with brass. It looked worn and used. I tried to open it; but it first resisted my efforts, but at last after repeated trials, touching some secret spring, it flew open. I gasped in amazement. A jewel lay before me- a great jewel perhaps an inch and a half wide and fully as thick. It looked like a great drop of sunlight of that reddish yellow sunlight that comes toward the sunset, brilliant, wonderful, changing.

I sat and gazed at it. I could not bare to touch it, but I turned the box letting the light fall upon it, here and there. I sighed as I thought that it was not mine. ~~Then a temptation came over me.~~ Then a temptation came over me— who knew I had it? - not one surely, and no-one else- " It is very beautiful" said a voice. I started up in amazement. I remembered that the conductor had let on an extra passenger some where down in Virginia and possibly he had given him a seat in the smoking room, but certainly I had not seen him there

before, and I could have sworn that there was nobody in the room for I was much absorbed.
when I cme in. Yet possibly he was there, He was an old man with curly hair and dark swarthy looking face, and little fierce eyes that changed very quickly. He was dressed rather shabbily on the whole, yet the material of his clothes was good. Evidently he was careless. In years he was uncertain- 50, 60,, perhaps 70. He was smoking a small cigarette. It had a peculiar sweetish odor. I never smelled anything just like it before nor since. He turned his chair around opposite to where I sat and bonding over brought his head and face close to mine, looking at the jewel. Well I started, and then tried to answer carelessly "Yes" " Is it yours? he said. I looked at him and made no answer. He made a movement as if to take it in his hand for closer inspection but I drew back. "Oh, pardon me," he said, with a peculiar little trill of the "r" I mumbled something, and the sweetish almost sickening odor of his cigarette came to my nostrils. I shut the box with a quick snap

and putting it into my inside ~~pocket~~ coat pocket, started up to finish the shoes. Then I sat down again. I felt very drowsy and tired. 'I'll turn too and take a nap' I said to myself at first. Then I ~~thought~~ thought, Was it safe to sleep near this man with that jewel on me? But I could not think very clearly. I wanted the jewel, I wanted it fiercely; I seemed to feel that it was foolish to go to sleep under those dark almost cruel eyes, and yet I was very, very drowsy. I felt for the little box of jewelry in my inner pocket, buttoned up my coat, said some gentle words to the old man and stretched myself upon the couch. ' I will not go to sleep, I said to myself. I will watch this old party; and I watched him. *He leaned back in his chair;* His eyes were half closed, his thin curly hair straggled on his dark foreign face, the little curls of that peculiar sweetish scented smoke rose from the long cigarette in his snake-like fingers. He was a peculiar sight. I watched him dreamily. Then slowly I fell asleep. It was almost daylight when the conductor woke me, shaking me roughly. 'Porter' he

said 'you're late. We're almost to Atlanta. Get up and stir around. People are wondering why they weren't called! ' I leaped to my feet, hurried about my duties and it was fully an hour later when suddenly I stopped. I had come to the berth where the woman had slept and was about to make it up. I reached for the jewel in my pocket. It was gone. Of course it was gone , I said to my-self, I knew it would be gone. Yet I felt certain relief about it, and I went on mechanically making up my berth. The woman was not there. I looked at her bags but they were all of the convention -al, non-committal type. ' Her husband joined her at Spartanburg' said the conductor coming through. ' Whose husband?' I said. " Why the husband of number 3 that you're making up there." " How do you know it's her husband?" He looked at me and laughed. "Oh, I guess it is ,he said. He went out. By and by he came hurriedly back. ' Who's locked up in the closet there ?' 'I don't know, I haven't seen any one go in there.' I went out . We listened. We could

hear groans. Taking my key I opened it and there was the old man of last night. He was partly dressed and evidently had fallen in a fit of some sort. We hurried in and picked him up and carried him into the drawing room at the other end of the car. Just as I was laying him down, I felt a small square thing in his pocket. Silently, without saying anything, I slipped my hand into the inside of his coat ~~in his pocket~~ and took out the jewel case. Putting it in my pocket, I went out. I saw that the lady was in her berth and that there was a man with her, whom I conceived must be her husband or at any rate, so-called. Yes it must be, I thought as I looked them over. I grasped the jewel case. Just as I reached them I turned and looked back towards the drawing room. The old man was sitting up on his berth watching me with hawk-like eyes. My mind was made up. I stopped at the berth where the man and woman sat and took the jewel case out of my pocket. The woman looked up. A pale gray dread grew upon her face and she almost shrunk in her corner. I changed my tactics. 'Beg pardon,

Sir,' I said addressing him ' here is a little box which I found in your berth, which must belong to you.' The man in the opposite berth turned, laid down his paper and looked over with interest. The husband took the box, looked at it in surprise and was evidently going to say that it was not his. Then his hand touched the spring and he saw the jewel. He gazed at it, turned it toward the light and gazed again, and I knew he was lost. He murmured something. She whispered in his ear but he shook his head impatiently. 'Er-er - Thank you, thank you, yes " he said handing me a bill which proved to be five dollars. ' I should be very sorry to lose this,' he said. He held it again toward the light and looked at it.

The man in the berth opposite bent over. The news boy passing through stopped and looked. The conductor looked. The man on The lady in the section behind looked.
glancing ~~looking~~ up saw ~~saw~~ that he had an audience of four or five people gazing at the wonderful jewel. He shut the box quickly almost viciously. ~~with a snap.~~ ' That was a very beautiful jewel' said the man

opposite. The husband murmured something but did not seem inclined for conversation, and the car settled back to its usual calm. Then came the bustle of reaching and leaving Atlanta.

But the memory of that wonderful drop of crimson yellow sunshine did not leave me- I kept thinking of it. The news butcher came and talked about it- I dozed and dreamed about it, after breakfast. The man in the opposite berth came out to the smoking room and bent over and whispered to me. ' Did you find that in his berth?' ' I looked at him. ' Yes' I said shortly. ' Did it belong to him?' ' I don't know what belongs to people' said I and I arose and walked out. The old man in the drawing room sat before the door and kept his hawk-like eyes on the man and the woman. He looked at me too, but he did not say anything. He merely smiled.

The day wore and nothing unusual happened. I went to bed early and got a good sleep that second night until suddenly about the middle of the night I sat straight up in bed and looked at my watch.

II.

It was two o' clock. Just the hour at which I received the jewel last night. I got up, and put on my coat, why, I could not say, and walked out and came into the aisle and stopped with a sigh. cry.

Have you ever seen a silent battle? When people fight, you know, you expect a noise, groanings, hollering, swearing, but there before me swayed two men gripped together and straining every nerve and muscle. Their bodies writhed and twisted- they bent forward and back this way and that- yet silently, almost breathlessly. No word, no cry, scarce a gasp. I stood a moment amazed, then I saw two other spectators: one was the old invalid in the drawing room beyond, creeping forward on his hands and knees; the other was a woman between me and the wrestlers, peeping from her curtains. I had noticed her before- a thin nervous little thing, probably a school teacher. Suddenly one of the wrestlers seemed to get the upper hand- back, back leaned the other; suddenly up shot his hand and the jewel-box flew toward the drawing room but as he raised

it I saw something drop and roll back toward me. It was the Jewel. I bent forward. But the long thin arm of the school teacher flashed out and she and the Jewel disappeared, just the creeping old man seized the empty box, and closed the drawing room door.

All this had happened so quickly that it dazed me. But now I rushed forward to part combatants only to see them quickly cease th the struggle and go crawling along ~~along~~ the floor, searching, the one this way- the one that. Then the door of the drawing room flew open with a bang and out came the third angry searcher. I just subsided into the smoker and laughed, until I felt, even before I saw, the eyes of the old man over me again. He slipped into a chair and drew out a cigarette.

" Rather well done " he chuckled, eyeing me. The sweet odor of th the smoke arose. I made no answer and calmly let myself go to sleep. I guess he searched pretty thoroughly for when I rose at five he was still eyeing me and followed me as I turned toward the car with

an uncomforting chuckle.

Everything now seemed to go smoothly until we approached Jacksonville; the husband and wife conversed fitfully; the man in the opposite berth glared out the window and the old man was invisible. I glanced curiously at the school teacher with the long thin arm. She sat bolt upright, staring straight ahead and painfully conscious, as it seemed to me, of her almost accidental theft. I was sure I saw the sheen of that yellow Jewel in her eye. I walked past her three times and the last time looked her squarely in the eye. She started and trembled. I dusted her ~~the~~ window sill and was about to pass on when I heard the now familiar purr of the old man.

"Perhaps the porter knows" he was saying.

I dusted more slowly and listened, but did not turn my head. "What is it?" asked the conductor, and the news-butcher edged in the door.

" He has lost that beautiful stone of his" the old man purred again " and I suggested----- " Gee! " whispered the newsboy and he began looking under the seats. The man in the opposite berth moved sud-

denly and I heard the husband rise quickly. I said nothing . I did not turn. I merely tickled the top of the window with my duster and looked at the school teacher straight in the eye. She plumbed scarlet- then there paled slowly till her face was marble. She raised her hand ~~fluttering~~ falteringly, swallowed hard and then dove into the bosom of her dress. ~~Everybody~~ Everybody was looking at my back and I was looking at her, when her voice said " Is this it- I- I found it in my berth?" and she held up the Jewel. The whole carful made a sudden movement and then stopped. " It belongs to the lady yonder" I said in a low voice. She rose quickly and walked to Number 3 and handed the box to the woman. The woman as she saw the box coming stiffened as if in horror raised her hand as if to ward off an evil, but weakly took the Jewel. She did not look at it but raised it with averted eyes and hunted look. The husband reached for it. The man opposite leaped up and the old man stretched out his hand as if to support her, when with a quick movement and without a word

of warning the woman dashed the shining thing through the open window. We were just coming into the depot at Jacksonville and with a dive the news-boy swung to the platform. He saw the Jewel fall. He heard the cry of the old man and the oath of the husband. The man in the berth opposite dashed down the aisle but the news-boy was too quick for all of them. The Jewel had dropped right across one of the steel rails and lay balanced there like a glorious star. In a moment the boy had fallen on it, but so eager was he that he had not noticed Number 37 rushing out of the depot to the North. The great engine came with a whirl- it struck the Jewel and ground it to power and left of the boy but torn flesh and blood and bone.

The porter paused. " That's a remarkable story," I said getting out another cigar. " Yes" he said slowly. " Is it true?" I asked. " Substantially" he replied. I looked at him . " But you added something, didn't you? " " Yes" he said. " What part was it you added? "

" The Jewel" he said. And then he rose and went out.

The Jewel

The porter was sitting in the end section, and as I came out of the smoking room, I sat down beside him. He offered to rise. "Keep your seat" I said and then as he leaned back he placed his long thin hand on the window sill, I noticed the ring on his hand and the peculiar jewel in it.

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This whole interview came out quite a turn of thing

toward me but with a peculiar soft hesitating sort of walk as though she were groping. Nearer and nearer she came until at last she bent over me and I could feel her breath upon my forehead. I looked at her eyes. They were closed. She was evidently walking in her sleep . Well it would have been embarrassing to me if she had waked up then. I suppose there would have been a lynching or something. But I noticed that she held in her hand a little box. She thrust it forward- evidently wanting me to take it. I hesitated then took it out of her hand. She gave a long sigh as if of great relief and turning walked slowly back toward her berth. I tiptoed after her so as to make no noise and not to wake her and just as she was pulling the curtain around her I slipped the little box in after her and chuckling went back to my work. It was a curious sort of experience and I was thinking over it as I brushed a little pair of patent leather shoes. I noticed, by the way, that they came from her berth and looking inside I saw that they were bought in Boston. I turned them over and looked at them thoughtfully ,when looking up again, hereccame the woman. I started up. My first impulse was to disappear into the smoking room but there was a look of such evident distress and suffering upon her face that I did not have the heart to go. So I stood still ,received the box the second time ,heard again that deep sigh of relief and saw her walk slowly

back to her berth. I sat down and looked at the box but it was rather dark where I was so that I turned and went into the smoking room. It was a little box about three inches square and two inches high, covered with ~~red~~ leather and bound in brass. It looked ~~as though it had been~~ worn used, ~~some time~~ I tried to open it but it first resisted my efforts, ~~and then~~ at last, (after repeated trials) touching some secret spring it flew open. I gasped in amazement. A jewel lay before me - a great jewel perhaps an inch and a half wide and fully as thick. It looked like a great drop of sunlight of that reddish yellow sunlight that comes towards the sunset, brilliant wonderful, changing. It seemed to me that never in my life had I seen anything so beautiful. I sat and gazed at it. I could not bear to touch it but I turned the box letting the dim light fall upon it, here and there. I sighed as I thought that it was not mine. Then a temptation came on me, "It is very beautiful", said a voice. I started up in amazement. I remembered that the conductor had let on an extra passenger some where down in Virginia and possibly he had given him a seat in the smoking room, but certainly I had not seen him there before, and I could have sworn that there was nobody in the room when I came in. Yet possibly he was there. He was an old man with curly hair and dark swarthy looking face, with little fierce eyes that changed very quickly. He was dressed rather shabbily on the whole, yet the material

of his clothes was very good. Evidently he was careless. In years he was uncertain — ~~He was an old~~ ~~man~~, 50, 60, perhaps 70. He was smoking a little small cigarette. It had a peculiar sweetish odor. I never smelled anything just like it before, nor since. He turned his chair around opposite to where I sat and bending over brought his head and face ~~very~~ close to mine, looking at the jewel. Well I started, ~~I think and then I accented~~ & then I managed to answer carelessly "yes". "Is it yours?" he said. I looked at him and made no answer. He ~~started~~ made a movement as if to take it in his hand for closer inspection but I drew back. "Oh. pardon me," he said with a peculiar little trill of the "r" I mumbled something, and the sweetish almost sickening odor of his cigarette came to my nostrils. I took the box with a quick jerk and put it into my inside coat pocket, ~~and~~ started ~~out~~ to finish the shoes. Then I sat down again & I felt very drowsy and tired. 'I'll turn to and take a nap 'I said to my self at first. Then I thought, was it safe to sleep near this man with that jewel on me? But I could not think very clearly. I wanted the jewel, I wanted it fiercely; ~~and yet somehow I felt~~ I seemed & feel that it was foolish to go to sleep under those dark almost cruel eyes, and yet I was very, very drowsy. I felt for ~~put~~ the little box of jewelry in my inner pocket, buttoned up my coat, said some gentle words to the old man and stretched myself upon the couch. 'I will not go to sleep, I said to myself. I will watch this old party and I watched him. His eyes, more half closed, his thin curly hair straggled ~~long~~ on his dark foreign face, the little curls

of that peculiar sweetish scented smoke rose from the long cigarette in his snake -like fingers. He was a peculiar sight. I watched him dreamily. Then slowly, ~~slowly~~ I fell asleep. It was almost daylight when the conductor woke me, shaking me roughly. 'Jim' he said 'you're late. We're almost to Atlanta. Get up and stir around. People are wondering why they weren't called!' I leaped to my feet. Hurried about my duties and it was fully an hour later when suddenly I stopped. I had come to the berth where the woman had slept and was about to make it up. I reached for the jewel in my pocket. It was gone. Of course it was gone, I said to myself. I knew it would be gone. I felt certain relief about it and I went on mechanically making up my berth. The woman was not there. I looked at her bags but they were all of the conventional, non-committal type. 'Her husband joined her at Spartanburg ~~in Atlanta~~' said the conductor coming through. 'Whose husband?' I said. 'Why the husband of Number 3. that you're making up there.' "How do you know it's her husband?" He looked at me and laughed. "Oh, I guess it is, he said. He went out. By and by he came hurriedly back. 'Who's locked up in the closet there?' 'I don't know, I haven't seen any one go in there,' I said. 'Well come here and see. I believe some one is sick in there.' I went out. We listened. We could hear groans. Taking my key I opened it and there was the old man of last night He was partly dressed and evidently had fallen in a fit of some sort.

We hurried ~~around and~~ picked him up and carried him into the drawing room at the other end of the car. Just as I was laying him down I felt a small square thing in his pocket. Silently, without saying anything, I slipped my hand in his pocket and took out my jewel case. Putting it in my pocket, I went out. I saw that the lady was in her berth and that there was a man with her, whom I conceived must be her husband or at any rate, so-called. Yes it must be, I thought as I looked them over. I grasped the jewel case. Just as I reached them I turned and looked back towards the drawing room. The old man was sitting up on his berth watching me with hawk-like eyes. My mind was made up. I stopped at the berth where the man and woman sat and took the jewel case out of my pocket. The woman looked up. A pale gray dread grew upon her face and she almost shrunk in her corner. I changed my tactics. 'Beg pardon, Sir, I said addressing him 'here is a little box which I found in your berth which must belong to you.' The man in the opposite berth turned, laid down his paper and looked over with interest. The husband took the box, looked at it in surprise and was evidently was going to say that it was not his. Then his hand touched the spring and he saw the jewel. He gazed at it, turned it toward the light and gazed again and I knew he was lost. He murmured something. She whispered in his ear but he shook his head

impatiently. 'Er - er - Thank you, thank you, yes,' he said handing me a bill which proved to be five dollars. 'I should be very sorry to lose this,' he said. He held it again toward the light and looked at it.

The man in the berth opposite bent over. The news boy passing through stopped and looked. The conductor looked. The man on looking up saw that he had an audience of four of five people gazing at the wonderful jewel. He shut the box quickly almost viciously with a snap. 'That was a very beautiful jewel' said the man opposite. The husband murmured something but did not seem inclined for conversation. and the car settled back to its usual calm.

But the memory of that wonderful drop of crimson yellow sunshine did not leave me - I kept thinking of it. The news butcher came and talked about it - I dozed and dreamed about it. The man in the opposite berth bent over and whispered to me. 'Did you find that in his berth?' I looked at him. 'Yes' I said shortly. 'Did it belong to him?' 'I don't know what belongs to people' said I and I arose and walked out. The old man in the drawing room sat before the door and kept his hawk-like eyes on the [redacted] man and the woman. He looked at me too but he did not say anything. He merely smiled.

The day wore on and nothing unusual happened. I went to bed early and got a good sleep that second night until suddenly about the middle of the night I sat straight up in bed and looked at my watch. It was two

When the door of the drawing room flew open with a bang & out came the third angry searcher. I gave ~~and down~~ to the unmade end retreated into the smoker & laughed, until I felt, before I saw, the eyes of the old man over me again. He slithered into a chair & drew out a cigarette.

"Rather well done" he chuckled, "the sweet odor of the smoke over me." I made no answer, And calmly let myself go to sleep. I guess he searched pretty thoroughly for when I rose at 5 he was still eyeing me & followed me as I turned toward the car with an unmoved chuckle.

Every thing seemed to go smoothly until we approached Jacksonville: The husband & wife conversed softly; the man in the opposite berth glared out the window & the old man was muttering. I glanced rather curiously at the school teacher with the bandaged arm. She sat bolt upright, staring straight ahead and painfully conscious, as it seemed to me, of her almost accidental theft. I was sure I saw the sheen of that yellow Jewel in her eye. I walked past her three times & the last time looked her square in the eye. She started and trembled. I dusted the window sill & was about to pass on when I heard the now familiar purr of the old man

"Perhaps the porter knows" he was saying.

I dusted more slowly & listened, but did not turn my head.

"What is it?" asked the Conductor, and the news - butcher cdg

in the door

"She has lost that beautiful stone of hers" the old man purred on

"Gee!" whispered the newsboy & he began looking under the seats. The man in the opposite berth ~~turned & saw~~ suddenly ~~understood~~ and I heard the husband rose grimly. I said nothing. I did not turn. I merely ~~the~~ tickled the lob of the woman with my dimes & looked the school teacher straight in the eye. She blushed scarlet – then paled slowly till her face was marble. She raised her hand fallteringly, swallowed hard and then drew with the bosom of her dress. Everybody was looking at my back & I was looking at her, when her voice said

"Is this it?" I found in my teeth and she held up the jewel. The whole carful made a sudden movement & then stopped.

"It belongs to the lady yonder" I said in a low voice

~~& the words astounded~~

nervous, school teacher I should have said, and she kept staring straight ahead of her, conscious, painfully conscious it seemed to me. Yet perhaps I imagined it. I thought I saw that yellow sheen of the jewel in her eye. She had looked upon it and couldn't resist the temptation. I walked past her several times and then as I came to her berth once again, bending to brush it out I looked her square in the eye and she [illegible] tremblingly she seized the box in her [illegible] and took it out. "I - -" "I know" "I said" hand it to the lady in Number 3." "Is it hers?" she asked lowly. "Yes " I said. She rose quickly and walked to Number 3 and handed the box to the woman. The woman almost grieved as she saw that [illegible] raised her hand as if to ward off an evil, but weakly took the jewel, fatal box coming toward her again. Her husband reached for it. The man opposite leaped up and the old man stretched out his hand as if to assist her. She did not look at it but raised it with averted eyes and hunted look. The husband reached for it from the younger woman with a quick movement and without a word of warning the woman dashed it through the plate glass window. We were just coming into the depot at Jacksnville and the news boy was swinging off the platform. He saw the case fall. He heard the cry of the old man and the oath of the husband. The man in the berth opposite rushed down the aisle toward the platform but the news boy was too quick. The jewel box flew across one of the steel rails. In a moment the boy had fallen on it, but so quick was he that he had

and lay balanced there like a glorious star

not noticed No.37 rushing out of the depot to the North. The great engine came with a whirl -It struck [redacted] jewel and [redacted].

The porter paused. "That's a remarkable story," I said getting out another cigar . "Yes" he said slowly. "Is it true?"I asked. "Substantially" he replied. I looked at him"But you added something,didn't you? " "Yes" he said. "What part was it you added?" "The jewel" he said. And then he rose and went out.

the jewel and ground it to power and left of the boy but torn flesh and blood & bone

The 20 Best Books on the

DOWN TO JERICHO

Draft manuscripts

Down to Jericho. Double chase

Price Krelms went over each point carefully again, counting them off on his fingers: the invention ~~would certainly do the work it was designed for and make~~ had on collisions impossible & ~~and collisions~~ have; then to do it was practical, it was simple eventually adopt it and the cost reasonable. The railroads must ~~sch~~ually with the popular outcry against ~~the~~ collisions ~~which it would prevent~~. Very good! Then he was justified in putting every cent he had & could borrow into the scheme. Tomorrow would settle the matter and tomorrow he would be — he trembled at the thought — almost rich; ~~and~~ then his eyes wandered over the nodding plumes of the hats & the sleek dark coats until they recalled with a start on the girl's face.

He was to take midnight train to New York for the decisive interview with the president of the New York Central. Then he must hasten back to Washington to this fashionable church he hardly knew, but it looked warm and comfy and he saw by the bulletin that Bishop Cromwell was to preach on "Eternal Vigilance." He entered and entered, during assembly & the text — "a certain man

went down from Jerusalem to Jericho" and fell among thieves" — I am going down to Jericho myself thought Krelmo complacently as his mind again wandered eagerly over the details of that undertaking — the grounds to be purchased the agreements. He was glad the model had been in their hands, and of the Ireland approval a full month — they would have full time to test it and — then again his eyes swept the face of the girl. She was small and beautifully formed, with a rose face and eyes almost purple eyes. Her face was beautiful but it was more than beautiful. — it was also keen intelligent — the full lips, gathered to frown & she bent forward in her richly simple gown & outlined the rolling curves of the breasts.

Where had Krelmo seen that marvellously voluptuous girl. Suddenly he remembered — it was Miss Irma Redd the youngest daughter of the Boer just back from Voyndee Hall London. He looked at her with a thrill. Only this exit swept the Boers had said:

"If it succeeds, Peace — Will — Meet —"

Krelmo understood; with capital he might enter an old established business, just now beginning to expand assets. And then? His eyes caught again the softer curves of her tense little form; and slowly

She was wonderful & he fondled her hand where she had left it. She was so young & innocent & had been taken away

he raised his eyes and found her dark blue ones full on him. She turned them away with no coquettish start or flutter, and no cold glance — with simple naturalness that left a certain warmth. He listened with a foolish happiness to the Buddist words:

[Luke X, 31-35.]

After a sermon of which he heard little, he moved and with the crowd. But he did not see the blue-eyed girl, and sighing at his own ignorance he walked briskly beyond the station; he calculated that he would just have time for lunch & then he moved yet with his sketches — for the burning of a sketch seemed called for in view of his strenuous day on the mountain. His frugal and simple lunch consumed an hour & a half & it was nearly eleven as he approached his sketches & he suddenly found himself just behind Miss Elliot & the Doctor

"But I withheld them" the latter was saying abruptly to the conductor who stood with his stars in hand "yes, madame, and they deserved a rebuke instead of [illegible] one

A Negro stood beside the steps of the car — tall, of a soft mahogany with laughing black eyes He was singing softly

Way down, where the Congo
is a flowing, —
Way down —

and he took Karlins grip bade him a cheery "good evening and stepped to the car. Karlins was unclasping his grip when he heard the porter returning with two other passengers

"But we ordered Two Lowers" said the deep drawling tones of a man

"Sorry, Sir, but they gave you a Section 6
You see this gentleman has Lower 7

"But I can't —" began the deep tones

"But I can" came a pleasant decisive voice
"I don't as leave sleep in an upper as not"

Then Karlins looked out and looked into those dark blue eyes again. "Fate!" he thought & he said to the Porter

"But we must thank the lady take those loans —
I really prefer the latter"

"That is more courteous than truthful" said
Miss Sledd looking up from, he frowned under the
slightest cloud of recognition

I am sure it is a great deal & ask ÷ began
the burden — but in the end Kreloms offer
was accepted by the lady with a frank
smile that sent him to pleasant dreams

Next morning Kreloms [redacted] as to the
chance of a hotel for his pocket book was near
empty. Finally however he denied when the Astor House. It was downtown and
"They might ask where I was staying" he argued
~~But he went to a bank in Brooklyn & took a ferry and~~
he was on Wall street @ 9:30 & he looked at the tall
grey buildings, ~~and~~ the eddying streams of hurrying
& leering men & the slit of grim grey sky. Above
he shut his teeth and whispered "My world" as he
shot toward heaven in the elevator. The female
secretary looked at his card doubtfully &
then disappeared. He heard quick excited
voices speaking & the secretary should have the appe

I unintentionally he gathered that there was
to attend the National Convention of Chemists
Convention in New York

"Bother! but I can't climb into an ubbleu — The Bishop
you shall not. Thu then! — you sure lower I'm
cold
"I have it" said Realms "but I'll be glad to change
it rather 6.
"O my no — she began, but he insisted and firmly
the shook hand with frank and the Bishop
bowed courteously

dropped a bale of letters on his desk &
walked out without a word into the stenographer's room beyond
~~"Good! " Cross~~

" Bring ~~that~~ ~~Tobe~~ Basilaris letter ~~again~~ — ~~this~~
~~on Tobe's~~ ~~case~~ said an authoritative voice within
the presidents' office

" Were you speaking to me sir " answered
Krelms —

" yes - yes - it's right on top of the file"

Krelms hurried & the file of letters & took up
the top one. He could not help glancing at
it as he carried it into the office

—" If we could get controlling interest in C K & G
Well ruined. There are 3000 shares floating
somewhere — trace them & buy them
at any price, or ——

" — here it is sir — " said Krelms

The president snatched the letter — " to the
devil with you " he snapped angrily
Krelms drew himself up & frowned & the card
lying on his desk. — " Humph " said the President
Just then the Private secretary hurried back
with a sheaf of papers & telegrams and looked at

Krelms in surprise — "This man — " he began.
"Never mind" commanded the President more calmly
"Sit down". The fawning underlings & the president
buried themself in his papers for 15 wordless
minutes.
When he looked up suddenly & frowned.
"I regret to say, Mr —
Krelms
yes — Krelms, that the N.Y.L cannot accept
your offer. We have decided to try — another
course". The office floor swayed beneath Krelms' chair
"may I ask which one — " asked K breathlessly
the only other one —
"I do not know" said the president curtly —
the Trapper manager may tell you — good day"
Krelms groped his way from the office and in a
half hour was sitting at the Trapper managers
desk glaring at the disclosed plans
"But I told you — those plans are mine"
he gasped "they infringe my patents —
My God, has the N.Y.L. sunk to this — are you

Every ill control he caused. The cold forced blood wildly; clouds burned on,

a den of thieves?" And then confused pictures and voices passed grossly thro his head — doors clammed & bells tinkled

Motors jostled and brushed him — a newsboy tinkling hammered

cried "Take care!" and a policeman growled "Move on there, you!"

When, in sheer weariness, out of the mist the torrent of his thoughts ~~showed down~~ emerged coherence again, he found himself staggering along some squalid streets of the lower east side. He stopped with a start and pulled himself together.

What had happened? It was all clear. The N Y L ~~Library~~ had taken his model, calmly appropriated his ideas and defied him. And he? what could he do? sue? he clapped and with a quicker touch took out the pocket book that had all his worldly wealth. As he opened it a grimy hand snatched it and dealing him a bloody blow across the forehead, left him prone & bleeding in the muddy gutter.

Day darkens & lights begin to twinkle

An automobile whirled thro the narrow ~~car automobile~~ street and the Duchess

glanced out the window as he passed by on the far side of the road

"Drunk!" he said.

Two women came slowly along Lathy. One was tall and angular, comfortably but plainly dressed. She was talking to a younger woman, almost a girl, ~~beautiful~~ tenderly yet simply gowned of beautiful form with a rose face & almost purple eyes. The younger one was replying

— but poverty is not necessary — with freedom breathe, ambition —

"you'd still have the gutter smile" sneered the older woman, pointing to the bloody grimy figure in the gutter. ~~She~~ Mrs Elcid stopped startled and then made as if to approach the victim.

Better not — some brawler — will send back the first policeman; I know them all on this beat — it's in the settlement area — come." And Mrs Elcid opened her eyes wildly & looked at them, and they passed on.

The colored porter sauntered on, his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets alternately whistling & singing.

"Way down where the Congo is a flowing"

— Hello Frank!

Krelms tried to struggle up and the porter helped him gently "Hard times, old man" he said cheerfully as Krelms smiled wanly. A Policeman hummed around the corner and the Porter nodded "Friend of mine" he said formally "Need a drink — I'll see to him" The policeman frowned doubtfully but passed on as the pair disappeared into a gaudy saloon.

"Well, George" said the Porter

Sedate. Same as ever the Barkeeper

"Got watchkey hand"

Krelms sat up under the warm & grateful glow of the liquor & the porter fetched a towel, scrubbed his face & bound up his head. Then he started.

"Well I'm jiggered — Didn't I see you up from Washington last night

Krelms nodded in pale silence

The porter eyed him curiously but said nothing & sauntered over to the bar.

"Keep him tonight" he said & I'll pay you next week — got nothing but a V tonight & don't want to break it."

Baker he turned to Krelms "Better get to bed old boy — they'll keep you all night

Krelms rose unsteadily

"I — I thank you" he faltered "I shall forget you — my friend, never — your name?

"O just Sam Johnson — Pawnee Indians, among other reports out of Waukegan. —" then he frowned "Say — you got any money?"

Krelms hesitated "No — I've been robbed — but" the porter ran his hand in his pocket, took out a bill and looked at it — then he thrust it into Krelms hand & turned out.

"I'm a damn fool" he said as he lighted a cigarette & a moment later his head bobbed back into the saloon

"Way down, where the corn's —

Krelms sat in the lobby of the Astor House most among with his ratchell beside him. He had found his hotel bill and seen it a ~~traitor~~ exhibition element a border. He had 75¢ in his pocket, but he looked respectable despite his

blackened forehead. He had sat down for a cool champit. What should he do. Then suddenly the conversation of 2 neighbors at his back struck like a thrust on his ear —

"3000 shares of C M & G. There worthless. a cool of 50 bob but I'm going to sell them for a song or throw them away.

"Well, so long,"

and the couple went. Krehmer sat a moment hurried & then rose in trembling amazement. He remembered that letter in the office of the N/L "3000 shares of C M & G" — "buy at any price" — he turned quickly round the room They had gone but as it they should they had overlooked not a deserted desk bag. Krehmer hesitated a moment. The next moment he was had deserted his own bag & was in the Chaos Regale like a thief.

read the address tag of Samuel Jones, 116 Hudson St. Annandale, Mass

15 minutes later he had abstracted the other bag & with trembling fingers but autumnal unfamiliar lifted out a bundle of shares of C M. & G. 10 minutes later he had this bag

examined out of the hotel.

The president of the N.Y.L. frowned at the card

"Tell him — " he began — then he saw "over" & glanced on the other side. He said hurriedly "Show him in"

Kreims entered and the door closed. The private Secretary listened carefully but could make out nothing. The conference lasted an unconscionably time & his mind. He had about determined to interrupt it on some pretext when the bell rang sharply. The secretary stepped to the door — or rather hung at the door stepped backward & then bowed & opened it.

"Make out a check in favor of Mr. Pierre Kreims for —

"Two" said Mr. Kreims voice. "make two checks one in favor of Samuel Jones for $600,000, and one in favor of Pierre Kreims for $250,000.

"Very good" said president and the private secretary left his way and carefully & unhurriedly softly as he took and the check book.

"And Mars, Mr. Krelms, said the President as he accompanied the young man to the door "I want to see more of you — I'm going over to Washington on my private car until a party tonight — perhaps you'll join us and then tomorrow we can interview Mr Elsdel.

Mr. Krelms said he would be delighted. Then he went down and sent two telegrams; one was addressed to Samuel Jones "I found your bag & sold your bonds at 250. Check follows" and to Mr. Elsdel he wired: "Sold patents to N.Y.L at three price mentions and royalties. Home tomorrow"

At midnight he boarded the private car. The porter was tall, of a rich mahogany color with dancing black eyes. He was whistling as Krelms came up until the President had he stopped short at the sight Krelms. The young man did not notice him for just as he handed over his bag, the Bishop and Mrs Elsdel joined the party. In the morning the porter, dusting off Mrs Elsdel ~~and stamp produced~~ Krelms accidentally she turned to Krelms confidentially ~~and~~ after examining her little purse — "shall you a quarter, I'll loan me" she whispered

for this avaricious Negro?"

He reached in his pocket and Bobby saw his eyes meet the eyes of the Negro. ~~It was~~ In a flash he knew. He started & raised his hand in joyous recognition when he was suddenly conscious of Miss Elsie's dark blue eyes. He hesitated – he waved Ward and he silently handed the porter a bill dollar & told his name to be brushed, chatty much Miss Elsie on her new settlement work in N.Y. She was certainly fascinating – a type he had not met before: beautiful yet intelligent with a quick sure grasp of things, a trained knowledge & yet withal an appealing frankness & simplicity He found himself arguing eagerly as they found and of the car, along the platform & up the steps At he rendezvous the light of the dear face cast the light of ~~upward~~ from below ~~arrested him~~!

"~~Wang down~~, when the car is a flame

But Miss Elsie's voice broke in ~~on~~ the sad:

"You'll motor up with us and take breakfast

Bobby will be delighted

"~~Thank you~~ Thanks very much Elsie" said Mr. Ickelwise as they found and of the depot.

(over)

a faint far melody from Albany church strangely on his ears!

"Way down where the corn is a-blowing"

Down to Jericho.

By W. E. Burghardt DuBois,
Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

Pierce Krelms lay in the gutter. Gray sluggish waters and filah oozed by his pale drawn face, and the gash above his temple dripped slow rythmic drops of blood on the rough granite curb. The city throbbed and moaned afar. From the north came the Bishop of Georgia bound for the Settlement House where he would preach Sunday. He glanced at the degradation about him and paused at the corner of the dark deserted street and shivered. "The good Samaritan" would be quite a proper subject, he mused, thinking of the coming of the Rich and well-born across the Way to these purlieus. He picked his path thoughtfully, with fingers tip to tip till casually his eyes fell on the figure of Krelms, and he started.

"Drunk", he muttered and shuddered. He had no patience with bestiality. He was born clean. He stopped, hesitated a moment and then crossed to the other side of the street. He would tell the first policeman but he could not stoop in that mire. Beside, what good? He walked quickly by and wondered how Elizabeth could work in such surroundings. It was praiseworthy but unnatural. It was degrading. It must be degrading.

His footsteps brought dim consciousness to the prone man; mistful, wandering from the ends of hell his scattered thoughts came struggling toiling back. How fetid smelled the world and the buzzing of flying things made how wild a clamor in the air! where was he and why and what was that great dull blackness that shivered now and then to sharp fierce pain? He starred slowly and then sank back with a groan, and

the soft formless mists fell about the pain and hushed it. Then he lay very still seeing her face in his dream: a small face, brown-haired with darkly blue - almost purple eyes, and lips that quivered with unspoken thought and dream. How they had worked together that one week. Once on Friday as they bent together and her hair swept his softly, like a breeze, he had called her "Elizabeth!" Quickly, impulsively, in love-toned whisper; she did not look up but sat so still and her lips had formed his own unuttered name; then voices came and they leapt flushing apart. Apart, apart! dear God! how far apart! He had not seen her since and since he had travelled that wide road that leads from heaven to hell. And yet he had always seen her - her rose-swept face, her purple eyes, and her still lips that spoke unspoken things. Dreamily he heard the footsteps of the Bishop die away; dreamily he began dropping, dropping away into some great endless space, when suddenly he dimly caught the sound of other steps in the narrow side street where he lay. Slowly, painfully he dragged himself toward the curb and dabbled his trembling hand on his clotted forehead. Dizzily he crouched half on his knees against the side walk. His head whirled and sang and the sharp pain beat mercilessly in his eyes. A red cloud swam before them as he tried to peer up at the new oncomers. In the cloud again rose her face - flushed, dark-haired, with purple eyes and wistful lips. With a gasp he tried to shake away the vision which seemed now but mockery. He bit his bloodless lips and strove again and looked and then sank back shivering. It could not be and yet - it was she. She quick lips and unseeing eyes walking with a tall lank woman who strode and gestured.

"There's a man in the gutter," said her voice. And he shrunk lower in the slime. The taller woman stopped abruptly and bent over him:

"Well, my man!" she said brusquely.

He gripped himself with passionate strength. The girl in the gathering gloom did not - could not recognize him. He must say something - he must get out of this. He strove desperately to hold his train of thought, shielding his face with his bloody hand.

"I - I fell - I mean, I've been robbed - if - you could loan me enough - "

But the woman drew away.

"No - no money," she said. And the girl tried to peer in his face. He hung his head lower and felt the deadly faintness stealing back.

"Come, Elizabeth," said the elderly woman, "I'll send a policeman down and give him a lodging - it's liquor and a brawl probably - perhaps ~~noise~~ wine ; I don't like his looks, tho' I don't remember him."

They hurried on.

"He reminds me of some one," said Elizabeth. "Oh, but the need - the call - the cry, down here - I must work."

"Yes," returned the other, "you may - but not with criminals like that - with the children." And they turned the corner, Elizabeth glancing back.

Shame, helplessness, despair like great black piling clouds enveloped the man. A moment more he would have sunk and crawled back to his gutter; but at her backward glance a hot red anger crushed his brain. With one fierce lounge he staggered tohis feet and gripped the lamp post swaying like a sapling in a storm. Far off he heard the measured tramp of a policeman. It was the end. He had touched the bottom of the world. Already he was in the

gutter but he would not lie in jail. Passionately he gripped the post and thrust his stiffened arm toward his pockets. He ~~grasped~~ groped for seconds, minutes, years it seemed, while within his head blazed and hammered and his senses reeled. He grasped it, pulled it forth and steadied himself.

Then from some where, far far away came a familiar music:
~~"Jericho - Jericho - That fair old love"~~
~~"Way down, where the Congo is flowing~~
~~Way down~~ "

Dreamy memories swept softly over him. Where had he heard that song - Ah! As he rode away from her that unforgotten night ages ago - the porter - the tall black porter on the Pullman was singing.

"Hello, pard!"

Pierce Krelms lurched against the lamp post and looked dimly up into the face of the man. How black it was - no not black but dark mahogany. He stared at it with singular interest, striving the while to master his thoughts and say some word. While he was striving for the other thought, he remembered that he had never been so near a black skin before; he examined it dreamily; it was very smooth and -

"Hard lines, old man," said the Porter cheerily, passing his arm round him and helping him gently to the side walk. A sudden childish desire to cry and nestle came to Krelms. He clung convulsively to the black and stammered.

"He hit me from - behind - and grabbed my money, my last cent - the damned - "

A
~~The~~ policeman sauntered up, but the porter nodded.

"Friend of mine," he said jovially, "had a drop extra - I'll see to him." The policeman eyed them doubtfully, but finally

passed on as the pair turned the corner and entered a neighboring ~~saloon~~ cafe.

Krelms almost fell into a chair and poured down the hot whiskey punch with trembling hands. The porter sauntered lazily out and returned with a wet towel. In a moment the aching head was bound deftly up and a great hot bowl of stew set before him. Krelms looked at it stupidly. It was - lets see - it was 24 - 36 - God knows how many hours since he had eaten. He fell upon the dish ravenously and ate and stuffed and ate. He saw nothing but a blur of lights and passing of figures. He heard nothing but a confused murmur. He forgot all. A general ~~genuine~~ warmth pervaded his body - the pain in his head grew less stinging - his vague wandering thoughts circled, oscillated and held fast.

Suddenly he stopped with spoon poised in mid-air, and looked at the porter.

"Why did you do this for me?" he asked abruptly.

The porter looked up from his paper and chuckled.

"I'm mighty superstitious," he said.

"Superstitious?"

"Yes - I was caught that way myself once - I can't forget."

Krelms pushed back his bowl and eyed the porter thoughtfully

"I've seen you before," he said.

"Yes, you came up on my car - let see - "

"Two weeks ago today - what a memory you have - did you recognize me?"

"Not till I got you in here and washed you up a bit."

"Didn't you - wonder?"

"I never wonder at anything, Sir."

Krelms stared darkly at the table.

"Do you know what you saved me from?"

"Well I thought you might be up to some foolishness."

Krelms slowly took a clasp knife from his pocket and looked at its big crucb blade.

"I was at the End of Things," he said slowly, and then bitterly: "I am still - at the End."

"Opshaw - " began the porter. But Krelms waved his hand.

"Listen," he said, glancing a moment at the polished bar, the electric light and the swaying pushing throngs - "Listen," he said, "I came down to Jericho - and fell among thieves. Two weeks ago I was at the top round. The world was mine. I was young. I was in love. I had a successful patent that meant money. The automobile trust was considering it - it did away with cranking the engine to start; it was simple and certain. They seemed about to take it. I rushed to New York, and then - " He hit the table in pale fury - "they stole it - do you hear, the big corporation stole my all from me after I'd put every penny I could make and borrow into it and when I raised hell they kicked me out." He hid his face a moment, then hurried on - "I was crazy. I guess - I haunted them and begged and argued, till my money was near gone. Then I drank a stiff whiskey, got lost and somebody hit me this clip. Say, this is a hell of a world, ain't it?" And he clutched the porter by the shoulder. The porter smiled.

"Get in the ring again," he suggested, but Krelms shook his head -

"No use," he said despairingly.

"Nonsense," said the porter, "Youre young - and white."

"But what can I do? Work don't count - ability don't count

training don't count - hell, if I'd a few stocks to gamble with, I might do something!"

The porter drummed on the table -

"The Automobile Trust?" he asked, reminiscently, "What did I hear of them - aint some folks fighting them pretty hard?"

"O yes, the Independents - but they've got no chance," said Krelms, ~~drily~~ dully.

"Perhaps not - but some men on the train last night seemed to think so - at any rate why don't you try selling to them and let them sue the Trust!"

"Who'd buy a law suit?"

"Well, I don't know, sometimes a good law suit comes in handy," said the porter, glancing at his watch, "Well I must be going -"

"What's your name?" asked Krelms, abruptly.

"Sam Johnson."

Krelms half rose and laid his hands on the porter's shoulders.

"Johnson - you've treated me like a man." And he added slowly - "God forget me if I ever forget you - good bye."

"Good night - and-er - say, if you want to stay here all night, it'll be all right - I know the bar-keeper - so long."

Johnson disappeared through the swinging doors. Only his cherry voice came floating back from the street:

"Way down, where the Congo is a flowing -

Way down - "

All night Krelms heard the soft ringing of that song in his ears. It sang between the visions of a face darkly blue eyed and tender, and it made his troubled sleep easier.

In the morning when he awoke, he lay thinking of what Johnson had said of the Independents who were fighting the Automobile Trust. He dressed and passed down stairs and through the saloon, and picked up a morning paper. He noted with a start that in two days the Independent stock had leapt from twenty-five to seventy-five. He stared at the sheet and then taking a sudden decision walked briskly out on the streets.

The president of the Independent Association of Motor car Makers sat in his office with a smile on his lips.

"It would be too much to say we've got them beaten," he said to his two companions, "but we've certainly got more than a fighting chance."

"Without doubt," said one of the men " and the public knows it - we're up to seventy-five this morning."

"I'm a little afraid of several new patents they are trying out," said the man with the mechanics deft hands - "now there's a cranking device -"

The secretary entered

"No - Jones, nobody this morning, I'm busy -"

"Yes, Sir - but there's a message on this card, and I thought -"

The President read it - read it again andhanded it to the man who had been speaking. He nodded.

"Show him in," said the President. .

Krelms entered. He looked seedy and not over clean, and there was a plaster across his temple. The president spoke brusquely -

"You claim to own the new cranking patent?"

Krelms handed him a bundle of papers.

"You offered this to the Trust," said the President after a while.

"Yes, Sir."

"And they - "

"Stole it."

"O come now - explain."

"Well, they had just bought Gerard's patent and were about to use it. It's like mine but not as good. When I offered mine they at first were eager. Then they claimed an infringement on Gerardis patent and simply took mine. They're using it every day."

The three officials looked at each other.

"Looks to me like a last desperate move," said one.

"We may be nearer victory than we think."

But the mechanician looked thoughtful.

"Their action indicates one of two things: either this patent is worthless or its so like the one they own that they rather risk a lawsuit than pay for it."

Krelms became transformed. He became the mechanical genius. Models, maps and plans, words, gestures and explanations flew. After two hours the mechanician nodded gravely, and the President reached for his check book.

"Our executive committee meets in Washington tomorrow morning," he said, "to look after some new legislation. Come down with us tonight. And if you don't mind we'll take an option on the purchase of this patent - will a thousand bind the bargain, until we meet?"

Krelms with slightly elaborate chaplessness said that it would. The president passed him the check and arose -

"Come to my private car on the midnight train from Jersey City, tonight," he said, "there'll be plenty of room - just a few personal friends beside you - good bye , Mr. Krelms."

The well-groomed but rather pale young man, with a plaster over his right temple, was hardly recognized by the president as he entered the Jersey City station. They hurried to the car and Krelms had a glimpse of several gentlemen and a lady entering the car before him and following a porter laden with bags.

"I have a few friends whom I am taking down," explained the president, and ~~but~~ Krelms excused himself and hurried to his state room. He was thoroughly exhausted and gave but sleepy assent to the porter who came to turn out his light. Then he slept in gutters and palaces and on great flying clouds and before him ever swept a face - glowing, dark-haired, with purple eyes and lips that strove to speak.

He was late arising next morning but he made a careful toilet and was feeling almost his normal self when he stepped out into the main part of the car. The president introduced him to two new directors who looked at him with unusual interest.

"Brush, sir?"

He turned. There stood the Porter, Johnson. He choked and started to stretch both hands, when he heard the President's voice:

"The Bishop of Georgia, Mr. Krelms."

He turned and shook the Bishop's hand while the porter quietly brushed him.

"The Bishop is interested in mechanics and I've told him of your invention," said the President, ~~smoothly~~.

Krelms said a few words as he turned his back to the porter's brushing and faced the one unopened state room door. He decided it was unopportune to greet the porter just now. He could not explain to these capitalists and magnates the genesis of this strange acquaintanceship. It might embarrass even Johnson. No - he would wait till they started out of the car and then drop back and -

The door before him suddenly opened.

"Good morning, Elizabeth!" cried the Bishop.

Krelms looked up and the car swam; he saw a face rose-swept, with two great violet eyes and a mouth that quivered and cried

"Pierce!"

Then all things happened. The world went golden and a dim music lay upon the laden air of the great wandering depot. He took her hand - her little trembling hand and murmuring meaningless words helped her down from the car, adjusted her cloak and took her bag reverently. He dropped a dollar into the porter's hand and then together they alone amid mere shadows of men floated up the long and sunlit platform. She held the door of the motor car open -

"You'll come up with us to breakfast, wont you? Father will be delighted and there's plenty of room. Is there not, Uncle?"

Krelms hesitated. He had forgotten something what was it? Then he laughed into her loving eyes and entering slammed to the door. The car snorted and as they whirled there rose faintly from the caverns far below some light and haunting echo of a song:

"Way down where the Congo is a flowing.
Way down -"

Krelms looked back.

Down to Jericho.
by
W.E. Burghardt DuBois.

John Pierce lay in the gutter. Sluggish waters and filth oozed by his pale face, and from the gash above his temple fell rythmic drops of blood. ~~curbs curb~~. The city throbbed and moaned afar. From the north came the Bishop of Georgia bound for the Settlement House where he would preach Sunday. He glanced at the degradation about him, paused at the corner of the dark deserted street and shivered. "The good samaritan" would be quite a proper subject, he mused, thinking of the coming of the rich and well-to-do across the Way to these purlieus. He picked his path thoughtfully, with fingers tip to tip, till casually his eyes fell on the figure of Pierce.

"Drunk," he muttered and shuddered. He had no patience with bestiality. He was born clean. He stopped, hesitated a moment and then crossed to the other side of the street. He would tell the first policeman, but he could not stop in that mire. Beside, what good? He walked quickly by and wondered how Elizabeth could work in such surroundings. It was praiseworthy, but unnatural. It was degrading. It must be degrading.

His footsteps brought dim consciousness to the prone man; mistful, wandering from the ends of hell, his scattered thoughts came struggling, toiling back. How fetid smelled the

world, and the bussing of flying things made how wild a clamor in the air! where was he and why and what was that dull blackness that shivered now and then to sharp fierce pain? He stirred slowly and then sank back with a groan, and the soft formless mists fell about the pain and hushed it. Then he lay very still.

Dreamily he heard the footsteps of the Bishop die away; dreamily he began dropping away into some endless space, when he dimly caught the sound of other steps in the narrow side street where he lay. Slowly, he dragged himself toward the curb and dabbed his trembling hand on his clotted forehead. Dizzily he crouched half on his knees against the sidewalk. His head whirled and sang, and the sharp pain beat mercilessly in his eyes, as he tried to peer up at the new oncomers. In the red cloud that swam before him rose a face - flushed, dark-haired, with purple eyes and wistful lips. He tried to shake away a vision which seemed but mockery. He bit his lips and strove again and looked and then sank back shivering. She was young and vigorous, small and daintily builded; with quick lips and unseeing eyes; she walked with a tall lank woman who strode and gestured. Then suddenly she saw Pierce. He closed his eyes.

"There's a man in the gutter," said her voice, and he shrunk lower in the slime. The taller woman stopped abruptly and bentover him:

"Well, my man!" she said brusquely.

He gripped himself with passionate strength. The girl in the gathering gloom shrank involuntarily back. He must say something - he must get out of this. He strove desperately to hold his train of thought, shielding his face with his bloody hand.

"I - I fell - I mean, I've been robbed - if - you —"

[redacted]

But the woman drew away.

"No - no money," she said. Then the girl tried to peer in his face. He hung his head lower and felt the deadly faintness stealing back.

"Come, Elizabeth," said the elderly woman, "I'll send a policeman down and give him a lodging - it's liquor and a brawl probably - perhaps worse; I don't like his looks, tho' I don't seem to remember him. I don't believe he belongs about here."

They hurried on.

"He reminds me of someone," said Elizabeth thoughtfully, "perhaps it is because he typifies the need, - the cry down here - it calls me!"

"His needs are bruised and twisted things," returned the other. "I doubt if we could afford to satisfy them; the cry of the children is the true cry; there we can work heartily - not here." And they turned the corner - Elizabeth glancing doubtfully back.

Shame, helplessness, despair, like [redacted] black piling clouds enveloped the man. A moment more he would have [redacted] crawled to his gutter; but at her backward glance a hot red anger crushed his brain. With a fierce lounge he staggered

to his feet and gripped the lamp post ~~moving like sleepings in bedrooms~~. Far off he heard the measured tramp of a policeman. It was the end. He had touched the bottom of the world. Already he was in the gutter, but he would not lie in jail. Passionately he held the post and thrust his stiffened arm toward his pockets. He groped for seconds, minutes, years it seemed, while within, his head blazed and hammered, ~~and his senses reeled~~. He grasped the knife he searched for, pulled it forth, and ~~then~~ steadied himself.

Then from somewhere, ~~then~~ far away, came a familiar music: Jericho! Jericho - O that jazzy old tune

~~"Way down, where the Congo is flowing.~~

~~"Way down -"~~

Dreamy memories swept softly over him. Where had he heard that song - Ah! As he rode away that unforgotten night ages ago - the porter - the tall black porter on the Pullman was singing ———

"Hello, pard!"

John Pierce lurched against the lamp post and looked dimly up into the face of the man. How black it was - no, not black but dark mahogany. He stared at it with singular interest, striving the while to master his thoughts and say some word. While he was striving for the other thought he remembered that he had never been so near a black skin before; he examined it dreamily; it was very smooth and -

"Hard lines, old man," said the porter cheerily, passing

his arm around him and helping him gently to the sidewalk. A sudden childish desire to cry and nestle came to Pierce. He clung convulsively to the black, and stammered.

"He hit me from - behind - and grabbed my money, my last cent - the damned - "

The policeman sauntered up, but the porter nodded.

"Friend of mine," he said jovially, "had a drop extra - I'll see to him." The policeman eyed them doubtfully, but finally passed on as the pair turned the corner and entered a neighboring saloon.

Pierce almost fell into a chair and poured down the hot whiskey punch with trembling hands. The porter sauntered lazily out and returned with a wet towel. In a moment the aching head was bound deftly up and a great hot bowl of stew was set before him. Pierce looked at it stupidly. It was - let's see - it was 24 - 36 - God knows how many hours since he had eaten. He fell upon the dish ravenously and ate and stuffed and ate. He saw nothing but a blur of lights, and now and then a passing figure. He heard nothing but a confused murmur. He forgot all. A generous warmth pervaded his body - the pain in his head grew less stinging - his wandering thoughts circled, oscillated and held fast.

Suddenly he stopped with spoon poised in mid-air, and looked at the porter.

"Why did you do this for me?" he asked abruptly.

The porter was reading about flying machines but he looked up from his paper and chuckled.

"I'm mighty superstitious," he said.

"Superstitious?"

"Yes - I was caught that way myself once - I can't forget."

Pierce pushed back his bowl and eyed the porter thoughtfully.

"I've seen you before," he said.

"Yes, you came up on my car - let see - "

"Two weeks ago today - what a memory you have - did you recognize me?"

"Not till I got you in here and washed you up a bit."

"Didn't you wonder?"

"I don't usually wonder much."

Pierce stared darkly at the table.

"Do you know what you saved me from?"

"Well, I thought you might be up to some foolishness."

Pierce slowly took a clasp knife from his pocket and looked at its big blade.

"I was at the End of Things," he said slowly, and then bitterly: "I am still - at the End."

"O, pshaw - " began the porter. But Pierce waved his hand.

"Listen," he said, glancing a moment at the polished bar, the electric lights and the scattered idlers here and there. "Listen

he said: "I came down —— to Jericho and fell among thieves. Two weeks ago I was at the top ring. The world was mine; why there was a swell girl with purple eyes ——— You see I'm an engineer and worked for the aeroplane syndicate in Pittsburg. Everything in flying you know depends on the engine and I had an idea. I worked at it and got the boss men interested. They looked over my plans but shook their heads. Then I borrowed money and built a model. It was a wonder — the lightest and powerfulest popper on the market and good for ~~twenty-four~~ candles and hardly extinct! hours. I applied for my patent and rushed over here to headquarters to talk business with the head men and — and —," he hit the table with pale fury — "they'd stolen my plans and had the thing already patented. "They stole it - do you hear, the big corporation stole my all from me after I'd put every penny I could make and borrow into it, and when I raised hell they kicked me out." He hid his face a moment, then hurried on - "I was crazy, I guess; I haunted them and begged and argued, till my money was near gone. Then I drank ~~a stiff~~ some bootleg whiskey, got lost and some other thieves hit me this clip. Say, this is a hell of a world, ain't it?" And he clutched the porter by the shoulder. The porter smiled.

"Get in the ring again," he suggested, but Pierce shook his head -

"No use," he said despairingly.

"Nonsense," said the porter, "You're young - and white."

"But what can I do? Work don't count - ability don't count - hell! If I'd a few stocks I'd gamble - gambling's the only game that goes today - they're gambling with my engine now."

The porter whistled softly:

"Way down where the Congo is a flowing

Way down"

"Poor old Bob Cole is dead," he said finally.

"Who the hell is Bob Cole?" growled Pierce wearily.

"Don't you know Bob Cole" asked the porter, "why he wrote that Congo love song. Mighty good fellow was Cole — say why don't you get a job at the big aeroplane meet next week. Friend of mine is working at the sheds as porter.— Bob got him the job. We might would get you in as porter --

"Do you suppose I'd work as porter —" began Pierce; then he paused awkwardly.

The porter smiled cheerily.

"You just get in as porter and fool around your own engine. You might get in that race to Albany against the twentieth century express. Get into the race with your engine - beat 'em all and appeal - to the reporters. Then watch the trust throw up its hands."

"But I can't, Don't you see?" raged Pierce. "They'll enter my engine themselves and win, and I've got neither an aeroplane nor an engine nor a damned cent."

The porter pursed his lips and winked one eye - "One good steal deserves another," he said; "why not borrow their kite?" He glanced at his watch. "At any rate, stick to it - don't give up."

"What's your name?" asked Pierce, abruptly.

"Sam Johnson, just mention it to the porter up there;" and say here's a bit of change — Not much. Tips are falling off"

Pierce half rose and laid his hands on the ~~porters~~ Blackwood's shoulders.

"Johnson - you've treated me (white - that is, I mean) ~~like a man.~~" And he added slowly - "God forget me if I ever forget you - good bye."

"Good night - and - er - say, if you want to stay here all night, it'll be all right - I know the bar-keep - so long."

Johnson disappeared through the swinging doors. Only his cheery voice came floating back from the street:

"~~Way down, where the Congo is a flowing -~~ Jerusha - Jerusha -

~~Way down -~~ "

All night Pierce heard the ringing of that song in his ears. It sang between the visions of a face darkly blue-eyed and tender, and it made his troubled sleep easier. In the morning as he lay between daylight and dream, the porter's absurd plan of the night before flashed on him again and somehow seemed less absurd. His engine was sure to win on a fair trial. He had manipulated an aeroplane ~~two - three~~ many times. Could he again? He believed he could although he had no crew. Then he laughed despairingly as he pictured the busy shed - the ~~hurry~~ mechanics, the ~~excited~~ aviators, the anxious capitalists. It was absurd and yet — it was his last chance and he dropped asleep again.

A few days later ~~Thursday~~, the Twentieth Century Limited panted impatiently as it paused a moment in the Bronx beside the aviation field. One private car was attached, belonging to the President of the aeroplane engine syndicate and his guests. Among those guests

were the Bishop of Georgia and his niece, Elizabeth, who leaned on the back rail and held a long stemmed rose in her hand. One by one the great gray birds rose on the air and started ~~north-~~ west ward. At the moment two figures hurried from the shed, ~~a~~ the aviator, goggles in hand and his helper. They rushed over to the train and greeted the President's party. Elizabeth threw the rose to the airman and the helper picked it up. She noted the helper with a start; she seemed to remember him despite his goggles. She also noted that he kept the rose himself. The train whistled sharply, ~~and began to move.~~ The airman waved his last adieu but the helper ran swiftly to the waiting aeroplane. Just as the airman started after him, he vaulted into the seat and gave the signal to start. The other man yelled, and the attendants hesitated, but the voice of the man in the seat rose commandingly:

"Ready - quick," it cried, just as the ~~other~~ aviator tripped and fell. The President raised his glass and looked on in amazement. The Twentieth Century began to move, and with a great whirring of wings the last aeroplane whizzed and danced forward.

The deserted aviator scrambled to his feet, swore and ran wildly after the train yelling and waving his hands, but the last aeroplane had left the earth and with one or two hesitating plunges shot suddenly into the blue sky. The President sank into his chair.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said to the Bishop.

Up and up John Pierce flew , feeling cannily for his balance, studying his unknown machine, ~~deafened~~ awed by the ~~roar~~ very slow of his engine - his own engine, as he hissed grimly. A ~~great~~ gust of air struck him and his machine dropped dangerously aslant, but with a swift turn he righted it. He saw with dismay that he was not only last in the race but falling behind. His engine was working

queerly and his steering was erratic. ~~Far ahead the express train was disappearing.~~ He studied the controls regarded them carefully ~~reached over and felt carefully of his engine tightened a screw, regulated a cock, opened a valve~~. The machine shot forward. In a moment a great aeroplane seemed to drop in front of him but he rose quickly over it. Another and another appeared and over them he flew. Then up and up he climbed until the great clear way stretched before him. He was alone, free, and before him lay the world. Slowly he let one hand down and turned on more power. A moment the engine sputtered and hesitated, trembled with its wrath, and then with a ~~great~~ quiver that seemed to strain each wythe and wire, the machine shot forward again. The whirring of the air thickened to thunder in John Pierce's ears. ~~His heart throbbed.~~ Cities, mountains, rivers and clambered past his blinded eyes in one grey cloud. He gasped for breath, peered for his compass, and finding at last his scattered senses, looked searchingly into the abyss below. Beneath, the earth was fleeing like a flash save where in one black lazy streak the Twentieth Century Limited crept by the silver river and shrieked its faint greeting aloft.

A wild joy flew to his head. A moment he let his attendant boy ~~handkerchief flutter~~, and then he heard the ~~wild~~ whirr of wheels behind him and with a gust a yellow monster winged by him amid the echo of a rising cheer. He set his teeth and crouched in his seat. ~~He glanced at the river, the wheels behind him quivered.~~ He buttoned his coat more closely and ~~drew down his ear lap and~~

then reaching cautiously down, he threw on full power. The machine paused with a great intaking of breath and then stood still. But with a mighty roar the earth and heavens leapt and flew. In a great blur of smoky cloud the yellow thing that had passed shot backward and blotted itself on the ~~gathering night~~ far horizon. ~~All night~~ John Pierce sat dreaming - parched, aching, happy, going, going, to the earth's end and to victory. He kissed the rose that twined in his button hole. He kissed the dream lips that hovered beneath the stars. And when the sharp pain bit back and hip and throbbing head, he let it bite nad crouched lower and moaned a song: ~~"Way down where the Congo is a flowing"~~ Jericho—Jericho—

The great field beyond Albany was black with human beings ~~long hours before the low shriek of the Twentieth Century~~ They strained their eyes southward, when suddenly pointing to the southward, someone cried:

"Look!"

A quivering shout, rising to a scream of joy, arose, for high on the southern sky loomed a great bird that flew like flying of the wind. Nothing else was in sight, ~~but as the bird shot onward, there came the faint cry of the express full twenty miles away. Then~~ Shout on shout rolled aloft. Men danced, women screamed, and children waved flags. Still the bird shot on over the field and on, straight toward the clustered walls of Troy. A new fear clutched the hearts of the people and a cry of warning woke the half-dead ears of the bent and pain-racked body above. Suddenly, the flying thing quivered. It swayed and eddyed to the

left and then to the right. A silence held the watching people. Ten miles away the Limited shrieked again. Suddenly, the flying machine plunged and rocked, swept downward, curled up and tottered. Then, like a great bird, it dropped hovered a moment gently, and lurching, crushed one great wing against the railway track and lay cold, inert and still, awaiting the train. John Pierce stared a moment blindly into space and then fell forward fainting to the earth.

Dimly he awoke again to consciousness still flying, flying. He was tired, world weary, yet always flying, flying, above the world, above the clouds, over the sun and stars, up, up into great white space - and what ailed his motor? He missed its rythmic roar - this was another motor, a different motion - it was like a railway train - it was a railway train, and he sat suddenly up.

"Feeling better?" asked the doctor cheerily. Pierce shook his head impatiently. It was a luxurious li ttle compartment

"Where am I?" he asked.

The door opened and the Presi dent entered. The doctor withdrew, whispering a word.

"Well, Mr. Pierce,- congratulations," beamed the President.

"Where am I?" asked Pierce icily.

The President sat down.

"On the New York Central," he replied, "within two hours of New York.

Pierce started angrily.

"But I had business in Albany," he growled.

The President sat down.

"Mr. Pierce," he said. "I have taken some liberties, I admit. You fainted after the race a couple of hours ago, came momentarily to and dropped asleep, and it seemed best not to disturb you. I told the anxious reporters that you took our regular aviator's place because he - was late. It struck me that your business was not as much with the reporters as with the directors of the Auto-Engine Syndicate, Limited. We meet in Washington to-morrow and I am taking you down on my private car. We'll make the midnight out of New York."

John Pierce leaned forward and the President poured him out a glass of sherry and continued:

"I have also taken the liberty to write you out a check here for $10,000 for your marvelous victory against the best aviators of the world. It was a splendid vindication of our engine."

"My engine," returned Pierce shortly.

"Your engine," assented the President easily.

Pierce leaned back again.

"I remember our little dispute," said the President, "and while I think we were absolutely right, yet I have always been willing to do what I could for you. At the time I could do little. We were in a tight place financially and we owed a duty to our stockholders. Today, thanks to you, our fortunes are made, and - would you consider a proposition to become foreman of our engine works, Mr. Pierce?"

John Pierce slowly took a second glass of wine. He said he would. The President arose.

"Better get some more sleep," he said, " you were pretty well knocked out," and he opened the door.

"Say," said Pierce suddenly, "has the Twentieth Century - gone on - " then he stopped, realizing that the question was silly.

WWhy, certainly," said the President, pausing. But John Pierce only grunted and slipped down into bed. When the door was closed, however, he crept out and searching, found a wilted rose and put it in water. One regret was mingled in his triumph. He lay and thought of her face - thought and thought until he slept, in gutters and palaces and on great flying clouds, and before him ever swept a face - glowing, dark-haired, with purple eyes and lips that strove to speak.

He arose next morning sore but fairly rested. For a moment he was aghast as he remembered the only clothes

he had in the world with their plasterings of earth and air. Then his eye fell on a neat business suit and fresh linen lying across a chair. He whistled softly, asked no questions but dressed. The President was evidently a thoughtful man, for the fit was not bad. Finally he stepped out into the main part of the car. The President introduced him to two directors who looked at him with unusual interest.

"Brush, Sir?"

He turned. There stood the Porter, Sam Johnson. John Pierce's eyes lighted and he started to stretch both hands, when he heard the President's voice:

"The Bishop of Georgia, Mr. Pierce."

He turned quickly, saw the grave and carefully groomed prelate and shook his hand while the porter quietly brushed him.

"The Bishop is interested in mechanics and saw your victory yesterday," said the President.

Pierce said a few words as he turned his back to the porter's brushing, and faced the one un-opened state room door. He decided it was inopportune to greet the porter just now. He could hardly explain to these magnates the genesis of this strange acquaintanceship, and he did not like to affront a southerner. It might embarrass even Johnson, he argued. No - he would wait till they started out of the car and then drop back and -

The door before him suddenly opened.

"Good morning, Elizabeth!" cried the Bishop.

Pierce looked up and the car swam; he saw a face rose-swept, with two great violet eyes and a mouth that quivered, and she saw a withered rose.

"Mr. Pierce!" she cried, and he whispered - "You!"

Then all things happened. The world went golden and a ~~wild~~ music lay upon the laden air or the wandering depot. He took her hand - her little hand, and murmuring something meaningless, helped her down from the car, adjusted her cloak and carried her bag reverently. He dropped a dollar absently into the porter's hand, and then together they alone, amid mere shadows of men, floated up the long and sunlit platform. She held the door of the motor car open -

"You'll come up with us to breakfast, won't you? Father will be delighted and there's plenty of room. Is there not, Uncle?"

Pierce hesitated. He had forgotten something, something important - what was it? Then she laughed into his eyes, and leaping into the car, he slammed to the door.

The car snorted, and as they whirled there rose faintly from the caverns far below, some light and haunting echo of a song:

~~"Way down where the Congo is a flowing.~~

~~Way down~~ Jerusalem — Jerusalem —

John Pierce looked back.

Down to Jericho.

—

Pierce Krelma went over each point carefully again, checking ~~counting~~ them off on his fingers: the invention was practical, it was simple, and the cost reasonable. The railroads must eventually adopt it, especially with the popular outcry against collisions. Very good! then he was justified in putting every cent he had and could borrow into the scheme. and he had; he was even beginning to look ~~stubby~~ just a grim shabby to-morrow would settle the matter and tomorrow, he would be - he trembled at the thought - almost rich; then his eyes wandered over the nodding plumes of the hats and the sleek dark coats until they rested with a start on the girl's face.

He was to take midnight train to New York for the decisive interview with the president of the New York Central. How he had happened to wander into this fashionable Washington Church he hardly knew, but it looked warm and inviting and he saw by the Bulletin that Bishop Onsweth was to preach on "Social Uplift". He smiled and entered, listening absently to the text -"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves" - I'm going down to Jericho myself, thought Krelms, complacently, as his mind again wandered eagerly over the

details of that interview - the points to be impressed in arguments. He was glad the model had been in the hands of the railroad officials now a full month - they would have full time to test it and - then again his eyes sought the face of the girl. She was small and beautifully formed, with a rose face and almost purple eyes. Her face was beautiful but it was more than beautiful - it was alert, tense, intelligent - the full lips almost quivered to move and she bent forward in her richly simple gown to anticipate the rolling cadences of the phrases of the preacher.

(over)

Where had Krelems seen the marvellously interesting girl? Suddenly he remembered - it was Miss Erna Sledd the youngest daughter of the Boss just back from Toynbee Hall, London. She was to be faddish. He had never met her. He was an errand boy when she went abroad and she had not been back long. He looked at her with a thrill. Only the last night the Boss had said:

"If it succeeds, Pierce - We'll - We'll-" Krelms understood, with capital he might enter an old established business, just now beginning to expand anew. And then? His eyes sought again the subtle curves of her tense little form; slowly he raised his eyes and found her dark blue ones full on him. She turned them away with no coquetish

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side."

His listeners and then

(over)

start or flutter, with no cold glare - just with simple naturalness that left a certain warmth. He listened with a foolish happiness to the Bishop's words: "And Like mine a Levite, when he was at the place came & looked on him & passed by on the other side ~~(Luke X, 31-35)~~ over

After the ~~After a~~ sermon of which Krelms ~~heard little, he~~ moved out with the crowd. But he did not see the deeply blue-eyed girl again ~~Hee Gene Gladd~~, and grinning ~~laughing~~ at his own nonsense he walked briskly toward the station; he calculated that he would just have time for lunch and then he would get into his sleeper - for the luxury of a sleeper seemed called for in view of his strenuous day on the morrow. His walk and simple lunch consumed an hour and a half and it was nearly eleven as he approached the car ~~his sleeper~~. A Negro stood beside the steps of his car - tall, of a soft mahogany with laughing black eyes. He was singing softly: insert 31/2

"Way down, where the Congo
Is a flowing -
Way down - "

This one ~~The~~ took Krelm's grip bade him a cheering "good evening" and showed him to lower seven. Krelm's was undoing his bag ~~grip~~ half hidden in the curtains when he heard the porter returning with two other passengers. He was volubly and with quite overdone sympathy and solicitude, & Krelms mind

When ~~[illegible]~~ the sermon commenced, but Krelmus was again deep in his calculations. There was another patient on the market he knew but it was undeniably inferior to his ~~[illegible]~~ — well the railroads could compare, they were no fools — then the voice of the preacher rose insistently to emphasize his theme:

" But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed came where he was and when he saw him he had compassion on him,
" and went to him and bound up his wounds pouring in oil and wine & set him on his own beast & brought him to an inn and took care of him "——

Krelmus listened a moment absently and then went back to his dreams — Samaritans are scarce " he murmured.

(over)

Krelms glanced at him carelessly and forgot him. On the whole he disliked negroes when he happened to think of them at all. They did such foolish unwanted things. Now this one stood there singing

"But we ordered two lowers," said the deep protesting tones of a man.

an upper & lower

"Sorry, Sir, but they gave you section 6, you see this gentleman has lower 7. (And he's going to keep it," said Krelms to himself)

"But I can't -" began the deep tones.

"But I can" came a pleasant decisive voice. "I just as leave sleep in an upper as not."

Then Krelms looked out and looked again into those dark blue eyes. "Fate!" he whispered, and he said to ~~the~~ Bishop Darnell, whom it proved to be:

"Let me insist that the lady take this lower - really prefer the upper."

the young lad

"That is more courteous than truthful," said ~~Miss Sladd~~ looking at him, he fancied, with the slightest start of recognition.

"my niece says —"

"I am sure it is a great deal to ask," began the Bishop, but in the end Krelms' offer was accepted by the lady with a frank smile that sent him to ~~pleasant dreams~~. Later ~~Immediately~~ he gathered, from scattered phrases that these two were to attend the National Conference of Charities and Correction ~~Convention~~ in New York. He registered a vow & drank in all some of the precious himself if all went well.

(over)

When he ~~moved~~ dropped to sleep and dreamed that a tall Mahogany colored Negro Thief had waylaid him on Broadway and a good Samaritan in shirt & dark blue eyes ~~bent~~ bent sweetly over him.

The Duke & his Niece

Next morning Krelms saw them pass into the dining room as he went to the lunch counter and then lost track of them. He debated as he ate as to the choice of a hotel for his pocket book was near empty. Finally however, he decided upon the Astor House. It was down town and "They might ask where I was stopping," he argued.

At 9:30 he was on Wall Street. He looked at the tall grey buildings, the eddying stream of hurrying and leisurly men and at the slit of grim grey sky. He shut his teeth and whispered "My world!" as he shot toward heaven in the elevator. The private secretary looked at his card doubtfully and then disappeared. He heard quick ~~excited~~ tones within, and the secretary shot through the office, dropped a pile of letters on his desk, and without a word, ran into the stenographer's room beyond.

"Bring me Brailson's letter," said an authoritative voice within the president's office.

"Yes - yes - it's right on top of the pile."

Krelms a bit surprised hurried to the pile of letters and took up the top one. He could not help glancing at it as he carried it into the office: - "If we can't get controlling interest in C.M.& G. we're ruined. There are 3,000 shares missing somewhere - say nothing, but

trace them ~~at any price~~ and buy them at any price, or -"

"-Here it is, Sir, -" said Krelms.

stared at him
The president snatched the letter.

"Who the devil are you?" he snapped angrily.

Krelms drew himself up and pointed to the card lying on his desk.

"Humph", said the president, "I was calling my secretary"

Just then the ~~private~~ secretary hurried back with a sheaf ~~sheet~~ of papers and telegrams, and looked at Krelm's in surprise.

"This man -" he began.

"Never mind," answered the President, more calmly, "sit down."

The Secretary withdrew ant the President buried himself in his papers for fifteen wordless minutes. Then he looked up suidenly and frowned:

"I regret to say, Mr. -"

" Krelms"

"Yes - Krelms, that the N. Y. L. cannot accept your offer We have decided to try - another device." The office floor swayed gently beneath

Krelms chair. He gulped and grasped the desk.

"May I ask which one - " he asked Krelms breathlessly, "the only other one-"

"I do not know," said the President curtly - the Traffic manager may tell you - good day"

Krelms groped his way from the office and in an half hour was sitting at the traffic Manager's desk ~~staring at the pictured plans.~~

insert 7½

"But I tell you - these plans are mine." he gasped, "they infringe my patents - My God, has the N. Y. C. sunk to this - are you a den of thieves?" And then losing all control he cursed the cold faced official wildly; clerks hurried in, confused pictures and scenes passed quickly through his head - doors slammed and bells tinkled; men jostled and pushed him, trolleys hummed - a newsboy cried "Take care!" and a policeman growled "Move on there, you!"

At last & hunger When, in sheer weariness, out of the wild torrent of his thoughts emerged coherence again, he found himself staggering along some squalid streets ~~of the lower east side~~. He stopped with a start and pulled himself together.

What had happened? It was all clear. The N. Y. L. had taken his

But the Trapper Manager was non-committal
No he had no model of the device — he did
not know where invention it was — O yes
it worked all right — had been working
for a month — anyone could see it in
the yard — he must really be excused
now — good day.

In half dazed anger and dismay Krelms
wandered along the streets lying & blind. Then a
sudden ~~gloom~~ suspicion and a gleam of light
came to him and he hurried to the ~~Commind~~ ~~and~~
East River ferry and the railway yards of the
N.Y.L. He was dusty and dirty, coated
with smoke and grease when he landed
~~but~~ again late in the afternoon on the
lower east side. He drank with anger and
misery. His eyes were bloodshot and he
almost staggered as he walk. Drays thundered
by him and voices yelled and screamed

stolen his patent
model, calmly appropriated his ideas and defied him. And he? What could he do? Sue? He stopped and with a grim smile took out the slowly furnished
little pocket book that had all his worldly wealth. As he opened it a
flash pounced out a dark twisted allegiance
grimy hand snatched it and dealing him a blinding blow across the forehead, left him prone and bleeding in the muddy gutter.

Day darkened and lights began to twinkle. ~~through the narrow~~
by the corner of stopped at dismissed the
An automobile whirled ~~through~~ the narrow street and the Bishop ~~glanced~~ chauffeur. Then he walked thro' the narrow street, looking enquiringly on either
out the window as he passed by on the far side of the road.
side. Suddenly he saw the huddled figure in the gutter first as it began to
groan + struggle + the first stirs
"Drunk!" he said, in disgust and crossing over hurried on.

Two women came swiftly along talking. One was tall and angular, comfortably but plainlydressed. She was talking to a younger woman, almost a girl, tastefully, yet simply gowned, of beautiful form with
dark blue
a rosy face and almost purple eyes. The younger one was ~~replying~~ saying:

"But poverty is not necessary - with freedom, health, ambition -"

"You'd ~~still have the~~ gutter snipe", rasped the elder woman, which had just almost double on the curbing
pointing to the bloody ~~grimy figure~~ in the gutter. Miss Sledd stopped startled and then made as if to approach the victim.

"I'm awfully interested and I do hope you'll let me try."

"~~yes~~ I will" said the elder woman "but you won't like it — Poverty on Morningside Heights & in Elder street are two different things and social uplift in St Luke is not quite as ~~the~~ dirty as at "Neighborhood House"

I know but I'll try — I mind try: Father has ~~chemicals in trade st. works~~ mines & railroads and he's near penniless & I will not become an Charge on uncle. There now I've told you I am interested in settlement work.

"Well then ~~then~~ begin here" said the elder woman dirly. The girl looked down at the huddled figure & shrunk instinctively back "What's the matter" asked the elder woman. Helena struggled to a sitting posture & looking up in a dazed way looked again and there beside and blue eyes. Great God — would she recognize him? I'm possible & he shrunk forward his gather & dragged his hat over his eyes.

"A runaway afraid I'll recognize him I presume —

(over)

Somehow I don't - can I help you" she reclined heavily over him ~~while the girl shrank further back~~. He looked up decidedly & saw that the blue-eyed girl had moved further away

"For heaven's sake loan me a dollar" he began hurriedly

But the woman moved on "wants money for more drink as usual" she said. - I'll a ~~the~~ policeman down

"what - to arrest him" asked the girl slowly looking at the figure and trying hard to remember some haunting likeness

"O no, he won't arrest him - he'll give him a night rest and send him along; unless they recognize him as a crook, which is quite possible" and they passed on.

~~(The Quest)~~

Way down, where the congo is a flowing
Way down

"I ain't much among strangers & heart, shivering with the wet and cold, Krelms lifted his head slowly and listened. Where had he heard that voice - that tune, and then he stared up into the bare beam above him - mahogany colored & cheery, with it's black eyes & white teeth

"Better not - some brawler - we'll send back the first policeman; I know them all on this beat - it's in the settlement area - come."

Krelms opened his eyes feebly and looked at them, but they passed on.

The Colored porter sauntered on, his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets alternately whistling and singing.

"Way down where the Cong ia a flowing."

"Hello pard!" said the Colored Porter, softly

Krelms tried to struggle up and the porter helped him gently

"hard lines, old man", he said cheerfully and Krelms smiled wanly.

"For gods sake" he whispered, "give me something warm"

A policeman hurried around the corner but the Porter nodded "friend of mind", he said jovially, "had a drop extra, - I'll see to him," The policeman paused doubtfully but passed on as the pair disappeared into a gaudy saloon nearby.

"Hello George!" said the Porter.

"Hello, Sam!" answered the Bartender.

"Hot whiskey punch, for two

Krelms sat up under the warm and grateful glow of the liquor and

the porter fetched a towel, wiped his face and bound up his head.

Then he started.

"Well, I'm jiggered - didn't I bring you up from

Washington last night?"

Krelms nodded in pale silence.

The porter eyed him curiously but said nothing ~~and sauntered~~ over

over to the bar. "Give him a hot ruffer"

"Keep him tonight," he said, "and I'll pay you next week -

~~"Come along now & have it a Ham but a dollar bill"~~ The bar-keeper nodded

got ~~nothing~~ but a V tonight and ~~don't want to break it~~". Then he ~~the~~ porter

turned to Krelms:

right after ruffer

"Better get to bed old boy - they'll keep you all night."

"I - I thank you," he faltered, "I shan't forget you-

my friend, never - your name?"

"O, just Sam Johnson - Penna Pulmans, every other night

out of Washington -" Then he paused, "Say - you got any money?"

Krelms hesitated,

"No - I've been robbed - but -"

The Porter ran his hand in his pocket, took out a ~~bill and looked~~

at it - then he thrust it into Krelms hand and hurried out.

over

"Waiter," he called "Put stew ~~for~~ here" — he felt in his pockets, searched & at last brought out a silver dollar

"Damned if that aint my last red" he said clapping it on the table — "

Krelms was devouring the stew — he took the money suddenly thoughtfully, ~~he~~ put down his spoon & looked up.

"Say" he said "Why did you do this for me?"

The porter chuckled "Superstitious" said he "always was — 'fraid I'll get caught that way myself some time"

Krelms slowly got to his feet & put both hands on his shoulders —

"I — I don't thank you for the dollar," he said for that I'll pay back, but I thank-thank you for — for treating me like a man!"

The porter ~~said nothing~~ looked at him awkwardly & with a hurried "So long!" hastened wheezily out the door.

"I'm a dam fool," he said as he lighted a cigarette, ~~and~~ but

a moment later his voice floated back into the saloon:

"Way down, where the Congo - "

Krelms sat in the lobby of the Astor House next morning ~~with his satchell beside him.~~ He ~~had paid his hotal bill and~~ had been to

a clothes cleaner and a barber, ~~He had seventy-five cents in his~~ ~~pocket, but~~ and he looked respectable despite the dirt on his ~~plast~~ forehead. ~~had not~~ — Could not pay his hotel bill, but he kept his room, changed his ~~dirty~~ linen & napped for awhile

He ~~had sat down for~~ cool thought. What should he do? Then suddenly slowly drifted across his perplexed efforts to find a way until at last the conversation of two neighbors at his back struck like a bullet

on his ear -

"Three thousand shares of C. M. & G. They are worthless - a sort of job lot and I'm going to sell them for a song or throw them away."

"Well, so long," And the men ~~couple~~ went out. Krelms sat a moment puzzled and then rose in trembling amazement & followed them. He remembered the letter in the office of the N. Y. L. "3,000 shares of C. M. &.G - buy at any price" - he turned quickly toward the men. They had gone; ~~but on~~ and the chairs they had occupied only a deserted hand bag. Krelms hesitated a moment; ~~his aching head began to whirl again before he could decide he had sat down~~ ~~The next moment he had deserted his own bag and was in the~~ ~~chair beside~~ ~~Fifteen minutes later he had read the address~~ ~~tag of Samuel Jones, 152 Hale st, Ann Arbor, Mich. And then he had~~

He rushed to the door but saw no one that seemed to be the man he was looking for. Then he returned to the lobby for a moment & then he walked out to the street

Was gone. He sat down & waited & waited. Then he took the bag in his left & carelessly read the tag: Colonel Samuel Ormsbee, Lawrenceville, Ga

121 Onsmelt? Onsmelt – Where had he heard that name
121 It seemed strangely familiar
Pausing ~~confusedly~~, he took some papers from his pocket & carelessly opened the bag ~~and~~ with trembling fingers but outward indifference; ~~lifted up~~ at the bottom among toilet articles & perfumes lay a bundle of shares of the C. M.&G. Ten minutes later he and the bag sauntered out of the hotel. He hesitated no longer.

The president of the N.Y.L. frowned at the card he sent in.

"Tell him - " he began - then he saw "over" and glanced on the other side. He rose hurriedly. "Show him in," he said.

Krelms entered and the door closed. The private secretary listened carefully but could make out nothing. The conference lasted an unconscionable time to his mind. He had about determined to interrupt it on some pretext when the bell rang sharply. The Secretary stepped to the door - or rather being at the door stepped backward and then forward and opened it.

"Make out a check in favor of Mr. Pierce Krelms for -"

I beg pardon "~~Sir~~" said Mr. Krelm's voice, but I prefer "~~Make~~ two checks one ~~in favor of Samuel Jones~~ for $600,000, and the other ~~one in favor of Pierce Krelms~~ for $250,000."

"Very good," said the President, and the private secretary felt his way out carefully and whistled softly as he took out the

check book.

"And now, Mr. Krelms, " said the President as he accompanied the young man to the door, "I trust ~~to see more of you - I'm going over to Washington on my private car with a party tonight, perhaps you will join us and then tomorrow we can interview Mr. Sledd.~~ we shall be friends and good business associates — good day.

Mr. Krelms ~~said he would be delighted. Then~~ hurried out; he went and sent a ~~two telegrams, one without signature to Samuel Jones,~~ to Washington saying:

~~"I found your bag and sold your bonds at 250. Check deposited And to Mr. Sledd he wired:~~

"Sold patent to N. Y. L. at twice price mentioned and royalties. Home tomorrow." Then he went to a telephone booth

At midnight he boarded the private car. The porter was tall, of a soft mahogany color with laughing black eyes. He was whistling as Krelms came up with the President, but he stopped short as he saw Krelms.

The youngman did not notice him for just as he handed him his bag, the Bishop and Miss Sledd joined the party.

In the morning the Porter was dusting off Miss Sledd. She turned to Krelms confidentally after searching ~~her little purse:~~

over

and called up the Astor House: yes Colonel Ormsbee had just phoned and asked about a bag which they could not find. He was leaving on the midnight train for Washington with his daughter — drawing room A, car 7. good byes.

Krelms secured some ready money returned to the Astor House, had a long wash, a bath and a good dinner and then hoping his bill burned to Jersey City. He was delayed by the street cars and arrived just as the midnight train was about to pull out. Debating ~~his things~~ in his pocket he took Colonel Ormsbee's satchell & started thro the ~~car~~ train. Car seven? answered a porter at last, & that's on the front section — it's gone ahead but you can catch it in Washington.

Kielmansegg tossed and turned feverishly. After all he was a thief and his future was in the hands of this unknown man – Cromwell. Cromwell ~~had~~ had suddenly he sat up on the bunk, bumping his head but scarcely feeling it – Dorsmed was the name of the Bishop who preached & here and a girl with dark blue – almost purple eyes – a nose – a mouth – Yes – only day before yesterday. The girl

She groaned. ~~Didn't~~ When he remembered his last interview with the President of the N.Y.L. & he smiled and dropped asleep

No sooner ~~had the~~ ~~he did he wake~~ ~~then~~ had the train reached the depot on W. Chas St. was out & hurrying along the platform. The other section was on another track & he had to rush up stairs & down another way. When he found the train & at last the car ~~&~~ He ~~stepped on the~~ put his foot on the step & for a moment hesitated. Then he went in. The car was dishevelled & dark, half dressed people were hurrying & the ward rooms & he saw the back of the porter disappearing in the

Mrs's room with a pile of towels. He hurried on to Drawing room A at the opposite end & knocked. There was a scurrying inside & by and by the door was opened slightly & a tall grey haired man with pleasant face looked out

"Good morning sir" he said with evident southern politeness & accent.

Krelmo shut & the door

"I've found your bag." he said shortly.

The man turned & emerged in his shirt sleeves

"Thank you, sir, thank you, it was a most valuable bag —

~~It was very valuable, please open~~

"Please open it & see if all right

"Why sir, the idea — of course —

He opened it deferentially. On top lay a paper & a check.

a baker name said

Pierce Krelmo &

Colorado Oriental Dr.

To 3000 shares of C M & G @ 200 — $600,000

Received payment.

Attached to this was a cashed check for $600,000
The Colonel stared at the check with wild eyes
"$600 — hundred — thousand" he gasped
"Yes sir, I stole your bond & sold them but I stole I got more for them than you could have more? well I started say — my God! man if I've got anything else worth $600,000 & you for God's sake steal it — Mollie — mollie?
"Broad sir?" Krelms turned and looked into the face of the colored porter — this good Samaritan of the night before. A smile hovered on his dark Jovial face & Krelms started & grasp his hands to him
"my daughter, sir, my daughter Mollie — sir?
"Krelms" gasped the young man staring into the beautiful face of the darkly blue eyed girl of his dreams of adventure. She seemed more dazzlingly perfect in form & rosy in face than ever
"Mr. Krelms has saved us from ~~the~~ something worse than poverty" said the Colonel tremulously and the girl with wild deep pleased color "Mr. Krelms - I am again your

debt. Then the name flashed thru his head — Onzueta - the banker, his niece & Then the father. He slammed & looked into her eyes so earnestly that they fell before him & then rose again in frank camaraderie. The porter was touching her carefully.

"Please loan me a quarter for this arrogant Negro" she whispered "Pa never has any change" Krelms plunged his hand into his pocket & brought out a silver dollar. For a moment he hesitated. No not now — it would seem so. They were southerners and would not understand. He dropped the dollar carelessly into the porters hand, He turned longer behind and spoke and

He helped her down from the car & skidded back — she turned: Uncle has sent down his car, you'll come up & breakfast with us? & know you're starved, I am —

Yes — yes echoed the colonel"

and Krelms slipped eagerly forward.

We took her bag & baggage handed him & a ticket for her. She spoke of N.Y. & he listened & her story of settlement work. up the stairs they floated, elbows & everything. We guided her aside toward the automobiles & he closed the gate – he ~~knocked~~ started:
up from the caverns below floated a fair melody

Way down where the Congo
is a flowing
Way down —

"Have you a quarter to loan me?", she whispered, "for this avaricious Negro?"

He reached in his pocket and looking up his eyes met the eyes of the Negro. In a flash he knew. He started to raise his hand in joyous recognition when he was suddenly conscious of Miss Sledd's dark blue eyes. He hesitated - he would wait until later he decided and he ~~silently han~~ calmly handed the Porter a half dollar and took his turn to be brushed, chatting with Miss Sledd on her new settlement work in New York. She was certainly fascinating - a type he had not met before; beautiful, yet intelligent, with a quick sure grasp of things, a trained knowledge and yet withal an appealing frankness and simplicity. He found himself arguing eagerly as they passed out of the car, along the platform and up the steps. As he reached the top of the stair case she said: "You'll motor up with us and take breakfast, papa will be delighted.

"Thank you," said Mr. Krelms, flushing with pleasure, but as the passed out of the depot a faint far melody from below struck strangely on his ears:

"Way down where the Congo is a flowing."

Down to Jericho.

Scenario of a Drama.

Act I

The scene opens in Jerusalem (Washington) in a fashionable church where a young Methodist preacher, A, is delivering a sermon on Luke 10 : 36.

In the pews are B, a beautiful woman and C an ambitious young man. They do not listen to the sermon but make love. B says they cannot marry without money. C says he will get money from his invention.

Act II

C starts down to Jericho ~~(New York)~~ with his invention. E the colored porter offers to take his bag but he goes to the coaches. He interviews a great railway magnate D who rebuffs him but lets his underlings steal C's patent. C sues and the case hangs fire. Meantime C is set upon by debauchers and then by thugs, loses his case by default, sinks to drunkenness and poverty.

Act III

A grown conservative views ~~Pittsburg~~ N.Y. in an automobile and discourses on the waning of true Orthodoxy, He meets C staggering in the Tenderloin and passes by on the other side. D restless and dissatisfied has gone into social reform work. On a slumming tour ~~(The "Pittsburg Survey")~~. She meets C whom she does not recognize, studies him and recommends that no aid be given

a hopeless case. E a colored Pullman porter comes singing and whistling along and sees C in the gutter about to kill himself. "Hello pard" he cries jovially, slaps him on the back, takes him to a saloon for a hot whiskey and plenty of free lunch, tipping the bar-keeper. He gives C his last dollar and tells the bar-keeper to let him stay all night and he'll settle when he returns from his next trip. C falls on his neck and promises never to forget him.

Act IV

C reformed, cool, desperate begins to climb. He works in the railway and then gets into D's office as clerk. Gets tips and speculates. Finally he sees where he can push D to the wall and entering Wall Street begins his battle. A terrible fight takes place on the Stock Exchange. Gradually and one by one the silk hatted, black coated brokers waving their memoranda change to and are kisplaced by mailed Babylonian and Jewish warriors wielding their swords in fierce attack on the defense of Jericho. Wild cries of death and pain are heard and maimed and blood streaked men rush across the stage or fall dying: gradually the Knight C presses D to a corner and lifts a great mace. D surrenders .

Act V

In the board room of the New Railway Combine D, the president, hard pressed by C who owns a block of dangerous rival stock, yields and C leaves a millionaire and director. He leaps on the Pennsylvania special for New York. He meets Bishop A and is cordially greeted. The colored porter E comes forward, recognizes

him, starts to shake hands. C hesitates and suddenly sees B sitting in front beautiful and well groomed she rises and comes forward, both hands extended.

"Brush, Sir?" asks E.

"Yes," says C handing him a quarter. They arrive at Washington and all leave the train. The Porter stands alone at the train steps looking at the quarter. The lights go slowly out.

THE BLACK MAN BRINGS HIS GIFTS

Typescript

XIV

THE BLACK MAN BRINGS HIS GIFTS

By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

We've got a pretty fine town out here in middle Indiana. We claim fifty thousand inhabitants although the census cheats us out of nearly half. You can't depend on those guys in Washington. The new Pennsylvania station has just gone up and looks big and clean although a bit empty on account of the new anti-loafing ordinance. There is a White Way extending down through the business section which makes us quite gay at night. Of course, we have Rotary, Kiwanis, the Chamber of Commerce and the Federation of Women's Clubs. There are six churches, not counting the colored folks.

Well, last year somebody suggested we have an America's Making pageant just like New York. You see, we need something to sort of bring us together after the war. We had a lot of Germans here and near-Germans and we had to pull them up pretty stiff. In all, we had seven or eight races or nations, not counting the colored people. We salute the flag and many of us can sing The Star Spangled Banner without books. But we really need Americanization; a sort of wholesome getting together.

So, as I have said, last year the Federation of Women's Clubs started the matter and got a committee appointed. They appointed me and Birdie; Mrs. Cadwalader Lee (who is an awfully aristocratic Southern lady); Bill Graves, who runs the biggest store; the editor of the daily paper and the Methodist preacher, who has the biggest church. They made me secretary but Birdie suggested that we needed an impartial chairman who knew something about the subject, for, says she, "What with the Germans, Poles, Scandinavians and Italians, everybody will claim so much that there'll be nothing left for the real Americans." We met and considered the idea favorably and wrote to the state university.

They sent us down a professor with a funny name and any number of degrees. It seems that he taught sociology and "applied ethics", whatever that may be.

"I'll bet he's a Jew," said Birdie as soon as she looked at him. "I've got nothing against Jews, but I just don't like them. They're too pushing."

First thing off the bat, this professor, who wore a cloak and spoke exceedingly proper and too low for anybody to hear unless they were listening, asked if the colored people ought not to be represented. That took us a bit by surprise as we hadn't thought of them at all. Mrs. Cadwalader Lee said she thought it might be best to have a small auxiliary colored committee and that she would ask her cook to get one up.

"Well," says I, after we had gotten nicely settled for our first real meeting,"what is the first thing that's gone to making America and who did it?" I had my own mind on music and painting and I know that Birdie is daft on architecture; but before we either of us could speak, Bill Graves grinned and said, "hard work."

The Chairman nodded and said, "Quite true, labor."

I didn't know just what to say but I whispered to Birdie that it seemed to me that we ought to stress some of the higher things. The chairman must have heard me because he said that all higher things rested on the foundation of human toil.

"But, whose labor?" asked the editor. "Since we are all descended from working people, isn't labor a sort of common contribution which, as it comes from everybody, need not be counted?"

"I should hardly comment to that statement," said Mrs. Cadwalader Lee, who is said to be descended from a governor and a lord.

"At any rate," said the chairman, "the Negroes were America's

first great labor force."

"Negroes!" shrilled Birdie, "but we can't have them!"

"I should think," said Mrs. Cadwalader Lee, softly, "that we might have a very interesting darky scene. Negroes hoeing cotton and that sort of thing." We all were thankful to Mrs. Lee and immediately saw that that would be rather good; Mrs. Lee again said she would consult her cook, a very intelligent and exemplary person.

"Next," I said firmly, "comes music."

"Folk songs," said the Methodist preacher.

"Yes," I continued. "There would be Italian and German and—"

"But I thought this was to be American," said the chairman.

"Sure," I answered. "German-American and Italian-American and so forth."

"There ain't no such animal," says Birdie, but Mrs. Cadwalader Lee reminded us of Foster's work and thought we migt have a chorus to sing Old Folks at Home, Old Kentucky Home and Nelly Was a Lady. Here the editor pulled out a book on American folk songs by Krehbiel or some such German name and read an extract. (I had to copy it for the minutes.) It said:

"The only considerable body of songs which has come into existence in the territory now compassed by the United States, I might even say in North America, excepting the primitive songs of the Indians (which present an entirely different aspect), are the songs of the former black slaves. In Canada the songs of the people, or that portion of the people that can be said still to sing from impulse, are predominantly French, not only in language but in subject. They were for the greater part transferred to this continent with the bodily integrity which they now possess. Only a small portion show an admixture of Indian elements; but the songs of the black slaves of the South are original and native products. They contain idioms which were

transplanted from Africa, but as songs they are the product of American institutions; of the social, political and geographical environment within which their creators were placed in America; of the influences to which they were subjected in America; of the joys, sorrows and experiences which fell to their lot in America.

Nowhere save on the plantations of the South could the emotional life which is essential to the development of true folksong be developed; nowhere else was there the necessary meeting of the spiritual cause and the simple agent and vehicle. The white inhabitants of the continent have never been in the state of cultural ingenuousness which prompts spontaneous emotional utterances in music.

This rather took our breath and the chairman suggested that the auxiliary colored committee might attend to this. Mrs. Cadwalader Lee was very nice about it. (She has such lovely manners and gets her dresses direct from New York.) She said that she was sure it could all be worked out satisfactorily. We would need a number of servants and helpers. Well, under the leadership of that gifted cook, we'd have a cotton-hoeing scene to represent labor and while hoeing they would sing Negro ditties; afterward they could serve the food and clean up.

That was fine, but I didn't propose to be sidetracked.

"But," I says, "we don't want to confine ourselves to folk songs. There is a lot of splendid American music like that of Victor Herbert and Irving Berlin."

The editor grinned. But the chairman was real nice and he mentioned several folks I never heard of—Paine, Buck, Chadwick and DeKoven. And, of course, I know of Nevin and McDowell. Still that editor grinned and said, "Yes, and Harry Burleigh and W. C. Handy and Nathaniel Dett."

Here the preacher spoke up. "I especially like that man, Dett.

Our choir sang his Listen to the Lambs last Christmas."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Cadwalader Lee, "and Burleigh's Young Warrior was one of the greatest of our war songs."

"I am sure," said the Methodist preacher, "that our choir will be glad to furnish the music."

"But are they colored?" asked the chairman, who had been silent.

"Colored?" we gasped.

"Well, you see, each race was to furnish its own contribution."

"Yes," we chorused, "but this is white American music."

"Not on your life," said the editor, who is awfully slangy.

"Of course you know Burleigh and Dett and Handy are all Negroes."

"I think you're mistaken," said Mrs. Cadwalader Lee, getting a bit red in the face.

But sure enough, the chairman said they were and we did not dare dispute him. He even said that Foster's melodies were based on Negro musical themes.

"Well," said the preacher, "I am sure there are no Negroes in town who could sing Listen to the Lambs," and the editor added, "And I hardly think your choir could render The Memphis Blues just as it ought to be." We looked at each other dubiously and I saw right then and there that America's Making had a small chance of being put on in our town. Somebody said that there was a choir in one of the colored churches that could sing this music, but Mrs. Cadwalader Lee reminded us that there would be insuperably difficulties if we tried to bring in obstreperous and high-brow Negroes who demanded social equality. It seems that one of these churches had hired a new social worker—a most objectionable colored person who complained when Mrs. Lee called her by her first name.

"That editor is just lugging the Negroes in," said I to Birdie.

"The Negroes seem to be lugging us in," she replied, and she launched us into architecture. From architecture we went to painting. There were Sargent and Whistler and Abbey. Birdie had seen Tanner's Raising of Lazarus in the Luxembourg and suggested a tableau.

"We might get him to help," said the editor. "He's having an exhibit in New York." We were thrilled, all except Mrs. Lee. "I understand he has Negro blood," she said coldly, "and besides, I do not think much of his work." We dropped that and hurried to inventions.

Here, of course, America is preeminent and we must pick and choose. First the preacher asked what kinds of inventions we ought to stress since America was so very inventive. Bill Graves wanted to stress those which had made big money, while the preacher wanted to emphasize those which had "made for righteousness." Birdie said she was strong for those which were really helpful and the chairman suggested the telephone, things that had helped travel, labor-saving devices, etc.

Well, we named over a number of things and especially stressed the telephone. The editor mentioned Granville Wood as one who had helped to perfect the telephone but we din't listen. I'm sure he was a Negro. But in spite of all, the chairman spoke up again.

"Shoes," he said.

"Well," said I, "I didn't know we invented shoes. I thought they were pretty common before America was discovered."

"But American shoes are the best in the world," said the editor, and then the chairman told us of the United Shoe Machinery Company and how they made shoes.

"And," he added, "that lasting machine which is at the bottom of their success was invented by a Negro."

"I don't believe it," said Birdie flatly, looking at Mrs. Cadwalader Lee. Mrs. Lee got pale this time.

"Of course," she said, "if you are just going to drag in the Negro by the ears—"

"Still," said the editor, "we are after the truth, ain't we? And it is certainly true that Matzeliger invented the lasting machine and you wouldn't want your sister to marry Matzeliger, now would you?"

"Ain't he dead?" asked Birdie, and Mrs. Cadwalader Lee doubted if we ought to be interested in anything as common as shoes.

"I should think automobiles and locomotives would express our genius better."

"Only, we didn't invent them," said the editor.

"But we did invent a method of oiling them while in motion," said the chairman.

"And I'll bet a colored man did that," said Birdie.

"Quite true," answered the chairman. "His name was Elijah McCoy. He is still living in Detroit and I talked with him the other day."

"Might I ask," said Mrs. Cadwalader Lee, looking the chairman full in the face, "if you yourself are of pure white blood?" We all started and we looked the chairman over. He was of dark complexion and his hair was none too straight. He had big black eyes that did not smile much; and yet there couldn't be any doubt about his being white. Wasn't he a professor in the state university and would they hire a colored man no matter how much he knew? The chairman answered.

"I do not know about the purity of my blood although I have usually been called white. Still, one never knows," and he looked solemnly at Mrs. Cadwalader Lee.

Of course, I rushed in, angels being afraid, and cried,

"Dancing—we haven't provided for dancing and we ought to have a lot of that."

"Lovely," says Birdie, "I know a Mexican girl who can do a tango

and we could have folk-dancing for the Irish and Scotch."

"The Negroes invented the tango as well as the cake walk and the whole modern dance craze is theirs," said the editor.

This time the preacher saved us. "I'm afraid," said he,"that I could not countenance public dancing. I am aware that our church has changed its traditional attitude somewhat, but I am old-fashioned. If you are to have dancing—" We hastened to reassure him unanimously. We would have no dancing. We dropped it then and there.

Mrs. Lee now spoke up. "It seems to me," she said, "that the real greatness of America lies in her literature. Not only the great writers like Poe and Lanier but in our folk-lore. There are the lovely legends of the mountain whites and, of course, the Uncle Remus tales. I sometimes used to recite them and would not be unwilling to give my services to this pageant.

"Negro dialect, aren't they?" asked the editor, with vast innocence.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lee, "but I am quite familiar with the dialect."

"But oughtn't they to be given by a Negro?" persisted the editor.

"Certainly not; they were written by a white man, Joel Chandler Harris."

"Yes," added the chairman, "he set them down, but the Negroes originated them—they are thoroughly African."

Mrs. Cadwalader Lee actually sniffed. "I am sorry," she said, "but it seems to me that this matter has taken a turn quite different from our original purpose and I'm afraid I may not be able to take part." This would kill the thing, to my mind, but Birdie was not sure.

"Oh, I don't know," she whispered, "she is too high-brow anyway and this thing ought to be a matter of the common people. I don't mind having a few colored people take part so long as they don't want

to sit and eat with us; but I do draw the line on Jews."

Well, we took up education next and before we got through, in popped Booker T. Washington. And then came democracy and it looked like everybody had had a hand in that, even the Germans and Italians. The chairman also said that two hundred thousand Negroes had fought for their own liberty in the Civil War and in the war to make the world safe for democracy. But that didn't impress Mrs. Lee or any of the rest of us and we concluded to leave the Negro out of democracy.

"First thing you know you'll have us eating with Negroes," said Birdie, and the chairman said that he'd eaten with Republicans and sinners. I suppose he meant to slur Democrats and Socialists but it was a funny way to do it. Somhow I couldn't just figure out that chairman. I kept watching him.

Then up ppps that editor with a lot of notes and papers.

WWhat about exploration?" he asks. Well, we had forgotten that, but naturally the Italians could stage a good stunt with Columbus.

"And the French and Spanish," said Birdie, "only there are none of them in town, thank God!"

"But there are colored folk!" said that chairman. I just gave him a withering look.

"Were they Columbus' cooks?" I asked.

"Probably," said the chairman, "but the one I have in mind discovered New Mexico and Arizona. But I'm afraid," he added slowly, "that we're getting nowhere."

"We've already got there." said Birdie. But the chairman continued: "How could we when we're talking for people and not letting them express themselves?"

"But aren't we the committee?" I asked.

"Yes, and by our own appointment."

"But we represent all the races," I insisted, "except, well--except

the Negroes."

"Just so," replied the chairman, "and while I may seem to you to be unduly stressing the work of Negroes, that is simply because they are not represented here. I promise to say nothing further on the matter if you will indulge me a few minutes. In the next room, a colored woman is waiting. She is that social worker at the colored church and she is here by my invitation. I had hoped to have her invited to sit on this committee. As that does not seem possible, may she say just a word?"

He looked at me. I looked at Birdie and Birdie stared at Mrs. Cadwalader Lee. Mrs. Lee arose.

"Certainly—oh, certainly," she said sweetly. "Don't let me interfere. But, of course, you will understand that we Lees must draw the line somewhere," and out she sailed.

I knew the whole thing was dead as a door nail and I was just about to tell Birdie so when in marched that Negro before we'd had a chance to talk about her. She had on a tailor-made gown that cost fifty dollars if a cent, a smart toque and (would you believe it?) she was a graduate of the University of Chicago. If there's anything I hate it's a college woman. And here was a black one at that. I didn't know just how to treat her so I sort of half turned my soulder to her and looked out the window. She began with an essay. It had a lot of long words which sounded right even if they weren't. What she seemed to be driving at was this:

Who made this big country? Not the millionaires, the ministers and the "know-alls," but laborers and drudges and slaves. And she said that we had no business to forget this and pretend that we were all descended from the nobility and gentry and college graduates. She even went so far as to say that drunks and prostitutes and plain fools had a hand in making this republic, and that the real glory of America

was what it proved as to the possibilities of common-place people and that the hope of the future lay right in these every-day people.

It was the truth and I knew it and so did all of us, but, of course, we didn't dare to let on to each other, much less to her. So I just kept staring out the window and she laid aside her essay and began to talk. She handed to the Negro, music, painting, sculpture, drama, dancing, poetry and letters. She named a lot of people I never heard of; and others like Dunbar and Braithwaite and Chesnutt, but I had always thought they were white. She reminded us of Bert Williams and told us of some fellows named Aldridge and Gilpin.

And then she got on our nerves. She said all this writing and doing beautiful things hurt. That it was born of suffering. That sometimes the pain blurred the message, but that the blood and crying lurked beneath. And at last she took out a little thin black book and read.

She read about this country not belonging to white folks any more than it did to black folks and that the black folks got here before the pilgrims. I couldn't help stepping on Birdie's toes because she says her people came in on some boat named after a flower so long ago she's forget their names. The black girl said that the story of the Negro could be found on every page of the story of America. This made me sick and I turned and glared right at her. But she looked right through me and went on. She said Negroes had been soldiers in all our wars, had nursed the babies, cooked the food and sung and danced besides working so hard that "working like a nigger" was about the hardest work you could picture.

And she asked us if America could have been America without Negroes.

She had me up a tree, I must admit. And I reckon the rest felt as I did — all except that editor.

The chairman looked at us with owl-like eyes; then he shoved a paper at me and read it aloud as he did:

"Timeo Nigros et dona ferentes"

Nobody knows what he meant and nobody gave him the satisfaction of asking.

Well, we just sat and stared until she left. Then we went on talking but we didn't touch the real question; and that was, could we have America's Making without Mrs. Cadwalader Lee and with the Negroes?

We couldn't make up our minds and before we had courage to say so openly we went smash on religion.

We might possibly have had some sort of an America's Making pageant if we hadn't discussed religion. You see, the editor who is downright malicious and hates the Federation of Women's Clubs because they start things, got us all wrong by trying to get a definition of religion. He was strong on meekness and humility and turning the other cheek and that sort of thing and I knew he didn't mean a word of it.

"I suppose," said Birdie, "that you'll be saying that the Negroes have given us all our religion because they're cowards and allowed themselves to be slaves and take insult today meekly."

"I must admit," said the preacher, "that if the meek inherit the earth, the American Negro will get a large share."

"But will the meek inherit the earth?" I asked.

"I think so," said the chairman calmly.

Birdie jumped up and reached for her cloak. "I believe you're a Jew and a pacifist," she said.

"I am both," he answered.

"And I suppose," said I, getting my hat on straight," that when somebody slaps you over, you turn the other cheek."

"I did," said he.

"Well, you're a fool," I answered, reaching for my coat.

And Birdie yelled, "And what did they do to you after you turned the other cheek? Answer me that."

"They crucified me," said the chairman.

WILDA IS FRIGHTENED

FEAR

Draft manuscripts

WILDA IS ~~AFRAID~~ Frightened

Wilda was frightened. It was not alone the sombre forest at early dusk or the penetrating silence which was not easily stopped by sounds. She had as she started back from her long walk a sense of distance from the homes of men. She had come down through the swamp-like valley and up the hill and through a corridor of bushes and trees ~~and heard~~ only birds and secret noises and once an airplane. Then realizing that the sun was ~~going~~ down and that she had walked a long way, turned back. She had reached the edge of the sudden hill that led steeply down to the causeway where the swamp still oozed on either side of the road. Then came the sudden apparition of that face. It was not perhaps quite black but it was so dark it ~~loomed~~ black. At any rate it was sinister, unfamiliar, different in all its lineaments: it had bulging curves for straight lines, hills for plains, thicknesses where all should have been thin, and color ~~instead of~~ pallor. It was the kind of face that all her life she had associated with evil, crime, foolishness or lewd caricature. It appeared out of the thick wood at her side ~~suddenly~~ with no warning and the voice said in ~~clipped~~ low tone: I wouldn't go down ~~there if~~ I were you. She ~~stopped suddenly and~~ wanted to scream. Then she gripped her courage and gave neither glance nor answer. Her home, the only home near, was ~~passed~~ this ~~man~~ and down the hill. She walked steadily while her pulse raced. The world was silent. Glancing sideways ~~furtively she saw~~ the man was following with quick steps. ~~Then~~ she ran in headlong flight, flying and slipping down the hill until at the bottom, there where the crazy bridge crossed the black brook she saw another man. He evidently saw her coming and raised his hand. The sunset fell on his face. It was white. She could descry the straight nose, the thin lips, the careless wind-blown hair. She fell wildly into his arms and lay there trembling, sobbing and strangely content. At last she glanced fearfuly up into his face. His eyes were gray and he was smiling. She started apologetically to extricate herself but he held her firmly

but gently and stepped on the gnarled root of a great hemlock drew her up beside him back of the black tree. They settled back behind it. She on his knees and in his arms. A red flash and roar rent the air. She quivered but he held her. "Just they were blasting" he said. Silence fell again. Now of course it was time for her to extricate herself, to stand up and thank her cavalier prettily. But she did nothing of the kind; she could not nor did he seem to want her to. They sat very still listening to the night calls of the birds. She could smell the sweat on his body and the odor of the pines and the cool dampness of the swamp. She lay still and let his hands caress her. After all, why not? This was romance. It had been many years since anyone had held her thus. Indeed perhaps never before in just this way. Then suddenly she became tense. His hands were on her bosom. They were on her knees at the edge of her short skirt. They were creeping up her thighs. She was galvanized into action. All the native instincts and inhibitions came rushing back. She pulled violently at his arms, gasped incoherently, stood up and turned to run and then her foot caught in the root of that great tree and she fell headlong.

When she came to she was lying in the sitting room of the farm house and her landlady was leaning over her with anxious eyes. Land sakes, what happened to you, girl, she asked.

Before Wilda could answer a low voice drawled, "I reckon that nigger must have scared her."

Wilda glanced up. There stood her young man smiling pleasantly.

"This gentleman brought you back in his arms, a pretty long lug I should say. Said he found you lying in a faint on the ground. Whatever were you doing down in that gulley."

Wilda faltered and tried to collect her wits. "I saw a colored man -

"But there are no colored men around here. They just took on a nigger down there where the blasting is going on. We didn't want him. Dangerous you know for ladies.

That must have been Mr Goodwins Sam — we were looking for a better girl

"But what did he do?" Did he touch you? I couldn't hardly believe-

"Never can tell about niggers, drawled the young man casually.

"He didn't touch me - He called out to me.

"But that needn't have scared you. Perhaps he was warning you of the blasting. At any rate why on earth did you run on into the gulley?

"You see said the young man, picking his teeth reflectively, He was between her and home and when she ran down hill he ran after her.

Wilda aroused herself, sat up and took hold of the situation. "I was simply scared, she said. No, the man did not touch me. He said something which I didn't understand and I ran. It was very foolish. Then she stopped perplexed, and added slowly, I must have stumbled. It was very silly.

"I don't call it a bit silly. If men are going to follow girls around in the twilight and scare them half to death they oughtn't be allowed to stay about here. I will speak to the Goodwins.

"No don't say anything, Wilda said noticing with dismay the havoc wrought on her summer dress. But the youngman was looking straight at her.

"Don't agree with you, he said, niggers can't be trusted. Sooner this one gets out the better for white women and more jobs for white men. Then with a careless gesture he turned toward the door.

~~The land lady looked at Wilda curiously. Ain't you going to thank him, she said?~~

~~"Oh, of course, she saidy and~~ rose unsteadily and then firmly opening the door for him to pass. As he went out she said, "Thank you, you beast." He in the same low tone said, no, I ain't now best, just a little lonesome. I thought you wanted to be kissed, sorry. But there is no use saying anything about it. Forget it. It won't hurt the nigger. Besides you were scared of him and - I will be calling around to see how you are getting on.

"You needn't, I am going away.

If you go slowly or you wouldn't dare
Nicks you'll get that nigger talking and — well-he
knows how considerate
"Get out!" she shouted

The land lady was puzzled when she prepared to go. "I am terribly sorry. I never knew anything of this sort to happen around here. They are draining that swamp and blasting and cutting and we have got some strange fellows about but these workers are usually nice. I don't know about the colored but did that white fellow bother you here—

Wilda interrupted hastily, Oh no, no. It isn't on account of this I am going. I shall have to join my sister." But I thought you liked it here. I did, I do, but— I must go.

She was at the depot next morning. The train for Portland and Boston was ready and on the other side the crowd was waiting for the train which would go to Bangor. And with a small satchel in his hand, she saw a colored man looking north with his back toward her, but the young white man lounged up.

"Going, he said.

"Yes, but before I go explain. He looked at her.

"I wouldn't, he said. You see after all he saw us sweethearting.

She turned angrily and mounted the train. The young man waved his hand but the Negro still stood with his back turned, looking north.

"Good bye me." and old man goodman after greeting "How
You could possibly misdeed or meddled anybody. His guard loosed
& absolutely relaxed. He would dust & never check
well you know men are funny & folks say this colored man
are apt to go crazy over white women
But you has been around my women folk for a year or more
often when I was away — my wife my sister, my staff
grown gals & respectable children. I wonder if all this talk
is just cooked up by black white workers — They don't want
You around — are you sure Miss Wilda — Wilda
Wilda hesitated a moment. If she said no they could also withdraw her flight
If she yes she would this black life —
You do dat decide over Thursday. We have after me — I come

Elinor. Her colour rose slowly and she looked at the
wreath. Calling her off from time time was a group of white women,
laughing, scolding & fighting, over fantastic & exaggerated gloves round her
& bewildered gesture. Between them a few Cuban and Mexican lovers
held. Wilder

They walked. But she did not answer
Goodness looked her keenly: "Did he nobody else —
Regarden you, did they?
She was quick on defense — "No no! Oh no!" I'm sorry I
dare cannot all this

All right — all right I don't all have to go to dinner. Only
he's got a family & I wondered
But Wilder was the dance

Fear

Mary was frughtened. It was not alone the sombre forest at dusk; the long penetra- silence; the sense of great distance from the warm homes of men; it was more than that-- it was something unreasonable and primeval, which the sudden apparition of that face evoked. It was not black, but it was so dark that it loomed black; it was sinister, unfamiliar-- different in all its lineaments. There were bold curves for straight lines, bulges for planes, thicknesses, where all should have been thin and pale. It was a kind of face that all her life had been associated in her m mind with evil, grossness, crime or lewd foolishness and caricature. It was scarred scratched and swollen. It came out of the thick wood at her side, suddenly, with no warning and said in clipped, low tone,

"I wouldn't go down there if I were you. "

She stopped sudenly and her heart died. She wanted desperately to scream. She gripped her courage, gave neither answer nor glance and walked steadily on while her pulse raced and fluttered. She listened for following footsteps, poised for headlong flight. The world was silent. Then at the bottom of the hill, there where the crazy bridge crossed the black brook, she saw another man. She stopped. She glanced back. The black man was following her slowly. She turned in wild panic sideways toward the wood. The man in front waved his hand. The sunset fell on his f face. It was white. She could descry the straight nose, the thin lips, the careless windblown hair. She scream that was tearing in her throat, burst, struggling with a sob and she started running. she fell wildly into his arms, lay there soft, tremb ling, weeping, strangely content as at last fearfully she glanced up into his face. His eyes were blue and smiling. She started apoligetically to extricate herself from his embrace, but he held her firmly but gently and she lay content. They sank slowly back upon the sloping ground.

"Your'e tired " he murmured, and circling her with his arm, drew her more closely to him. She felt the impropriety, but she could not resist, she did not want to resist. This was romance-- this was perhaps Love, which had always passed so carelessly by. She nestled and was silent. She wanted to rest a long, long time she wanted to sleep. Suddenly she started. His hands were straying over her body, caressingly, boldly; she felt them upon her shoulders, her bosom, her knees, her na thighs. She lept up and screamed, tore from his grasp, rushed down the bank, and catching her foot, fell headlong.

When she came to consciousness, her landlady was leaning over her with anxious eyes fanning her.

"Lands sakes, what happened to you, girl" she asked.

Before Mary could answer, a low voice drawled:

"I reckon it must-a been that nigger "

Mary glanced up with a start. There he stood, pleasantly smiling.

"This gentleman brought you back in his arms-- a pretty long lug. Said he found lying in a faint on the ground. Whatever were you doing down in that gulley?"

Mary faltered and tried to cèllect her wits--

"I saw a colored man--"

"But there's only one about here-- that nice young fellow who works for the Goodwins-- what did he do? Did he touch you?-- I can't hardly believe--

"Never can tell about niggers" drawled the young man casually

"He didn't touch me-- he-- called out"

"But that needn't a scared you; and why on earht did you run toward the gulley? There's been some rough fellows down that way lately on that W.P.A. job. Perhaps the colored man was warning you--

"Perhaps and perhaps something else. You see he was between her and home; she had to run down the hill"

Mary roused herself and took hold of the situation

"I was simply scared" she said; "No the man did not touch me-- he said something I did not understand and when I saw him following me , I ran. I must have stumbled. It was very silly.

"I don't call it silly. If that man is going to follow girls around in the twilight and scare thwm half to death, he hadn't ought to be allowed to stay about here. I thought he was a nice fellow, studying somewhere, and working for the summer-- but this won't do. I must speak to the Goodwins. There's too much sin going on about here-- I don't know what we're coming to"

Mary sat up, viewing with some dismay the havoc wrought on her summer dress.

"No, don't say anything" she said. But hte man was looking at her

"Don't agree with you" he said; "Niggers can't be trusted; sooner this one gets out the better for white women"

Mary started to answer, desists; follows man to yard to thank him

He apologizes, warns; "I aint no beast-- just a lonesome man-- forget it-- it won't hurt the nigger; besides you were scared of him.

I'll be around. You won't I'm going away

She prepares to go. Landlady tells her the colored man is dismissed

She starts to protest -- doubts-- did that white fellow touch you O ~~xx~~ no

At the depot. Coloredman waiting train. He'll get another job? Not easily

She sets down her bag and starts toward him. White man lounges up. Going?

Why-- yes. I want to explain. I wouldn'nt-- he saw us sweet-hearting--

She takes the train-- man smiling; man, smiling; Negro back turned, looking up the track.

THE CONGO PLOT

THE JAVA PLOT

Draft manuscripts

[THE CONGO PLOT]

THE CONGO PL

I noted the man when he came into the restaurant and speculated on his nationality: was he Japanese, East Indian or just a mulatto - what? At first I did not relish the idea of his being se ted at my table, but his manners were perfect and when I casually opened up conversation with him, his English seemed good and his intonation had a certain charm. I was at the time a business man without business and at my wits' end. He was well-dressed. This was an expensive restaurant. I properly led the conversation to investment. He laughed.

Investment is passé, he said. Gamblingis the thing.

I bridled and he noted it.

Oh, I don't mean poker nor sweepstakes. I mean something bigger.

Oil, steel, aluminum, I asked with a smile?

We are too late for that, he said.

I noted the we and he entinued. Coming raw material is really well explained

True, and also for chain stores and ~~rubber~~ pools and financing corporate consolidations.

He looked a bit serious and the smile faded from his face. He poured out a little more of his pale yellow wine.

I have in mind,
~~No, I mean~~ colonies, empire.

Then I laughed. I am afriad there we are much too late.

No, possibly we are a little early. The world is still fighting for colonies

See here, he entinued, did you ever realize that the e are two empires ready for the taking.

I never did, I answered.

Holland and Belgium or better Java and the South Sea Islands and the Congo. I gasped and st red.

He looked at his watch and arose, "Think it over and he left with a courteous bow. He did not ask me my name nor address. He appeared on the whole rather casual and indifferent, and yet I was curious and in a way fascinated. I thought the matter over and lookedup some facts concerning the colonial expansion of Holland and Belgium. It was an intriguing story. (1)

It was two weeks before I saw him again ~~and them~~ at a poker game in a private club where he lost $500 with a charming smile.

I greeted him. ~~How about gambling he asked, and a trifling. What was he talking about~~ and I took up the thread of our interruped conversation without apology. ~~What~~ He was talking abut ~~was~~ 500 millions! I drew him aside and got right down to brass tacks. "What is your proposition, I asked." He was equally straight-forward in his reply. You are next to money that needs investment, he said.

~~Startled,~~ I was startled. I was sure that his former meeting with me had not been an accident. I said as much.

He coolly replied, yes and asked for further meetings. He was cautious but clear.

Belgium has bitten offmore than she can chew. Everybody knows that. It has for decades been a question as to where the vast and juicy morsel of the Congo, when she has to at go, will fall. Her only resource is sharing the loot with powerful partners and she can be made to do this by fear.

Fear of what?

Native revolt.

I lighted a cigarette and looked at him again keenly. He was hardly a mulatto in the ordinary sense of the word but he had some dark blood.

"Are you, I said casually, dealing in native revolts?

"I am, he replied coolly.

"And do you think that I will back niggers against white men?"

"I think, said he, with deliberation, that you will help save a great colony for whites rather than see it go, we will say to Japan."

"And how do you propose to do this?"

There is only one way and that is by making the whites partners in colonial exploitation instead of separate, fighting dogs. Now what I proposes is to push, develop and let flare ~~flare~~ the revolt, which I am handling; and at the proper time I am going to shoulder in, stop the revolt and share the spoils with those who help me substantially. There is risk, I admit but there is a chance for a profit of, shall we day, a thousand million -

I stared at him. "And what about this revolt?"

How about gambling, I asked with a smile,

Only poker and a trifle-- I was talking about 500-- millions

" I am its leader, he said, and I need ten thousand dollars."

He got the $10,000 and sailed for Europe the next day.

Then I went to my friends who furnished the money and asked their advice as to further procedure. We decided that for our own protection and for the largest amount of profit the thing to do was to reveal the whole idea to the British. We had a meeting and talked it over. The British did not seem surprised.

' I think I know the man," said one of them. He is a Portuguese mulatto and has been active in northern Angola and the southern Congo. It is quite possible that he is instrumental in stirring up disaffection among the Negroes. Now my advice is to be open and above board with the Belgians. They are in a tough spot. The Congo is ~~forty~~ 75 times the size of Belgium. It calls for more capital than the Belgians ~~can spare~~ have. It calls for thoughtful social organization and military protection. One thing the Belgians have done which I envy them for: they haven't encumbered the colonies with educated niggers. Leadership, therefore, for any revolt has got to come from the outside. But they do have a lot of good black artisans. Properly led, they could raise hell. They could take the mines and railways and run them. If this revolt, therefore, was put down or rendered innocuous, they would be more than willing to repay your - expenses, and perhaps let American capital in on a good thing.

We went to the Belgians and soon after I left for the Congo (2) I landed at I went up the railway to the interior; I went down toward the Angola frontier. Nothing happened. I could see no sign of revolt. I hurried home to America. My friends had received a check for ten thousand dollars with interest but no other word. Meantime among an entirely different group, a ~~British~~ German American syndicate involving millions had been formed to develop concessions in the Belgian Congo. I and my British friends were left out, but to my chagrin and astonishment the mulatto appeared as chief agent for the new syndicate. He failed to recognize me when we next met. What I am trying to figure out is just who got double-crossed. I am still without business and trying to find investment for idle money.

1 2

black as hell, dank, unnerving; a dark
that quenches even sight. Mahoning blacks
running boats, railways mines. I would ask the
miners and down toward Angus

The Java Plot

I noted the man when he came into the restaurant and speculated on his nationality Japanese? East Indian? Mulatto? What? Idid not at first relish his neing seated at my table He proved a gentleman ni manner. His conversation, which I began in curiosity was charming.

I was a business without business and at my wits ends. I led the conversation purposely to investment.

He laughed-- investment is passe. Gambling is the thing he said. I bridled

O, I dont mean poker or penny ante. I mean something big

Oil? Steel? Aluminum? I asked-- ypu're too late

True, and also for chains and monopoly selling -- no I mean colonies, empire

I laughed. Also, much too late

No, he answered --possibly a little early. See here: there are two empires ready for the taking

Which?

Holland and Belgium

I gaped. Think it over He said and left, with courtesy

I thought it over and looked up the facts

It was two weeks before I saw him again, over a poker game at a club, where he lost $500 with a smile

[redacted]

I drew him aside: what is your proposition?

You are next to money that needs investment, he said; I started. Had his meeting with me been more than accident?

He cooly said Yes, and asked for further meetings

He was cautious: Belgium has bitten off more than she can chew; so has Holland.

They can be made to disgorge or at least share by fear.

Fear of what?

Native revolt. I know a revolt in embryo

Do you think I'll back niggers against white men?

I think you'll help save two empires for whites rather than see them go to Japan

But how?

By making the whites partners the world over, and not simply separate hogs. I propose to shoulder in, stop the revolt and share the spoils. Its a risk, but there's a chance for a billion

I gasped and stared. What about this revolt?

I am its leader

I gasped. He demanded a large sum. I went to my friends, then to the British and Dutch. I planned to double-cross him. He left for Africa. I followed. He left for Java. I followed. There was no revolt. But a British-American syndicate, involving millions was formed. I was left out. My friend was made chief agent

He did not recognize me when we met next.

THE COUPLE IN THE DRAWING ROOM

Draft manuscript

THE COUPLE IN THE DRAWING ROOM

The porter, George Gaines, was standing beside his car which he had just opened for early comers on the midnight express. The woman who accompanied the man and taken drawing room B came down the steps.

Don't disturb him, she said in a low voice, he is sleeping late, ~~and sending you the tip.~~

~~George looked at the bill and began thinking profusely.~~ At the same time he was ~~doing some rapid thinking. why~~ was she leaving so early. They had a full half hour yet and of course ~~the tip could have come in the~~ morning. Oh well, there was no accounting for tastes and ~~the~~ a tip at the beginning of the trip was worth several in the rush of getting off. Then he noticed the woman's walk. What was there unusual about it? Nothing that he could name. She stopped at the drawing room window ~~which was not the drawing room window at all but the window in the corridor opposite the drawing room.~~ ~~But there was~~ considerable pantomine of prolonged good bye, ~~and the woman hurried down~~ the platform. For no particular reason George sauntered into the car and looked down the corridor. There was no one in it but near the door beside the shoes ~~that had been set out was something black.~~ He picked ~~it~~ up, glancing about to see if any ~~saw it, then stuck it in his pocket.~~ ~~As he got on the platform~~ he looked in it. ~~There were three~~ one hundred dollar bills. ~~He hurried out and looked down the platform. The woman was gone.~~ He went back and looked toward the drawing room. Then he did some thinking. ~~He added the five dollar tip to the three one hundred dollar bills~~ and hid the ~~pocket book~~ away in a place that ~~he was~~ was safe. ~~Of course~~ he would be back for it in a minute. ~~If not, he could hand it to the man in the morning. If no one asked for it, he could divide up with the conductor but there was no sense in telling all you know too soon, especially to conductors.~~

Next morning the train conductor comes through to return checks. They were approaching Charlottesville, Virginia. Drawing room B is still asleep. At ~~noon~~ George peeps

in the drawing room. The passenger is motionless. George walks slowly out and gets the pullman conductor. Drawing room B is due to be up at Lynchburg and has had no breakfast and appears to be still sleeping. At ~~one~~ o'clock George tries again and as he looks at the passenger he knows that he is not sleep. He is dead. Immediately ever sense in the porter is alive. Porters are the natural scapegoats for everything that happens on the pullman cars. He thought of the woman and the tip. He thought of the ~~pocket bok~~ and ~~the one hundred dollar~~ bills. ~~She had never returned to report any loss nor had anyone else.~~ Was the man dead when she left him? ~~He couldn't have been.~~ They were waving good bye through the window or were they saying good bye? While all this was going through his head ~~he was~~ rushing out to get the two conductors. At Lynchburg the body was removed and the inquiry began and as George was expecting, he was detained as a material witness. It would not be long he was quite sure before he would be suspected of some compliaty.

First of all, who is the man? Identifying marks on laundry and in pocket bock soon settled that. He was a New York bank clerk and had embezzled $10,000 the day he disappeared. But ~~the~~ money was ~~not~~ on him, ~~only a little pocket change~~. Most of the bills ~~taken~~ were $100 bills and although they were of course not marked their numbers were fairly well known within certain limits. The problem was how did he get on the train because even the midnight train had been watched. He had not been seen going through the gates but of course the drag net was not perfect. George was closely questioned. The woman and the man came on the train. They took the drawing room. They stayed together perhaps a half hour. Then she came out and said that the man was not to be disturbed. George didn't mention the tip. He would mention the fact, however, that the woman seemed to walk differently when she came out than she did when she came in. What was the difference? He could not say but there was a difference.

At any rate the embleszler was dead the money was gone. Who had it? The woman of course, ~~unless~~ her good bye to the man was camouflage, or again unless she and the porter were in ~~conspiracy~~; and again the Lynchburg chief of police looked at George speculatively. This Negro porter ~~killed~~ him after the woman was gone and has got it hidden away.

The room had been known foolishly by a drunk. The known ~~glass~~ was found + the glass in the toilet bowl was broken

Nothing was proven however and George was released on suspension from his job. He knew what that meant. He was going to be followed by detectives for a good long time. So he deadheaded b ck to New York and went to the pullman headquarters where he had a high-placed friend.

Listen, he said, I would like to do a little detective work right along here. I have some theories and he laid down the ~~pocket book~~ wallet with its ~~four~~ 2 bills. The superintendent looked him over with hard eyes.

See here, George, he said, if I didn't know you as well as I do I would think you were sticking your head into a noose.

And if I didn't know you, said George, I wouldn't be here.

Now, he continued, somebody was trying to plant this thing on me and of course it must have been the woman. She knew that I, ~~the conductor, or some passenger~~ would pick this ~~up~~ found. In any case ~~if it were~~ found on ~~me I would be suspected and if anyone~~ turned it in, I would be suspected.

All right, said the superintendent, go ahead and see what you can do. But listen it is going to be a long time before you get another pullman job unless this thing is cleared up.

Precisely, said George, and that is why I came here.

It was not long before George had a pretty clearly picture and history of Albert Starnes. He was a bank clerk in New York and he was dissatified. He was dealing with huge sums of money in a city where money was the passport to a glamorous life and he was getting $50 a week. He was dissatisfied. He was ~~not~~ dissatified ~~for any particular~~ reason but in general for everything. He did not want to work all day in a stuffy cage. ~~He did want to have money and see life. At the same time he was afraid.~~ He did a little gambling at the race tracks in New York and New Jersey and won and lost small sums; he was afraid to risk more. He ~~had a girl Mary and~~ they were seen together here and there. But Mary apparently had left New York before the robb ry and no one seemed to know whither she had gone. George immediately assumed that Mary was the woman who accompanied him to the train. But gradually George gathered that Mary did not always

confine her attentions to Albert. There was another young man, Bardsley Davis, to whom she was at one time supposed to be engaged. This information came to George through the kitchen of the apartment house where Mary for a time had lived. There was no evidence that Bardsley Davis was connected with the affair at all ~~except that he had disappeared~~, he was supposed to ~~live~~ in the South ~~which was a pretty large order~~, but assuming that Mary knew something about Albert, and that Davis knew something about Mary, George began to look around for ~~southern connections~~. First of all he secured a picture of Mary, one taken after the fashion of five years ago and discarded but kept by ~~one of~~ the maids to whom she was kind. Evidently she wasn't the woman who was on the train. George ~~put this away and~~ tried the taxi cabs at Pennsylvania station where the woman had left hurriedly. He found a man who remembered taking her to the Reading station. There he traced her to a garage where she took possession of her husband's car. When the car was found next day with the woman's outfit in it - nothing else. ~~Which proves, said George to himself, that she was not a woman~~ that was the reason he noticed her walk. Now was she by any chance, Bardsley Davis?

He deadheaded down to Lynchburg with Mary's picture. ~~Neither porter, taxi-cab man nor servants recognized it. But one of the porters had a vague idea that a woman who looked like that used to go backward and forward to Spartanburg and New York so George went to Spartanburg.~~

After several months he found her in a nice little cottage in the new development. The woman was evidently Mary, married to a man who ~~was not Bardsley Davis in name, but much like him in description~~. He had lived in Spartanburg for many years although absent on long trips connected with his business. He was a salesman in the wholesale grocery line. Now he had set up his own chain stores and was prosperous. George got hold of the superintendent in New York. With the police the identity of the young grocer as the former Bardsley Davis and the identity of his wife as a friend of Albert Starnes was easily established. Davis and his wife were arrested.

I did not take the money, said Davis,

No, said George, but you killed Starnes ~~and got possession of the money~~.

Then Davis broke down and confessed. They had entered the train a man and woman but Starnes was dressed as the woman. In the drawing room they had changed clothes

He could get no help with the
Lowland over & parking car on 32nd St.
There was an abandoned car there, left
by a couple a week ago. Was the deserted
Caddie. The woman climbed & got into the
car & went for the husband & their
daughter. She found her children in the
car. ~~She thought they had~~ ~~taken a man~~ ~~started~~ ~~asked her~~
~~her. They could not find the baby~~
~~her children in the car. The~~
~~man rushed out & got the police~~
~~but never came back. Where did the~~
~~man take him? Baby - Why~~
~~was they robbed cars~~

George Wright. The woman ~~was a man~~
~~that was the same. The woman who~~
~~Come here was known. The woman who~~
~~& accept her was the murderer~~, when was the car
sold.

~~[illegible]~~

Still did not look like anyone he had ever seen. And yet — There he went to the Wyckersley grocery and met a tall & colored [illegible] Dave asked Ezell where Rachael, deputy, Shanley? Oh ~~[illegible]~~ man to [illegible] night and went back for Ezell's chum in Wyckersley. So, where he? Fellow named Dave — name's Grant for us-Ez — is the new man. Yes. Dave was Seth's, was the woman who had letter for #5

Was [illegible] gun — with attorney a [illegible] Seth (Mary & Alice had [illegible] Chance 9.

c) 400 000 000

5 000 000 000

12) 900 | 75
84
60

and Davis emerged as the woman which accounted for the porter noticing the difference in walk. Before they had parted they had had a farewell drink together and the drink killed Starnes. ~~Davis had left with~~ Davis had the $10,000, ~~minus~~ the $300 which he hoped would lead the trail away from himself. George Gaines has been restored to his run South. There was no reward but the superintendent said thoughtfully: "George, it is possible that now and then we can use you on little pullman mysteries."

Unidentified fragments and notes

Story

talk about her. She had on a tailor-made gown that cost fifty dollars if a cent, a smart toque and (would you believe it?) she was a graduate of the University of Chicago! If there's anything I hate it's a college woman. And here was a black one at that. I didn't know just how to treat her so I sort of half turned my shoulder to her and looked out the window. She began with an essay. It had a lot of long words which sounded right even if they weren't. What she seemed to be driving at was this:

Who made this big country? Not the millionaires, the ministers and the know alls, but laborers and drudges and slaves. And she said that we had no business to forget this and pretend that we were all descended from the nobility and gentry and college graduates. She even went so far as to say that cranks and prostitutes and plain fools had a hand in making this republic, and that the real glory of America was what it proved as to the possibilities of commonplace people and that the hope of the future lay right in these every day people.

31-11-41

It was the truth and I knew it and so did all of us but of course we didn't dare to let on to each other much less to her. So I just kept staring out the window and she laid aside her essay and began to talk. She [illegible] handed to the Negro music, painting, sculpture, drama, dancing, poetry and letters. She named a lot of people I never heard of; and others like Dunbar and Braithwaite and Chesnutt, but I had always thought they were white. She reminded us of Bert Williams and told us of some fellows named Ira Aldridge and Charles Gilpin.

And then she got on our nerves. She said all this writing and doing beautiful things hurt. That it was born of suffering. That sometimes the pain blurred the message, but that the blood and crying lurked beneath. And at last she took out a little thin black book and read:

She ~~said~~ read does this country ~~didn't~~ not belong to white folks any more than it did to black folk and that the black folks got here before the pilgrims. I couldn't help stepping on Birdie's toes because she says her people came in on some boat named after a flower so long ago she's forgot their names. The black girl said that the story of America was mainly the story of the Negro. This made me sick and I turned and glared right at her. But she looked right through me and went on. She said Negroes had been soldiers in all our wars, had nursed the babies, cooked the food and sung and danced beside working so hard that "working like a nigger" was about the hardest work you could picture. And she asked

us if America could have been America without Negroes.

She had me up a tree I must admit. And I reckon the rest felt as I did all except that Editor.

The Chairman looked at us with owl like eyes; then he shoved a paper at me and read it aloud as he did:

"Timeo Danaos et Dona Ferentes"

Nobody knew what he meant and nobody gave him the satisfaction of asking.

Well, we just sat and stared until she left. Then we went on talking but we didn't touch the real question; and that was, Could we have "America's Making" without Mrs. Cadwalader Lee and with the Negroes? We couldn't make up our minds and before we had courage to say so openly we went smash on Religion.

We might possibly have had some sort of an America's Making pageant if we hadn't discussed Religion. You see, the Editor who is downright malicious and hates the Federation of Womens Clubs because they start things, got us all wrong by trying to get a definition of Religion. He was strong on meekness and humility and turning the other cheek and that sort of thing and I know he didn't mean a word of it.

"I suppose," said Birdie, "that you'll be saying that the Negroes have given us all our religion because they're cowards and allowed themselves to be slaves and take insult today meekly."

"I must admit," said the Preacher, "that if the meek inherit the earth, the American Negro will get a large share."

"But will the meek inherit the earth?" I asked.

"I think so," said the Chairman calmly.

Birdie jumped up and reached for her cloak. "I believe you're a Jew and a Pacifist," she said.

"I am both," he answered.

"And I suppose," said I, getting my hat on straight, "that when somebody slaps you over, you turn the other cheek."

"I did," said he.

30-11-45

Incomplete

p. 12

Second draft of previous incomplete short story

"And I suppose," said I, getting my hat on straight, "that when somebody slaps you over, you turn the other cheek."

"I did," said he.

"Well, you're a fool," I answered, reaching for my coat.

And Birdie yelled, "And what did they do to you after you turned the other cheek? Answer me that."

"They crucified me," said the Chairman.

31-11-43

Arrives in Atlanta Home

At first she spent a few days with Bishop Wilson and his family. He was greatly perturbed at Jeans dismissal and wanted to see if he could help her in some way. She told him frankly of her plans; and thereafter she and Bishop Wilson talked of her plans and of the Bishop and his church. While they were talking often the little daughter was present, very grown up at sight and feeling the responsibility of a guest. It was she who met Jean at the door when she first arrived

They concluded that later when she hadsucceeded or failed, they would consult again.

35-9-37

There seemed no risk for Jean to stop here a few days before she plunged across the color-line into another world

"My name," said the little girl, "is Harriet Tubman Wilson. I am the Bishop's only child and he depends a great deal upon me. Mother is not strong. She plays the violin very beautifully. I accompany her on the piano and also I sing. We go now to set up housekeeping and will be very busy. But next summer the Bishop wants you and the President to drive down and visit us. There we can talk about Africa. Also, if you are interested you can see my Book-Nook."

"Oh, you have a library?"

"No, the Bishop has a library which has a few interesting things. But I have a Book-Nook, which you may see. Afterward we will all drive to San Francisco where the United Nations will be formed." She cursied gravely, holding her dress lightly lifted, and went out.

1852
1880

After she had talked with the Harrisons

Jean sensed that Harriet was standing quietly in the doorway waiting. Jean arose and took her hand. The girl said, "Now as I promised you, I shall show you my Book-Nook." She had a doll in one arm and a large book in the other. Jean smiled at her and said, "Have you a book-shelf in the library?"

"No, not in the library. The library belongs to the Bishop. It has a lot of very valuable books, but not very interesting. I read a little there now and then, but not often. No. I have my own bookshelf where there are books published by me and my mother. We formed a firm. I copy the books on my typewriter and then mother and I, and sometimes the other children in the neighborhood help to bind them. They are very interesting books. Come."

35-9-38

Jean went with her into her playroom. And then, after a door had been carefully unlocked they went into a little nook where there were a dozen or more books on a shelf. They were practically all typewritten and bound.

"You see," explained the little girl carefully, "the Bishop wants me to have my own library."

o'clock. Just the hour at which I received the jewel last night. I got up, and put on my coat, why, I could not say and walked out and came into the aisle and stopped with a sigh. Have you ever seen a silent battle? When people fight you know, you expect a noise, groanings, hollering, swearing, but there before me ~~stood~~ enraged two men, ~~Struggling at the very top of their power,~~ gripped together & straining every nerve & muscle Their bodies ~~rise~~ writhed and twisted -they bent forward and back- ~~they~~ this and that - yet silently, almost breathlessly. No word, no cry, scarce a grunt. ~~were struggling to the very might of their power, yet silently. Not a word was spoken.~~ I stood, a moment amazed ~~at first,~~ then I ~~rushed forward and~~ saw two other spectators: one was the old invalid in the drawing ~~room~~ beyond creeping forward on his hands and knees; the other was a woman between me & the wrestlers, peeping from her curtains I had noticed her before - a this nervous little thing; probably a school teacher. Suddenly one of the wrestlers seemed to get the upper hand - back, back leaned the other; suddenly up shot the hand & the jewel-box flew toward the drawing-room but as he raised it I saw something drop & roll back toward me. It was the Jewel. I leapt forward. But the long thin ~~arm~~ arm of the school teacher flashed and & she & the jewel disappeared, just as the creeping old man neared the empty and closed the drawing room door

All this had happened so quickly that it dazed me. But now I rushed forward & four combatants only ~~found~~ to see them quietly quickly cease the struggle & go crawling along along the floor, separating, the one the other - the one

denly and I heard the husband rise quickly. I said nothing . I did not turn. I merely tickled the top of the window with my duster and looked at the school teacher straight in the eye. She blushed scarlet- there paled slowly till her face was marble. She raised her hand ~~fluttaringly~~ falteringly, swallowed hard and then dove into the bosom of her dress. ~~Everybody~~ Everybody was looking at my back and I was looking at her, when her voice said " Is this it- I- I found it in my berth?" and she held up the Jewel. The whole carful made a sudden movement and then stopped. " It belongs to the lady yonder" I said in a low voice. She rose quickly and walked to Number 3 and handed the box to the woman. The woman as she saw the box coming stiffened as if in horror raised her hand as if to ward off an evil, but weakly took the Jewel. She did not look at it but raised it with averted eyes and hunted look. The husband reached for it. The man opposite leaped up and the old man stretched out his hand as if to support her, when with a quick movement and without a word

41-9-330

of warning the woman dashed the shining thing through the open window. We were just coming into the depot at Jacksonville and with a dive the news-boy sprung to the platform. He saw the Jewel fall. He heard the cry of the old man and the oath of the husband. The man in the berth opposite dashed down the aisle but the news-boy was too quick for all of them. The Jewel had dropped right across one of the steel rails and lay balanced there like a glorious star. In a moment the boy had fallen on it, but so eager was he that he had not noticed Number 37 rushing out of the depot to the North. The great engine came with a whirl- it struck the Jewel and ground it to power and left of the boy but torn flesh and blood and bone.

41-9-331

The porter paused. " That's a remarkable story," I said getting out another cigar. " Yes" he said slowly. " Is it true?" I asked. " Substantially" he replied. I looked at him . " But you added something, didn't you? " " Yes" he said. " What part was it you added? " " The Jewel" he said. And then he rose and went out.

Irresponsible
Prey of wicked men

Behold the Lamb of God
Thou Lieutenancy
The Thought of Ellen
Innocent – Lamb like
She must save Ellen
She vowed make Ellen
Poverty – atonement
Thou shalt learn from
Life is sorrow
Self seeking is annihilation
Self is the bound of existence
Holiness is found only in
the good of others

33-2-21

Sacrifice is the supreme logic
Jesus was supreme unselfishness
- - - sacrifice
"The King of Glory
Lift up your heads
"Forget yourselves
& your petty aims
Strive for others
Behold your people cry
"The wail of black millions
pierce the air
Help help
are you deaf
Do you scorn & laugh
& warp your heads
"The cry of death is in
our ears
They murder us

Watch us
They make our women
& debauch our children
When we cry thus
& leer – be good
How shall we be good
Fight
How shall we fight
Give us sacrifice
Forgo
Give all & the meed
of our wretched
Go down to Pharaoh
Face & admit him as
God's name
Strive work build
Lead, Lead, Lead
God calls

03-2-20

Will you hear
Come & Jesus.

She rose in one quick
golden dream & cried
"Here am I — send
me!"

"The hand of the
World is against us
God elects & our
cry
Why
Save your feeble he
cries
Avenge ye

Mrs V an excellent teacher but unnatural

I wonder what I can make out of this —

12-23 If she were not black I could make a baby — really

The only impossible thing is her hair & do you know that has certain possibilities don't laugh her form, her height

her characters perfect
– she is unchanged
a baby & her mind
is – still – alarmingly
bright.

The French translation

Does she have some
kind deft & the maid
that's the miracle of it
she's that deft & quick
& thoughtful
& the other servants
wonderful – & in the world
[illegible] of women

When we see Mallicks
way we say White blood
Makes her a Lady

—

We dare together
foolish & encourage
I'll tell you my plan:
I'll take her & Frame
& marry off in the colonies
& to quite possible
what a romance
No chance for her in
Armenia
Imagine a black girl a
Lady
in society?

33-2-10

Elopement

A coloured girl becomes a white man's mistress in order to save + finish the ambition of her coloured lover.

11-9-06

Let the rotted go = I've got his address

Other wounded brother — must find my brother — don't know where I'm going

The man who rescued Miller did kill anyone

Wounded in the trenches

Do not take [illegible] of [illegible] check

Name where I make the notes (about hands)

35-3-49

Frank & Bert & Esfonida

E wanted a slave, & Bert stole
a Black Boy. Frank made him work & earn his food, long Clothes & Coffee. & drink Wally Sugar. When Frank quarrelled with his family the Black Boy left him. Bert thought he a good time & get the Black Boy & work for him. Esfonida also quarrelled with Bert Black Boy got suspicious & chased both Bert & Esfonida off the island. Bert had seized a Continent & Frank made an attempt & seize another continent by sleeping on & across the Pressenburn Black Boy left. The Black boy killed his gard & Frank killed the but was disgusted & gave up the island The Bert had a scheme. He got up the island, & Coffee & sugar & stole a host of dark folk in Asia & Africa & brought them with gold & spices & ivory & Ostrich & Ameria Black Boy Cotton & raised Cotton

(over)

A revolution in wood & Iron Ships
& with a steam engine & machinery
Both became the riches' most in
Demand. His keel his family from
Salvage by from Then Through Wage
Not only to work hard a home but
& uplift his black Boys in Slave
& Africa & work. His white Comrades
in America held the Black Comrades
A + A as wood would their Masters
Hand held American White game
free land by owning slaves
The Collar & fell. The Industrial
revolution became the Labor Movement
And sought socialism. At last in
1917, R. Red socialism. But U.S.A
Red Trade & Labor still fight for the
Black slavery, but of White slaves
if only Blacks will help which Work & Wood
Thus Chris Today
You mean Ebony & Rookie?

35-3-120

Mistress Gaudy Flynn thanks
& sends

The Gentle Lake & E. & F. is
delightful & wonderful. Gratefully
the day of my birth & yet
never loved Rain the day &
knows it possible

The New Yorker
With Mrs ~~[illegible]~~ recalls
the class struggle
Baron describes C Woollcott strange
& Parker does a Wayward Ex Dorothy
Cable
& Eaton & am delighted & relieved
Mrs & Baron left about the
posters - they are dangerous & unbalanced
& sometimes awkwardly cancelled but
Otherfolk stay Art & Knowledge
Untouched yours (over)

Exercise is inevitable. C is
~~favorable~~, Cohabitation is inevitably
unfavorable. We simply can't
live & stay. We cannot work
for Nobel. We cannot ~~have~~ advertise
here, sell brains cheap better
We cannot stop learning
Instead can make education the
handmaid
Or maid Art, except the Pilsen
~~Bottle~~ of the Ancient new
Crawl & Bureau or Theft is called

1879 1/1/1

1866 12 1/1/0

1924 6 1/1

35-3-121

Trade marked unsteady in
S.O. by high price of Sugar
Low Cost of Labor
Gf. B made money by slave trade
Slave revolt halts profit by raising
Cost of Labor
Gf B buys & seize S.O. + pressure
profit + S. trade
Gf B + Spain fail + T. get S.O
+ stock profit + trade
All planters face bankruptcy unless
they accept Secession
Gf. B recovers wealth from Indies
reinvests in Asian + African
Colonies; Navy profit & replay W.I.
bankruptcy in part, pay for arms
+ soldiers; offsets Industrialization by
stopping S.T. + using Mission + Jewish
Colonies; profits buy machinery + process
Colonial materials
stopping S.T. reduces flowing of Profit of Labor
in Indies - Colonies which controls

35-3-182

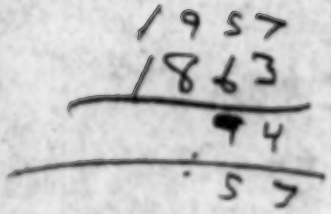
World Federation of Trade Unions
1945-6

American Federation of Labor
Dec 1944

International Confederation of Free T.
Unions 1949-

1.25
7
8.75

1957
1909
48


1957
1863
94
57

Every little thought and
action of mine
every word and song I utter
of in the hearts that may
with the world around
Powerful Sight
Lay heaven hills high
Lay knees
of the benediction of
complete and.

The Wallaces

J. was a Bully — he left school
took no care of father mother & sister
Charlotte Slade
Crooke money & more woes
Worried money
his heart cast
His office Buddy
T. Degradation
Ordinary work
Sexual urges
& dreams

Divided Congress
Wes Confederacy

45-9-25

New York, July 11, 1939

Plans 34 x 25

1st floor – front door, kitchen closet (? shelves) stairway.

2nd floor

Basement

blinds – green

~~Basement~~

ground storeroom –

Ben Siobud

Send meals

Sunday — dinner
Sunday - ~~Saturday~~ Breakfast +

Program - August

Louis Wright - Yolanda
House
Letters
Short Stories
Encyclopedias
Rooms @ A.U.

P.O. Lecture
Lyda
Phillips Stable
Independent House
Dr Alexander

Sept.

Education book
Teaching Load
Quarterly
Novel

The Comedy of Glooming Night

The Comedy of Gloom

Short Stories
Afro-American Village
Edna Wade
W. Pavlova
Virginia
Carolina
Race
Colors
Together
TC

Program AU	Sat.	Sun
6 arise	8 arise	9 arise
6.45 bkfst	9 Bkfst	10 Bkfst
7 20 Walk	10. Office	3 dinner
8 - 12 Office		4 Ride
12 - 2 Lunch, Times + Notes		
2-4 Office		
4 30 - 5 30 Golf		
6 Dinner		
7 Movie, Call, Music TC		
10 Bed		

10-30 - 11:30 Library
2-3 Lunch + Visit
4 Ride + more

The Murder in the Drawing room

A is a dissatisfied bank clerk; sees money, wantsit; envious; gambles. Meets B. B proposes that A steal $10000, and he will help him get away. B has alibi in South and girl he wants to marry. Will take A home as his brother. Money is stolen, A masquerades as a woman and is taken to train by B and installed in drawing room on George's car. In room B. gives A poison to drink, puts him to bed and leaves after donning A's woman's masquerade. Pretends to take loving farewell through window. Takes the money, except drops purse with $100 on floor before room. Tells porter her husband not well. Not to awaken him. Gives him $5, hurries off, takes taxi, to another depot; takes another taxi to garage. Gets "husband's car. Changes in car. Abandons car takes train to South, marries girl and starts in business.

Porter George notices woman's walk absently. Is surprised at size of tip. More surprised at pocket book. Desides to wait before turning it in-- danger either-way. Next morning, conductor comes to return checks. D.R. still asleep. No response to light knock. At noon, George peeps in. Passenger asleep. At one tries to arouse. He is dead. Conductor notified. What killed him? Where is girl? Wires. Who is man? Identified as bank thief. No trace of money or woman, except porter's $5 ~~bill~~ bill is recognizedDid woman steal money? But man was alive, when she left apparently. Why doesn't she turn up? Probably afraid. Possibly entrusted with loot. Or how about porter. Did he kill and steal after woman left? No evidence. Porter suspended Solves case, after long search. Gets his job back and perhaps a chance for other sleuth work.

The Foreman

Labor trouble in the lumber camp

Young college man advises new Negro foreman

Negroes dissatisfied, some quit
The problem of eating together

When the whites come, there are three messes

Communist points this out and urges strike

Foreman advises against strike

Whites strike and get raise, Negroes get the same former wage

Foreman thinks; eats with men and talks: we are all in the same boat

Foreman talks with college manager; they plan a future

The camp changes hands

The black foreman is discharged

The Colored Servant

A and B were married. He was a Ph.D. and teacher of chemistry. ~~M~~ Father was a miner No culture, but intelligence and making $2500 a year. His wife was the child of servants among upper class whites, excellent in manners and speech, but only high school training. She kept a beautiful house, but she had no time for social life, especially after the baby came.

Why don't you get a maid?

She was afraid. How would she act with a maid? How would a maid regard her?

The girl she hired did not want to come. Her mother had been a cook in rich family but was ill. C had sworn never to be a servant, least of all to "niggers" But relief offered was working outdoorswith a rake. One place at service was awful She came to A -- unhappy, suspicious, unwilling. B did nearly all the work herself rather than ask C. C wasted and loafed. The child got sick, ~~the mother worse~~. A discharged C. But B and C worked together all night over the sick. The baby ~~lived, the mother~~ The baby died. C remained a servant for the ABs

Mother asks her to go & A. Mother dies

A & C are drawn together by promise & Care for

The Beautiful Boy

A was the illegitimate son of the Judge's black Mammy's daughter. Daughter proud of him. He receives a good education thru high school. But is a handsome sensualist Will not work or go to college. Loves colored girls and looks boldly at white girls Young B warns him of a thrashing. A laughs in his face. "White trash!" A meets C, B's sweetheart at the forest road, with a broken down auto. He fixes it.

"How much?" she asks haughtily. Nothing he answers airily, kissing his hand ashe vaults the fence. She is astonished, outraged, bewildered. She hurries home and tells B. He tells his friends. A lynching is proposed. Careful councils prevail. A is arrested for theft; brought before his father's court and dispite his mother's appeal, given IO year's in the penitentiary. A becomes a gambler, dope fiend and degenerate, but retains much of his beauty and his one determination for revenge. Released at 28, he returns to his home, waylays B and his wife in their auto; murders B in cold blood, kisses his hand to her and saunters away. He steals in a neighboring city and returns to the pen. They suspect him of B's murder. But the insane wife cannot testify. I''l send him to his death says the warden as he assigns him to the water flooded part of the mines to work.

Reform

A came to hid father in a fury: what the Hell is the use of all this indignation about Louisiana? We're just as bad in Georgia and you knowIt.

Haven't we guts to start reform? Why not refuse the Democratic nomination for governor and run on a reform ticket?

B looked at him sadly. "That would split the whites and let the Negroes vote

So what?

So that I would be defeated. I couldn't out-promise nor out yell my cracker opponent.

But there are decent and educated Negroes

Yes, but few in promotion

They can learn--

Yes

Then why--

Well suppose they should learn-- suppose

Are we men or mice?

Mice, and so what? Believe me little boy, we're not the only mice in this world.

Kate's hair

Her color & face
her soul & mind
her double — her better
rovers
The boy
Her mother
Strangulers — Louis XIV way
The mothers story - She
She is still a slave
would you wonder should
it flow?
She is in the Atlantic P. for Sale

She is better than dead

That so seem an intelligence
& so savage — a heart dark
& deep as any is a
tragedy beyond words

The roll of the Sound of
the Sea in his soul
The sound of the roll of
the Sea
The danger of the roll
of the sound of the
Sea
The sound of the danger of
the roll

Story

The Blacksmith
Story of an old bearded fiddler
& his grandson

The click of the shoulder

Colored girls as white men
ate to decide her affairs
Colored women as white girls &c
Reasons
Turn & leave
Jim — Walk
What a beautiful day
Extreme gloom
Poe Foucault

50
1
$2.50

7

Short Stories

The Secret Singer

The Black Fox

Story

The Man who wanted
to be White

was white
hated it
came back
you never were — you
said you were

---

a Jekyll & Hyde

[illegible] a white [illegible]
Nigger stolen
became a Negro [illegible]
[illegible] child

Elong

The Dilemma

Negro kills hand & a white woman
Her husband must form a
Negro must elected that
If a white is killed — Negro
If N. is killed — hanged
Lawyers around it
The crowd gathers
"Negro I'm gon & have you gon
"Not alive"

Plot

The Damnation of Son Jones.

The pretty black baby ~~of color of father~~
his neglect or out of wild baby
daughter ~~son~~ of drunken murder
his bad health & housing (the fever)
his schooling
at work.
discrimination
his amusements:
his companions
his attempt at love ~~& trouble of Jessum~~
Prostitutes & killing
travel
surgery
selling white woman
Jones & Johnson
Jones revenge & suicide – Johnson & rescue
Johnson's burning

The old house burned
& his mother & sister
the Martin's heartless

"All dis time ah been tinkin dey was a God!"

The segregation of Thomas

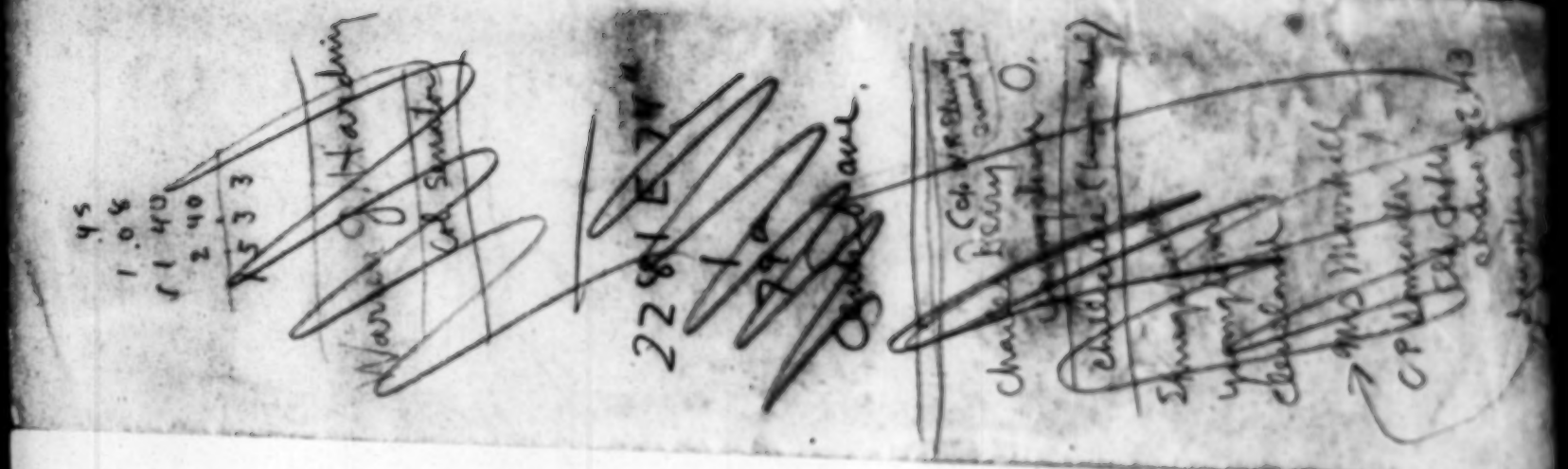
—

At last the woman looked eagerly into the mans face Her face was copper brown with a wealth of burnished hair. He was older & brown.

Her ambition
The sale of the Hunt mansion
Thomas goes up to buy
Thomas stands at the window —
The sordid outlook
Billy the fathers home
The mortgagor
The auction
The bid
The house & consultation
The well in wheel — hatred of segregation
Bid accepted
segregation ordinance
Thomas at the house with the gold.
The woman at dusk & he and her

Woman waits
M. comes — it worked like a charm!
Thanks wings pushes by in anger
Releases Tom from jail & gives
him $500
Dares his dad & his wife.
his soul was free

The Jones idea is smashed.
What smashed it? The Enlisted vote.
& W. Darling Niggers smashed it



Short Stories

1 The Nameless Child
2 The Boy who rose
3 The girl who danced
4 The Marriage of Johnson
5 The dying Land
6 The Three-roomed House
7 The Widow
8 The Pastor who knew
9 The Witch of Macon.

a Play

The Pastor at St Eleths'

---

a pastor unfortunate enough to
have a new church & large membership

a educated man unbelieving
conscious for wealth & a
showy wife

a father

a daughter who is religious

Charming stewardess boat

The Damnation of Delia Jones

A brilliant quadroon refuses to marry
"I do not believe colored children have a
chance & years would be too colored"
goes home & finds refusal
She comes to see the need of strong men
— of a strong man.
Overwhelmed She is haunted in a great crisis by the
vision of a strong Negro — her son & his.
is a Negroism
She pleases & turns. She is married
She sees his children — their Mama
is not there
She thinks of offering herself & hers
& fears his refusal & his wife's scorn
She is convinced that her son —
The haunted man stands Beyond the
Shadows — waiting.
Crying I come — she goes beyond
the Shadows

Story

The Secret Singer

A black girl has a phenomenal voice
Rubinstein discovers
Returns her natural custom
& calls her I Klan Klaught Co
Story plan for debut
She is black
The awe inspiring!
Rubinstein leaves office
" takes her back to friends & tramps off
Klan
The angels as Aida

Port Bou &
the Bon-daddy

Bon-bon

all mod cons & bon daddy
where the lemons
the warning baggage officially
at M. (tunnel to Spain & only
clean)
Carcassonne (Beziers - the
gates & lock) - my room
on D Port Bou
drunk -
with Vera
Berck
the representative of the
Ritz
at B@7.

I mount.
the stairway of Eiffel tride
I descend in white trapeze
one
the emissary
the tram lots & hotel
(honestly & call)
your car go steadily.'
the street of stairs
name of hotel?
the bit of sea
the cinema - my negative
the noise
the tortoise
my negatives obs & acts
borne by darkness

Leaving the hotel
Evening - I wash - the key
book - dinner - to the cafe
Trunk - I wash
wrist
(last universal chocolate
restaurants - I read)
examination - trunk
Enregistré - démarre
Vieux Vernay
Ochre
Ochre - dear! Ochre
Trunk book with @ 3.30
train @ 4.
registered - change
I fell into my seat
good Bon-bon-daddy.

A Story

The Restaurant

Woman northeast
from Cook

The patrons

A Colored Cripple outside

—

Woman dressed [illegible]
from scenes

Mary Wilkins

Plot of a Story

(41)

Young real estate agent (Colored) has made a deal & received $987 cash & note for $1000. He is driving back to town. Meets a very fine white woman. Pun pulse is to pass her when her automobile fails & changes transfer wrenches from back tire rack. Puts her in back seat & drives back from Franklinton to Raleigh. When passing lonely spot, he feels a cool breath between his shoulders & a strange low voice.

"Drive slower. Don't turn. Now drive. Obey Faith, Elder. I want your money

America

Dorantes

Labor

Soldiers

Democracy

World Democracy

your heritage & duty

(12) L. Christ test. He has slipped his money careless by in his excitement

I have an about 10." he said

Hand it out — no-there is it

any more pocket — hands on

Mum around — where — in an one

pocket, the watch —

He took her hand like a vise —

she struggled desperately

Let me go you black nigger

He pulled her over his seat — tearing

her dress & taking her back

A car comes. She screams

Help! Murder!

L. wakes - should the car —

Then believes herself & she —

surrender

By god! Attacking a white

woman — Kill the brute

L2

Want — what to do — L's at the

window?

I am walking home — my husband

is coming — Search him — he took my

money

Nothing Take out watch — she sees

it & carries it. Report — "787—

She puts note in trousers

It's a Gold Watch is mine

Kill the Nigger

Want — Take him to Judge

He'll never get clear —

The race

Out weighs the most.

Put the Judge's Collar

I know you L —

See this above

The husband

The silent Judge

Can you know this among you

Yes — The note - in his trousers

L3

What reason a White woman

The race — The Color — The appeal

The dilemma

The note is found.

And now what?

Gentlemen — do you know this man

Surrender

The note this night nearly cancelled

L

THE RETURN OF MOSSI-KOI.

The Princess Ka-del is standing in the Great Hall. The servant announces the Cadi Insel whom she loves. She refused to see him. He bursts in and announces his departure to war in the South. He asks a last embrace. She refuses, bemoans her loveless wedlock and then kisses him passionately. The Mossi-Koi, her husband, is heard in the hall. In wild alarm the Cadi hides in the great fire place. The Koi is announced. He enters hastily and asks for the Cadi. "He is gone - to war." The Koi jerks aside the xurtain and runs his great sword through a chest, then halts by the fire place. The Princess compains of the heat, throws off her shawl and bids the windows be opened? The Koi stops the order and shudders with cold. He orders his great coat and a fire. The Princess spills the water jar. The Koi orders a dry brush and orders the squad aloft to kill bats. He feasts and drinks and discourses on fire, noting his wife's pallor and chiding her. He He wages her to confess anything on her mond. The fire burns down. The Koi strides to the fire place. "What seeks - my lord?" "Bones!" "Bones?" "Ha!" The Princess shrieks. The Koi discovers a passage? Frantically he summons a servant and sends him through. The servant says it is an air vent and drops into the Niger River. The guard is summoned and have seen nothing. Amazed, the Koi regards his wife's doubtfully then with contrition. "Forgive me!" He cries - "I forgive you" - she cries hysterically, "For what?" he thunders.

The current falls.

The Return of Mossi-Koi

The Princess Ka-del is standing in the great Hall. The servant announces the Cadi Orkel whom she loves. She refuses to see him. He insists on announces her departure & runs in the South. He asks a last embrace. She refuses, bemoans her loveless wedlock & then kisses him passionately The Mossi-Koi her husband is heard in the hall. Orkel called alarm. The Cadi hides in the great fire place. The Koi is announced He enters hastily & asks for the Cadi. He is gone — & war. The Koi sends aside a curtain & runs his great sword thro' a chest then walks by the fire place. The Princess condemns of the dead, throws off her shawl & bids the windows be opened. The Koi obeys the order & shudders with cold. He orders his great coat & a fire. ~~The order~~ The servants

REV. HORACE BUMSTEAD, D. D.
PRESIDENT

Atlanta University

REV. MYRON W. ADAMS, Ph. D.
DEAN

Atlanta, Ga., ...190

Dear Sir:

The Carnegie Institution of Washington has asked Atlanta University to make an exhaustive study of past and present efforts in co-operative business among Negro Americans. Under co-operative business we include all enterprises conducted by two or more persons for business purposes or for other purposes involving the collection and distribution of considerable sums of money. The name of your enterprise has been handed us. Will you kindly fill out the enclosed blank and return it to me at your earliest convenience? Please do not overlook this as it is of great importance to have as few omissions as possible.

Very sincerely yours.

P. S.--Do you know of other co-operative business enterprises in your town or vicinity other than those noted on the back of this sheet? If so send us the names and addresses.

Wells cold water for the Roi orders dry
& orders the spent slaves & bell boys & valets out.
bread. He pencils & drinks & discourses on
fire, rolling his rufus pallor & shaking dei
the ~~hummingbird~~ wages der & confers anxiously
on her mind. The two arms cover.
The Roi strides & Ede face flame. "What
reeks — my Lord?" "Bones". Bones?"
"Ha!" The hummus shrieks. The Roi
discovers a passage. Frantically he summons
a servant & sends him thru. The servant
says it is an air vent & drops into the
Seine river. The guard is summoned
& have seen nothing. Amazed the Roi
regards his rufus doubtfully then runs
contritely. "Forgive me!" he cries — I
forgive you" she cries hysterically
"For what?" he stammers
The curtain falls.

REV. HORACE BUMSTEAD, D. D.
PRESIDENT

Atlanta University

REV. MYRON W. ADAMS, Ph. D.
DEAN

Atlanta, Ga., ...190

Dear Sir:

The Carnegie Institution of Washington has asked Atlanta University to make an exhaustive study of past and present efforts in co-operative business among Negro Americans. Under co-operative business we include all enterprises conducted by two or more persons for business purposes or for other purposes involving the collection and distribution of considerable sums of money. The name of your enterprise has been handed us. Will you kindly fill out the enclosed blank and return it to me at your earliest convenience? Please do not overlook this as it is of great importance to have as few omissions as possible.

Very sincerely yours.

P. S.--Do you know of other co-operative business enterprises in your town or vicinity other than those noted on the back of this sheet? If so send us the names and addresses.

He answered slowly — thoughtfully
"Suppose I stayed — come too?"
She grasped him in agonized entreaty "Don't don't tempt me, Robert, — blame I would thought of this & dreamed it & wrestled before God with it and — but think of your sister think of the things a woman could do here — think of them — but if — if — no no Robert if your duty called you as it cheeks in my ears — then come & let us be happy & free — but no! there is no such happiness for me. Your duty is calling here — you see it — I see it." — she turned & leave him then suddenly fiercely clasped him to her — I am yours forever — yours & yours alone till the Temple of God shall open upon the sea — yours — yours & you are mine" and turning she fled into the hall & the shadows & hurried the trembling in the night.

Atlanta University

The Annual Conferences

1896, Mortality
1897, Homes
1898, Social Betterment
1899, Business
1900, College-bred Negroes
1901, Common Schools
1902, The Artisan
1903, The Church
1904, Crime
1905, Methods and Results
1906, Mortality

Eleventh Annual Conference, 1906

SUBJECT: THE NEGRO PHYSIQUE
MEETING: TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1906

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois
Corresponding Secretary

Atlanta, Ga., ... 190

terrified & fell back. Never before had such a thing happened but who were they to oppose the ~~King's~~ Lord's command?

Three times he struck the massive door & cried in his clear high voice

Open, in the King's name!

The quarrel within rose fierce & the door shook fast. Again he cried in higher shaken tone:

Open at the King's command.

& a burst of oaths & cries ~~good~~ drowned his little voice.

Then came a sudden silence. (It was when the Vladimir at Dover, held wonder in his eyes & hand on that great sword of his fathers threw his last challenge at the Crafty sullen Prince of the East) and as it rose the third word

Open by God & the King" & the great doors flew open and

a ~~[illegible]~~ body proved like a mountain peak and crowned by shoulders broad as the ends of earth. And on the mighty shoulders blended the faint glowing of a crimson flame ~~[illegible]~~ — but ~~[illegible]~~ further the Priest dared not raise his eyes but prostrate he fell upon the earth and hid his face and cried

"~~Teach me, O God.~~"

~~And God taught him.~~

Here am I — send me

Wherefore God called his Son and sent him forth & wrath in the Almighty heart & he crucify and commanded him saying

Thou shalt be crucified & may not die —

Behold thy crown of thorns

his great sword clanging on the marble
and his gorgeous guardsmen frozen to attention
on their stands.

"What?" he snarled

POETRY

Published poetry

THE SONG OF THE SMOKE

Horizon, Vol. 1, No. 2, February 1907

The Song of the Smoke

I am the smoke king,
I am black.
    I am swinging in the sky,
    I am ringing worlds on high;
    I am the thought of the throbbing mills,
    I am the soul of the Soul toil kills,
    I am the ripple of trading rills.
Up I'm curling from the sod,
I am whirling home to God.
I am the smoke king,
I am black.

I am the smoke king,
I am black.
    I am wreathing broken hearts,
    I am sheathing devils' darts;
    Dark inspiration of iron times,
    Wedding the toil of toiling climes,
    Shedding the blood of bloodless crimes,
Down I lower in the blue,
Up I tower toward the true.
I am the smoke king,
I am black.

I am the smoke king,
I am black.
    I am darkening with song,
    I am hearkening to wrong;
    I will be black as blackness can,
    The blacker the mantle the mightier the man,
    My purpl'ing midnights no day dawn may ban.
I am carving God in night,
I am painting Hell in white.
I am the smoke king,
I am black.

I am the smoke king,
I am black.
    I am cursing ruddy morn,
    I am hearsing hearts unborn;
    Souls unto me are as mists in the night,
    I whiten my black men, I blacken my white,
    What's the hue of a hide to a man in his might!
Hail, then, gritty, grimy hands,
Sweet Christ, pity toiling lands!
Hail to the smoke king,
Hail to the black!

(Original version first published in the *Horizon*)

LL2-6-11

NULLA DIES

Horizon, Vol. 1, No. 5, May 1907

"NULLA DIES."

"Nulla dies sine linea"
Horace tells us - Horace knows,
Yet I wonder if hale Horace
Ever sat in mortal throes
With the "Dies" but the "linea"
Of some flowing carmina vinea
Flatly, furiously declining,
Notwithstanding all his whinning,
To appear
Till the seer
Threw his pen in deep disgust,
With his ethics, in the dust
As I
do
now?

THE SONG OF AMERICA

Horizon, Vol. 3, No. 2, February 1908

THE SONG OF AMERICA.

I doom, I live, I will,
I take, I lie, I kill!
I rend and rear
In deserts drear -
I build and burrow well.
With wrack and rue
I hound and hew
On founding stones in Hell;
My Temples rise
And split the Skies,
My winged wheels do tell
The woven wonders of my hand,
The witch-work of my skill!
I writhe, I rave,
I chain the Slave
I do the deed, I kill!
Now what care I
For God or Lie?
I am the great
I WILL.

47-1-10

AVE! MARIA!

Horizon, Vol. 3, No. 3, March 1908

AVA! MARIA!

Ave! Marie!
Mother-maid pitiful
Sister of sorrows
And daughter of men
Ave! Marie!
Mother of Miracles
Mercy made Wonderful
To thy breast Bountiful
Gather the Sorrowful
Daughter of Sin
Ave! Marie!
Ave! Marie!
Gather them in!

41-6-159

THE PRAYER OF THE BANTU

Horizon, Vol. 3, No. 4, April 1908

THE PRAYER OF THE BANTU.

Spirit of Wonder,
Daughter of Thunder,
Fire that lurks in the cavernous Sea.'
Mist of the mountain,
Song of the fountain,
Mingle thy might to the guarding of me!
God of the Day,
Lord of the Way,
Fire that flames for the Child of the Sun -
Conquer the Terrible,
Vanquish the Horrible,
Rescue thy children, Adorable One!

41-6-160

EL DORADO

Horizon, Vol. 3, No. 6, June 1908

EL DORADO.

Picture the wide and Peaceful Ocean,
Stretched like the living emerald
Between the soft sierras and the sun:
Yonder sweeps the great Unknown,
But here the land doth hurl itself
In panting throes of cliff and crag.
Till far aloft the gnarled and blazing silver
Of its peaks do cut and grip
The sky.
Below twixt sun and sea
Stretch rolling hills and vales
Of beauty such as mortal man
Hath never seen
Since the vast vengeance
Of God's blazing sword
Swung before Paradise.
Gold is as grass;
Great golden temples
Lift their lofty heads in air;
On golden plate
The king and all his court
Do dine;
In gold and jewels
Women walk the gilded streets,
And all the rivers pour
Their golden flood
Down the Golden Sea.

41-6-158

EMANCIPATION

Published as "Easter Emancipation: 1863-1913,"
Crisis, vol. 5, # 6, April 1913

EMANCIPATION.

1863 January first - 1913.
by
W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

I am dead
Yet somehow, somewhere,
In Time's wierd contradiction, I
May tell of that dread deed, wherewith
I brought to Children of the Morn
Freedom and vast salvation.

I was a woman born
And trod the streaming street
That ebbs and flows from Harlem's hills
Thro' caves and canons limned in light
Down to the twisting sea.

That night of nights
I stood alone and at the End
Until the sudden highway to the Moon
Golden in splendor
Lifted its beckoning ~~streets, twisting~~ hands

I set dim feet upon the sea
I raised wan hands into the air
I fled I flew thro' thrills of light
With all above, above, below,
The whirring of almighty wings.

There lay a twilight land
Where, hardly-hid, the sun
Sent softly saddened rays of red
To burn the iron land and bathe
the solemn snow white peaks
In mighty splendor.

The men were black
Hard-haired and silent, slow;
Moving like shifting shadows
Bending with face of fear to earth wards;
And women there were none.

"Woman!" I cried
"Woman and child!"
"Woman with child!"
But all my cries sang back
Thro' empty heavens, with
The rolling of eternal wings.

38-2-163

The black men huddled
Fumed in fear, falling face forward
Cringing and cowering
Moaning in mournful monotone

"O Freedom, O Freedom
"O Freedom over me
"Before I'll be a slave
"I'll be buried in my grave
"And go down into Night, and be free!"

It was as angel music
From the damned; and as they sang
Some winged Thing of wings, filling all heaven
Folding and unfolding and folding yet again
Tore out their blood and entrails
Till on my scream of utter terror
A silence fell -
A silence and the wailing of a child.

dropped down the skies red wind

Then at last my darkened eyes
Saw and shamed, and knew
How these dumb, dark and dusky things
Were giving blood and life
To ~~feed~~ the caves of underground
The great black waves of dreadful night
Where earth lay full
Of mothers and their babes.

fend

38-2-164

Little children sobbing in darkness
Little children crying in silent pain
Little mothers rocking and groping and struggling
Digging and delving and grovelling
Amid the dying-dead and dead-in-life
And drip and dripping of warm, wet, blood
Down, far down beneath the wings,
The folding and unfolding of almighty wings.

I bent with tears and pitying hands
Above these dusky star-eyed childfen
Crinkly-haired, with sweet-sad baby voices
Pleading low for light and love and living -
And I crooned:

Little children weeping there,
God shall find ~~thy~~ faces fair; yours
Guerdon for ~~thy~~ deep distress yom
He shall send his tenderness.
For the tripping of ~~thy~~ feet
Make a mystic music sweet, yom
In the curling of ~~thy~~ hair;

Light and laughter in the air -

Little children weeping there,
God shall find thy faces fair!
your

I turned upon the stricken bleeding men
"Why?" I whispered "Freedom" they gasped
And pointed to one gleaming peak, than vastness vaster,
Whereon a shadow brooded
"Up" I cried, "~~and build~~" Be men & free!'
But they muttering face downward,
Sighed "Who shall find the Face of Freedom
Who shall look and live"
And I sensed the folding of immortal wings
Before some awful face of blazing blackness.

Yet did we build of iron bricks and blood
We built a day, a year, a thousand years.
Blood was the mortar, blood and tears
And ah, the Thing, the Thing of wings
The winged folding Wing of Things
Did furnish much mad mortar
For that tower.

38-2-165

Slow and ever slower rose the towering task
And with it rose the sun.
Until at last on one wild day
Wind-whirled, cloud-swept and terrible
I stood beneath the burning shadow
Of the peak
Beneath the whirring of almighty wings
While downward from my feet
Streamed the long line of dusky faces
And the wail of little children sobbing under
Earth.

Alone, aloft
I saw thro' firmaments on high
all ~~The~~ drama of Almighty God
With its flaming suns and stars:
"Freedom" I cried
"Freedom" cried ~~Heaven Earth and Sea~~ Heavens Suns & Seas
And a voice, far-near,
Amid the mighty rolling of eternal wings
Whispered
"I am Freedom -
"Behold my face!"
Downward I glanced on deep bowed heads and closed eyes
Outward I gazed on flecked and flaming blue -
But ever onward, upward flew
The sobbing of small voices
Down, down, far down into the night.

Slowly I lifted livid limbs aloft
Upward I strove: The Face, The Face

was it beauty wonderful
was it horror horrible

Till the last step steed!
Till the last dim cry of pain
Fluttered across the stars -
And then —

was it nought + nothing that could be?
oh, oh! uh, uh!

Wings, wings, triumphant wings
Lifting and lowering, waxing and waning
Whispering and screaming, streaming and flaming
Spreading and sweeping and shading and flaming -
Wings, wings, eternal wings
'Till the hot red blood
Flood fleeing flood
Thundered thro' heaven and mine ears
While all across a purple sky
The last vast pinion
Trembled to unfold.

38-2-166

I rose upon the Mountains of the Moon
I felt the blazing glory of the Sun
I heard the Song of Children crying "Free!"
I saw the Face of Freedom -
And I died.

3 stanza last line should read
"Lifted long beckoning hands"

Next to last stanza, 6th line should read
"Flood fleeing flood"

W. E. B. Du Bois
26 Vesey St.,
New York, N.Y.

EMANCIPATION.

1863 - ~~January First~~ 7 - 1913.

by

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

I am dead
Yet somehow, somewhere,
In Time's wierd contradiction, I
May tell of that dread deed, wherewith
I brought to Children of the Moon
Freedom and vast salvation.

I was a woman born
And trod the streaming street
That ebbs and flows from Harlem's hills
Thro' caves and cañons limned in light
Down to the twisting sea.

That night of nights
I stood alone and at the End
Until the sudden highway to the Moon
Golden in splendor
Lifted ~~its~~ long beckoning ~~arms~~ ~~paths~~ hands.

I set dim feet upon the sea
I raised wan hands into the air
I fled, I flew thro' thrills of light
With all ~~about~~, above, below, about
The whirring of almighty wings.

There lay a twilight land
Where, hardly-hid, the sun
Sent softly saddened rays of red
To burn the iron land, and bathe
The solemn snow-white peaks
In mighty splendor.

The men were black
Hard-haired and silent, slow;
Moving like shifting shadows,
Bending with face of fear to earth wards;
And women there were none.

"Woman!" I cried
"Woman and child!"
"Woman with child!"
But all my cries sang back
Thro' empty heavens, with
The rolling of eternal wings.

The black man huddled
Fumed in fear, falling face forward
Cringing and cowering
Moaning in mournful monotone

"O Freedom, O Freedom
"O Freedom over me
"Before I'll be a slave
"I'll be buried in my grave
"And go down into Night, and be free!"

It was as angel music
From the damned; and as they sang
Some winged Thing of wings, filling all heaven,
Folding and unfolding and folding yet again,
Tore out their blood and entrails
Till on my scream of utter terror
A silence fell -
A silence and the wailing of a child.

shot downward from the stars,

Then at last my darkened eyes
Saw and shamed, and knew
How these dumb, dark and dusky things
Were giving blood and life
To ~~feed~~ the caves of underground,
The great black caves of dreadful night,
Where earth lay full
Of mothers and their babes.

bend

Little children sobbing in darkness;
Little children crying in silent pain;
Little mothers rocking and groping and struggling,
Digging and delving and grovelling,
Amid the dying-dead and dead-in-life,
And drip and dripping of warm, wet, blood,
Down, far down beneath the wings,
The folding and unfolding of almighty wings.

I bent with tears and pitying hands
Above these dusky star-eyed children,
Crinkly-haired, with sweet-sad baby voices
Pleading low for light and love and living,
And I crooned:

Little children weeping there,
God shall find your faces fair;
Guerdon for your deep distress
He shall send his tenderness.
For the tripping of your feet
Make a mystic music sweet,
In the curling of your hair;
Light and laughter in the air -

Little children weeping there,
God shall find ~~thy~~ faces fair!
Your

I turned upon the stricken bleeding men
"Why?" I whispered; "Freedom!" they gasped,
And pointed to one gleaming peak, than vastness vaster,
Whereon a shadow brooded
"Up" I cried "~~and build!~~ Be men, and free!"
But they muttering face downward,
Sighed "Who shall find the Face of Freedom —
Who shall look and live?"
And I sensed the folding of immortal wings,
Before some awful face of blazing blackness.

Yet did we build of iron bricks and blood
We built a day, a year, a thousand years.
Blood was the mortar, blood and tears
And ah, the Thing, the Thing of wings
The winged folding Wing of Things
Did furnish much mad mortar
For that tower.

Slow and ever slower rose the towering task
And with it rose the sun.
Until at last on one wild day
Wind-whirled, cloud-swept and terrible
I stood beneath the burning shadow
Of the peak
Beneath the whirring of almighty wings,
While downward from my feet
Streamed the long line of dusky faces
And the wail of little children sobbing under-earth.
~~Earth~~.

Alone, aloft
I saw thro' firmaments on high
The drama of Almighty God
With its flaming suns and stars:
"Freedom!" I cried
"Freedom!" cried Heaven, Earth and Sea,
And a voice, far-near,
Amid the mighty rolling of eternal wings
Whispered:
"I am Freedom -
"Behold my face!"
Downward I glanced on deep bowed heads and closed eyes
Outward I gazed on flecked and flaming blue -
But ever onward, upward flew
The sobbing of small voices
Down, down, far down into the night.

Slowly I lifted livid limbs aloft
Upward I strove: The Face, The Face!
Was it beauty wonderful?

Was it horror horrible?
Up! Up! the blood-built way
Till the last step steed!
Till the last dim cry of pain
Fluttered across the stars -
And then --

Wings, wings, triumphant wings
Lifting and lowering, waxing and waning
Whispering and screaming, streaming and gleaming
Spreading and sweeping and shading and flaming -
Wings, wings, eternal wings
'Till the hot red blood
Flood fleeing blood
Thundered thro' heaven and mine ears
While all across a purple sky
The last vast pinion
Trembled to unfold.

I rose upon the Mountains of the Moon
I felt the blazing glory of the Sun
I heard the Song of Children crying "Free!"
I saw the Face of Freedom -
And I died.

I dared not look
Downward I glanced on deep bowed heads and closed eyes

I set down feet upon the sea
I raised wan hands into the air
I fled I flew thro' thrills of light
With all above, above, below,
The whirring of almighty wings.

There lay a twilight land
Where, hardly-hid, the sun
Sent Softly saddened rays of red
To burn the iron land and bathe
The solemn snow white peaks
In mighty splendor.

The men were black
Hard-haired and silent, slow,
Moving like shifting shadows
Bending with face of fear to earth wards;
And women there were none.

Women there were none
"Woman?" I asked; "woman! " I called
"Woman!" I cried, in widening wonder
Which chilled and slowly froze
To terror cold and white.

"Woman and child!"
"Woman with child"
But all my cries sang back
Thro' empty heavens, with
The rolling of immortal wings

Wings, wings! endless wings!
Heaven and Moon were wings!
Wings to flutter furl and fold
Always folding and unfolding
Ever folding yet again.

Wings, wings that always veiled
Some vast and veiled face
In blazing blackness
Behind the folding and unfolding
The rolling and unrolling
Of eternal wings!

The black men huddled
Fumed in fear, falling face forward
Cringing and cowering
Moaning in mournful monotone

"O Freedom, O Freedom
"O Freedom over me
"Before I'll be a slave
"I'll be buried in my grave
"And do down into Night
"and be free.

It was as angel music
From the damned; and as they sang
The winged Thing of wings, filling all heaven
Folding and unfolding and folding yet again
Tore out their blood and entrails
Till on my scream of utter terror
A silence fell —
A silence and the wailing of a child.

Then at last my darkened eyes
Saw and shamed, and knew
How these dumb dark and dusky things
Were giving blood and life
To feed the caves of underground
The great black caves of dreadful night
Where earth lay full
Of mothers and their babes.

Little children sobbing in darkness
Little children crying in silent pain
Little mothers rocking and groping and struggling
Digging and delving and grovelling
Amid the dying-dead and dead - in - life

And drip and dripping of warm, wet, blood
Down, far down beneath the wings
The folding and unfolding of almighty wings.

I bent with tears and pitying hands
Above these dusky star-eyed children
Crinkly-haired, with sweet-sad baby voices
Pleading low for light and love and living -
And I crooned:

Little children weeping there
God shall find thy faces fair
Guerdon for thy deep distress
He shall send his tenderness
For the tripping of thy feet
Make a mystic music sweet
In the curling of thy hair;
Light and laughter in the air -
Little childfen weeping there,
God shall find thy faces fair!

I turned upon the stricken bleeding men
"Why?" I whispered "Freedom" they gasped
And pointed to one gleaming peak, than vastness vaster
Whereon a shadow brooded
"Up" I cried "and on"
But they muttering face downward
Sighed "Who shall find the Face of Freedom
Who shall look and live"
And I senses the folding of immortal wings
Before some awful face of blazing blackness.

Natheless I strode
Before these shrinking men, chanting:

"Up I say, build and slay
Fight face-foremost, force a way
Unloose, unfetter and unbind
Be men and free."

Then did we build af iron bricks and blood:
We built a day, a year, a thousand years.
Blood was the mortar, blood and tears
And ah, the Thing, the Thing of wings
The winged folding Wing of Things
Did furnish much mad mortar
For that tower.

Slow and ever slower rose the towering task
And with it rose the sun.
Until at last on one wild day
Wind-whirled, cloud-swept and terrible
I stood beneath the burning shadow
Of the peak
Beneath the whirring of almighty wings

Outward I rose on flecked and blazing blue -
But ever onwards upward flew
The sobbing of small voices
Down, down, far down into the night
I lifted up my livid limbs
Upward I shrove -"the Face! the Face!"
Upward I reeled - "the Face! the Face!"
Be it beauty wonderful to sudden death
Be it horror horrible to endless life —
Up, up, the blood built way
To shadow vaster
To terror faster—
Up toward the blazing blackness of
That Veiled face
And endless folding and unfolding
Furling and unfurling of almighty wings
The last step stood,
The last dim cry of pain
Trembled across the stars
And then -

Wings, wings, triumphant wings
Lifting and lowering, waxing and waning
Swinging and swaying, twirling and whirling
Spreading and sweeping and shading and flaming
Wings, wings, eternal wings
'Till the hot red blood
Flood fleeing blood
Thundered thro' heaven and mine ears
While all across the purple sky
The last vast pinion fluttered to unfurl
I rose upon the mountain of the Moon
I felt the blazing glory of the sun
I heard the song of children crying
"Free!"
I saw the Face of Freedom
And I died.

THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF BLACK FOLK, THE PRAYERS OF GOD

Published as "The Christmas Prayers of God," Crisis, vol. 9, #2, December 1914

THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF BLACK FOLK

THE PRAYERS OF GOD

Name of God's Name!
Red murder reigns;
All hell is loose;
In golden autumnal air
Walk grinning devils, barbed and hoofed;
While high on hills of hate,
Black-blossomed, crimson-sky'd,
Thou sittest, dumb.

Father Almighty!
This earth is mad!
Palsied, our cunning hands;
Rotten, our gold;
Our argosies reel and stagger
Over empty seas;
All the long aisles
Of Thy Great Temples, God,
Stink with the ex trails
Of our souls.
And Thou art dumb.

30-1-116

Above the thunder of Thy Thunders, Lord,
Lightening Thy Lightnings,
Rings and roars
The dark damnation
Of this hell of war.
Red piles the pulp of hearts and heads,
And little children's hands.

Allah!
Elohim!
Death is here!
Dead are the living; deep-dead the dead.
Dying are earth's unborn -
The babes' wide eyes of genius and of joy,
Poems and prayers, sun-glows and earth-songs,
Great-pictured dreams,
Enmarbled phantasies,
Hymns of high heaven,
All fade, in this dread night,
This long ghost-night -
While Thou art dumb.

Have mercy!
Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!
Stand forth, unveil Thy face,
Pour down the light
That seethes above Thy Throne,
And blaze this devil's dance to darkness!
Hear!

30-1-117

Speak!
In Christ's Great Name -
****
I hear!
Forgive me, God!
Above the thunder I hearkened;
Beneath the silence, now, -
I hear!
****
(Wait, God, a little space.
It is so strange to talk with Thee -
Alone!)
****
This gold?
I took it.
Is it Thine?
Forgive; I did not know.
Blood? Is it wet with blood?
'Tis from my brother's hands.
(I know; his hands are mine.)
It flowed for Thee, O Lord.

War? Not so; not war -
Dominion, Lord, and over black, not white;
Black, brown, and fawn,
And not Thy Chosen Brood, O God,
We murdered.

To build Thy Kingdom,
To drape our wives and little ones,
And set their souls a 'glitter -
For this we killed these lesser breeds
And civilized their dead,
Raping red rubber, diamonds, cocoa, gold!

30-1-119

For this, too, once, and in Thy Name,
I lynched a ~~Nigger~~ black man -
(He raved and writhed,
I heard him cry,
I felt the life-light leap and lie,
I watched him crackle there, on high,
I saw him wither!)

****

Thou?
Thee?
I lynched Thee?

****

Awake me, God! I sleep!
What was that awful word Thou saidst?
That black and riven thing - was it Thee?
That gasp - was it Thine?
This pain - is it Thine?
Are, then, these bullets piercing Thee?
Have all the wars of all the world,
Down all dim time, drawn blood from Thee?
Have all the lies and thefts and hates -
Is this Thy Crucifixion, God,

And not that funny, little cross,
With vinegar and thorns?

****

Help!
I sense that low and awful cry -
Who cries?
Who weeps?
With silent sob that rends and tears -
Can God sob?

Who prays?
I hear strong prayers throng by,
Like mighty winds on dusky moors -
Can God pray?

************ ************

Prayest Thou, Lord, and to me?
THOU needest me?
Thou NEEDEST me?
Thou needest ME?
Poor, wounded soul!
Of this I never dreamed. I thought -
COURAGE, GOD,
I COME!

30+/-120

38-12-416

THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF BLACK FOLK

THE PRAYERS OF GOD

Name of God's Name!
Red murder reigns;
All hell is loose;
On golden autumnal air
Walk grinning devils barbed and hoofed,
While high on hills of hate,
Black-blossomed, crimson-sky'd,
Thou sittest, dumb.

Father Almighty!
This earth is mad
Paleied, our cunning hands;
Rotten, our gold;
Our argosies reel and stagger
Over empty seas;
All the long aisles
Of Thy great temples, God,
Stink with the entrails
Of our souls.
And Thou art dumb.

38-12-417

Above the thunder of Thy thunders, Lord,
Lightening Thy lightnings,
Rings and roars
The dark damnation
Of this Hell of war.
Red piles the pulp of hearts and heads,
And little children's hands.

Allah!
Elohim!
Death is here!
Dead are the living, deep dead the dead.
Dying are earth's unborn -
The babes' wide eyes of genius and of joy!
Poems and prayers, sun-glows and earth-songs!
Great pictured dreams,
Enmarbled phantasies,
Hymns of high Heaven,
All fade, in this dread night,
This long ghost night -
While Thou art dumb.

Have Mercy!
Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!
Stand forth, unveil Thy face,
Pour down the light
That seethes above Thy throne,
And blaze this devil's dance to darkness!
Hear!

38-12-418

Speak!
In Christ's great name -

****

I hear!
Forgive me, God!
Above the thunder I hearkened;
Beneath the silence, now,
I hear!

****

(Wait, God, a little space.
It is so strange to talk with Thee -
Alone!)

****

This gold?
I took it.
Is it thine?
Forgive; I did not know.
Blood? Is it wet with blood?
'Tis from my brother's hands.
(I know; his hands are mine.)
It flowed for Thee, O Lord.

War? Not so, not war:
Dominion, Lord, and over black, not white.
Black, brown and fawn,
And not Thy chosen brood, O God,
We murdered.

38-12-419

To build Thy kingdom,
To drape our wives and little ones,
And set their souls a'glitter -
For this we killed these lesser breeds
And civilized their dead,
Raping red rubber, diamonds, cocoa, gold.

For this, too, once, and in Thy name
I lynched a Nigger -
(He raved and writhed,
I heard him cry,
I felt the life light leap and lie,
I watched him crackle there, on high,
I saw him wither!)

****

Thou?
Thee?
I lynched Thee?

****

Awake me, God. I sleep!
What was that awful word Thou saidst?
That black and riven thing - was it Thee?
That gasp - was it Thine?
This pain - is it Thine?
Are, then, these bullets piercing Thee?
Have all the wars of all the world,
Down all dim time, drawn blood from Thee?
Have all the lies, and thefts, and hates -
Is this Thy crucifixion, God,

38-12-420

And not that funny little cross,
With vinegar and thorns?

****

Help!
I sense that low and awful cry -
Who cries?
Who weeps?
With silent sob that rends and tears -
Can God sob?

Who prays?
I hear strong prayers throng by,
Like mighty winds on dusky moors -
Can God pray?

****

Prayest Thou, Lord, and to me?
THOU needest me?
Thou NEEDEST me?
Thou needest ME?
Poor wounded Soul!
Of this I never dreamed. I thought -
COURAGE, GOD,
I COME!

High in the tower where I sit above the loud complaining of the human sea I know many souls that toss and whirl and pass, but none there are that interest me more than the Souls of white folk.

Of them I am singularly clairvoyant. I see in and through them; I view them from unusual points of vantage. Not as a foreigner do I come, for I am native, not foreign, bone of their thought and flesh of their language. Mine is not the knowledge of the traveler or Colonial

Poetry

The [redacted] Prayers of God

Name of God's Name!
Red murder reigns;
All Hell is loose;
On gold autumnal air
Walk grinning devils barbed and hoofed,
While high on hills of hate,
Black-blossomed, crimson sky'd,
Thou sittest, dumb.

Father Almighty!
This earth is mad!
Palsied, our cunning hands;
Rotten, our gold;
Our argosies reel and stagger
Over empty seas;
All the long aisles
Of Thy great temples, God,
Stink with the entrails
Of our souls.
And Thou art dumb.

Above the thunder of Thy thunders, Lord,
Lightening Thy lightnings,
Rings and roars
The dark damnation
Of this Hell of war.
Red piles the pulp of hearts and heads,
And little children's hands.

Allah!
Elohim!
Death is here!
Dead are the living, deep dead the dead.
Dying are earth's unborn—
The babes' wide eyes of genius and of joy;
Poems and prayers, sun-glows and earth-songs;
Great pictured dreams,
En-marbled phantasies,
Hymns of high Heaven,
All fade, in this dread night,
This long ghost night—
While Thou art dumb.

Have Mercy!
Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!
Stand forth, unveil Thy face,
Pour down the light
That seethes above Thy throne,
And blaze this devil's dance to darkness!
Hear!
Speak!
In Christ's great name—

• • • • •

I hear.
Forgive me, God.
Above the thunder I hearkened;
Beneath the silence, now,
I hear.

• • • • •

(Wait, God, a little space.
It is so strange to talk with Thee—
Alone!)

• • • • •

This gold?
I took it.
Is it Thine?
Forgive; I did not know.

40-Sd-3

Blood! Is it wet with blood!
'Tis from my brother's hands.
(I know; his hands are mine.)
It flowed for Thee, O Lord.

War! Not so, not war:
Dominion, Lord, and over black, not white.
Black, brown and fawn,
And not Thy chosen brood, O God,
We murdered.

To build Thy kingdom,
To drape our wives and little ones,
And set their souls a'glitter—
For this we killed these lesser breeds
And civilized their dead,
Raping red rubber, diamonds, cocoa, gold.

For this, too, once, and in Thy name
I lynched a Nigger—

(He raved and writhed,
I heard him cry,
I felt the life light leap and lie,
I watched him crackle there, on high,
I saw him wither!)

• • • • •

Thou!
Thee!
I lynched Thee!

• • • • •

Awake me, God, I sleep!

What was that awful word Thou saidst!
That black and riven Thing—was it Thee!
That gasp—was it Thine!
This pain—is it Thine!
Are then these bullets piercing Thee!
Have all the wars of all the world,
Down all dim time, drawn blood from Thee!
Have all the lies, and thefts, and hates—
Is this Thy crucifixion, God,
And not that funny little cross,
With vinegar and thorns!

• • • • •

Help!
I sense that low and awful cry—
Who cries!
Who weeps
With silent sob that rends and tears—
Can God sob!

Who prays!
I hear strong prayers throng by,
Like mighty winds on dusky moors—
Can God pray!

• • • • •

Prayest Thou, Lord, and to me!
Thou needest me!
Thou *needest* me!
Thou needest *me!*
Poor wounded Soul!
Of this I never dreamed. I thought—
Courage, God,
I come!

The Prayers of God.

Name of God's Name
Grim terror thralls Thy world,
Red murder reigns;
All Hell is loose;
Our gold autumnal air
Is black grinning devils tarbed and hoofed;
While high on hills of hate,
Black-blossomed, crimson sky'd,
Thou sittest, dumb.

Father almighty!
This earth is mad!
Palsied, our cunning hands;
Rotten, our gold;
Our argosies reel and stagger
Over empty seas.
All the long aisles
Of Thy great temples, God,
Stink with the entrails
Of our souls.
And Thou art dumb.

Above the thunder of Thy thunders, Lord,
Lightening Thy lightnings,
Rings and roars
The dark damnation
Of this Hell of War.
Red piles the pulp of hearts and heads,
Of mothers' tears and daughters' flesh,
And little children's moans.

Allah!!
Elohim!
Very God of God:
Death is here!
Dead are the living, deep dead the dead.
Dying are earth's unborn —
The beautiful unborn:
The babes' wide eyes of genius and of joy;
Poems and prayers, sun-glows and
earth-songs;
Great pictured dreams,
Sun-marbled phantasies,
High-hymning heavens, — all,
all writhe and shriek and choke and die

In this ~~wicked~~ night,
This long ghost night —
While thou art dumb.

Have mercy!
Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.
Hear, we beseech thee!
Stand forth, unveil thy face,
Pour down the light
That seethes above thy throne,
And blaze this devil's dance to darkness.
Hear!
Hear!
Speak! speak!
In Christ's great name —

* * * *

I hear.
Forgive me, God.
Above the thunder, I hearkened;
Beneath the silence, now,
I hear.

* * * *

(Wait, God, a little space.
It is so strange to talk with Thee —
Alone!)

* * * *

This gold?
I took it.
Is it thine?
Forgive; I did not know.

—

Blood? Is it wet with blood?
'Tis from my brother's hands.
(I know; his hands are mine.)
It flowed for Thee, O Lord.

—

War? Not so, not war:
Dominion, Lord, and over black not white.
Black, brown and fawn,
And not Thy chosen brood, O God,
We murdered.

—

To build Thy kingdom,
To drape our wives and little ones,

And set their souls a'glitter —
For this we killed these lesser breeds
And civilized their dead,
Raping red rubber, diamonds, cocoa,
gold.

—

For this, too, once, and in Thy name,
I lynched a nigger —
(I heard and writhed,
I heard him cry,
I watched the life light leap and lie,
I heard him crackle there, on high,
I saw him wither!)

× + × × +

Thou?
Thee?
I lynched — Thee?
I do not understand.
Nay, nay, not that!
That black and riven thing,
Thou!

* + + +

Awake me, God, I sleep!
What was that awful thing Thou said?

That gasp — was it Thine?
This pain — is it Thine?
Are these Thine these bullets piercing Thy
Have all the wars of all the world,
Down all dim time, drawn blood
from thee?
Have all the lies and all the thefts
and all the hates —
Is this Thy Crucifixion, God,
And not that funny little cross,
With vinegar and thorns?
Is this Thy kingdom here, not there
This stone and stucco drift of dreams

* + * + * + *

Help!
I ~~hear~~ sense that low and awful
cry —
Who cries?

Who weeps?
With silent sob that rends and tears
Can God sob?

Who prays?
I hear strong prayers throng by,
Like mighty winds on dusky moors—
Can God pray?

* * * *

Prayest Thou, Lord, and to me?
Thou needest me?
Thou needest me?
Thou needest me?

Incarnate Word!
Of this I never dreamed. I thought
Courage, God,
I come!

—

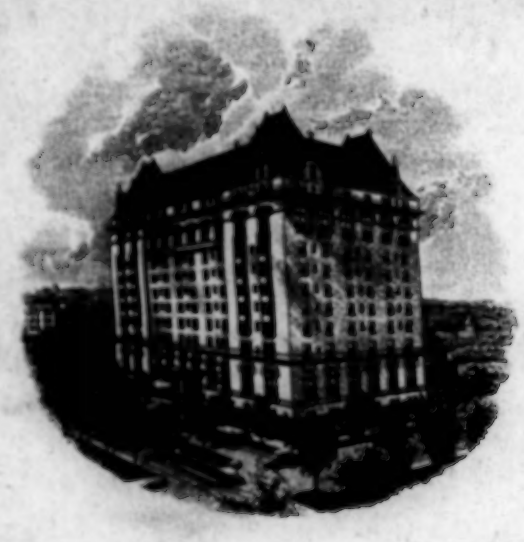
Almighty Name!
Dumb terror thralls Thy word
~~Dread murder marks the dawn~~
All Hell is loose
~~mad thunder walks~~ sticks
~~the~~ on the Golden Autumn air
~~with gurgling~~ with grinning devils parted & hoofed
yet High on the Hills of Hate
Red flowered, crimson sky'd
~~The~~ Thy silent dumb.

—

Listen! ~~Name unseen~~
Incarnate Word!
~~Hell laugh is mad~~
Palsied ~~our~~ our cunning hands
Shaken with ~~the~~ silent sobs
~~What words~~ and tears
~~Our gobs~~ is Rotten on gall
~~Our~~ our agonies reel & stagger
~~Hell~~ over empty seas
~~With~~ all the aisles of Thy great temples, God,
Shrink with the entrails
of our sons,
and ~~why~~ Thou art dumb!

—

~~Jehovah~~
~~Thou~~
God of new God!
~~Dead! Dead is here~~
Dead are the living



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WINNIPEG, CANADA.

CHAS. L. DE ROUVILLE, Resident Manager.

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HOTELS

CHATEAU LAURIER, OTTAWA, ONT. THE FORT GARRY WINNIPEG, MAN.

▫ ▫

UNDER CONSTRUCTION,

THE MACDONALD, EDMONTON, ALTA. THE PRINCE RUPERT, PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

THE QU'APPELLE, REGINA, SASK.

F. W. BERGMAN, MANAGER OF HOTELS, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Above the Thunder of Thy Thunders, God,
& beginning Thy Lightnings
Roars & glares
while real and grim Damnation of this Hell of War,
making red pulp of hearts and heads,
of Mothers tears & lovers ~~kisses~~ vows
of maidens' smiles
and little Childrens ~~bowels~~ laughter
~~moans~~

Jehovah
Elohim
God of very God,
Behold! Death is here!
Dead are the living
~~Dead are the~~

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THE QU'APPELLE, REGINA, SASK.

Awake me God! I cleck
What is this thing "thou eiyst
"That gast – wes at Thine
"this Pain – is at "Thine
Are then these bullets piercing thee?
Wast all the Woes of all world
down all down Time drains flood upon thee?
Do This Thy Compassion, God
Do this thy Kingdom, here
Were in this closet chosen dept of dreams
XXXX
Well!
Whome dwells that hour awful cry?
Who Wicks
with violent arm that quits & rends
Can God rob?
Who Prays
Can God stay
Prayers thou, Lord, — and Deaf to me?
When needest me

All mighty God
of this & other planets
Conveyor, God!
I come!

Deth Dead and the Dead
And Dying are Unborn
The beautiful Unborn
The babes eyes & genius & Joy
Poems & prayers, great fleshed dreams
anneals & budding Enmarbled charitarees
High hymning Heavens — all
all gush & choke & shrink & die
In this dred night,
This long ghost night
While Thou art dumb.

—

Have mercy upon us
Miserable sinners
Hear, we beseech Thee
Awake stalking mercies,
Stand forth
Open thy Heavens
Above this blackening
& Unveil thy splendour
Pour down the Light
Rub thrills deep into the Stars
& blare this dumb glare to darkness
Hear
Hear
Speak! Shed!
In Christs great Name —

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THE QU'APPELLE, REGINA, SASK.

F. W. BERGMAN, MANAGER OF HOTELS, WINNIPEG, MAN.

This godd –
I a it Christ
Reeeuld God,
I did not drown.

Blood! is it red wet blood

To form my soul and dwell in ~~Not form my~~ hands O God –

~~I~~ I know, ~~my brothers~~ this hands are mine

War? yes Lord and Bleed wars, not white

~~Not I, my God~~

~~Why yes – but~~ not against Thy Cheek me;

We stand and surrounded Ocean heads

And ~~surround~~ them dead

To thy great glory

We conquered Indians

~~washed red water~~

~~And baptised Nig~~

and brace – In Thy Name, Lord –

I baptised a nigger!

× × × × × × × × × ×

Why how?

I do not understand

Nay – not that –

"Christ bleed + risen Lord!

I hear.
Forgive me, God.
Above the thunder, I ~~was looking~~ declined —
~~Beneath~~ Beneath the silence, now,
I hear

(Wait, God, a little chance
It is so strange
To talk unto Thee
Alone!)

This blood?
I took it.
Was it Thine, O God?
Forgive — I did not know

This cross?
I fenced it.
Was it Thine, Dear God?
Forgive — I did not know

This wood?
I said it. ~~God~~
~~Was it Thine~~
It was not Thine
I cried
Forgive ~~me~~, ~~God~~ die good God.

This blood!
Not on my hands —
Yes, I know, my holders' hands are more

Was?
Not I, my God
I name a different name
I ice cudgel thy chastisement
And make ~~mine~~ mine chastisement
Thy great glory, God?
Was this the word
Tongue — I knew it not
O God.

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THE MACDONALD, EDMONTON, ALTA. THE PRINCE RUPERT, PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

THE QU'APPELLE, REGINA, SASK.

(1) 72 Prayers of God.

Name of God's Name!
Grim terror thralls Thy world
Red ~~blood~~ murder reigns
All Hell is loose
O'er gold autumnal air
Walk grinning devils, barbed + hooved
While high on ~~the~~ Hills of Hate
black ~~Red~~-Horsemen, crimson-sky'd,
Thou sittest, dumb

Father Almighty!
This earth is mad!
Palsied, our cunning hands
Rotten, our gold
O'er argosies reel + stagger
Over empty seas.
All the long aisles
Of Thy great temples, God,
Stink with the entrails
Of our souls
And Thou art dumb.

Above the Thunder of Thy Thunders, God,
Lightening my Thy Lightnings
Roars & Roars ~~and glows~~
The dark damnation
Of this Hell of War
Red hides the hulk of hearts & heals
Of mothers tears and daughters flesh
And little children moans

Jehovah!
Elohim!
Very God of very God:
Death is here!
Dead are the living
Death dead, the dead
Dying are Earth's Unborn —
The beautiful Unborn!
The babes wide eyes of Genius & of Joy
Poems & Prayers, sun-glows & earth-songs
Great pictured dreams
Sea-moulded phantasies
Virgin-hymning heavens — all
All writhe and shriek and choke and die
In this dread night

This long ghost night—
While I shall art dumb!

—

Father Have mercy!
Have mercy upon us
miserable sinners
Hear, we beseech Thee!
~~Awake~~
Stand Forth
Unveil Thy Face
abash this blasphemy;
Pour down the Light
~~beyond the Stars~~ above the Throne
as it seethes
And blaze this devils glance ~~to~~ darkness
Hear! Hear!
Speak! Speak!
In Christ's great Name ——

× × × × × × × × ×

I hear.
Forgive me, God. hardened
above the thunder, I hardened.
Beneath the silence, word.
I hear
× × × × × × × ×

(Wait, God, a little there.
It is so strange
To talk — with Thee —
Alone!)

× × × × × × × ×

Who gave?
I took it
Do it Thine? ~~Karma of God~~,
Forgive — I did not know
Blood! Do it wet with blood?
'Tis from my brothers hands —
(I know: his hands are mine)
War? Yes, Lord, but slain not with
blood. known + fear
+ not Thy chosen ones, O God
~~I stood~~ we murdered
Them we conquered + conquered
Raping red rubies drawn from gold
Dashing our wives + little ones
Aye, even, + in Thy Name
I lynched a Negro —.

× × × × × × × ×

Whom? I lynched Thee?
I do not understand
Nay — Nay — not that!
~~That black + awful Thing!~~

It planned for Thee, O Lord.

Well-then – We conquered Indians
raped red women
civilized a desert
and in Thy name
we lynched a nigger – we Thy chosen seed –
Them? God was it Them
Nay nay not that –
What black & sinful Thing – Them?
Awake me, God!
What is this thing, new sight?
this greed – is it Thine?
this pain – is it Thine
Are these their bullets many blood, Thee?
Is this Thy Crucifixion, God,
And all Thy Kingdom dere; dere
In this stone & sheer dust of dreams."
Well! Well!
I hear, I heard
Whence comes this awful cry
Does Them cry? God?
Can God cry?

To build Thy Kingdom God
To drape our cities & cities me
~~To set our our thrones tower a glitter~~
~~For this~~
& set their souls a-glitter
For this we pillaged three lesser lands
Rifled red rubies, diamonds, coral, gold
For this, once & in Thy name,
I lynched a Negro —

—

(We ground & writhed
I heard him cry
I saw the light begin's flesh & die
I heard him crackle there on high
& heard him writhe.)

Yours

God
Lord
Eternal
Almighty
Everlast
Immortal

War? not so, not war
Dominion, lord & over black, and White
Black brown & tawny
And not Thy chosen blood, O God,
we murdered;
To build Thy Kingdom, ~~God~~
To drake our wives & little ones
And set their souls a-glitter—
For this we killed these lesser breeds
And enslaved them ~~accordin~~ dead
Raping red-rubber, diamonds, Cotton, gold
For this too, once, & in Thy name
I lynched a Nigger —
(He raved ~~groaned~~ and writhed
I heard him cry
I watched the life-light leap & die
I heard him crackle there, in light
I saw him wither!)

× × × × × ×

Thou!
Me?
I lynched Thee

I do not understand.
Nay - nay! Not that
Not black & mean thing
when?

× × × × ×

Prayest thou God & & me?

When needest me?

Then needest me?

Then needest me!

Almighty presence!
O this I never dreamed — I thought ——
Courage, God!

I come.

Who stays
Can God stay?

Who robs
~~Can God rob~~
~~Under what guise soever~~
With silvery calm or
That agitator writhes & tears —
Can God err?

Awake me, God! I sleep.
What is this awful thing I know subdues?
What grasp — was it Mine?
What pain — is it Mine
Are then these anklets human Thee?
Have all the wars of all the world
Drawn all down Time drawn at Thy hands
Have all the lies, the hates the hates drawn from Thy side
Do this Thy Crucifixion, God.
Is this Thy Kingdome, Here for Thee
This stone & stones drift of dreams?

× × × × ×

Help!
I sense [illegible] this low & awful cry
Who cries?
Who needs?
Such silence as that rends & tears?
Can God sob? Who prays?
Can God pray?)
Prayest Thou, God, and to me?
When needest me
When needest me
When needest me?
I incarnate Word!
Of this I never dreamed — I thought —
COURAGE, GOD,
I COME!

I hear the dragons dragging their evil bodies on wet & weary moors
Will they kill me?
No, by my sword —

IN GOD'S GARDENS

Crisis, Vol. 3, No. 6, April 1912

O mist-blown Lily of the North,
A-bending southward in thy bloom,
And bringing beauty silver-sown,
And pale blue radiance of snows!

O fair white Lily, bowing low
Above the dream-swept poppy's mouth,
Athwart the ~~soul-black passioned~~ black and crimson South -
~~Hast thou no~~ fear - ~~hast~~ thou ~~no~~ fear?
why dost thou ~~no~~ why dost
Lo! sense it's sleep-sown subtle breath,
Where wheel in ~~passioned~~ whirl above
All lingering ~~burning~~ luring love of Love -
All perfume born of Sole and death.

~~Ghost~~ Cold ghost-wreathed Lily of the North,
When once thy dawning darkens there,
Come then with sunlight-sifted hair
And seek the haunting heaven of Night,

Where, over moon-mad shadows whirled,
The star-tanned mists dim swathe the sky,
In phantasy to dream and die -
A wild ~~sweet~~ sweet wedding of the World.

W.C.D.

Critics

New Poetry

In God's Gardens

"A Hymn to the Peoples"
in Darkwater: Voices from
Within the Veil. New York:
Harcourt, Brace and Howe, 1920.
pp. 275-276

1911

A HYMN TO THE PEOPLES

O Truce of God!
And primal meeting of the Sons of Man,
Foreshadowing the union of the World!
From all the ends of earth we come!
Old Night, the elder sister of the Day,
Mother of Dawn in the golden East,
Meets in the misty twilight with her brood,
Pale and black, tawny, red, and brown,
The mighty human rainbow of the world,
Spanning its wilderness of storm.

Softly in sympathy the sunlight falls,
Rare is the radiance of the moon;
And on the darkest midnight blaze the stars-
The far-flown shadows of whose brillance
Drop like a dream on the dim shores of Time,
Forecasting Days that are to these
As day to night.

So sit we all as one.
So, gloomed in tall and stone-swathed groves,
The Buddha walks with Christ!
And Al-Koran and Bible both be holy!

33-4-104

33-4-105

Almighty Word!
In this Thine Awful Sanctuary,
First and flame-haunted City of the Widened World!
Assoil us, Lord of Lands and Seas!
We are but weak and wayward men,
Distraught alike with hatred and vainglory;
Prone to despise the Soul that breathes within-
High-visioned hordes that lie and steal and kill,
Shinning the sin each separate heart disclaims,
Clambering upon our riven, writhing selves,
Besieging Heaven by trampling men to Hell!

We be blood-guilty! Lo, our hands be red!
Not one may blame the other in this sin!
But here-here in the white silence of the dawn,
Before the womb of time,
With bowed-down hearts, all flame and shame,
We face the birth-pangs of a world:
We hear the stifled cry of nations all but born-
The wail of women ravished of their stunted brood!
We see the nakedness of Toil, the poverty of Wealth,
We know the anarchy of Empire, and doleful death of Life!
And hearing, seeing, knowing all, we cry:

Save us, World-spirit, from our lesser selves!
Grant us that War and Hatred cease,
Reveal our souls in every race and hue!
Help us, O human God, in this Thy Truce
To make Humanity divine!

33-4-106

Ilse Barr - Rowley

c 1918

O Truce of God!
And primal meeting of the Sons of Man,
Foreshadowing the union of the World!
From all the ends of earth we come,
Old Night, the elder sister of the Day,
Mother of Dawn in the golden East,
Meets in the misty twilight with her breed,
All pale and black, all tawny, red and brown,
The mighty human rainbow of the world
Spanning its wilderness of storm.

Softly in sympathy the sunlight falls,
Rare is the radiance of the moon,
And on the darkest midlight blaze the stars -
The far-flown shadows of whose brilliance
Drop like a dream on the dim shores of Time,
Forecasting Days that are to these
As day to night.

So sit we all as one.
So, gloomed in tall and stone - swathed groves,
The Buddha walks with Christ,
And Al-Koran and Bible both be holy.
Almighty Word! #
In this thine awful sanctuary,
First and flame-haunted City of the Widened World
Assoil us, Lord of lands and Seas!

We are but weak and wayward men,
Distraught alike with hatred and vainglory,
Prone to dispise the Soul that breathes within —
High-visioned hordes that lie and steal and kill
Sinning the sin each separate heart disclaims

34-4-107

a [1918]

Dooming
Striving ~~to~~ Heaven by trampling men to Hell.

~~al~~ ~~[illegible]~~!
We be blood-guilty, ~~[illegible]~~ our hands be red!
Crime
Not one ~~we~~ used may blame the other in this ~~[illegible]~~,
But here - here in the white Silence of the Dawn,
Before the Womb of Time,
With bowed ~~heads and hands on heads~~ hearts all flame and shame,
We face the birth ~~pains~~ hangs of a world.
We hear ~~to~~ the stifled cry of Nations all but born,
~~We hear~~ the wail of women ravished of their stunted breed,
We see the nakedness of Toil, and the poverty of wealth,
We know the Anarchy of Empire, and the doleful Death of Life,
And hearing, seeing, knowing all, we cry:
~~With one vast voice of myriad millioned men.~~ ← ##
Save us, World-Spirit, from our lesser selves,
Grant us that war and hatred cease,
~~Teach us to give and not forever take,~~
Help us, O Human God, in this Thy Truce,
To make Humanity divine!

Remember ~~our souls to be~~ every ~~[illegible]~~ and hue.

Mark us the souls of every race and hue

34-41-88

O Truce of God!
And primal meeting of the Sons of Man,
Foreshadowing the union of the World!
From all the ends of earth we come,
Old Night, the elder sister of the Day,
Mother of Dawn in the golden East,
Meets in the misty Twilight with her brood,
pale and black, tawny, red and brown,
mighty human rainbow of the world,
Spanning its wilderness of storm.

Softly in sympathy the sunlight falls,
Rare is the radiance of the moon,
And on the darkest midnight blaze the stars,
The far-flown shadows of whose brilliance
Drop like a dream on the dim shores of Time,
Forecasting Days that are to these
As day to night.

So sit we all as one.
So, gloomed in ~~tall and stone - swathed~~ groves,
The Buddha walks with Christ,
And Al-Koran and Bible both be holy.
Almighty Word!
In this thine awful sanctuary,
First and flame-haunted City of the Widened World,
Assoil us, Lord of Lands and Seas!

We are but weak and wayward men,
Distraught alike with hatred and vainglory,
Prone to dispise the Soul that breathes within us,
High-visioned hordes that lie and steal and kill,
Sinning the sin each (~~separate~~) soul disclaims.

(2)

~~Blessing~~ to Heaven by trampling men to Hell.

Besieging

† We be blood-guilty, I do; ~~God~~ our hands be red!
Not one ~~Nation~~ may blame the other in this ~~Horrible Curse~~ Crime
But here - here in the white Silence of the Dawn,
Before the Womb of Time,
With bowed ~~heads and hands on~~ heads all flame and shame,
We face the birth-pangs of a world.
We hearken to the stifled cry of Nations all but born,
~~We hear~~ the shriek of women ravished of their stunted brood, ?
We see the nakedness of Toil, and poverty of wealth,
We know the Anarchy of Empire, and doleful Death of Life,
And hearing, seeing, knowing all, we cry,
~~With one vast voice of myriad millioned man~~ ?
Save us, World-Spirit, from our lesser selves,
Grant us that war and hatred cease,
~~Teach us to give and not forever take;~~
Help us, O Human God, in this Thy Truce,
To make Humanity divine!

Teach us the worth
Reveal ~~our Aureole on~~ every race & time

24-41-45

[illegible] blood-guilty! Lo, our hands be red!
[illegible] we can blame the other in this sin!
[illegible]-here in the white Silence of the Dumb,
Before the Womb of Time,
With bowed hearts all flame and chame,
We hear the birth-pangs of a world:
We hear the stifled cry of Nations all but born—
The wail of women ravished of their stunted brood!
We see the nakedness of Toil, the poverty of Wealth,
We know the Anarchy of Empire, and doleful Death of Life!
And hearing, seeing, knowing all, we cry:

Save us, World-Spirit, form our lesser selves!
Grant us that war and hatred cease,
Reveal our souls in every race and home!
Help us, O Human God, in this Thy Grace,
To make Humanity divine!

"The Rosenbergs"

Masses and Mainstream

Vol. VI, No. 7, pp 10-12

July 1953

THE ROSENBERGS, JUNE, 1953

< by W.E.B. Du Bois
In Masses & Mainstream

FROM FLOODS OF WRATH, AVENGING GOD,
POUR DOWN THY CURSE ON US THE MURDERERS,
WHO CRUCIFY THE JEWS!

HAMMER HOME THE NAILS , THICK THROUGH OUR SKULLS;
CRUSH DOWN THE THORNS;
RAIN RED THE BLOODY SWEAT,
THICK AND HEAVY, WARM AND WET.

WE ARE THE KILLERS, HURLING MUD!
WE THE WITCHHUNTERS , DRINKING BLOOD!
TO US SHRIEK ALL THE LYNCHED,
THE THOUSANDS MOBBED,
THE MILLIONS DEAD IN USELESS WAR.

BUT THIS, THIS SHAMELESS DEED WE DO THIS DAY,
THIS SENSELESS BLASPHEMY OF MOTHER AND CHILD,
FILLS FULL THE CUP!
HAIL HELL AND GLORY TO DAMNATION!

O BLOOD-STAINED NATION,
STRETCH OUT YOUR HANDS:
COVER THEM, JUDGES , WITH YOUR GORY GOWNS;
COME LAWYERS IN YOUR SHEETS OF SHAME,
PROUD PARDONERS OF THUGS AND THIEVES

CAUTIOUS RABBIS, SILENT PRIESTS
CALLING ALL COWARDS, in cap and gown,
CALLING ALL COWARDS, HOME!

CRAWL WEDDED LIARS, HIDE FROM SIGHT,
IN THE NASTY MURK OF NIGHT
WE HOLD HIGH VIGIL WITH THE DAWN!
DEATH CALLS!

HOLY MOTHER, SON OF GOD!
TORTURED A THOUSAND DAYS
TO THE LAST PALE GASP!
DYING THE DEATH MAGNIFICENT
SCORNING TO TRADE WITH A PRESIDENT
LIFE FOR A LIE!

TWO PALE AND TIGHT-LIPPED CHILDREN

26-11-56

STAGGER ACROSS THE WORLD
BEARING THEIR DEAD!
ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT,—
BEARING THEIR DEAD!

I HEARD A VOICE FROM TOPHET CRY:
" BIRTH NO MORE, DEATH HAS MURDERED BIRTH
AND MOTHERHOOD BLASPHEMED! "

LOW LIFTS A LIGHT UPON THE SEA;
THERE ROLLS A MUSIC ON THE EARTH,
WITH THUNDEROUS THROB AND ROLL OF DRUMS
ALLELUIA, AMEM.'

NOW OUT BEYOND THE PLAIN
STREAMS THICK THE SUNSHINE, SHEET ON SHEET!
OF BILLOWING LIGHT.

ABOVE THE WORLD LOOM SOMBRE HILLS,
LIMNED LURID IN LIGHTNINGS;
WHILE FROM BENEATH, THE HIDEOUS SICKENED EARTH,
THE SEA RAINS UP FLOOD ON FLOOD TO CLEANSE THE HEAVENS.
TWIXT SUN AND SEA RISES THE GREAT BLACK THRONE.

STERNLY THE PALE CHILDREN MARCH ON,
BEARING HIGH ON THEIR HANDS,
FATHER AND MOTHER.

DRUMS ROLL, UNTIL THE LAND
QUIVERS WITH PAIN
AND SLOWLY YAWNS:

THE CHILDREN BOW DOWN;
~~BROWS~~ THEY BOW AND KNEEL AND LIE;
THEY LIE AND LAY WITHIN THE EARTH'S DEEP BREAST,
THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MOTHER AND HER MATE!

SACCO CRIES OUT TO VANZETTI
AND BOTH RISE SINGING FROM THE GRAVE!
STRAIGHT UP FROM ENDLESS DEPTHS,
RISE THEN THE BEARERS OF THE PALL:

36-11-52

OLD JOHN BROWN AND WILLIE MCGHEE,
SAVABAROLA AND JOAN OF ARC:

THEY RAISE THE CRUCIFIED ALOFT
THE PURPLE CURTAINS OF DEATH UNWIND.
HELL HOWLS, EARTH SCREAMS AND HEAVEN WEEPS!

HIGH FROM ABOVE ITS TEARS,
DROPS DOWN A STAIRCASE FROM THE SUN;
AROUND WITH UPSTRETCHED HANDS.
SURGE OF TRIUMPH AND DIRGE OF SHAME.
GATHER THE MIGHTY DEAD:

BUDDHA, MAHMOUD AND MOSES;
JESUS, LINCOLN AND TOUSSAINT;

AND ALL THE OTHER MILLIONS
IN THRONG ON THRONG UNENDING
WEEPING, SINGING.

WITH MUSIC RISING HEAVEN-HIGH
AND BUGLES CRYING TO THE SKY

WITH TRUMPETS, HARPS AND DULCIMERS;
WITH ENDLESS UPWARD SWELL OF UTTER SONG

THEN THROUGH THEIR RANKS, RESPLENDENT ROBES
BROIDERED WITH FLAME, FLOAT DOWN;

ABOUT THE CURLING GOWN,
DROP GREAT PURPLE CLOUDS, BURGEON AND ENTHRALL;
SWIRL OUT AND GRANDLY CLOSE, UNTIL ALONE
TWO MASSIVE FEET APPEAR

AS OF A KING DESCENDING TO HIS THRONE

IN THE VAST SILENCE AND EMBRACING GLOOM
WE THE MURDERERS GROAN AND MOAN:

LIST TO [redacted] THE LAUREATE LIAR
Heartbreak [redacted] KILLER AND THIEF,
UNDAUNTED BY FLOOD OR BY FIRE
UNCONQUERED BY BLOOD OR BY GRIEF.

HOPE OF THE HOPELESS
HEAR US PRAY

36-11-58

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL
THIS DAY, THIS DAY,
WHO WAS ENTHRONED ON SUNLIT AIR,?
WHO HAS BEEN CROWNED ON YONDER STAIR,?
RED RESURRECTION,
OR BLACK DESPAIR?

36-11-59

"Suez"

Masses and Mainstream

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December 1956

B.C 4241 EGYPT 1956 A.D.

by W.E.B. Du BOIS

YOUNG EGYPT ROSE AND SEIZED HER DITCH
AND SAID "WHAT'S MINE IS MINE! "
OLD EUROPE SNEERED AND CRIED "THE BITCH!
MUST LEARN AGAIN TO WHINE! "

THE BRITISH FLEET SAILED CYPRUS HO,
WITH WHITE AUSTRALIA'S KEN
"THE KING OF FRANCE MARCHED UP THE HILL,
WITH TWICE TEN THOUSAND MEN."

THE BRITISH LION ROARED A ROAR,
BUT USED HIS NETHER END
THIS RAISED A STINK WHICH MADE MEN SHRINK
AS WORLD PEACE SEEMED TO REND.

DULL DULLES RUSHED ABROAD AND BACK
HIS POCKETS FILLED WITH GOLD.
WHILE EISENHOWER PLAYED A ROUND
AND TALKED AS HE WAS TOLD:

"LORD GOD SEND PEACE AND PLENTY DOWN
AND KEEP ON DRAFTING MEN.
SEND BILLIONS EAST FOR STANDARD OIL
LEST INCOME TAXES END."

THE GREAT BIG THREE YELLED LONG AND LOUD
UNTIL THEIR VOICES BROKE.
ALL ASIA GIRDED UP ITS LOINS
AFRICA STRAINED ITS YOKE.

AND THEN THE LION SIGHED AND CRIED
AS FRANCE SET ALGIERS FREE

38-6-87

AND ALL ALONG THE GREAT, BIG DITCH

RED PILOTS SAILED THE SEA!

38-6-88

S U E Z

W.E.B. Du Bois

Young Egypt rose and seized her ditch
And said: "What's mine is mine !"
Old Europe sneered and cried: "The bitch
Must learn again to whine !"

The British lion up and roared
But used his nether end
Which raised a stink and made men shrink
As world peace seemed to rend.

Dull Dulles rushed about the world,
His pockets full of gold.
Ike sadly left his game of golf
And talked as he was told:

"Lord God! Send Peace and Plenty down
And keep on drafting men.
Send billions east and so at least
No income tax shall end."

Adlai essays with polished phrase
To say the same thing less
And prove without a shade of doubt
Both parties made this mess.

The campaign's done and Ike has won,
We spent ten millions for the fun.
Meantime it would be well to note
How many million did not vote.

Young Israel raised a mighty cry :
"Shall Pharaoh ride anew ?"
But Nasser grimly pointed West,
"They mixed this witches brew!"

Big Three are shouting long and loud;
United Nations boil;
Big Business raves: "Drop on these waves
A million tons of oil! "

W.E.B. Du Bois

With Whites withdrawn, the traffic runs
As it has run before.
But white folk fumed and pointed out
Red pilots from the shore.

Old Britain would be great again
With war on Earth, bad will to men!
And France would civilise the dead
And make the black Sahara red.

Greed splits the West and hatreds swell
To rebuild race and color pride,
Where Moses and Mohammed died
And Jesus Christ was crucified.

Israel as the West betrays
Its murdered, mocked, and damned,
Becomes the shock troop of two knaves
Who steal the dark men's land.

Beware, white world, that great black hand
Which Nasser's power waves
Grasps hard the concentrated hate
Of myriad million slaves.

The Soviets in blood and tears
Have made their Socialism strong
The West quite frantic in its fears
Has tried to stamp it to the ground.

This cannot be, it's but the sight
Of private capital's sad plight.
Fear makes America feel free
To buy revolt in Hungary.

For eastward trumpets sing the song
The rising sun calls loud and long
All Africa lifts high its head,
And sees all Asia burning Red !

"Mainstream" December, 1956

SUEZ

by W.E.B. Du BOIS

Young Egypt rose and seized her ditch
And said: "What's mine is mine!"
Old Europe sneered and cried: "The bitch,
Must learn again to whine!"

The British Lion up and roared
But used his nether end
Which raised a stink and made men shrink;
It seemed world peace to rend.

Dull Dulles rushed about the world,
His pockets full of gold
Ike sadly left his game of golf
And talked as he was told:

"Lord God! Send Peace and Plenty down
"And keep on drafting men.
"Send billions east and so at least
No state and income taxes fold."

Adlai essays with polished phrase
To say the same they say
And prove without a shade of doubt
Both parties made this mess!

Young Israel raised a mighty cry:
"Shall Pharaoh ride anew,"
But Nasser grimly pointed West:
"They mixed this witches' brew!"

Big Three are shouting long and loud;
United Nations boil;

The campaign' done and Ike has won
We spent ten millions for the fun
But one small matter please to note
Onehalf the voters did not vote.

(2)

Big Busines raves: "Drop on these waves
A million tons of oil!"

With whites withdrawn, the traffic runs
As it has run before
But white folk fumed and pointed out
Red pilots from the shore

Old Britain would xg would be Great again
With War on Earth, bad will to men!
And France would civilize the dead
And make the black Sahara red.

Greed splits the West and hatreds swell
To rebuild race and color pride
Where Moses and Mohammed died
And Jesus Christ is crucified

Israel as the West betrays
It is murdered , mocked and damned ,
Becomes the catspaw of two knaves
To steal the Negro's land.

Beware white world, that great black hand
Which Nasser's power waves
Grasps hard the concentrated hate
Of myriad million slaves

(3)

The Soviets in blood and tears
Have made their socialism strong
The West quite frantic in its fears
Have tried to stamp it to the ground

This cannot be, it will not be
Clear understnding must be found
America must not feel free
To buy revolt in Hungary.

For eastward trumpets sing the song,
The rising sun calls loud and long
All Africa lifts high its head
And sees all Asia burning Red!

Where Jesus and Mohammed died

And Israel, ~~Britain~~ France and Britain vied

Lest Egypt save its pride

The Soviets in blood and tears

MadeSocialism work

America in frantic fears

is buying up revolt

Franchise and ~~Freedom's "last" is~~ wild to keep the day

When most men work to let them play

America would ~~grandchildren~~ south be free

To buy revolt in Hungary

Greed splits the West and ~~[illegible]~~

Where Jesus and Mohammed died

~~To what walk force what Right demand~~

~~Who refused race & Color freedom~~

~~Nobles and is Gods~~ Eden Hell

Big Business raves: "~~Above~~ the waves,

~~Let's drop a ton~~ of oil!"

Black Menon ~~beamed~~, the wild West ~~screamed~~

~~in~~ Nasser's colored face:

~~[illegible]~~ your ditch ~~to~~ make us rich

~~and help us save our~~ race!"

White men withdrew but

~~All went all for a~~

~~For~~ all along the

Red pilots scanned

The West fell

Israel whom Europe has betrayed
And murdered, mocked and damned
Becomes the catapaw of a raid
To steal the land of Ham
a Negro land
Beware White World, that great black hand
Which Nasser's power waves
Holds all the concentrated hate
of a thousand million slaves

Big Three are shouting loud and long
United Nations boil
Big Business raves: "Above the waves,
Let's drop a ton of oil!"
Black Menon beamed, the wild West screamed
At Nasser's colored face :
"Go run your ditch, but leave us rich,
And help us save our race!"

The West is gasping but the East
Where Russia lifts ~~her struggling~~ unbent head
Where China fought and Gandhi bled
A rising world is glowing Red!

We're spitting on the Arab world
As once we spit on ~~Communists~~ brave Red
we must be rich and free
We're told [redacted]
To buy revolt in Hungary

Irael by Europe ~~twice~~ thrice betrayed
And murdered, mocked and damned

~~Becomes the shock troop of a raid~~
~~To reislavea land~~

Becomes the shock troop of a raid
To reinslave a land

Becomes the cat's paw of two knaves
Who seek to make all dark folk slaves

W here Moses and Mohammed died
And Jesus Christ is crucified

Old Egypt whom Great Britain raped
To play its robber role
Now staggers blindly on its feet
To find its ~~wounded~~ tortured soul

Old Israe whm the world betrayed
And murdered, mocked and damned
Becomes the shock troop of a raid
To seize the land of Ham

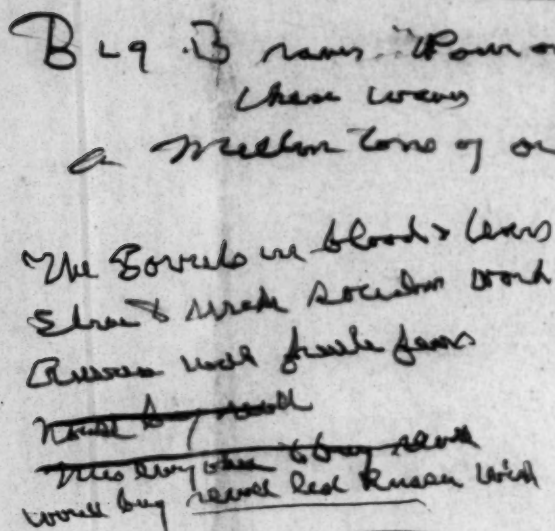
Whole Russia from her blod and tears
Makes socialism work
America [redacted] feels fuel that more free
To buy revolt in Hungary

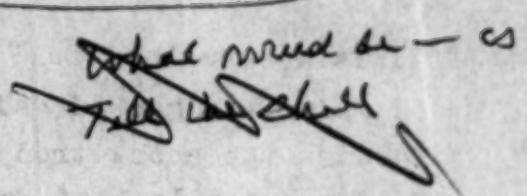
But courage gilds the rising sun
Our hope is never dead
Black Africa lifts up its head
[redacted] The [redacted] East is burning Red.

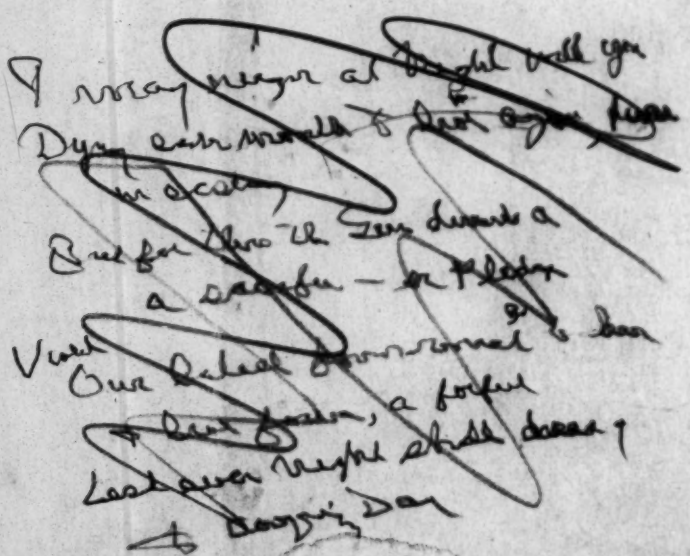
Send Millions each to do at least
Two women tortured dead

By B. crawl into their graves
To have strength my soul

THE DEATH OF THE MOON
THE ATTACK OF THE BEASTS
THE DOMINATION OF WHITE MAN
THE EMANCIPATION OF BLACK MAN AND THE REBIRTH OF THE MOON







But rich America was not free
To buy revolt in Hungary

And mighty China still was said

To see the whole East burning red.

So here I lay aside my pen

I cannot yet foresee the end

I cant see how this stupid world

Can keep its waving flags unfurled

3 42
J
2.46
55

Big Three are shouting loud and long

United Nations boil

Big Business raves: "Above the waves,

Let's drop a ton of oil!"

Black Memon beamed, the wild West screamed

At Nasser's colored face :

"Go run your ditch, but leave us rich,

And help us save our race!"

Just then the hell-broth boiled and burst,

Just then the hell-broth boiled and burst,
~~And Nasser stood his ground held his pride~~
~~Where Jesus and Mohammed died~~

~~And~~ Israel, ~~Britain~~ France and Britain ~~vied~~ fought

~~Lest Egypt save its pride~~ ~~When Jesus Christ died~~

Old Britain ~~would~~ would be Great again

With War on Earth, bad will to men!

And France would civilize the dead

And make the black Sahara red.

~~But rich~~ America ~~was not~~ free
To buy revolt in Hungary

~~And mighty~~ China ~~told~~ said

~~To see~~ the whole East burning red.

So here I lay aside my pen
I cannot yet ~~forsake the~~
~~But I want to see~~ how this stupid world
~~Will Keep~~
~~Until it burns itself~~
~~Until it burns itself~~
~~Until it burns itself

Britain fights back against the day
Where others would & let her fling
The World to wreck & Reap the day
Where others would to Sleep them fling

America fights & wakes more
Free & Brave would we Hungary

But still inspired by a dream
The Sands of China gleam
And everywhere the word is spoke
The freedom word so glory Red

To rebuild race & color bride
The spoken Ships as crystal clear
of the fallen
Great cries

Great shields the West
In better shape
The East stands free

The bravely Conclusion Stand
The noble words mend wrongs

So here I drop my pen
I cannot follow thee or when
Thou dwells down Hill Steed is and
I only know thou soar'st late
thus insane Middle Mount
above

Ye ivy vine like steady fear's pace
Pollens canopy ere Cupids chase
Ye vine vales lock and opiate
Heaven ne-ne Green
Calm cool & dear
ere

When Lucas & M. sat
The Wood with Woe & Wish has had
Lobelia a the East the Deer has shed
And old Ct Earl is Livery red

The Wood whose bell rood green
Deepdene would reflect the Scene
7 Colbr cast

Whistled by a deathless glow

They would rod adem Red Hell

So here I drop my pen
I cannot follow him or when
The devils drive him stand to end
I only know that soon or late
The wicked Wrestle Meet
Abide

Then came the dark
Fallen empty all Empire clear
The vast cities lost and gone
Heart to - an Empty

When Jesus & Mr. sat
The Word with Man & with him had
Lodged a the End the Devil has slain
And all the End is Victory red

The Word whom hell could not guess
Despair would reflect its Scale
I Color Caste

Withstood by a deathless glow
They would not admit Hell

AND SO THE HELL-BROTH BOILED AND BURST
WHERE JESUS AND MOHAMMED DIED
AND ISRAEL, FRANCE AND BRITAIN TRIED
TO MAKE EGYPTIANS EAT THEIR PRIDE

OLD BRITAIN WOULD AGAIN BE GREAT
WITH WAR ON EARTH, BAD WILL TO MEN
AND FRANCE WOULD CIVILIZE THE DEAD
AND PAINT THE BLACK SAHARA RED

YET RICH AMERICA WAS NOT FREE
TO BUY REVOLT IN HUNGARY
AND MIGHTY CHINA STILL WAS SAID
TO SEE THE WHOLE EST BURNING RED

AND NOW I LAY ASIDE MY PEN
I DONT KNOW HOW THIS THING WILL END
I DONT SEE HOW THIS STUPID WORLD
CAN WILL KEEP THE LIGHT OF LIFE UNFURLED

Black Menon beamed; the Wild West screamed
At Nasser's colored race:
"Go run your ditch, but make us rich,
And help us save our face!"

And so the White World won again
As oft it won before
And pale-faced children lisp the lie
While Toynbees lie some more.

Shepilov ravesi "Above the waves,

"Let's drop a ton of oil!"

Presto! The whole damned nonsense ends!

North Africa goes free!

Cyprus stands straight; along Suez,

Red pilots scan the Sea!

B.C 4241 EGYPT 1956 A.D.

by W.E.B. Du BOIS

YOUNG EGYPT ROSE AND SEIZED HER DITCH
AND SAID "WHAT'S MINE IS MINE! "
OLD EUROPE SNEERED AND CRIED "THE BITCH!
MUST LEARN AGAIN TO WHINE! "

THE BRITISH FLEET SAILED CYPRUS HO,
WITH WHITE AUSTRALIA'S KEN
"THE KING OF FRANCE MARCHED UP THE HILL,
WITH TWICE TEN THOUSAND MEN."

THE BRITISH LION ROARED ~~A ROAR~~ UH R
BUT USED HIS NETHER END
THIS RAISED A STINK WHICH MADE MEN SHRINK
AS WORLD PEACE SEEMED TO REND.

DULL DULLES RUSHED ABROAD AND BACK
HIS POCKETS FILLED WITH GOLD.
WHILE EISENHOWER PLAYED A ROUND
AND TALKED AS HE WAS TOLD:

"LORD GOD SEND PEACE AND PLENTY DOWN
AND KEEP ON DRAFTING MEN.
SEND BILLIONS EAST FOR STANDARD OIL
LEST INCOME TAXES END."

THE GREAT BIG THREE YELLED LONG AND LOUD
UNTIL THEIR VOICES BROKE.
ALL ASIA GIRDED UP ITS LOINS
AFRICA STRAINED ITS YOKE.

AND THEN THE LION SIGHED AND CRIED
AS FRANCE SET ALGIERS FREE

AND ALL ALONG THE GREAT, BIG DITCH

RED PILOTS SAILED THE SEA!

"Ghana Calls"

Présence Africaine, N.S. no. 34-35
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Winter 1965, Vol. 5, pp. 98-101

39-IE-9

GHANA CALLS

W. E. B. Du Bois

To OSAGYEFO KWAME NKRUMAH Aug. 8, 1960

I WAS a little boy, at home with strangers.
I liked my playmates, and knew well,
Whence all their parents came;
From England, Scotland, royal France
From Germany and oft by chance
The humble Emerald Isle.

BUT my brown skin and close-curled hair
Was alien; and how it grew, none knew:
Few tried to say, some dropped a wondering word or stray;
Some laughed and stared.

AND then it came: I dreamed.
I placed together all I knew
All hints and slurs together grew.
I dreamed.
I MADE one picture of what nothing seemed
I shuddered in dumb terror
In silence screamed,
For now it seemed this I had dreamed:
HOW up from Hell, a land had leaped
A wretched land, all scorched and seamed
Covered with ashes, chained with pain
Streaming with blood, in horror lain
Its very air a shriek of death
And agony of hurt.

39-1E-10

ANON I woke, but in one corner of my soul
I stayed asleep.
Forget I could not,
But never would I remember
That hell-hoist ghost
Of slavery and woe.

I LIVED and grew, I worked and hoped
I planned and wandered, gripped and coped
With every doubt but one that slept
Yet clamored to awaken

I BECAME old; old, worn and gray;
Along my hard and weary way
Rolled war and pestilence, war again;
I looked on Poverty and foul Disease
I walked with Death and yet ~~with ol~~ I knew
There stirred a doubt: Were all dreams true?
And what in truth was Africa?

ONE cloud-swept day a Seer appeared,
All cloaked and veiled as me he hailed
And bid me make three journeys to through the world
Seeking all through their lenthened links
The endless Riddle of the Sphinx.

I WENT to Moscow; Ignorance grown wise taught me Wisdom;
I went to Peking; Poverty grown rich
Showed me the wealth of Work
I came to Accra.

39-IE-11

HERE at last, I looked back on my Dream;
I heard the Voice that loosed
The long-locked dungeons of my soul
I sensed that Africa had come
Not up from Hell, but from the sum of Heaven's glory.

I LIFTED up my eyes to Ghana
And swept the Hills high Hosanna;
Above the sun my sight took flight
Till from that pinnacle of light
I saw dropped down this earth of crimson, green and gold
Roaring with color, drums and song,

HAPPY with dreams and deeds worth more than doing
Around me velvet faces loomed
Burnt by the kiss of everlasting suns
Under great stars of midnight glory
Trees danced, and foliage sang;

THE LILIES hallelujah rang
Where robed with rule on Golden Stool
The gold-crowned Priests with duty done
Pour high libations to the sun
And danced to gods.

RED blood flowed rare 'neath close-clung hair
While subtle perfume filled the air
And whorls and whirls of tiny curls
Crowned heads.

YET Ghana shows its might and power
Not in its clor nor its flower
But in its wondrous breadth of soul
Its Joy of Life
Its selfless role
Of giving.

39-1E-12

SCHOOL and clinic, home and hall
Road and garden bloom and call
Socialism blossoms bold
On Communism centuries old.

I LIFTED my last voice and cried
I cried to heaven as I died:
O turn me to the Golden Horde
Summon all western nations
Toward the Rising Sun.

FROM reeking West whose day is done,
Who stink and stagger in their dung
Toward Africa, China, India's strand
Where Kenya and Himalya stand
And Nile and Yang-ste roll:
Turn every yearning face of man.

COME with us, dark America:
The scum of Europe battened here
And drowned a dream
Made fetid swamp a refuge seem;
ENSLAVED the Black and killed the Red
And armed the Rich to loot the Dead;
Worshipped the whores of Hollywood
Where once the Virgin Mary stood
And lynched the Christ.

39-1E-13

AWAKE, awake, O sleeping world
Honor the sun;
Worship the stars, those vaster suns
Who rule the night
Where black is bright
And all unselfish work is right
And Greed is sin.

AND Africa, leads on;
Pan Africa!

W.E.B. Du Bois

GHANA CALLS

by W.E.B.Du BOIS

Iwas a little boy, at home with strangers.
I liked my playmates, and knew well ,
Whence all their parents came
From England, Scotland, royal France
From Germany and oft by chance
The humble Emerald Isle.

But my brown skin and close-curled hair
was alien and how it grew, none knew
Few tried to say, some dropped a wandering word or stray
Some laughed and stared

And then it came: I dreamed.
I placed together all I knew
All hints and slurs together grew.
I dreamed

I made one picture of what nothing seemed
I I shuddred in dumb terror
In silence screamed

For now it seemed that I had dreamed
How up from Hell, a land had leaped
Awretched land, all scorched and seamed
Covered with ashes, chained with pain
Streaming with blood, in horror lain
Its very air a shriek of death
And agony of hurt.

Anon I woke, but in one corner of my soul
I stayed asleep.
Forget I could not
But never would I remember
That hell-hoist ghost
Of slavery and woe.
I lived and grew, I worked and hoped
I planned and wandered, gripped and coped

With every doubt but one that slept
And dared not waken

I became old, old , worn and gray
Along my hard a and weary way
Rolled war and pestilence, war again
I looked on Poverty and foul Disease
I walked with Death

One cloud-swept day a Seer appeared,
All cloaked and veiled as me he hailed
And bid me maked three journeys through the world
Quirig all through their lenthened links
The endless Riddle of the Sphinx.

I went to Moscow where Ignorance grown wise taught Wisdom
I went to Peking, where Poverty grown rich
Showed me wealth of Work
I came to Accra.

Here at long last , I sw Africa.
I heard the Voice that loosed
The long-locked dungeons of my soul
I sensed that Africa had come
Not from Hell but from the sun of Heaves glory
I lifted up my eyes to Ghana
And swept the Hills of Light
Above the sun my sight took flight
Till from that pinnacle of height
Dropped down this earth of crimson, green and gold
Roaring with color, drums and song,
Happy with dreams and deeds worth more than doing

Around me velvet faces loomed
Burnt by the kiss of everlasting suns
Under great stars of midnight glory
The trees danced, the foliage sang
The halleluia of the lillies filled the skies
Where robed and crowned, Colden-stooled
Priests of all the gods of Africa
Poured libations to the sun

I lifted my last voice and cried
I cried to heaven as I died
O turnme to the Golden Horde
Summon all western nations toward the rising sun

From reeking West whose day is done
Who stink and stagger in their dung
Toward Africa, China, India's strand
Where Kenya and Himalya stand
Turn every yearning face of man
Come with us, dark America:

The scum of Europe battened here
And drowned a dream
Let fetid swamp a refuge seem
Enslaved the Black and killed the Red
And armed the Rich to loot the Dead
Worshipped the whores of Hollywood
Where once the Virgin Mary stood
And lynched the Christ

Awake, awake, O sleeping world
Honor the sun;
Worship the stars, those vaster suns
Who rule the night
Where black is bright
And Africa, leads on.

[INCOMPLETE]

40-9-3660

GHANA CALLS

W. E. B. Du Bois

TO OSAGYEFO KWAME NKRUMAH

August 8, 1960

I WAS a little boy, at home with strangers.
I liked my playmates, and knew well,
Whence all their parents came;
From England, Scotland, royal France
From Germany and oft by chance
The humble Emerald Isle.

BUT my brown skin and close-curled hair
Was alien; and how it grew, none knew:
Few tried to say, some dropped a wondering word or stray;
Some laughed and stared.

AND then it came: I dreamed.
I placed together all I knew
All hints and slurs together grew.
I dreamed.

I MADE one picture of what nothing seemed
I shuddered in dumb terror
In silence screamed,
For now it seemed this I had dreamed:

NOW up from Hell, a land had leaped
A wretched land, all scorched and seamed
Covered with ashes, chained with pain
Streaming with blood, in horror lain

GHANA CALLS

by W.E.B.Du BOIS

(TO Dr. KWAME NKRUMAH) August 8, 1960)

Iwas a little boy, at home with strangers.
I liked my playmates, and knew well ,
Whence all their parents came
From England, Scotland, royal France
From Germany and oft by chance
The humble Emerald Isle.

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Was alien; and how it grew, none knew;
Few tried to say, some dropped a wandering word or stray;
Some laughed and stared

And then it came: I dreamed.
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I made one picture of what nothing seemed
I shuddered in dumb terror
In silence screamed

For now it seemed ~~that~~ this I had dreamed
How up from Hell, a land had leaped
Awretched land, all scorched and seamed
Covered with ashes, chained with pain
Streaming with blood, in horror lain
Its very air a shriek of death
And agony of hurt.

Anon I woke, but in one corner of my soul
I stayed asleep.
Forget I could not ,
But never would I remember
That hell-hoist ghost
Of slavery and woe.

I lived and grew, I worked and hoped
I planned and wandered, gripped and coped

With every doubt but one that slept
~~And dared not waken~~ Yet claimed to awaken

I became old, old, worn and gray;
Along my hard & and weary way
Rolled war and pestilence, war again;
I looked on Poverty and foul Disease
I walked with Death

And yet within
I have stood a doubt
Were all dreams true
and what was Africa?
~~I am Africa~~

One cloud-swept day a Seer appeared,
All cloaked and veiled as me he hailed
And bid me naked three journeys through the world
Seeking ~~Quiring~~ all through their lengthened links
The endless Riddle of the Sphinx.

I went to Moscow, ~~where~~ Ignorance grown wise taught me Wisdom;
I went to Peking; ~~there~~ Poverty grown rich
Showed me ~~the~~ wealth of Work
I came to Accra.

I looked back on my way dream

Here at long last I ~~saw~~ Africa.
I heard the Voice that loosed
The long-locked dungeons of my soul
I sensed that Africa had come
Not ~~from~~ up Hell but from the ~~heights~~ sun of Heaven's glory
I lifted up my eyes to Ghana
And swept the Hills of ~~light~~ high ~~Hosana~~ HOSANNA
Above the sun my sight took flight
Till from that pinnacle of ~~height~~ light
I saw ~~dropped~~ down this earth of crimson, green and gold
Roaring with color, drums and song,
Happy with dreams and deeds worth more than doing

Around me velvet faces loomed
Burnt by the kiss of everlasting suns
Under great stars of midnight glory;
~~The~~ trees danced, and ~~the~~ foliage sang;

The lillies hallelujah ~~sang~~ rang
Where robed in rule
On golden stool
The gold-crowned priests with duty done
Pour high Libations & the sun
And danced & god

~~The~~ Red blood flower rare
Beneath ~~And~~ close-clung hair
While and the perfume filled the air
And whorls and wheels
Of tiny curls
Crowned & heads

Yet ~~For~~ Ghana ~~Africa~~ shows its might and power
Not in its color or its flower
But in its wondrous breadth of soul
Its joy of life
Its selfless role
Of Giving

~~Christ~~ and Christ, Home and Hall,
Road and Garden bloom and call
Sprouts ~~and~~ blossoms
~~Bursting seedlings~~, Gold
On ~~Communal Creation~~ Communion
Centuries old.

I lifted my last voice and cried
I cried to heaven as I died
O Europe to the Golden Horde
Deserts all western nations toward the rising sun

From reeking West whose day is done
Who stink and stagger in their dung
Toward Africa, China, India's strand
Where Kenya and Himalya stand
Turn every yearning face of man

Come with us, dark American!

The scum of Europe battened here
And drowned a dream
In fetid swamp a refuge seem
Enslaved the Black and killed the Red
And armed the Rich to loot the Dead
Worshipped the whores of Hollywood
Where once the Virgin Mary stood
And lynched the CHrist

Awake, awake, O sleeping world
Honor the sun;
Worship the stars, these vaster suns
Who rule the night
Where black is bright
And African, leads on.
Pan Africa!

And Nile and Yangtze roll:

And all unselfish work is right
And Greed is sin

Awake, awake, O sleeping world
Honor the sun
But worship the stars those vaster suns
Who rule the night
For black is bright
~~As~~ Africa looks on

And wheeling over the world
Like filthy vultures
Turned hoest trade ~~gambling~~
to incorporate lying, ~~cheating,~~ theft and war
~~Sold the Virgin Mary to the whores of Hollywood~~
And canonized ~~all~~ She millionaires
To buy a false democracy

3 4 2

~~Velvet~~ faces I saw ~~blackened by eternal~~ sunlight
Under great stars of midnight glory.
Color trimmed ~~the~~ trees, painted the raging foliage, ~~the singing grass~~
The halleluia of the cannas sung chorus with the lillies of the field
~~Freedom crowned all dreams of~~ herb and vegetation, ~~beast~~ and man
Stark against rain-washed skies ~~blood god of all gods~~,
The god of old gods ruled
Golden-stooled, robed and crowned, ~~crying for justice to all men.~~
And I poured a vast libation,
I lifted up my voice and died.
~~I was so glad to die~~
as I died
But ~~dying~~ I prayed and ~~begged~~:
Cried

The scum of Europe settled here
And drownded a dream
Made fetid swamp a refuge seem
Enslaved the Black and killed the Red
And armed the Rich to loot the dead
Worshipped the whores of Hollywood
Where once the Virgin Mary stood
And lynched the Christ.

I turn me to the Golden Horde
To summon all western nations toward
The rising sun, god cow of China;
From reeking West whose day is done
Who stink and stagger in their dung

Toward Africa and India's strand
Where high Himalyas stand
Holy
Come too America, red and brown

To whom the black man
brought a crown of
Of slavery to work and song

The scum of Europe settled here,
And lynched the crucified

Worshipped the world
To worship whores of Hollywood
Where the Virgin Mary stood
And gambled for the widow's mite

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

THE BURDEN OF BLACK WOMEN

Published as "The Burden of Black Women," Crisis, Vol. 9, No. 1, November 1914

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Dark daughter of the lotus leaves that watch the Southern sea,
Wan spirit of a prisoned soul a-panting to be free
The muttered music of thy streams, the whispers of the deep
Have kissed each other in God's name and kissed a world
to sleep.

****

The will of the world is a whistling wind sweeping a cloud-cast sky,
And not from the east and not from the west knelled its soul-searing
cry;
But out of the past of the Past's grey past, it yelled from the top
of the sky;
Crying: Awake, O ancient race! Wailing, O woman arise!
And crying and sighing and crying again as a voice in the
midnight cries;
But the burden of white men bore her back, and the white
world stifled her sighs!

****

The white World's vermin and filth:
All the dirt of London
All the scum of New York;
Valiant spoilers of women
And conquerers of unarmed men;
Shameless breeders of bastards
Drunk with the greed of gold,
Baiting their blood-stained hooks,
With cant for the souls of the simple,
Bearing the White Man's Burden
Of Liquor and Lust and Lies!

Unthankful we wince in the East
Unthankful we wail from the westward,
Unthankfully thank we sing.
In the un-won wastes of the wild:
I hate them, Oh!
I hate them well,
I hate them, Christ!
As I hate Hell,
If I were God
I'd sound their knell
This day!

Who raised the fools to their glory
But black men of Egypt and Ind?
Ethiopia's sons of the evening,
Chaldeans and Yellow Chinese?
The Hebrew children of Morning
And mongrels of Rome and Greece?
Ah, well!
And they that raised the boasters:
Shall drag them down again:
Down with the thefts of their thieving
And murder and mocking of men,
Down with their barter of women
And laying and lying of creeds,
Down with their cheating of childhood,
And drunken orgies of war -

down

down

deep down,

Till the Devil's strength be shorn,

Till some dim darker David a-hoeing of his corn,

And married maiden, Mother of God,

Bid the Black Christ be born!

*****

Then shall the burden of manhood,

Be it yellow or black or white,

And Poverty, Justice and Sorrow -

The Humble and Simple and Strong

Shall sing with the Sons of Morning

And Daughters of Evensong.

Black mother of the iron hills that guard the blazing sea,

Wild spirit of a storm-swept soul a-struggling to be free,

Where 'neath the bloody finger marks, thy riven bosom quakes,

Thicken the thunders of God's voice, and lo! a world awakes!

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Dark daughter of the lotus leaves that watch the Southern sea,
Wan spirit of a prisoned soul a-panting to be free,
The muttered music of thy streams, the whispers of the deep
Have kissed each other in God's name and kissed a world to sleep.

*****

The will of the world is a whistling wind sweeping a cloud-cast sky,
And not from the east and not from the west knelled its soul-waking cry;
But out of the South - the sad, black South, it screamed from the top of the sky,
Crying: "Awake, O ancient race!" Wailing, "O woman arise!"
And crying and sighing and crying again as a voice in the midnight cries;
But the burden of the white men bore her back, and the white world stifled her sighs.

*****

The white world's vermin and filth:
All the dirt of London,
All the scum of New York;
Valiant spoilers of women
And conquerers of unarmed men;
Shameless breeders of bastards,
Drunk with the greed of gold,
Baiting their blood-stained hooks
With cant for the souls of the simple:
Bearing the White Man's Burden
Of Liquor and Lust and Lies!
Unthankful we wince in the East
Unthankful we wail from the westward,
Unthankfully thankful we sing,

In the un-won wastes of the Wild:
I hate them, Oh!
I hate them well,
I hate them, Christ!
As I hate Hell,
If I were God
I'd sound their knell
This day!

*****

Who raised the fools to their glory
But black men of Egypt and Ind?
Ethiopia's sons of the evening,
Chaldeans and Yellow Chinese?
The Hebrew children of Morning
And mongrels and Rome and Greece?
Ah, well!
And they that raised the boasters:
Shall drag them down again:
Down with the thefts of their thieving
And murder and mocking of men,
Down with their barter of women
And laying and lying of creeds,
Down with their cheating of childhood,
And drunken orgies of war -
down
down
deep down,
Till the Devil's strength be shorn,
Till some dim darker David a-hoeing of his corn,
And married maiden, Mother of God,

Bid the Black Christ be born!

*****

Then shall the burden of manhood,
Be it yellow or black or white,
And Poverty, Justice and Sorrow -
The Humble and Simple and Strong
Shall sing with the Sons of Morning
And Daughters of Evensong:

Black mother of the iron hills that ward the blazing sea,
Wild spirit of a storm-swept soul a-struggling to be free,
Where, 'neath the bloody finger marks, thy riven bosom quakes,
Thicken the thunders of God's voice, and lo! a world awakes!

W. E. B. DuBois.

(26 Vesey Street, N. Y. C.)

The Burden of Black Women

Dark daughter of the lotus leaved that watch the southern sea,
Wan spirit of a ~~tear-stained~~ prisoned soul a-fainting to be free
The muttered music of thy streams, the whispers of the deep
Have kissed each other in thy name and kissed a world to sleep.

The Will of the World is a mighty Wind sweeping a
cloud cast sky
And not from the east & not from the west ~~welled~~ knelled its
soul-~~cooking~~ searing cry.
But out of the past of the Past's grey past, it yelled
from the top of the sky;
Crying: Awake, O ancient race! Wailing: O Woman arise!
And crying and sighing and crying again as a voice
in the midnight cries
But the Burden of white men bore her back, and the
white world stifled her cries

The white world's vermin and filth:
All the dirt of London
All the scum of New York
Valiant spoilers of women
And conquerors of unarmed men
Shameless breeders of bastards
Drunk with the greed of gold

Baring their blood-stained hook
With cant for the souls of the simple
Bearing the White Mans Burden
Of liquor and Lust and Lies!

Unthankful we come in the East
Unthankful we wail from the westward
Unthankfully thankful we sing,
In the un-won wastes of the wild:
I hate them, Oh!
I hate them well,
I hate them, Christ!
As I hate Hell
If I were God
I'd sound their knell
This day!

Who raised the fools to their glory
But black men of Egypt and Ind?
Ethiopias sons of the ~~morning~~, Evening,
Chaldeans and yellow Chinese?
The Hebrew children of Morning
And mongrels of Rome and Greece?
Ah, well!
And they that raised the boasters

Shall drag them down again:
Down with the thefts of their thieving
And murder and mocking of men
Down with their barter of women
and laying and lying of creeds
Down with their ~~drunken wars~~ cheating of childhood
And drunken ~~orgy~~ orgies of war —
down
down
deep down
'Till the Devil's strength be shorn
'Till some dim darker David a-hoeing of his corn
And married maid, Mother of God,
Bid the Black Christ be born!

—

Then the burden of ~~slavery~~ manhood,
Be it yellow or black or white,
And Poverty, Justice and Sorrow
— the Humble and Simple and Strong
Shall sing with the Sons of Morning
And Daughters of Evensong:

~~Black Women of the Iron hills that guard the Coming Sea,~~
~~Wild spirit of a prisoned soul determined to be free~~
~~The threatened thunder of thy rage, the tempest on thy lakes~~
~~Have kissed each other in God's name, & let a World awake!~~

Black mother of the iron hills that guard the
blazing Sea
Wild spirit of a storm-swept soul a-struggling
to be free
Where 'neath the bloody finger marks, thy riven
bosom quakes
Quicken the thunders of God's voice, and lo! a
World awakes!

Thou daughter of the iron hills
That ground the Southern Sea
Wild Spirit of a storm swept Soul
A panting to be free
The thunder of thy hills
The roaring of thy lakes
Have kissed each other in God's name
& lo!
a world awakes!

Ella Bria- Ashley

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

****

Dark daughter of the lotus leaves that watch the Southern sea!
Wan spirit of a prisoned soul a-panting to be free!
The muttered music of thy streams, the whispers of the deep
Have kissed each other in God'S name and kissed a world to sleep.

****

The will of the world is a whistling wind sweeping a cloud-cast sky,
And not from the east and not from the west knelled that soul-waking cry;
But out of the South - the sad, black South - it screamed from the top of the sky,
Crying: "Awake, O ancient race!" Wailing, "O woman arise!"
And crying and sighing and crying again as a voice in the midnight cries;
But the burden of the white men bore her back, and the white world stifled her sighs.

****

The white world's vermin and filth:
All the dirt of London,
All the scum of New York;
Valiant spoilers of women
And conquerers of unarmed men;
Shameless breeders of bastards,
Drunk with the greed of gold,
Baiting their blood-stained hooks
With cant for the souls of the simple;

Bearing the White Man's Burden
Of Liquor and Lust and Lies!
Unthankful we wince in the East,
Unthankful we wail from the westward,
Unthankfully thankful we curse,
In the un-won wastes of the Wild:
"I hate them, Oh!
"I hate them well,
"I hate them,Christ!
"As I hate Hell,
"If I were God
"I'd sound their knell
"This day!"

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But black men of Egypt and Ind?
Ethiopia's sons of the evening,
Chaldeans and Yellow Chinese?
The Hebrew children of Morning
And mongrels of Rome and Greece?
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Shall drag them down again:
Down with the theft of their thieving
And murder and mocking of men;
Down with their barter of women
And laying and lying of creeds;
Down with their cheating of childhood,

And drunken orgies of war -

down

down

deep down,

Till the Devil's strength be shorn,

Till some dim darker David a-hoeing of his corn,

And married maiden, Mother of God,

Bid the Black Christ be born!

****

Then shall our burden be manhood,

Be it yellow or black or white;

And Poverty, and Justice and Sorrow -

The Humble and Simple and Strong -

Shall sing with the Sons of Morning,

And Daughters of Evensong:

Black mother of the iron hills that ward the blazing sea,

Wild spirit of a storm-swept soul a-struggling to be free,

Where, 'neath the bloody finger marks, thy riven bosom quakes,

Thicken the thunders of God's voice, and lo! a world awakes!

[W. E. B. DuBois.

70 Fifth Avenue, Room 521,

N. Y. C.]

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Dark daughter of the lotus leaves that watch the Southern sea,
Wan spirit of a prisoned soul a-panting to be free!
The muttered music of thy streams, the whispers of the deep
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With cant for the souls of the simple:

Bearing the White Man's Burden

Of Liquor and Lust and Lies!

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Unthankful we wail from the westward,

Unthankfully thankful we curse,

In the un-won wastes of the Wild:

" I hate them, Oh!

" I hate them well,

" I hate them, Christ!

" As I hate Hell,

" If I were God

" I'd sound ther knell

" This day! "

******

Who raised the fools to their glory

But black men of Egypt and Ind?

Ethiopia[illegible] sons of the evening,

Chaldeans and Yellow Chinese?

The Hebrew children of Morning

And Mongrels of Rome and Greece?

Ah, well!

And they that raised the beasters:

Shall drag them down again:

Down with the thefts of their thieving

And murder and mocking of men,

Down with their barter of women

And laying and lying of creeds,

Down with their cheating of childhood

on

And drunken orgies of war -

down

down

deep down,

Till the Devil's strength be shorn,

Till some dim darker David a-hoeing of his corn,

And married maiden, Mother of God,

Bid the Black Christ be born!

****

Then shall our burden be manhood,

Be it yellow or black or white;

And Poverty, Justice and Sorrow -

The Humble and Simple and Strong

Shall sing with the Sons of Morning

And Daughters of Evensong:

Black mother of the iron hills that ward the blazing sea,

Wild spirit of a storm-swept soul a-struggling to be free,

Where, 'neath the bloody finger marks, thy riven bosom quakes,

Thicken the thunders of God's voice, and lo! a world awakes!

W. E. B. DuBois.

70 Fifth Avenue,

New York City.

I SING TO CHINA

China Reconstructs, Vol. 7, June 1959

I SING TO CHINA

W.E.B. DU BOIS

Dedicated to Kuo Mo-jo, May 1, 1959

Hail, dark brethren of mine,
Hail and farewell! I die,
As you are born again, bursting new with life.
Kith you are of mine, and kin.
That Sun which burned my fathers ebony,
Rolled your limbs in gold,
And made us both, cousins to the stars!

Farewell and Hail!
Now I turn West, where kindly Death
Opens its arms of endless sleep
Crying as I die: be born, New China,
Celestial Kingdom, Golden Realm!

Hail, China!
I go, I leave, I hasten home
Where Dulles' brink can punish a nigger,
For greeting a chink!
My country, 'tis of thee,
Rich land of slavery, of thee
I cannot sing.

But I can bring greetings
From six hundred eighty million souls --
Marching, pushing, pulling;
Singing, weeping, crawling to conquer
Themselves and the world.

Bursting pale bonds of poverty
Dull Ignorance, dread Disease!
Hand held in hand
Of that strong elder brother
Great Soviet Russia, Northern Light,

Emperor of all Snow and Ice;
Who woulded and scared from fighting half the World,
Stands today, wise, strong and proud;
Exulting and exalted.

She who once felt Pain Blasting Pain,
Blood bleeding ~~Exit~~ Blood
Hope eating up Despair
But now sits aloft, unconquered and unconquerable;

Not perfect but with her eyes firm-fixed
On Perfection!
Beckoning all her brethren: south, east and west
White and black, yellow and brown
All colors, all men!
All knowledge, all good!

Eternal China!
Live again, unending Life of Death!
Hear not the howling of the Hounds of Hell,
Old China Hands who kicked their servants,

Raped their daughters
And Prostituted their wives;
Sent priests, with opium in their right hands, guns
in their left;
Crosses on their foreheads and gin in their flasks,

To baptize the heathen!

Torment yourselves, O Chinese people,
Flagellate your souls, my brothers,
Do bitter penance for these awful years
And centuries of yielding
To self-murder, degradation and despair;
To faithlessness to China and mankind.

Cowering as you did before the sons of bitches
Bastards of lords and millionaires;
Beneath the roaring guns of murderers;
And kiss of whoring serpents
And prayers of snivelling hypocrites.

Work now and struggle; sacrifice with joy,
In just requital for the cruelty and neglect,
You, yourselves, meted out to
Your mothers, wives, and children
And yourselves.

Count sweat and toil today;
Hunger and cold;
Nakedness and suffering, as just pay
For centuries of surrender.

Be proud that with no whimper , no whisper of complaint,
You now transform the Lowest into the Highest,
The Poor into the Rich, the People into the Rulers;
Tears into smiles, prayer into praise.

Forget the little shrimp that stinks and stews on
Taiwan
Forget his dogs, Rhee and Ngo Dien.
Remember alone their ravaged peoples, the helpless
pawns
Of blood-stained paws, of bloody jaws.
Be calm; their end is written in the stars;
Even their fellow-thieves in America
Cower in defeat.

You have faced the Dragon, China,
That fearsome Beast who ruled a thousand years:
A writhing coil of sin, a poison fang, a slimy horror
Who frightened you to submission
And bound your feet and bowed your backs.

Hearken to the drums, listen to the feet:
The March, the Long, Long March from Ming to
Mao, Led by the Ghost
Of Sun Yat-sen !
With the Song of Tu Fu, the memory of Confucius
and Tao !

Sing, Liu, to the starving; starve with the song, Chou!
And, Chu Teh, fight, fight, fight !
Through the snows and over the mountains,
You carry treasure;
You carry Gold, but not theGold
Of banks and war-lords

But the fine Gold of human hearts
Whose price can never fall !
Which is scarce only as it is not used
Spend your Gold, China, scatter it and throw it abroad

Buy all mankind as you have bought me
Bought me and bound me and made me
Forever and forever yours !

Down then, Religion and Church, Temple and Pagoda
Away Myth and Miracle, Creed and Dogma;
Up Science, Truth, Right and Reason
Come, Little England, dying France,
Live on your own toil and no longer on the stolen
land and labor
Of slaves.

Rejoice, Honesty, God lives again !
But not your God, Europe and America !
Not that, not that;
No Christ to kill, no faith to fan
What China worships is a Man !

A workingman, who earns his food
And toils and sweats through day and night;
And tills his land with all his might;
And owns the harvest that he sows,

And winds and pulls,
And hauls and lifts,
And counts his children as his gifts;
And thinks and plans,
And learns and knows;

And plants the tree and sails the sea,
And works for all and all for me;
And they for us and we for them;
Who love their fellows more than self.
And toil for others not for self.

And write and dream and dance and sing,
And paint and build, and ~~dance and sing;~~ let the air
With music ring.
Color the world, and be as free, as men can be,
And not let freedom, prison me.
This is our God--Praise to His name !
To Him be power, Wealth and Fame !

No lofty lineage does China rear--
No lords to strut, nor fools to fear
And all its myriad millions sing
Work save the people, God damn the king !
Let Poet, Seer and Thinker rule,
Raise Age tohor, child to school

To school, to school, Golden baby, China doll.
Kowtow, all sons of Heaven
To the Daughters of Destiny !
Mothers of Men.
To the women of China
Pregnant with the fairest future
Man ever knew!

Reach down, O mighty People,
With your clenched left fist,
Grip the hands of Black Folk !
Hold fast the men from whom this world was born!

That great-brained Ape
Who stood erect and talked to his fellows
Who planted seed and first boiled Iron
And civilized a World.

Night fell, silent and noisome night, ghost-haunted!
Earthquake tore, flood reared, serpent and insect bit;
Fever raged, starvation reigned; but Africa lived;
Africa lived and grew, fared far and flourished,
Vitalized mankind.

Until the Devil rose and ruled in Europe and America,
Worshipping Greed, proclaiming God, enchaining his children;
Preaching Freedom, practicing Slavery
Making Africans the Niggers of the World

To be mocked and spit upon,
To be crucified ! dead and buried!
But Africa is not dead; she never died; she never will!
She writhes in sleep; this third century of her degradation
She struggles to wake.

Help her, China !-
Help her, Dark People, who half-shared her slavery;
Who know the depths of her sorrow and humiliation;
Help her, not in Charity,

But in glorious resurrection of that day to be,
When the Black Man lives again

And sing the Song of the Ages !
Swing low, Sweet Chariot's a'coming !
Then again, Peace ! Then forward the World, forward Mankind!

Forget today the Past, Great China;
Forget how many would shriek with Joy
If dread disaster, killed China and her friends
Choked Africa again to death
While they drink blood
With the murderers of Taiwan and Korea.

Weep, China for your Eternal dead
Who died for the Unborn
Sing, Children of the Golden Horde
Sing, birds and blooms.

Ignore the memory ofwhite men who tossed pence to paupers
Yoked children to machines
Ate babies in their mills
Waxed fat on profits.

Remember only the Saints of the West
John Brown and Garrison
Lincoln and Douglass
Pray that lost Britain
Live in truth as once it wanted to live
And bring back the World it murdered.

America, stop lying, stop worshipping liars, stop !
Dare hear the Truth, no matter what it costs

Turn back from falsehood and distortion
Face fact and birth and not abortion

Commune, Communes, with the Elect of Heaven
With Mother Earth, daughter of Sky and Sun
Born of Democracy, fertilized by Communism
Parents of Revolution, Makers of the World !

Sweet cities of China
With gold-coil roofs and curling eaves
With flaming walls and flowering gardens
And laughing children rolling in the sun,
Thunder your lightnings
From the Great Wall to Himalayas
Where pearls and jewels of Holma Lungpa
Peer down on all the earth

Shout, China !
Roar, Rock, roll River;
Sing, Sun and Moon and Sea !
Move Mountain, Lake and Land,
Exalt Mankind, Inspire !
For out of the East again, comes Salvation !
Leading all prophets of the Dead--
Osiris, Buddha, Christ and Mahmoud
Interning their ashes, cherishing their Good;
China save the World ! Arise, China !

I SING TO CHINA

The Vanguard, July 1959

I SING TO CHINA

By W. E. B. DuBOIS

(Reprinted from CHINA RECONSTRUCTS, JUNE, 1959)

Hail, dark brethren of mine,
Hail and farewell! I die,
As you are born again, bursting new with life.
Kith you are of mine, and kin.
That Sun which burned my fathers ebony,
Rolled your limbs in gold,
And made us both, cousins to the stars!

Farewell and Hail!
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Opens its arms of endless sleep
Crying as I die: be born, New China,
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From six hundred eighty million souls —
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Hand held in hand
Of that strong elder brother
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She who once felt Pain blasting Pain,
Blood bleeding Blood
But now sits aloft, unconquered and unconquerable

Not perfect but with her eyes fixed
On Perfection!
Beckoning all her brethren, each, east and west
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You, yourselves, meted out to
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And toils and sweats through day and night;
And tills his land with all his might;
And owns the harvest that he sows,

And winds and pulls,
And hauls and lifts,
And counts his children as his gifts;
And thinks and plans,
And learns and knows;

And plants the tree and sails the sea,
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Who know the depths of her sorrow and humiliation;
Help her, not in Charity.

But in glorious resurrection of that day to be,
When the Black Man lives again
And sings the Song of the Ages!
Swing low, Sweet Chariot —
Good news! the Chariot's a'coming!
Then again, Peace! Then forward the World, forward Mankind!
No more Murder!
[illegible] Great China;
Forget how many would shriek with Joy
If dread disaster, killed China and her friends
Choked Africa again to death
While they drink blood
With the murderers of Taiwan and Korea.

Weep, China for your Eternal dead
Who died for the Unborn
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With flaming walls and flowering gardens
And laughing children rolling in the sun,
Thunder your lightnings
From the Great Wall to Himalayas
Where pearls and jewels of Jolma Lungma
Peer down on all the earth

Shout, China!
Roar, Rock, roll River;
Sing, Sun and Moon and Sea!
Move Mountain, Lake and Land,
Exalt Mankind, Inspire!
For out of the East again, comes Salvation!
Leadin all prophets of the Dead —
Osiris, Buddha, Christ and Mahmoud
Interning their ashes, cherishing their Good;
China save the World! Arise, China!

Unpublished/Unidentified poetry

Prothalmion

The red sun rides upon the day
The red sun wheels and steals
away,
And little lambs are bleating.

—

The wheelman glides into the
night
The meadows doze in misty light,
And O! my heart is beating.

—

O wondrous twilight, happy day!
That fades in Wonderland away,
To bring a ~~day~~ golden morrow:
~~Losy and~~ To a lingering lonely life,
~~He~~ comes a wee and winsome wife,
Love hath vanquished Sorrow.

W.E. Burghardt DuBois.

41-9-425

W. E. B. DuBois, Wilberforce, Greene Co., Ohio.

33-4-79

Sorrow.

I walked in the wierd night watches,
When the moon and stars are dim,
When Souls are wan and weary,
And Earth looks grey and grim.
I knocked at my heart's own castle—
The wailing portals moaned
And I saw in the vaulted hallway,
A dumb dead Sorrow throned.

A dead and dying Sorrow,
A memory darkly drear.
[redacted]
A living doubt from the dying,
A dying truth from the bier.
And I said in stern cold accents:
O never-dying Thing,
In the name of God Almighty,
I say thou art no King!

But e'en as I spoke the Death-dumb,
About my soul did cling,
And I sank to my knees and faltered:
O, ever-living King!

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

1.

The Poet

by

Hyl.

The ~~Poet~~ Motif.

I.

'Twas ~~David's~~ Thursday, '98

And the sun was sinking west

~~Smiling~~ slowly sinking sadly

As each building it caressed

~~And kissed sadly~~ lovely

~~And~~.

II

Said She "and where's your butway?"

He answered with a smile

"Scarce where I where the summer"

"I sat all the time beguile"

III

"Know you Berkshire" quoth the maiden

"Berkshire? Berkshire? Berkshire?" he.

O Berkshire is in Reno

"No! Reno is" answered she:

IV

Dear maid - I live in Berkshire

'Mid the ~~stone~~ the hills ~~Water Park~~ & sea

And Berkshire should Berkshire

Be a ~~Star~~ for ~~me~~ & I see

(2)

V

"go canal at Back Harbor
Dance at Newton by the sea
But as the season doth (waneth)
In the gloaming come to me"

33-2-79

The Start

I

Hurried down Boylston St: rushed thro' Park Square
a man with a grip, thro' the hot August air.
"To the B & A depot — O-in 2 slow car
Train at 10.40 and only 20 far".

II

They reached from the station in hoarsely voiced glee
They rushed thro the city, they fled from the sea
The fled thro' old South and they rushed thro' Back Bay
They greeted Hancock's tall tower by the way

III

Onward thro' Brighton they fly with shrill yell
Stunned the dwellers of the city like a fiend escaped from hell.
Paused a moment for breath heaved the sheet-laden sheet
Then joyously flew toward the barge-laden west

IV

And onward they skimmed lowlands all dotted with towns
Down marshes & stonyfields then rolling downs
They [illegible] the Connecticut dodged it sharp sails
[illegible]

Have you seen [illegible] Hoar Hoffmeads Towering the sky
Have you seen the [illegible] tall cedars towering on high
Have you seen the [illegible] vales where the Arbutus fills
Have you seen God's fair gardens the fair Berkshire hills.

XI

We came ashore felt at, the Ontario cove,
We came stood smelled it on and taken breeze
Twas summer fair homeward-he marvelled its yields
We heard Leaped & Trade when the guard bawled "Pittsfield".

33-2-78

Ontony I

I

Spirit of Trade, Great Jones from Low
Or hast Thou ever, seen wore
Or Lands as Liberal
as Erie adored
Lend me Thy Song

II

For Thee has England's Empire found
Or worked the Sun over Kingdoms old grand
America lends
Upon bends
at Thy Command

III

O Pittsfield Town a hundred strong
have ranged in worn & cloth thy wings
Thy Town Thou hill
a city free
To Trade be Land

IV

Dead past ~~of~~ ~~city~~ ~~factory~~ tower
Life's wealth Portcullis ~~Guild~~ & tower

Th ~~City~~ city proud
In beauteous shroud
Sleeps in ~~the~~ vale.

V

A ~~lovely~~ ~~old~~ - ~~&~~ as the ~~lovely~~ gold
Circlet of ~~Hallowed~~ rays enfold
The Pallafield
Gold of its fields
Of Trades surrounds

VI

~~With~~ hill & dale and lake & ~~river~~ street
And elm-clad avenue.
Past ~~Thread~~ thy feet
On old South street,
Yard street of God.

VII

Here dwelt ~~the~~ Peter Pomeroy ~~Knight~~
And heard how Mother Deming ~~taught~~
And Allen ~~was~~
(Fair Barmaid)
The Revolution.

VIII

~~Dearest Dwelling Vale~~

"Farewell Old city of the Vale
Farewell! Thy Fortunes never fail
Adown the valley
Runs I cattle"
~~Till~~ [illegible]

(5)

Outline 2. — Lenox Pastoral

I

M Lenox crave I of Destiny more
Pray & the Heavens not the mystic dead
Shall I, But Wants my liberty above
If, to the dedicate, I my verses wed?

II

To thee O high & mighty fairer I
great Fashion! who in Lenox select enthrone
That thou no greater potencies I woo —
Has reigned neath great autumn moon

III

Ye wayward butterfly at thou dead Heart
Ye woman fair and coy, O Woo-to-rule,
Tall nervous sandy-mustached man thou art
Thy promise genius — Folly hold thy fool.

III

O wayward butterfly at thou dead Heart
Ye woman fair and coy, O Woo-to-rule,
Tall nervous sandy-mustached man thou art
Thy promise genius — Folly hold thy fool.

IV

O Lenox fair to look on sweet to see
Yet Balmoral for Fashion's autumn mate
Should we whose forces small reach not to
Envy the force from high Heaven above

Somebody else
Somebody's else

Foxcroft
X

Declare

40-Sd-8

(6) 15

V

If wealth has taken a necklace fair to see
& set with Jewel fair enchill'd to ken
If wealth has got the hills of Lenox fed
With many a cot and lordly castle, then

~~IV~~

All hail thee Wealth King Fashion K.C.B.,
Thou's hired [illegible] Wield-sceptre rather, If ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]
~~Than art not~~
They cannot mock: Sir Adam fathered thee
[old and]
With true own (courtking) brow, O Nouveau Riche

V

O fair is the road that [illegible] thro' woods
The long depot with the towns to bind
But fairer is the self-hued hamlet, when
We enter'd from the groaning stages wind

VI

[illegible] not unde aware who envied Fashion's
That the [illegible] King be more that light consumptive
Last Lenox [illegible] deep sea breezes [illegible]
And planning Vice be found the Hen-pecumbent

VIII

Hence fled the Outer with full many sighs
With Longing, thoughts one more cleaved down the
Behind him left that Berkshire hill town's lee —
Whose ills dense mire comes back again

Outing 3. Lee.

I

Lee! Lee!

O Lee!

I guess
Were much lick alike
and God lick less.

II

A stingy town with stingy men
a stingy bank
with never a cent.

III

and yet I must not be too hard
Not all of Lee
Is on a mark —

IV

Some Lee-ins have fought & some have bled
But Lees of course
Have mostly died

V

Now Lee owns of a paper mill —
a row of stores
& Nigger hill.

VI

One thing alone redeems his lot —
He lets money
the Berkshire hills

VII

O Spirit of Mind your own-business man,
O genius of Public
improvement come

VIII

To Lee
Lee! O —
The Outer comes to enter yours
The bonds invest
And Heath thine.

(8)

Outing 4. Stockbridge

II

Great Heaven's first law!
Hail, Stockbridge, Hail
Fair Order —
And thou O hills, O lovely hills
Proud centres of the vale.

Great Heaven's first law, Hail Stockbridge Hail

I

Great Heavens first law, Hail, Stockbridge, Hail,
Impersoned Order, Hail!
And thou O hills O lovely hills
Proud centres of the vale.

II

Great Edward's sponge, Field's own home
Camp of the Indian brave
Old Hancock's finest pride
Berkshire's cathedral nave.

III

Or mantled thou, thou shaded old town
In all it beauty dress?
Wait thou cool Cockmuster shades
Then hid thee and rest

IV

The smallest dew of God's fair skies
Does argue one overwhelms
The richest gold the sun ere saw
Now crowns thee grand old elms.

40-Sd-7

V

with glint of river, gleam of sky
and flash of living green
some like mere glimmer of hawthorn
some like mere Canaan shew

VI

but Canaan were but barren waste
had the Jews not crossed this tide
so Stockbridge was a mount & vale
were't not for village pride

VII

When Stockbridge see I any fatherwell
this tribute let me pay:
Whom art the dearest nearest town
that ever graced the day.

VIII

the Owls met with lingering steps
the river framed a view
the Mount the valley hoarse voiced ran
and leaped in a canoe

Outing 5. Of Barrington

I have envy of young hamlets
envy of hamlets & of cities
Envy of shadows & of hills
But I have envy of rivers
Have not dared to envy rivers
Who shall envy the Housatonic
Broad & wayward Housatonic
Cool restless Housatonic
Father of all the waters
That to flow from old Taconic

That on Horaic summit bubble.
Some tradition softly tells us
how, before the old Van Yaccals
and the Dunphambo, Evans, and Sanpaolo
settled in the lonely valley
Once the wayward Hiawatonic
was a giant among waters
and his mighty foaming billows
making headlong to the ocean
raised a roar that all the woodland
echoed & & for among them
echoed & & for in terror
Till a maiden asked the water
Said the little Indian maiden
Wherefore dost thou roar so loudly
why dost seem so harsh & fretful
and the River paused in wonder
at the coy & dark-eyed maiden
paused the lordly Hiawatonic
shook his great white mane & answered
"I am Might and I am Power
at my roar the mountains tremble
at my word the forest bow down"
Said the blushing maid demurely
Pardon sire they told not me
Did not tell the Indian maiden

33-2-80

How strong!
why should you use
strength to kill the way
of this shrinking fawn
strength was given to

That lord mad was wild & Power
The huge Sound great Night had married
Pardon sire - but the Rover
Eager said unto the maiden
Nay O nay I am not married
For I love the gracefous maiden
and the never calmed his torrent
Softened all his angry billow
softly wooed the Indean maiden
Mellowy hower unto sweetness
mellowy lowered in to love
till the blushing Indian maiden
bowed & sighed at his caresses
heaved and sank unto his breast
And even then the Firmament
Nor has rushed so rapid as made
But has cooed and cadolled softly
wandered lovingly & serene
Ever sought the shady bowers
Where & murmur soft & love talk
Only vented angry whispers
When men sought & bar it pathway
Sought for sake of filthy dross
Sought & interrupt its love talk
ay! the Lordly Housatonic
- there & only there it curves
+ + + + + + + + + + + +

On it bosom floats the Outer
Looks with dreamy eyes upon it
Saw old Stockbridge fade behind him
With its pretty homes & churches
With it hoary, warring, Elm trees
Saw Gods temples thro' the foliage

Shedding doubtingly & heaven
Saw the spires frowning upward
Sent my melfully & heaven
Saw the mount of Indian legend
Capped standing stark amid the azure
heard the murmuring of rapids
heard the angry roar of mill dams
Seven times he rounded mills
In the empty Stonestown
In the town of Stonestone
But he spoke a word of anger
For he thought in middle
Saw above the thrifty village
Written flowing in blue sky
By the hand of Big Bear, Adam,
Thou shalt eat bread" and he gladdened
That the bread was there & strengthen
That the prayer was there & true
But he saddened as he thought of
That one meaned not the other.
Drowsily he drifted onward
Saw Fandonesville the hamlet
But his thoughts with fond remembrance
would revert unto a maiden
In his Harvard days day maiden
& he thot the Stonestone
Vowed more coldly as he named her
and he drew his oxbow then
In a murmuring mood he moored her
Sat upon the gladness sand there
On his own exalt down a sloped
Then he wandered thro the forest
Then he wandered up a mountain
Up a stump and pearone wander

33-2-81

By moonlight a robin redbreast
Will be heard to shortly sing there
And a lonesome rock dove in the
Wood & fall & moaned ever ready
Ready to plunge down the mountain
& the lordly Stonecutter
Seated on the rock so lonesome
On the weird & threatening giant
With his eyes he scanned the river
Saw the silver thread below him
Looked beyond: lo! there burst on him
All the glory of Ft Ethington the
wondrous vision of Ft. Ethington

Saw the morning dawn & marble
Saw the morning sunset descend
Saw the mantle and effulgence
That the ocean sun threw on it
Setting sun from old Tacoma
Saw the flames of green & golden
Shield among with the distance
Fairer was than fondest dream
Than the dreams of all her boyhood
Than the tales of the Scandia
Fairer far was that grand vision
With it hill & brawny mountains
With its murmuring Stonecutter
Then he formed Old John gazed at
Built of Oregon pearl & fashion
City of the great Jehovah

And he rose and shook the
Shook his hands unto the village
Marmored Spirit of Ages
Soul of the undying Ages
Tell if as yonder grandeur
Long has mocked time shall
For a hundred years has mocked
So too shall my love grow for you
So too shall my life grow
Darken as the vale has mocked
Defend as the Stonecutter
Tell hoar and old Tacoma
Tell one Spirit of the ages

And he fronted as he stood
looking at the vale & river
At the silver winding river
That the sunset on his brow and
Glow & flatter prophetic
Till there seemed & set before him
Vision of an aged woman
Of a withered look aged woman
But so regally and her age sat
And so wondrous was her face
That her whole mien gave lifeless
To the fabled Power of Time
And she spoke so soft & pleasing
That he unstirring listened & her
Wondered if twas she who spoke there
Or the murmuring of the pine tree
Or the softly roaring waters
And she said & they so seemed

why didst thou hurt thy little bow deluded
as a wanton pun-nosed baby
with a silly bow and arrow
so this love of all the ages
nothing but a fat limbed Cherub
Illegitimate young cupid?
Nay nay boy thou knowest better
all thy better self denies it
I, the Spirit of Latin Rome
Carnal bride of old Faconia
Mother of the Romulonic
I am old & toddling grandam
I am love and I am loving
I the Isis of all the Ages!
Child of Harvard Son of Harvard

Listen to my world's Spirit
Listen to my Lord of woe.

How love spoke to a Son of Harvard.

33-2-82

P'lude were stale
And sweet ones
'And Master M
'To personate

1.

Harvard Themes

La Fête de l'Ignorance.
23 Feb. '92.

The Ignorants have had a fête —
A real good jolly time —
You'll pardon me if I assay
To tell it you in rhyme.

And first I'll tell you where we were, —
At Park Square, Number seven —
In Steade Hall — the sweetest nook,
A veritable heaven!

And now I'll tell ~~how we looked: you who were there~~ you who we were:
~~And~~ The girls first, I suppose, —
And — to be strictly recherché —
I'll catalogue their clothes:

There were demi-trains and demi-trains,
And paniers cut skewing,
And twisted hair, and arms all bare
And sweet eyes, incense-brewing.

33-1-111

33-1-111a

wast angels looking neat
e looking neater;
Masters there himself
Saint Peter.

I will not say they were divine
Nor yet that they were not —
A statement somewhere 'twixt the two,
I ween, would hit the dot.

33-1-112

And first on madame President —
The "airy, fairy Lillian"
Did sail the lively schottische through
And tread the staid cotillion.

Miss D., in "Capitol" attire,
Was there — and you can bet,
A dozen said: "Please for life,
If she were not Sub-Let."

The willowy Texan was not there
— At least not as a whole —
Nor she — 'twas wrecked privately —
Was largely there in soul.

(There is a matron at the N. E. C.,
For whom we're love-embued —
We'd like her hot, we'd like her cold —
But would prefer her stewed!)

Miss Hare, from conquests glorious,
~~And~~ From reaping pastures new,
Miss Irene, so censorious
Both helped enhance the view

~~And~~ Will Hare danced with ~~Harriet~~ Miss Ridley
And ~~Miss~~ Miss Marsh danced with Glover —
I really can't begin to tell
Who didn't play the lover.

Our matrons matroned matronly:
The Mesdames Lee and Hare,
The genial Mrs. Glover,
Mrs Lewis, débonnaire.

Will Johnson and Will Johnson
Were both fixed in high feather
— the long of it, and short of it —
They had gay times together.

Miss Hemmings'd, arrayed in blue,
As dainty as could be,
Did make a sight that any knight
Would surely love to see.

Glover, Mrs. Ed. Jourdain,
Miss ~~Dr. Hobbs~~, ~~and Miss Patterson~~,
Miss Goodell, and Mrs Grey,
~~Descended like a host on all~~ together with Miss Patterson
~~And~~ bore all our hearts away.

33-1-113

Then was G.G. Morgan, in his prime,
~~And~~ Ruffin, Fountain, and Dowd;
~~And Peake and the Andrews~~
Then Andrews Peake and Jackson,
Of dancing not so fond.

Miss Pindell tod, from Dorchester,
Fondscaped ~~the~~ her, fanned sheen,
And, fitting the occasion,
Arrayed lovely in green.

Please insert page * here.

~~We danced and ate~~
We ate and danced, and danced and ate,
And talked and ate, and danced,
And danced and ate, and danced again,
And walked, and gaily frapped.

Some danced the livelong evening through,
Some sat and viewed the game
But when it came to supper — well!
All "got there just the same!"

33-1-114

*

We missed a winsome little face—
A lithe and pretty form,
I'm sure ~~Queen Elizabeth~~ Libbie Watson,
Went sighing thro' the storm.

33-1-115

Our friend Miss Brown was out of town,
Miss Baker, ~~too~~ too, we missed;
And tho' "Pop" Yeamon wasn't there,
We managed ~~to~~ to exist.

Our other absentees were these
Miss Lewis and Charles Wilson—
Ben Harrison, ~~the President~~, the Queney Chain,
And Adelaide G. ~~Dickson~~.
Nichols

33-1-116

The girls looked love into our eyes*
~~&~~ Demurely as they could —
More than half-afraid we wouldn't
Almost half-afraid we would.

Propose. [I couldn't get that in,
You see, the line before;
~~And~~ I'll have to make another verse —
I'll write it through — and more]

O shall we ever forget that night!
As years go sailing by.
We know not — we are "Ignorant"
— and the National League may die.

And I, oh! I? why, I! My eye!
This I-come I so vast!
I'm ~~quite~~ either blind, or I can't see,
Why I should come in last.

W. E. B. Du Bois.

* This is Leap-year, you know.

33-4-18

STRIVING

In a castle in the Sea
Dwelt a maiden dark and free
Who was born amid the madding billows moan
Who was born amid a strife
That did sadden all her life
The strife between the waters and the foam

Aye she kissed the aged rocks
That were swarthy as her locks
Aye she whispered to the midnight in her woe
Aye the sea-gulls heard her moan
As she shuddered there alone
As she paced the horrid caverns to and fro.

Yet she was no mermaid fair
And she had no golden hair
Hers was but a dark and quivering little face
Hers a timid little heart
That could love and that could smart
That could fear the might of storm that moved apace

O the storm was fierce and free
O the fury of the sea
O the mad and mighty anthem of the deep.
How the waters and the foam
Battled screaming o'er her home
Till the weary little maiden fell asleep.

33-4-19

Then she saw the mighty form
That was moving o'er the storm
Then she heard the trumpet summons 'round her roll
Then she knew the dread behest
Come from out the crimson west
And she clasped her little hands about her soul -

And she left her ocean home
And she rose upon the foam
And all tremblingly rebuked the angry wave -
And she died beneath the moon
Softly sinking in a swoon
And the billows murmur idly by her grave.

Du Bois 5 Dec., '92.
Berlin

W. E. B. DuBois, Wilberforce, Green Co., Ohio.

33-4-80

The Passing of Douglass.

20 February, 1895

Then Douglass passed — his massive form
Still quivering at unrighted Wrong;
His soul aflame, and on his lips
A tale and prophecy of waiting Work.
Low he chanted, and his hot accents,
[illegible] in rich melodious cadence
Fore God's altar. Then — O, Christ!
Not as the sickening dying flame,
That fading glows into the night, [fire,
Passed our mightiest — Nay, but as the watch-
Waving and bending in crimson glory,
Suddenly flashes & the Mountain, and leaves
A grim and horrid blackness in the wor[illegible]

Selah.

Live, warm and wondrous memory, my Douglass
Live, all men do love thee.
Amen!

33-4-81

Rise weird and weary wheeling wave, waft
My Douglass on, o'er earth and sea —
Strength of the Strong sweep round us
Alleluiah!

Rest, dark and tired soul, My Douglass,
Thy God receive thee
Amen
and
Amen!

W. E. Burghardt. Du Bois.

The great green sky is growing
The breezes stand a grieving
The great god comes from a little star
my heart is all a trembling

The wild wet blast is damning — a wandering
The wood-steeds stand a steaming
The high moon's kissing the Midnight lips
My life is all a-yearning
heave away heave away
Douglas lies a-stiffen
heave ho! heave away, lads.
My first born is gone a-conquering

The Thunder crash is rolling
The lightning bell is tolling
The Christ-child's born on the mountain top
My world is all a-gasping

I hear the Earth cry swelling a-battling
I hear the hell fiends yelling
The devil's muttering with Son of God
My hope is all a-laughing
heave away

---

a-leave
a dreaming

I only hear my own heart beating
I hear a summoned greeting
The red sun raises a golden flood
My God stands by me — waiting
Heave soft — softly heave
Douglas Sea is away in
Heave low — Heave slow, my lads
My Douglas — Oh my Douglas!

To Be Done

—

I have sought him on the mountain
I have called him on the sea
I have shrieked within the valleys
And he will not come to me

I hate them — O!
I hate them well
I hate them, Christ!
As I hate Hell!
If I was God
I'd send them knell
Tomorrow

Par Voluisque

The Passing

There hath passed a mighty man
A form majestic and a soul
heroic; He the bronzen warrior
Clad with the dust of strife, & bowed
with Toil & sorrow of a life,
He hath passed: Douglass.
Douglass the Bold, the Battle,
First of a first-born, Wanderer
on paths unwandered: Seer
That saw beyond Mountain, fields
and folds of Immanent dawns
We know not, Master Christ,
Why Thou hast lofted & left us
Leaderless & alone amid our Enemies
Despised & of the world rejected
We know not - they ~~stabs~~ reject
We cannot follow; ours alone the Hope

6:30 - 7:30 - Room
7½ - 11:20 Am
~~12~~ - 12 20
1 - 2 Eat
2 - 4½
4½ - 5½ walk or music
Evening: Thesis

Coleman - yours.
Farris -
A Clarke -
Naylor.

Today: ——
Afternoon - Reading
Evening: Douglass.
Age.

Monday: Room } a.m.
Thesis; }
Music }
Thesis } P.M.
X
Letter & Journal

When these

that when they both take wind about

it is but to make more luminous curve.

The Passing of Douglass.

Then hath passed a Mighty Form
A man majestic and a hero soul.
He the bronzen warrior, scarred
and Hot with blood & dust of strife

He hath passed — Douglass —
Douglass the Dark, the Cold
Dowed with life's spoil & sorrow
He hath stolen away & the mountains
First of the Free born — Wanderer
On paths unwandered — Seer
That saw beyond the mountains, fields
And folds of promised lands

The Winters heard his ~~death~~ ~~wailing~~ wail
Ere the sweet spring had flushed
On life's brinks he sought the Winter of Time
Thus ended well a worthy life

∪ — ∪ — ∪ ∪ — ∪ —

The Voice that called Thee we cannot know,
And yet we know, not voiceless & unsalled
Has Thou left us manned & leaderless
And our enemies, in wait.

Deceived, & of the world rejected
Dark as our bosoms are to us
The veiled sleep of Fate; alone be broke
The Hate that God forbids mind absent
Rift but to make more beauteous curve

Receive dark Spirit this mine offering
For thee I loved & worshiped,
Blood of my blood & Hero of my race,
More than all the pale cold world beside.

Dew is thy voice and sweeth sheenough
Yet I will, that at thy name,
All earth shall bow and darken
Around black stream of Styx's glory.

My voice is new & suggests shimmering
out of the dark blue night of sorry
Grief wail ~~with~~ thro' each black & Negro breath
~~For~~ Whose unutterable Mightiest is gone.

Muse of ~~the~~ Night – O Africa awake,
Thou enemy wonder-world – Bards
Of Blood, Open thine ebon arms,
Sing Africa, Sing ~~daughter of woe~~.

---

upon the mountains head
Stood one black stone alone
And all the world was dead
The sweet dark crooned on
The dull sky bruised the wind
Yet all the world was cold
Long since the cold sun shined —
It never shone at ~~to~~ all.
For the great Muse is dead
The weary heeres cry
She never lived they mock
Upon so wild a moor —
The time breeze cannot lie
I sit & sing alone
I, loveless only
unhearing deaf unheard.

O my soul is heavy laden
With the burden of its sorrow,
And the tears & the fears
That do shod the mighty throng
And the singing & the singing
Of a grey & grizzled Christ,
Make a clamour in the night.
God is white, god is white.
But the singers & the song
They are black, they are black —
O the sorrow of the morrow, O the morrow of my sorrow
Week & wildly wondrous years
Ever here, ever there
Care, care! Care, care!

Douglass the Brave Douglass the Slave —
Strong God, his iron hands,
That rendered servile Bands
And raised on high
Mid horror cry
The song of peer land
Strong God, his iron hands.

Strong Christ, his bleeding heart
That heeded not the smart

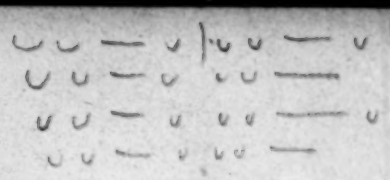
but beating love in grievous glow
did armid millions start
Envy Christ, his heavenly heart.

Envy Soul of mine, his tongue
that wild defiance flung
& on whose cross
a bleatless thron
a guilty nation, dumb.
Envy, soul of mine, his tongue

Envy Douglass thigh own lay
& felt him in a day
a nation rose
in swaddling clothes
And sought a higher way
and seek a higher way.

I have sought him on the mountains
I have called him by the Sea,
I have shrieked within the valleys
And he will not come to me.

6



~~All the~~ weary world is wrapped in gloaming darkness
As tho' God had closed his eyes,
And I wail "where art thou Douglass!"
"That thou wilt not hear my cries!"

O a mother loves her first-ling
More than lover loves his bride
Wander wailings o'er the ~~moorlands~~ mountains
O'er the valleys wend & wind

Weary world is wrapped in gloaming,
Weary God hath closed his eye
Hark! the moaning of the ~~moss-lands~~
Meets a dull & dreary sky

I have staggered in the darkness
I have heard the sea-mew cry
Little stars are faintly weeping
Burst, O heart! & let me die

"Marta poe"

There came from the Earth
And the cloud-paled sky
The song of the Fearful
That rolled on high
That rolled and swelled
And sobbed and sighed
Like the rolling and swelling
Of Time and Tide

It sang of the Dead
and the grey-lipped ~~doom~~ morn
and the shadowy Sorrows
of days unborn
It moaned and wailed
It wailed and cried
like the moaning and wailing
of Time and Tide

The Song passed on
and the Sorrow died
and the Hours went sleekly ~~away~~
away, unsighed
They sang and danced
They laughed and lied
like the ~~[illegible]~~ laughing & dancing
Of time and tide

41-9-483

A boy lay down by the river bank
and sighed + sighed—and sighed;
how I wish I was rich
or in fame had a niche
or I wish I'd a fair young bride

a breeze swept down with
such a perfume rare
and cried & cried & cried
how I wish you were learn'd
and vain wealth spurned
how I wish you were argus eyed

But the river ripples ~~were in air~~
a wave in air
and lied + lied + lied
How the world, you see
has but children three
The Bank, The Breeze and the Bride

Problematic.

A little nigger-girl at play;
A little bee — a work-a-day:
a hey-dey!
Work and play!

A little dark and buzzing bee,
Wavelet of an airy sea —
Who can shirk?
Let us work!

A little dark and happy face,
A darky nymph — a darky grace
A hey dey!
Let us play!

Little play-balls tossing high,
Airy wingletts in the sky —
Honeys lurk!
Play and work!

924-6-14

2.

A little ball against a tree,
A bee and floweret in the sea!
Why, why?
Must he die!

Little black hands 'round the bee,
A-warming it against her knee —
Fol-de-rool!
Little fool!

A madding sting — a bitter cry,
A wildly wondering little eye:
Well unfurled,
Little world!

"Hush, my babe, the world's [unkind,
"God and nature, man and mind —
Lisped the sprite:
"'Twuzn't white!"

427-6-14

"Didst thou think, O Wonder-mind,
"Only white folks were unkind?"
A hey-dey!
Let us pray!

O the girl-child — O the sea!
O the cruel, cruel bee —
Holy Night,
What is white!

824-6-14

W. E. B. Du Bois.

Gt Barrington,
Mass.

Box 165.

Problematic.

A little Nigger girl at play
A little bee - a work-a-day
A hey! dey! Work and play!

a little dark and buzzying bee
Wavelet of an airy sea
Who can think? let us work!

a little dark and happy face
a darky nymph - a darky grace
a hey dey! let us play!

little play-balls tossing high
Tiny wingletts in the sky
Honeysuckle — play and work!

A little ball against a tree
a bee and floweret in the sea!
Why, why? must he die?

Little black hands round the bee
a-warming it against her knee —
Fol-de-rol! Little fool!

33-4-74

A maddening thing, a bitter cry
a wildly wondering little eye
Well unfurled! Little World!

33-4-75

Hush my babe - the world's unkind
God and Nature, man and mind —
lisped the chute: "I'm myzil White!"

Didst thou think, O wonder-mind
Only white folks were unkind?
- a hey day! Let us pray!

O the girl-child - O the sex!
O the cruel, cruel lex!
Holy night! What is white?

Du Bois

6 Dec. 92 Berlin.

The First Snow

The Master said with a sigh of pain,
Lo, I have cleansed the earth in vain,
For naught have I sent the sunshine
and rain.

Then up spake one to the Royal Chair:
Withhold the Maid of the Golden Hair,
Lord, let not the Weeping Maid go there.

If men heed not thy Smile and Tears,
Cleanse Thou the earth with rugged Years.
Let white-locked Age go teach these
seers.

An angel came to the world that night,
And swept the air with her tresses
bright:
And men awoke to a world all
white.

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois.

The First Snow

The Master said with a sigh of pain,
Lo! I have cleansed the earth in vain!
For naught have I sent the sunshine
and rain.

Then up spake one to royal chair:
Withhold the Maid of the Golden Hair,
Lord, let not the Weeping Maid go there:

If men heed not thy Smile & Tears
Cleanse thou the earth with rugged Years,
Let white-haired Age go teach these Seers

And an angel came & the world
that night
And swept the air with heavenly
bright
And the sun rose over a world
all white.

91-4-430

The First Snow.

The Master said, with a sigh of pain,
"I have sought to cleanse the world in vain;
"For nought have I sent the Sunshine and Rain."

But up spake one to the Royal Chair,
"Send not the Maid with the Golden Hair
"Nor again let the Weeping Maid go there."

"Enough hast thou sent of Joy and Tears;
"Cleanse now the earth with the rugged Years;
"Let white-locked Age go teach these seers."

And an angel came to the earth that night,
and swept the air with her tresses bright;
And the sun rose over a world all white.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

33-4-76

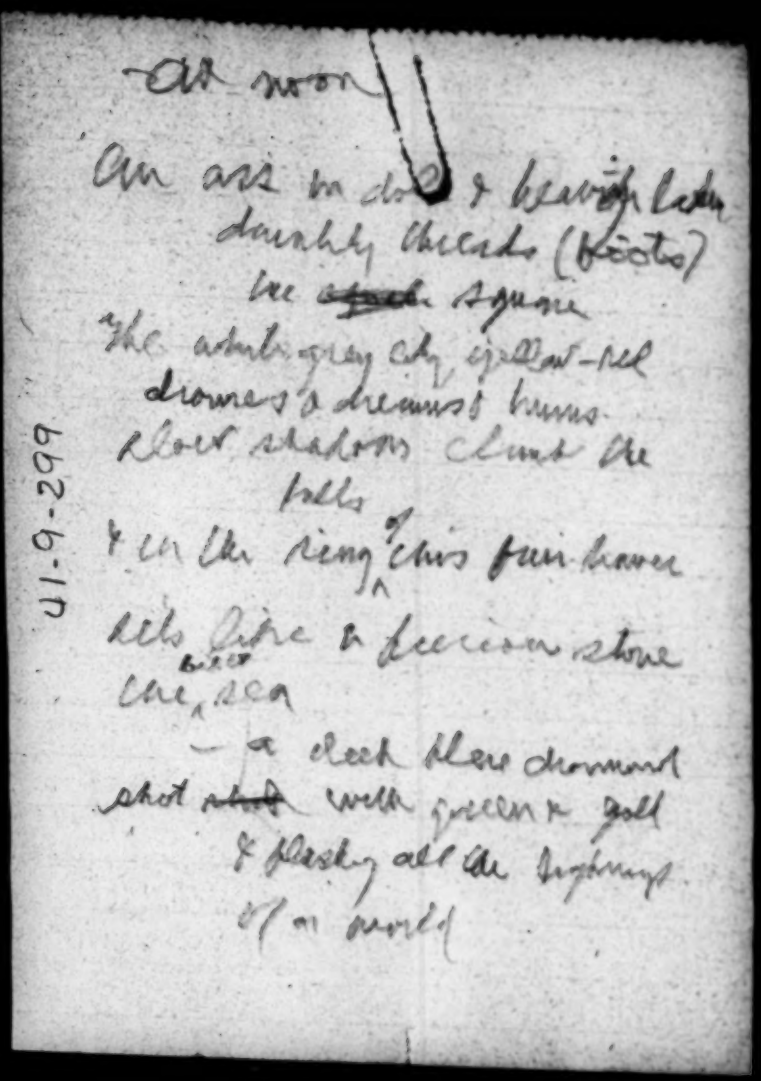
Harvard Univ., 20 Flagg St.
Cambridge, Mass.

TO MARIAN SATTERTHWAITE SCANDRETT

April 16, 1935

My natural distrust of a poet,--
(Despite my desire not to show it)--
Impels me to say
On this mad festal day:
Hail, Fatal Beginning! Now, go it!

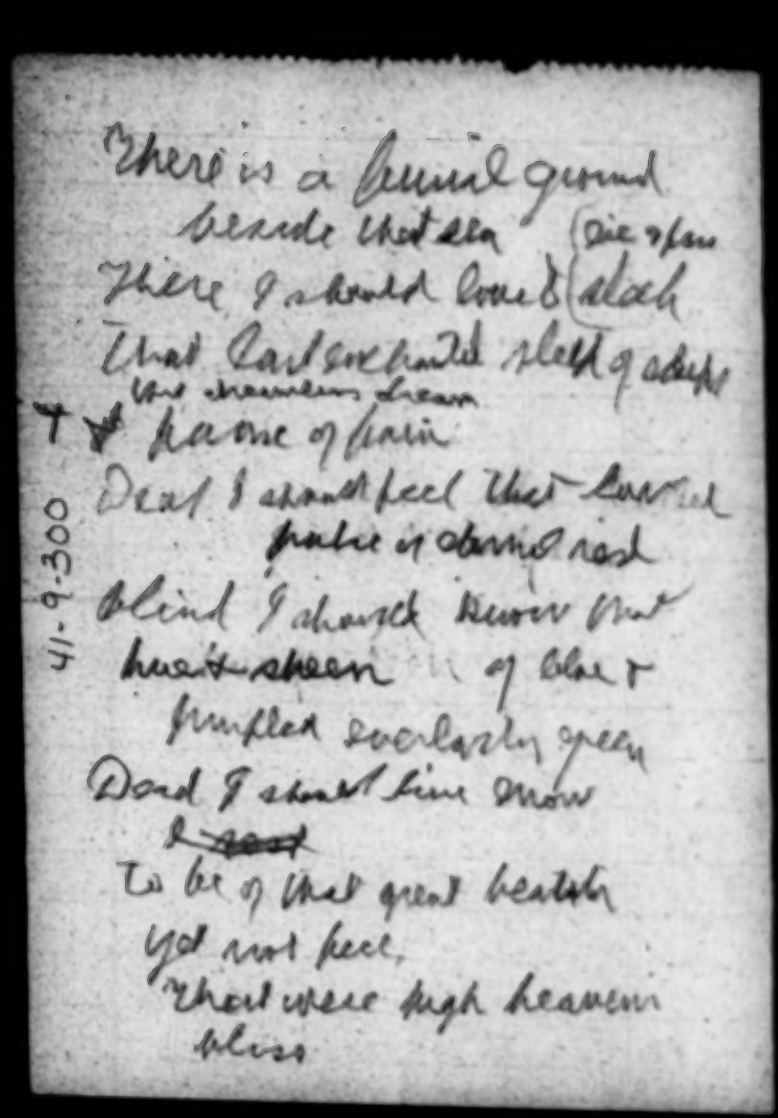
37-10-85



At noon

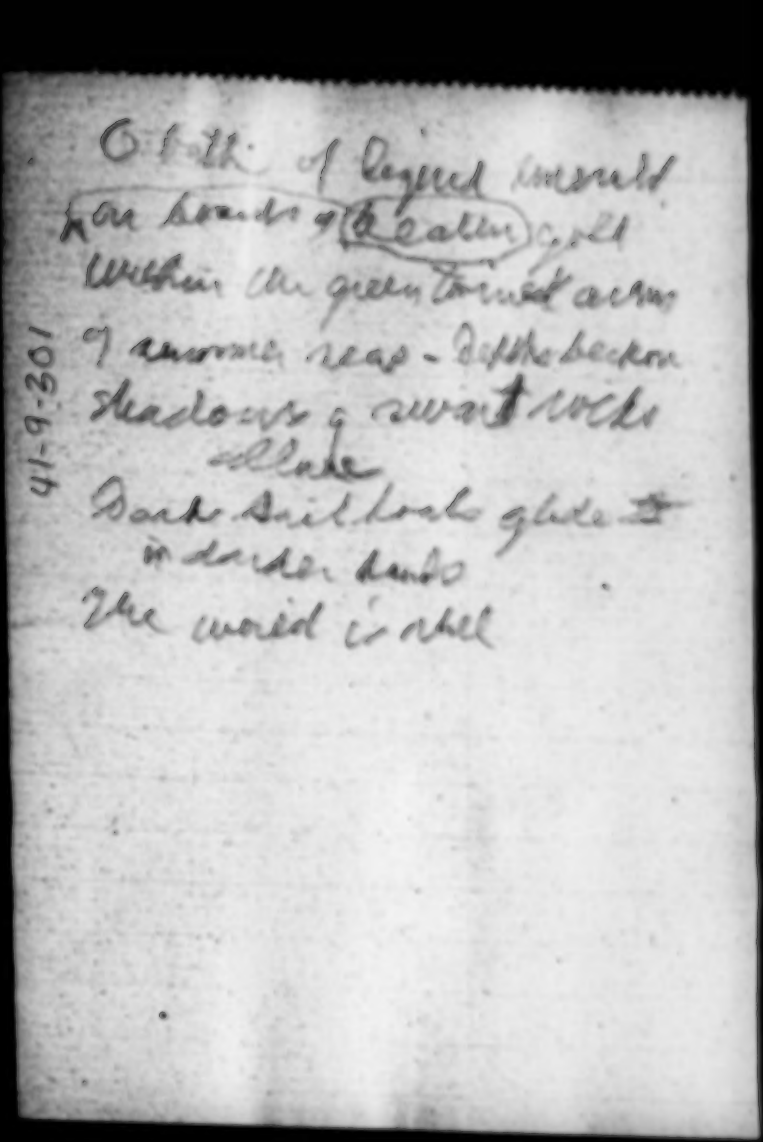
An ass in dust & heavy lade
dumbly threads (beats)
the ~~stone~~ square
The ashy grey city spellbat-like
drowses & dreams & hums
Slow shadows climb the
hills
& in the ring of this fair haven
lies like a precious stone
the sea
— a deck there drowned
shot ~~with~~ with green & gold
& flashy all the brightness
of a world

41-9-299



There is a fruitful ground
beside that sea (die & fen
There I should love to sleep
That Earth-encircled sleep of adepts
the heavenly dream
& ~~the~~ haven of hair
Dead I should feel that harried
pulse is eternal rest
Blind I should know that
heart-sheen is of blue &
purpled everlasting green
Dead I should know
& ~~feel~~
To be of that great health
Yet not feel.
That were high heaven
bliss

41-9-300



O hill of hazed emerald
Our hands of (Heather) gold
Within the green tormented arms
of ~~enormous~~ seas - & the beacon
shadows & sweet rocks
Dark Sail-hawk glides
in tender dusk
The world is still

41-9-301

41-9-202

Marbleys Bay
Sunset

Out from the [illegible] isle
The serpent [illegible] hill
Thrusts its great
length shouldering
back the waters—
Ghost rains [illegible] wreck
down streaming his
rugged side
yet on he wallows
undaunted with foam &
halos streaming, while his dour
shark head & [illegible]
brique
grown grey & flake and
silver in the sun

shines on the molten
gold of the golden
sea, while heaven
looms down her
yellow crimson glow
to thwart him

41-9-303

Sunset | Monkey's bay

The sun, perched & there
That airy land where
Men call Death & Night
Mounts his horse
& see the shears of mighty horsemen
flash golden in the light
Unfurled banners flame
after
& the low thunder of marching
hosts
thrills with the thunder of the
sea
Athwart his fearful onset
screening his face of fire
he through thwarts clouds
masses massing his

41-9-304

trained guns &

Silence ye people
The miracle of Time is
here
Quite ear & innocent hills
and ye black breed
murmuring men
bow & bow down before
this silent wonder
~~Till when his golden~~
~~Noon~~ Let heavenly hosts
applaud
pale moon & blended stars
while ~~God-like~~ black arch-
angels throw last their silken
shimmers & the night
& wonder ask & god —
He sees! The sun — is set.

41-9-305

The palms gave a ring
ular star motif & the land
scape — the star-like palm

The green gold palms
lifting their star-like
faces — stretching their
pam-like fingers — lifting
themselves friendly aloft
And any kindly deaf should
honor ~~the~~ ~~earth~~ born
taint Yours earth-kissed
ears

Moonlight veil
Montego Bay

—

Fireflys ~~dim~~ nesting
in the hand of God
dim wreathed by fairy fealm
trees
His long dim thumb
mist-mighty
Paints shadowy & his Ebonish
man
His great mist gloom
with ancient forests
While thro' his fingers
Foam the 7 seas.
above — the God-given moon
beneath ~~my soul alone, glorified~~

41-9-306

Moonlight veil
Montego Bay

—

On gods hand the
Ady Isles ~~lete~~ twinkly
dim like fireflys
Neath fairy fealms
His dark mist-mighty
thumb stretches long &
long & Norseman fjords
& the Ebonish main
His great cloud gloom
with ancient breath

41-9-307

while through his
fingers foam the
seven seas —
above — the moon
below the rain-veiled earth
and there my soul
alone
& glorious!

41-9-308

The Wind-wet Earth
& Me alone, my soul,
Enchanted.

41-9-309

The bay Revolves Mecca
like my ~~Lady's~~ ~~Hooded~~
Sainted keenness
on the far outer edge a
bronzed ~~sea~~ line of
blue
Then facing silver grey
Keighleyy & silver
there wash in about
the silent peaceful
skiffs
The sheen of silk
smooth silk, white
faintly ruffled
shimmy-floored & glinty rosy sky
rainbow flecked teal & pale

41-9-310

+ the deep human
hum of liquid voices
softly from black & coal
like

31-2-6

Death

The Beauty of Death

Three friends of mine are dead
~~Edward~~ Elizabeth
Mary
& Tyndall

The Interpreter, the Friend, the Teacher

Their incompleteness
Their perfection
The goodness of death
They are mine
The veil of age
The accomplishment of our attitude
The reconciliation of Death & Beauty
No enjoy is a cease
not a cease in not a ~~enjoy~~ Live

Living is sensitiveness
—
you are too sensitive

Hard Beauty of Death

Sensation

Difficulty of writing
a beauty + an ugliness
Spiritual beauty — freedom
+ love indescribable
One can be tastefully frank
about bizarre matters
For instance

The ugliness
The explanation:
not necessarily
all is not ugliness
mine is capable of
charm

Beauty terrorizes
Example
ugliness terrorizes
+ yet terror is
limited
Optimism?
all beauty
Eternal beauty
unthinkable
but
Example

3-2-7

ugliness as Real
whilst
I do Live all
these remain limits
Ends.
mondays boy
ugliness of true Male
Death of as the Beautiful End
Utter Beauty
+ Birth as utter descendent
- ugliness
Obscurum is death
Peccatum is death

The Beauty of Death

—

Sensation

What is my attitude — Pessimistic? optimistic — Neither.

I'll explain if I can but it is involved & subtle.

I must confine beauty & ugliness in life

But for description what beauty shall I choose?

Eternal beauty of love & friend I cannot reveal

It is indescribable I have loved & lost & won — I have known ——

Of one beauty alone one can be brutally frank & though the least of beauties it is Beautiful & as divine

For instance

——————— B

I now wish to discuss the beauty of Beyond nature & contrast a spiritual ugliness it is not unfair — I contrast the Least Best with the Utmost Worst

——————— U

Now what of explanation may we offer

The besieging devine ~~Conception~~ explained

of Pessimism is clear conception

All is not Ugly ——————— B

& ugliness has its explanations

— its implications & capabilities

——————— U

Beauty persists

It is always everywhere, undying unconquerable

B

~~Ugliness Beauty~~

Therefore Optimism — all is Beauty

but Optimism is a Lie

U

but this persistence of ugliness

is limited

Can we not then encourage the

~~Beauty~~ End of Ugliness — Eternal Beauty

B

Beauty has its ends — & limits

but while Beauty is implicit in its ends

ugliness is recurrent in different forms

hence evil battle

B

U

Death as the Dreadful End

utter Beauty

Birth as utter discontent — ugliness

Optimism = death

Pessimism = death

Life as both & death — both necessary

& unavoidable

J1-6-27

The Negro Mother

Southern white girl & their husbands
Northern white woman & Negro lover
Negro girl black
At the end — Negro woman

31-11-27

41-16-137

Black Girl

—

The loveliness of a girls
face had no relation to
the beauty of her body
or the of her soul

What dark hair was
below those dark

Her hairs are silken &
shiny but wool are
stern stout & recalcitrant
— ash handsome

She might be a bow legged, flat chested
idiot but if she was beautiful about the
shoulders the world would clear itself

Black Men

Dancing, dancing in the sun
The braves of Maughba go:
Dancing that the God of Rain
His face to them might show.
Singing, singing in the fields
The slaves of Massa go.

Singing that their tired hearts
This small relief might know.
Laughing, laughing in the street
The freedman loudly goes;
Beneath his brazen laughter
Are there tears and pain he knows?

3-3-24

THE CRIME OF COMMUNISTS

Did they cau e the First World War

No, it caused them

Did they cause the Depression?

No, they were its victims

Did they cause the Second World War?

No, and they helped us win it

Did they in start atomic warfare?

No, we did

Did they start the war in Korea

No, we started it and spread it

Did they start the war in Viet Nam

No, France started it and we helped France

Are they in favor of Peace?

Yes, and that is why we are in favor of War

Have they tried to overthrow this country by force and violence?

No, but they might

Do they hate us?

No, but we hate them

Did they free China from Chiang kai Chek?

No and we tried to help Chiang to conquer the Chinese

Did they favor the Stockholm appeal against atomic warfare?

Yes but we opposed it

38-13-258

GHANA

AWAKE, GHANA!

STAND FAST, THOU BLACK AND BRILLIANT ~~S~~STAR OF NIGHT

Born FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO ~~THOUGH WAST BORN~~

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS ~~AFTER CHRIST DIED THOU~~ RULED

AT KUMBI-KUMBI

Christ had been dead
When Thou didst rule
at Kumbi Kumbi

39-IC-47

39-K-8

JOHN McMANUS, 1961

Here he lies. Now we weep. Bitter is our grief.
Yet, hearken, my brothers:

Just yonder sits another John McManus
Pounding away his heart's blood
For you, for me, for all;
Smiling, running, climbing, calling.
We hear, we do not heed;
We see, we do not comprehend.
We are so busy, Not God himself knows how busy we are.
We have so little time.

So, suddenly younder that McManus stops,
He gasps, he dies; we raise our cries
Again the bitter wail.
Protest and sob, there as here and now.
Yet, on beyond still another John McManus
Pounds his young heart away,
We have no time to vote, to meet,
to talk.

So ever some young McManus
Sells his life to death
While we do naught but wail.

Stop, halt, hark!
We do this murder now,
We who do nothing when we could
Who grieve when grief is naught.

True grief is what we do, true sorrow what we are,
Today.

W.E.B. Du Bois

O Sorrow Cruel fellowship
O Priestess in the vaults of Death
O sweet and bitter in a breath
What whispers from thy lying lip?

13

"The stars" she whispers, "blindly run
A web is woven across the sky
From out waste places comes a cry
And murmurs from the dying sun.

Tennyson

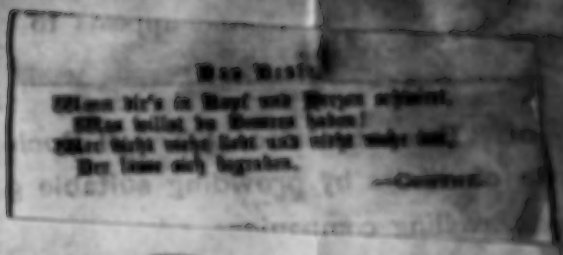
When from the Dawn it seemed there
came, but faint
12 As born beyond the limit of the world
Like the last echo born of a great cry
Sounds as if some fair city were
one voice
Around a king returning from his wars

8-23-23

Tennyson.

"O war thou son of hell
Whom angry heavens do make their minister
2 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance"

Shakespeare



Das Recht

Wenn Alt's in Kampf mit Jungen ringet,
Wenn Volk, wo Thronen stehen,
Wenn Recht mocht Recht und Unrecht zwingt,
Dann kann auch Jugenden.

—Goethe.

What better can your hate & hand
When head & heart de crowned
Who loves no more & errs no more
Should let himself de buried!

Germany

49 - 3 - 19

~~Gt Damington home~~

God bless thee! Sweet world of my childhood, Gt Damington home of my father
Vale of my youth, fair orchards, home of the sweet apple blossom
By the sweet winds that sweep down the valley, by the verdure that nestles the
I charge thee Gt. Danington, I charge thee. Thy all sing the song I sing, thee

I

Then from the mountains beneath thine arose like the voice of the hurricane
Many a murmur confused till at last more defined & more clearly
Than ever rose from the living, Hand they in accents of amore
Sibb & the child of the Forest, Hosae & son of Fair Darwood.

II

I am the Spirit of Congo, Thomas, the slave of the Bonghundla
I am a Brassy old Nigger – such as the Nations have cuffed at
Such as the Nations have pounded & murdered in body and spirit
Over all
On the face of God's broad earth a stranger in exile of their sweet homes, homeless

III

O Africa land of my fathers, Nyalli Tatted of waters
Dear thou the Lake of Kapeta, of Kapeta son of Vivi Nku
He I was of Africs blood royal; among the King of the chieftains
Valiant & mighty were they and girded with murderous iron
Haughty & graceful were they, and they wrought on the valley of Congo
Vessels of iron and gold and bartered with Portuguese traders
Twenty long seasons they wrought here in peace undisturbed by the enemy
While I was growing to manhood & old Congo's hair grew silver

IV

Oftimes he spoke of the future when I should rule the land Chieftains
Rule them in peace and in plenty under the guardian Nyarro
Oftimes he watched the black maidens whom I wooed and the fair
Sat in Juliner with Chieftains planning his dreams for the future.

V

One night, I will remember, when the red moon, over the forest
clearly we heard the Mohundu wedding the almighty Congo and
and the harsh elephants roaring decorated the forest scream, the night-
Scarcely 16 in my summers I wooed the child of Nukaka,

VI

Gaunt of all the black maidens: ah loving Leplongeur I our love
Mid the change sounded of the forest we listened & fear our hearts beating
Suddenly burst thro' the palm trees a sound that froze the blood in us
'Twas the cruel & bloodcurdling war cry that burst from the cruel Ajacas

VII

Wildly the demons rushed on and we saw the red glare of the forest
Fires the dread flames sack the village and heard the death wail of the women
& and the hoarse cry of the Chieftains, heard the death yell of the warriors
Saw in midst of the battle the trouble visit of Voldetkru

VIII

Ah then was a battle as fearful the dead would awaken at the calling
Horrid the blood thirsty warcry pierce the death cry of the dying
And the black warriors gnnarled in battle seemed as they clenched in deadly fight
Like to the devils in hell, thro the red glare of fire of the forest

IX

Boldly I rushed from my darling and stood in the head of the battle
Madly I struck down the first of the bloodthirsty cruel Ajacas
Aspire my red spear waved aloft when I heard the loud cry of Voldetkru

cry of Mukenu My father he clacked me and rushed thro' the forest
Just as I heard the wild cry XII of my Zani child of Mukenu
Wildly I struggled at first but I hearkened until my dread eyes
On ward we rushed thro the trees which seemed like grim sentinels giant
Till at the foot of the tallest my father fell fainting with weakness
And out from his dark cruelly side I saw the red stream of his life-blood
Father I cried - and he started - then with an energy frightful
Lunged a dark prayer to the God and grasped his old spear by the handle
Tore up the bark of the tree & crashed in his wound from the bottle
Something that flashed in the forest with a weird and trembling effulgence
Fiercely he grasped my throat & forcing my own bloody tomahawk
Cut a great gash in my thigh & hid his treasure within it
Murmuring low as he did so words of magical meaning

XIV

"Rapido" grasped the doomed Chieftain "Rapido son of Vivi-ana"
"Beneath thou now in thy body the sovereign fetich Nyarro"
"Great as the Gods is the fetich blessed indeed is its owner"
"Curséd thrice cried the nation upon thou called" Death triumph.

XV

"Oye black gods of black nations why have ye scorned thou whom me"
Wildly I raised the death moaning when suddenly leaped from the forest
Twenty four blood painted warriors full armed & spanking white
Quickly they surged close behind & rushed for the dark plain Congo

XVI

God help thee St Paul de Loanda: God help the day of thy seeking
Whom who hast trafficked in blood and bartered the souls of the living
Cursed the day & first saw thee, wretched, my blood wretched city
Wounded I stood in thy shame mart I a prince of blood royal

Harshly the United captains handled me shoved me about like a bullock
~~[illegible]~~ Till at last one of them brought me and sided away for the Hudson
There in the valley I languished. till I was sold to the Dutch settlers
& carried away to Ft Dansmy town then first I saw the Ft Domingo
XVIII
Paner and Swilder there flow glistened the valley and the mountains
looked in the green of the spring like an emerald of heaven shattering with beauty
ay and the broad Monocatonic rushing with might & the eleavel lace
looked like the broad silver chain that fastened the gown in the back

XIX
When from the brow of tall the sun glanted into the valley
It burned off the dew of the bosom and a thousand rich gentle
Then breathing on flowers abroad, hastened to reap the rich harvest
So all the raindrops at once swiftly changed into sweet flavoured robunds
Changed into ripe luscious fruit apples & grapes & Peaches
XX
Have ye ere heard the chorus when Handel gives god Hallelaea?
Ah it is nought it is nought to the silent magnificent anthem
That bursts from the throat of the rock & organ of the spring in ft.B.

XXI
Fairer yet not so fair was then the home of my captor
Fiercely I fought & walked & watched a chance for escaping
Fought of the fetich Hymns I tore in the garb on my thigh tore
Longed to loosen the cord and blight the land of my captors

XXII
Watching my chance one night I stole away & the mountain
Scaling its wooded side I stood all alone on its summit
There in the ghastly darkness I tore from my side great Hymns
Then all around me and over gleamed the weird light of the fetich

XXIII
Hymns I cried & the spirit Hymns god of my fathers
Kaputa son of Vive know [illegible] fled anger
[illegible] send all the devils in hell & curse the land of my captors
Cursed thrice cursed the Nation that calls its self slaves Freedom

XXIV

Then all around above me fell a charge bush on the forest
like to a tempest struck beast paused all the face of great Nature
Then the weird light on the mountain changed from blue and purple
changed from purple to red and then from out of the mountain

XXV

rose like a semi death shriek a terrible sound in the darkness
wendly it rose & fell till it merged into one mighty chorus
Saw I alone that night sights never before seen by mortal
Out from the bosom of sunset and up from the cavernous water
Then from the clouds of the air unmarked demons of cheol

XXVI

Blacker than midnight the clouds meeting rolled up to zenith
Flashed thunder to rule the terrible eye of the storm king
Over the hills of the west we heard the hoarse voice of the hurricane

XXVII

swiftly it struck us and then past swept the huge elements combat
Rent all the pine tree to earth and loud roared the awful tornado
— Have ye ever seen a storm on Tremont's isle & elements waging
Have ye ever seen the mighty storm that sweeps down the wide Mississippi

XXVIII

Ah that was to this a mere trouble that were this a child's plaything
Engulfed lowly & covered till I saw the red all before me
Heard the command to me "Come!" in accents hollow & fearsome
But as it rose & stay I saw on the face of the altar
All the crimes of my youth and the brutal hounds of hell elsewhere
Rose then within me metal ragery hot like fierce demon of hatred
Horribly cursed I the land cursed the sweet valley before me
Cursed all the valleys beyond from ocean to ocean I cursed them

XXIX

~~And in hot anger then cursed~~
Such was the horrid curse I dare not repeat the world would see
Thus did I clinch it spell "may you rebel spawn of my father
Fall the rocks from bosom of Hecate plunge down the mountain

and the Spirit answered "So be it" and straightway we heard a loud
Coming itself on
~~and hissed on the back of~~ another and lo from the mountain
roar and hell fetched black as midnight grinding its rock and
out it should change & the river. Then came again the strange hush
~~that I dare make words to frame. Then fast came dark storm~~
and I heard on the crest of the mountain the storm wrath of Horace

~~What did you make of~~ XXXI
saw that smelly wild face and the snowy locks that fell on it
softly in that dead hush old Horace plead with Ingens
love was pleading with hatred vengeance relenting & loving
flashing I listened in awe to catch what Ryan's friend made

XXXII
"What I have vowed to accomplish and that the spirit of Ingr
grants & the love of the nation, the unbefriended spirit of Horace
never so hard shall you punish the pretend black lords of Ingenia
But that they curse you with seeds that make black the seeds of their captive

XXXIII
my head
Meekly I bowed & bought the scale of my revenge
said not a word at the blows stood meek my kidnapped Freddie
married a helpless slave maiden & reared up my children & taught
Whispered the gospel of patience & said "trust my children"
To them

XXXIV
Ah the dark curse on the land I saw it gathering & lowering
When saw it too & feared the heavy curse of the nation
yet did meekly serve & the old Negro Tom Burgandt
shouldered my musket with them & fired the shot at the British
watched my boy Jack grow old & blessed my grandson Odell
Militamy went thro the land and I saw them shoulder their muskets
Often looked at old Horace from saw East Rock & the guardian hills
Ghost of the past and listened & low & ominous threatenings

XXXVI

Then in the twilight dim I went to my long habitation
Sank to the arms of Nyano and slept on the breast of old Nano
And in dreame mid the waters I saw half the nations of land
Land have grow madden in madness Knew that the curse must the world

XXXVII

Out of the North came a eight
Then from the crest of Tacoma a crow that was Moany, Moany
Out of the East came a cry
Loud cried the black old crow – fool thou art black crying echoes the

XXXVIII

Out of the South came a yell
Ha! ha! ha! but the old crow had caught on her wing and came
Out of the South came Hell
Crow, crow, crow! let thy sweet babe, die die die, as it lay

XXXIX

Up from the broad green field two giants sprang in the morning
Locked in deadly embrace & the crow sat screaming above them
God help us mailed the one – out-shrieked the other God within
Christ! but they fought that morn and the black crow fought

XXXL

Out of the North a glad moan
Out in the field lay the crow in its own red blood it lay dying
Out of the South a sad moan
Behold crow is dead but the young one? The crow is dead the crow lives

XL

Could man kill the curse of Nyanza? O no! nor hosts of hosts
Africa pathoms of nations O Africa hell of the centuries
Thou art avenged omnes eorum tell East rock wide mountains
Die Africa cursed of you I God Ethiopia triumph.

XLI

Wind from over the mountain rose & shrieked & fell dying
Fell and rose again and whispered & sighed & whistled
Sighed & died Spindy Boozac whispered & fair Diamond marching
"Out of the depths of the night a cry hath fled & the morning"

Triumph! Wind! Jee! How?
If I haven't been dreaming
Well I
Up my canoe down the shore
We must reach Sheffield
By the morning else
Then the exit will from the flood

We Will Walk thro' the Valley

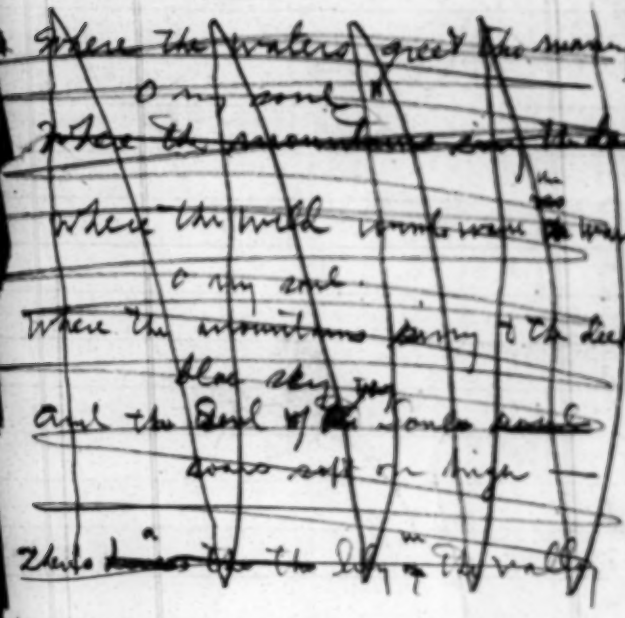
We will walk thro the Valley of the
Shadow of Death—
We will walk thro' that Valley
in Peace
If Jesus himself shall be
our leader
We will walk thro the Valley in Peace.

Then the dead shall arise and then
dead
And the wife & the husband
shall be wed.

~~Where the shroud shall form round~~
home
When Cold Cold ~~the home~~ mother

And the homeless children homeward
roam.

"There's a Lily in the Valley



Where the waters greet the morning
O my soul,
Where the sweet winds wave the warning
To my soul
Where the mountains sing to the deep blue sky — O my soul
And Soul of my Soul soars soft on high,
O my soul —
There's a Lily in the valley.

Where the storm rolls down the mountain
O ——————
And the waters burst the fountains
till
Of ——————
Where the thunder rolls on the rock
sound
& the giant trees bow down & God
bows
bows ~~[illegible]~~ the Lily in the Valley
(Vast moan groping in darkness
- Lily Light - Lily)

Where the heart lies sick & aching
And the tears come madly shrinking
Where the anguish born of hard lived life
makes hard
makes mind the heart with the weary
strife
shrinks the Lily of the Valley.

The E & W Club

by W.E.D.D.A.D. Ph.D.

Eat, for the Term is Opening
Stuff lest the good stuff roar
Eat for the Term is Opening
When man weighs no more

Chs. Fish every flying flash Jack
Grab all the grapes galore
Eat for the term is opening
When man weighs no more

Eat for the Term is Opening
~~Eat to~~ fast to the sirloin's roar
Eat for the stock is tempting
When man eats no more

Eat &c
Lay for the chickens gone
Eat for the freezers closing
When man sweats no more

Tune - Work for the Night is coming.

Zone
[redacted]
Plan
One
Zone
Two

Compassion of God

Gifts are those great
Eternal ~~Light~~ Life which
we lost by sin.

Eternal Life - Why? Why
should one live always after
one has Done Known Loved his
share?

Eternal Life can be meant only
for the Prince of Sinners
but yours be a life of Ends

Give us E. Life

E. Life is a reckless thing
I bring it from out beyond
the stars
I set it here

Advantage

of those who enter here

No social distinction

No money

No resentment & revenge

No power

&c

Only the pure in heart

Use unselfish

But

Think of the time almost

of such a crowd.

Come & join us

No color line

Black or White

The brotherhood of Almighty

God

Manuscript Copy

The Jesus Christ Child
Born in the stable
Confident at 12
Whipping & running away
The Temptation in the Wilderness
& Jesus prayed over him — & His Father
The Magdalene
The fishermen
The Elders
Expulsion
The Visitation
The Mediator
Deeds done Crucified my Boy
for the whole fallen race
The Passion

The Vision of St Orgue the Damned

Ahead the wilful whirling ocean spun
Behind the towered city stung the sky
Within the ship long dining hall was bright
And all its seats were gay with guests save one

It faced a little lady golden gowned
Whose level lips were curled that conscious scorn
And coming Orgue faced it — once he paused
Then forward walked and sat — the diners frowned

He heard the hush; the lady glanced her cue
Jewelled she rose assuming sudden wrath
"Nigger" she gasped and gathered seeken skirts
Ernest the gay Throny and anguish withdrew

All night where black waters furled
The black man let the world lash his soul
All night long on the ships shark prow
He hung within the circle of the world

Cursing he cried "If in this world be Peace
Freedom and grace for them that be born black
How long Hermit, stand here a hound in hell
How long before this crucifixion cease?

Straight from the world shot gleams of wilder light
Ah from the south sweet voices on the air
Out of the east a mighty music hymned
"Holy Argyre blessed Son of Night"

But Argyre shrieked with that heaven alight
With threatening hands & hoarse-voiced blasphemy
"O God this blessed God let me be damned"
And the curse echoed "Thou art damned Thou Night"

Then flaring cherubim the ocean trod
The seas gave up their shuddering dead
[illegible] the fire-fanned wades the abyss reeled heaving on
And over the billows flamed the Voice of God

"Damned like you souls & search the Unseen Light
Damned & go wanderly wandering wild worlds thro'
For infame things that ever found are lost
And veil and vanish in lonely lonesome Night

"Yea once I chose that thou shouldst see the Light
This the pale pain that is of God divine
The keenest quaintest is the heart that knows
Search alone but search a single night

The fire flared & flew out and silence crept
Like the vast sea clouded vaster calm
Out of the world our icebergs stood ghost
Loomed and the black mass its bosom stepped

Atlanta University for the Carnegie Institution of Washington

Report on Co-operative Business among Negro Americans

(All answers held strictly confidential)

Name of business.

Address (No., street, city, state).

Number of partners or members.

Names of chief officials.

Location of branch establishments.

Kind and character of business.

Methods of operation.

Total business done in 1906 and 1907 (and for previous years if possible).

Total paid up capital.

Real estate owned (with location).

History of enterprise.

(Put further remarks and explanations on the back of this sheet.)

The First Vision

~~The looking saint of our England~~

The I ca called I am Englands whitedwalls
And all thro' Organs veluts heart a cry
Here lies my freedom here lives Life
Ehesh veiled form and let me stand or fall

God is a broker – Organ, world is wealth
living is making, – having therefore get
Make What? Make Things get what? – get gold
On golden Things lies souls eternal health

The broker hears and mind me reveals:
~~The broker hears and I record. "Broker!" he squeals~~
Lo rich kingdoms of the mare-but world
See crowned Queens that daily throng Hyde Park
With avenue, the Linden, lonely Elysian Fields

See the long line of escorted Kings who stand
Saying what we shall eat & wear and build
where we shall go, what we may do and when
On crimsoned thrones in wall st and the Strand

Among these must you sit if you would rule
And only rulers in this world are free,
The rich is God's aristocrats today
The Poor is Natures puppet and Gods fool

When Orgon rose with transports on his lids
And toiled & make things golden Golden Thing
Moulded & brewed, dugged delved & spun
Heaped high with gain the ~~Cellars Rooms & Ships~~ crannies and crypts
~~Still be stored~~ yet should be ransacked this thick Marked corner. things of Things
Naked, mind garments, starveling mind food foes
Out of the ice the golden ~~Thing~~ smudgit mussed
yet ~~Naught~~ was golden save the golden Kings.

Then God the Broker smiled & slyly said
Gold gilds the alley ~~money~~ not the use of things
It is not food but money that brand bunny
To morrow buy ~~nothing~~ ice – it leaps three pounds ahead.

~~And there Cyclopic the Black man~~
The black man gazed with those eyes of ice
And whispered Stone me call ened gawny Crab
"Bah" hissed the Broker "Crab is, Chance
We take no chances-loaded are these dice.

Then forth fared Orgon over that ~~Heaven~~ Hell with Dark
Seeking & still the fear that ~~Groove~~ furrowed his soul
Morgue & Playhouse Den & Asylum tore
Glutton & clammy grappled hand his by the hand
Childhood mocked age and ~~Prostitute~~ cursed Wife
Idlers ~~Cursed~~ cursed Work and Workers swore at ease

Coal on the cheek of ~~this~~ red Paradise
Rode mild man shades a crying This is life

On the Lithalic, the black man ~~should~~ would am
Who be cruel who this it is not this I feed
~~Satan does the flesh of freedom of faith~~
The Ice sexy vanished on the chins shark from
~~the~~ thing Orgue in ~~within~~ the circle of the world.

The Second Vision

~~Dorcas~~ The midnight stars there rose from arms slave
~~Fishes of formless dark~~ fish from out endless ~~ocean~~ caves
Ching ~~Choang~~ and ecaled & headed with a face of Nijinsky
Whose eyes were older than the oldest time

God was a fish searching the German seas:
Knowledge is power wherefore Orgue knows
Knows Things? Who knows the knowing, the knower
~~Who see the seeming on the fullness of peace~~
As heaven tops hell so towers knowing ~~that~~ this

The priest's dark eyes burned on his darker face
Not heaved his heart hard hammers ~~assassinated~~ Here is Truth!
The what of this world the ~~unborn~~ unborn why
The guardian ghost that ~~guards~~ wards the Holy Place.

Down in the dark and dolorous dens of the Deeps
Forewent by nameless mountains shadowed by shakes
Sat Orgue neath the ancient wisdom of those ancient eyes
Sat Orgue neath the endless eyes of Time
And Wondered when he found those eyes asleep

The deeps thundered shewed not wisdom dream
Dory is dreamery all the world its dream
Dreamy is dory deeds with visions team
Wondery is seemy all the world doth seem

Drowsy the dark deep dreamed dreams to waken
Dreamily dowsed the deeps in dreadful dale
Till thrice the dark priest had quickened Time
By thy all Father in thy soul to-hast receipt thou
Steadily all the waters dusted away backward roll
And on the bosom of old ocean Thumb
One iceberg of all icebergs glorified
And a the greatest largest the German dream
And to one ocean all the oceans streams
And to one iceberg all icebergs freers
Where Germany and Englanded England's dream

Here Orgue shat finds thou ancient eyes
And sucked the maelstrom waters from his face
And sobbed and he rose to the world again
The wanton wisdom of the wise is lies

And to one seafoam all worlders

Dreamily drowned the decks in dreadful dole
Thrice had the dark hunt questioned God the Fish
All Written in thy soul what seest thou?
When suddenly wild waters backward roll
When to one ocean all the oceans flow
When to one iceberg all the icebergs freeze
When one serfdom all the workers unite
Ad Germany and England's England's woe

Then Orgue shut up those ancient eyes
And swept the weltered waters from his face
Ad sang world-wound cried out his soul
"The vanished wisdom of this world is lies"

Yet the old fish with eyes out steadily stealth
Circled & sighed in never ending curves
There is no Truth – but Truth be what man will
Armies & Navies workers war & wealth
Again cod on the spits black heathen from
Sang Orgue in the circle of the world
Wondering backward why? But why? but why?
~~So thick the thing must be choking as it does~~
As the dark must fall thicker on his brow

The Third Vision

The Damnation of the Reverend Jones

A colored minister preaches Hell & Damnation
& Crowds. with excellent hallelujahs
One asks who made the Devil.
Devil begins
He realizes older ministers don't believe literally all
they say
He loses faith & power
His church splits
The mortgage is to be foreclosed
Jones has Understanding

A theft of $500,000 is discovered
The man who holds Jones's mortgage has
stolen & faces ruin
He must recover on all his holdings
An offer is made for the church corner
Jones says
The man tells him to steal the bonds
The detectives are puzzled

Jones seeks his corner & takes a Cure
His remorse
The man returns the bonds worth $ 200,000
offers Jones $ 100,000 to confess & settle
Jones confesses & surrenders $ 300,000
Detectives doubt
Jones builds a $ 100,000 Church
& dies

Edelmode

I am black but comely
Look not upon me because I am black
Sing unto the Lord a New Song.
Amen
I am the Lord thy God.
Come down & sit in the Dust.
Be Thou silent
Awake awake Put on thy Strength.
Break forth into Joy
He is despised and rejected of men — Isa 53.
Sing O Barren Isa 54
O Thou Afflicted Tost with Tempest.
Ho Everyone that Thirsteth
Cry aloud & spare not.
Arise shine for Thy light is come
O Ye that My Heart mourn Wales
Be astonished O ye Heavens
Lift up thine Eyes.
Hear O Earth
Hear Now This, O Foolish People.
A Voice of Wailing
Pour out thy Fury upon the Heathen
Lift up your Heads

Ilia Bois Jolie

The Slaughter

God called
His voice thundered like a common
amongst
I need a Sacrifice, he said
Lambs for this World - Slaughter
30000-
Then men answered saying
Here am I me
Give no unbroken, sound & pure
& let mad women slay as one
March humbly by.
But god shook his head
His head shake was like
The shudder of earth at the Cameleon
I have enough of these, he said, and more
Where is the burnt offering?

"Then ~~were~~ about 3000 black men
healed gathered + stood
there we be O Lord, and they. "Send us
to toil + work + suffer in the sun +
let the nation all know what we have
done + our race.

God murmured. His murmur was
like the hiss of rain on wind wasted
moors

Not you, he said, my need is greater
than your gift.

Where is utter renunciation..?

Then stood 3 or four & said
Infinite, here are we
naked & unknown will me go thither those
ancient & in after years men shall
envy of our journey & our deed
May sent God. This No was like the
. Crack of burning timber
May be end. I send sacrifice
Neither trumpet nor memories shall be
Utter earnest.
Ye shall die in shame, unsung
your cause shall be buried with you
your graves shall be unmarked
& on your names shall written shall
with curses
God looked
All work was like a crown in the spring
and 13 men stepped out
and died. God sighed. His sleep was

was like the first cry of a
child

W. E. B. DuBois, Wilberforce, Ohio.

Twilight.

Sing weary soul a measure;
~~Then~~ let the fading twilight would
Sleep with a cradle-song
Of thine own heart.

Winding smoke and golden cloudlet
Fade and quiver — wheel away;
Een the brown and purpling forests
Will not stay.

Weep, little heart, a songlet;
Night hath sung thee many a lay.
Singing, weep; and weeping, sing!
O weary one.

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

W. E. B. DuBois, Wilberforce, Ohio.

Carmen Saeculorum.

What is Life?
Eternal strife
God's calming breath,
is Death.

Life is wailing,
Working, woe!
Death is God's
Eternal No.

Life is font
of infinite want,
Infinite rest
is Death

Life is bitter —
Sweet to die:
Who would live?
I.

W. E. Burghardt DuBois.

A Folk-Song.

A sailor loved a maiden,
Not fair, but sweet to see;
The sailor had a mission,
And he said, "God stay with thee!"

"For I must sail the ocean —
"Must I whisper why?" said he.
"I linger not," the maiden answered,
"I am brave enough to see."

O the ocean laughed so loudly,
O the ocean roared in glee
And the ocean drowned the sailor
In the bottom of the sea.

But the maiden never faltered
"Idle tears are not for me!"
And she took her lover's mission
And went sailing o'er the sea.

O the ocean laughed so loudly
O the ocean roared in glee.
And the sailor wed the maiden,
In the bottom of the sea.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

---

address
W. E. B. Du Bois,
700 Lombard St.,
Philadelphia, Penn.

The First Snow

The Master said, and sighed in pain,
"Lo! the Earth have I cleansed in vain
"For nought have I sent her Sunshine and Rain"

A Voice fell low on the Judgment Chair
"Send not the Maid of the Golden Hair,
"No more let the Weeping Child go there;

"Enough hast Thou sent of Joy and Tears,
"Cleanse now the World with the rugged Years
"Let white-haired Age go teach these seers"

An angel flew to the earth that night,
And swept the air with her tresses bright
And the sun rose over a World all white.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

Atlanta University,
Atlanta, Ga.

Nina

Nina is gone!

And the wail of the darkening woodlands, is borne over the
the corn fields
And breezes that woefully whisper, and whistle and wheel
the twilight.
Catch from the light of the dawn, the saddening sorrow of evening,
Nina is gone.

— • —

Nina is gone:
Tell me O glistening vale, tell me O rippling river,
Why does the light of the sun so flicker and darken and quiver,
Why are the clouds so grey, and the shadowy shadows so
lonesome?
Nina is gone.

— • —

Nina is gone;
Sad is the heart that stays, so lingeringly watching and
waiting;
Weaving and plaiting the hope of the days of a day far distant,
Sobbing and smelling alone 'mid the ever reaching echo:
Nina is gone.

— • —

Ah well!

— • —

~~When Nina comes again!~~
~~When Nina comes again!~~
All earth shall sing
All flowers shrung
And wildly swinging little birds
Shall Trill and cry.
Too-whit, too-whee!
Nina is come.

- . -

When Nina comes again
When Nina comes again
All earth shall ride,
In her sweet eyes.
To kiss the gates of Paradise;
And all her dark and misty hair
Shall float and sing,
Tu-ra-lura, tu-ra lool!
Nina is come.

— . —

When Nina Comes again
When Nina comes again
And ruby roses flush,
And pretty pansies blush,
Then in the dawn of God's New Year
My heart shall sing
O ho! oho! ohio!
Nina is come.

The Snow.

The Master said, and sighed in pain,
Lo! I have cleansed the Earth in vain,
Enough have I sent of Sunshine and Rain.

A Voice fell low on the Judgement Chair.
"Send not the Maid of the Golden Hair
"No more let the Weeping Maid go there"

"Enough hast Thou sent of Joy and Tears,
"Cleanse now the World with the rugged years.
"Let white-haired Age go teach the seers."

An angel flew to the Earth that night
And swept the ~~air~~ air with her ~~the~~ breast high
And the sun rose over a world all white.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

Atlanta University,
Atlanta, Ga.

Ad Flaccum.

Nulla dies sine linea,
~~Horace~~ tells us — surely
We who Horace knows;
Yet I wonder if hale Horace,
Ever sat in mortal throes
With his dies, but the linea
Of ~~Horace~~ his flowing carmina vinea,
Flatly, fearlessly declining,
Notwithstanding all his whining,
To appear —
till the seer
Threw his pen in deep disgust,
With his ethics, in the dust,
As
I
do
now!

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

W. E. B. Du Bois,
Fisk University,
Nashville, Tenn.

02

The Last of the Druids.

Silence,— while through the great mane rolls solemn stillness,
Unbroken save by the restless motion of the waves
As they beat upon the rockbound coast.
A weird wilderness, with black forests and bold-faced beach,
O'er which shine far and wide the elf-balls of heaven-lit light,—
Glimmers of the Infinite.
On the left a titanic rampart of witch-carved rocks
Soars to the clouds; but one there is mightier
Far mightier, and proudly rears its massive form
Upward, defying the heavens.
Its base washed by many an angry sea
Bears strange characters
Cut by no human hand deep into the unhewn stone
While an entrance dark with fearful shade
Proclaims the temple of the mystic Druids.
Well may thou stand defiant, O thou beloved of Thor!

The Earth is sleeping, and the soft tresses of the
Day-God's bride
Lie loving on her bosom, as a daughter on her
mother's breast.
How white are the sea-sands, and see! far out o'er
the billows,— hush!
For out the temple's mouth rises a weird melody,—
The seabird is startled from his nest,
And the hoary rocks beyond hurl back the anthem
Far o'er the waters,— but upon the beach comes
a strange group:
In front towering aloft, ~~towering aloft~~, his massive
chest swept
By snowy beard and viking locks, is an aged man;
Seared is his countenance, but his eye flashes with
a wonderful splendor,
As the eye of Wodin.
His form is girt with snowy wool, save his huge
right arm,
Which, bared to the elements, is raised on high:
the Last of the Druids!
Next comes the priestess, well had she served and
serving yet rejoiced.
In her hand the mistletoe and many a sacred
herb,
Her wild eyes fixed upon the sea.

Before them lay the last victim, naked, her hair dishevelled,
kissed by the midnight breeze, — so beautiful
As her blue eyes lingering sought the stars.
The fierce orbs of the aged man peered far across the sea;
Still moaned the waters, still slept the earth.
Suddenly he bent forward, his eye flashed wilder,
And a light illumed the hard lines of his countenance.
"It is time", he muttered, and drawing forth the sacrificial knife,
Held it aloft. Thus he spoke:

"Now fades the day into the morrow,
And with today shall cold the record of my race;
But not in shame. Nay, not thus the mighty gods decree.
O Wodin!
If ever in thy name the blood of man or beast hath flowed
On lofty temple, rose untouched by desecrating tool,
O monarch of the Thunder-bolt,
Dread rider of the Wind,
Flash from the starry canopy with thy propitious eye,

And tell the elements thou lovest yet my race"
Thus he spoke, and speaking drave the gleaming steel
Far into the white breast of the victim.
The wail of the dying rang out into the wild night,
And the red blood rushed into the air and dyed the
midnight sands
The frightened seabird fluttered in her nest and her
shark note
Struck shrill upon the breeze.
Hark!
louder the sea roars
Fiercer it rages!
Lo! And the Wind-god flies over the water,
Higher the black clouds roll to the zenith,
Whistles the hurricane through the black forests,
Higher the note of the seabird is swelling,
Suddenly, O Thor!
The heavens do thunder!
Rush from the fiery eye of the Dog-star.
Flash of the lightning and roll of the hammer;
It seethed thro' the temple ether,
It tore thro' the temple,
It played on the lovely head of the maiden,—
While the god-bidden Death snatch from all
Nature
Sight of the moonlight, sight of the sea!

* * * \

W. E. B. Du Bois
Fisk University,
Nashville, Tennessee

THE LAST OF THE DRUIDS

Silence, - while through the great inane rolls solemn stillness,
Unbroken save by the restless motion of the waves
As they beat upon the rockbound coast.
A weird wilderness, with black forests and bold-faced beach,
O'er which shine far and wide the elf balls of heaven lit light,-
Glimpses of the Infinite.
On the lift a titanic rampart of witch-carved rocks
Soars to the clouds; but one there is mightier
Far mightier, and proudly rears its massive form
Upward, defying the heavens.
Its base washed by many an angry sea bears strange characters
Cut by no human hand deep into the unknown stone;
While an entrance dark with fearful shade
Proclaims the temple of the mystic Druids.
Well may thou stand,defiant, O thou beloved of Thor!
The Earth is sleeping, and the soft tresses of the Day-God's bride
Lie loving on her bosom, as a daughter on her mother's breast.
How white are the sea-sands, and see! far out o'er the billows,-
hush!
For out the temple's mouth rises a weird melody, -
The sea-bird is startled from his nest.
And the hoary rocks beyond hurl back the anthem
Far o'er the waters, - but upon the beach comes a strange group:
In front towering aloft, his massive chest swept
By snowy beard and viking locks, is an aged man;
Seared is his countenance, but his eye flashes with a wonderful
splendor,
As the eye of Wodin.
His form is girt with snowy wool, save his huge right arm,
Which, bared to the elements, is raised on high; the last of the
Druids!
Next comes the priestess; well had she sewed and sewing yet
rejoiced.
In her hand the mistletoe and many a sacred herb,
Her wild eyes fixed upon the sea.
Before them lay the last victim, naked, her hair dishevelled,
kissed by the midnight breeze,- so beaustiful
As her blue eyes lingering sought the stars.
The fierce orbs of the aged man peered far across the sea;
Still moaned the waters, still slept the earth.
Suddenly he bent forward, his eye flashed wilder,
And a light illumed the hard lines of his countenance.
"It is time," he muttered, and drawing forth the sacrificial knife
Held it aloft. Thus he spoke;
"Now fades the day into the morrow,
And with today shall end the record of my race;
But not in shame. Nay, not thus the mighty gods decree.
O Wodin!
If ever in thy name the blood of man or beast hath flowed
or lofty temple rose untouched by desecrating tool,
Oh monarch of the thunderbolt,
Dread rider of the Wind,

Flash from the starry canopy with thy propitious eye,
And tell the elements thou lovest yet my race."
Thus he spoke, and speaking drave the gleaming steel
Far into the white breast of the victim.
The wail of the dying rang out into the wild night,
And the red blood rushed into the air and dyed the midnight sands
The frightened seabird fluttered in her nest and her sharp note
Struck shrill upon the breeze
Hark!
Louder the sea roars
Fiercer it rages!
Lo! And the Wind-god flies o'er the waters
Higher the black clouds roll to the zenith,
Whistles the hurricane through the black forests,
Higher the note of the seabird is swelling,
Suddenly, O Thor!
The heavens do thunder!
Rush from the very eye of the Dog-star.
Flash of the lightning and roll of the hammer;
It seethed thro' the ether,
It tore thro' the temple,
It played on the lovely breast of the maiden,-
while the god-bidden strata snatch from all nature
Sight of the moonlight, sight of the star
Again thro' the dark forests reigns silence,
The sweet stillness of death;
But when tomorrow's sun caressing shall wake the sleeping earth,
Mayhap the Roman soldiery may scoff at deeds of heaven-hurled light;
May jeer the curse of aged seer and tell how
Strewn with fiend-thrown rocks they found the witch-folk cold in death
Yea, that the very elements did frown upon their orgies.
But ah! the elements know,
The breezes whisper;
Then let the haughty Roman boast his cursed cruelty!
Let harp and hand their story tell of witch craft o'er the sea!
But in Valhalla's wondrous halls
There stands an oaken chair,
Where rests in peace, served by the gods,
The Last of all the Druids.

THE FIRST SNOW

The Master said with a sigh of pain,
Lo, I have cleansed the earth in vain,
For naught have I sent the sunshine and rain

Then up spake one to the Royal Chair:
Withhold the Maid of the Golden Hair,
Lord, let not the Weeping Maid go there.

If men heed not thy Smile and Tears,
Cleanse Thou the earth with Rugged Fears:
Let whitelocked Age go teach these seers.

An angel came to the world that night,
And swept the air with her tresses bright;
And men awoke to a worldall white.

PROBLEMATIC

A little nigger-girl at play;
A little bee - a work-a-day;
A hey-dey!
Work and play!

A little dark and buzzing bee,
Wavelet of an aniry sea -
Who can shirk?
Let us work!

A little dark and happy face,
A darky nymph - a darky grace;
A hey-dey
Let us play!

Little Play-balls tossing high,
Tiny winglets in the sky -
Honeys lurk!
Play and work!

A little ball against the tree,
A bee and floweret in the sea!
Why, Why?
Must he die!

Little black hands 'round the bee,
A-warming it against her knee-
Fol-de-rol!
Little fool

A maddening sting - a bitter cry,
A wildly wondering little eye!
Well unfurled,
Little world!

"Hush, my babe, the world's unkind,
God and nature, man and mind"-
Lisped the sprite:
"I wazn't white!"

"Didst thou think, O Wonder-mind,
Only white Folks were unkind?"
A Hey-dey!
Let us pray!

O the girl-child - O the sea!
O the cruel, cruel bee -
Holy Night,
What is white.

W. E. B. Du Bois

Great Barrington, Massachusetts
Box 165

PROTHALMION

The red sun rides upon the day
The red sun wheels and steals away,
And little lambs are bleating.

The wheelman glides into the night
The meadows doze in misty light
And O! my heart is beating.

O wondrous twilight, happy day!
That fades in Wonderland away,
To bring a golden morrow
To lingering lonely life,
Comes a wee and winsome wife,
Love hath vanquished sorrow.

W. E. Burhardt Du Bois

Contributions to the Negro Problems

We are getting now far enough from the War and its memories to take a more unprejudiced interest in the position of the Negro people in the United States. Probably few questions have been discussed with such an unblushing disregard of facts as those surrounding the presence of this race in America; take, for instance, the matter of color-prejudice; it has again and again been said that the repulsion between the whites and blacks is instinctive and that while some illicit and irregular amalgamation has taken place, yet this amalgamation is so exceptional in its character as merely to prove the rule.

When however we carefully investigate this matter we find that history may teach us much. Everyone knows that the intimacy between the races during slavery, in personal relations and human sympathy was very great. It has generally been assumed however that this intimacy of daily life was a growth from an initial feeling of repulsion, and that the fixed relations of the slave regime allowed a large but limited growth of sympathy between the races. Historical evidence does not support this view, but on the contrary tends to prove that there was at first comparatively little race prejudice between whites and blacks in early colonial times, and that the prejudice only appeared after a long period of artificial fostering by the laws of the land. Take for instance this curious legislation of the colony of North Carolina in 1723; it is entitled "An Act for an additional Tax on all free Negroes Mulattoes Mustees, and such Persons, Male and Females, as now are, or here after shall be, intermarried with any such Persons, resident in this government.

1. Whereas complaints have been made by divers Freeholders and other inhabitants of this government, of great numbers of free Negroes, Mulattoes, and other Persons of mixt Blood, that have lately removed themselves into this Government, and that several of them have intermarried with the white Inhabitants of this Province; on Contempt of

the Acts and Laws in those Cases made and provided:

2. Be it therefore Enacted

That all free Negroes, Mulattoes, and other Persons of that Kind, being mixed Blood, including the Third Generation, who are, or hereafter shall be, Inhabitants or Residents in this Government, both male and Female, who are of the age of twelve years and upwards, shall, from the Ratification of the Act, be deemed and taken for Tithables, and as such each and every of them shall, Yearly, pay the same L vies and Taxes as the other Tithable inhabitants do, and shall, and are hereby made liable to pay the same yearly to such Person or Persons, in such manner and at such times and places, and to be subject to such Fines and Penalties, as in and by an Act, intitled An Act for making the Sum of Twelve Thousand Pounds,--- and for regulating the Taxes; which the other Inhabitants of this Province being Tithable, are obliged and subject to

3. And be it further Enacted

That from and after the Ratification of this Act, any white Person or Persons whatsoever, Male or Female, Inhabitants of this Government or that may or shall remove themselves hither from other Parts, that now is or hereafter shall be, married with any Negro, Mulatto, Mustee, or other Person being of mixed Blood as afore said, shall be, and are hereby made liable to the same Levies and Taxes as the Negroes, Mulattoes and other mixed Bloos as hereinabove is expressed; and it is the Intent and Meaning of this Act, that all and ev ry of the aforesaid Tithables removing themselves into this Government, shall pay the levy and Taxes assessed for the Year they come hith r providing they come before the Tenth day of June in that Year"

Collection of the Public Acts of Assembly of North Carolina. Newbern, 1751. 1723, ch. 5, pp. 56-57

Act of 1741 -- #13 punished intermarriageof Black and White by a fine of Fifty Pounds proclamation money on the white.

#14 The minister or Justice marrying these fined the same amount.

There came from from the Earth
And the cloud-paled sky
The song of the Fearful
That rolled on high
That rolled and swelled
And sobbed and sighed
Like the rolling and swelling
Of Time and Tide

It sang of the Dead
and the grey-lipped morn
and the shadowing sorrows
of days unborn
It moaned and wailed
It wailed and cried
like the moaning and wailing
of Time and Tide

The Song passed on
and the Sorrow died
and the Hours went slippin away
away, unsighed
They sang and danced
They laughed and lud
like the laughing and dancing
of Time and Tide.

A boy lay down by the river bank
and sighed and signed and sighed
How I wish I was rich
or in fame had a niche
or I wish I'd a fair young bride

A breeze swept down
with a perfume rare
and cried, and cried and cried
how I wih you were learn'd
and vain wealth spurned
how I wish you were argus eyed

But the river rippled
A voice in air
and lied and lied and lied
How the world, you see
has but children three
The Bank, The Breeze and the Bride.

Untitled poems and fragments

Black woman of the Iron hills that
guard the barley sea
Old spirit of a storm swept soul - a part
of the fight
The thousand thunders where the blood
May never blossom shake
Dance through the symbol in God's name
& be a world wide

Four times it made
from rivers of tears
of hatred & despair
& sad singing & the
death men. Yet God
says He'll see gold
& He said when they'll enter
meet this form with them that
Peace be what he wants

Jw man knows
but Jesus about the
Lord

200
11
25
19
7
210

472

And I saw four Fiend
Flying in an iron sky,
Mid the thick rolling smoke.
Humming a forgotten song.
Armed with thunder.
Hot and writhing lay
The quivering earth beneath them
Big with a man-child
And the first fiend
turned himself to the yellow north
and blew upon a trumpet of gold
till the trees sang & sang
"It is time! It is time!"
And the second fiend swept
against the dark blue east
And threw fury into a.
a trumpet of silver
And the trumpet gasped, crying:
"~~The Earth is dead~~ Hail Death.
~~The Earth is dead~~ Hail Death
And the Earth gave a great moan
And a little silver tear
went rolling on and on

And the third fiend bending
Raised his terrible West & threw
mightily till from his brazen clarion
left a horrid wail, wailing
The Earth is dead.
And the little tear was frozen.
But the fourth did plant
one foot on the east and
one foot on the west
and raised his mighty form
till his head did clang against Heaven
& smoking thy flank could
Heard and his iron trumpet he
did blow his fearsome life
so strongly that he fell headlong
into hell, but the trumpet
hoisted aloft grieved & yelled
Shrieked & shake saying
sorry live the Earth
And I saw upon the white
Earth's bosom
a little brown babe.

The Ark of the world is found
The Eternal Palace
Where God would weary early his wreath of Tod
did arduous sit down sweat sheathed &
head on hand
In the great unbroke silence of his afterthought
& Brain in staingaunt brooding of the Poet pang of pain
Here in the great clear nesting of the snow
Worth of all wrath & wrath of his own throne
He cured the chips & entrails of his work
There hard in the heart of cold & cold sea
Lay the dim edges of the Thought of Things
Decrees of the Unfathomable, roads of dreams & Right & Wrong
Whereon he set the Word, Thus Seal,
That John saver brake that great world Enhance
while Thou word
To all adown the Thirsty Earth
Thund Your almighty Waves
& Dear-Revel Thoughts unthought

dumb—

saying no thing

forgetting the word

cried crushed covered

out that could release them

towards God's throne

The top of the world we found

I cut my own

& so to punish them forgetting & heed

My words cold Cord

God send a lie to reach before

the faces of the dove & My shipy man

and that they think not of the

words took out of mans frailty

The great white
silence of this night
deep of his inner nature
the peace of heaven
There lay the dim
edges of the strength of
Chenya dream ship
Completion of the
Incomplete
reasons of the inscrutable
Rights of Wrong
Then fell stark on
the heart of Cold
& solid sleep he
Lay the Plan
Reign

Where reigns the
primal silence of
dark earth
Where after his weeks
work God sat him
down & heard no bird
sweet awaked & bee stood
felt the warm wilderness
& heavy of trees

Two souls, new fled
~~into~~
reaching this space
Paused & paused
"I gave all for love" cried one
the other answered "all I gave for love"
Then eager each looked on the others head
& saw how one
leaving her children & their sodden mate. she
had shamed her heart fulness on her mate
A hour the other ~~sat how one~~ had ~~left~~ said a loved losses
Nay & ~~a loved & pursued grown~~ turned to
guard the a many brothers children thus left lone
~~deserted~~ ~~& seeing~~ this they saw & seeing
each soul probed & unveiled
& blest this the shrieky air.

of unseen visions of the Lord Lovely God.
& firmly his great hood upon that real
so Blessed and Heaven & sad silent
a thousand thousand years

Of seven on earth that yearned & wailed
in its blood & pain
came 3 things.
The first & smallest was black
he came from ravaged & from[illegible] palaces
God served with that self grey hands
heaven had so befit a being
The second came from out crowded
cities of the world, pale as doom.
& brought with him that dearing that so
made a thing - the third was
Weaved - yellow - bred in sorrow
& wrapped with that great chord wonder
of the world which so befits a seer

There have been many
who pursued to the great Cohat
Release that day like the sheep
Throwed by storms great Cohat
Allround the world

Nina my dear
My sweet September, she,
Fair and ~~mellow~~ glowing
with a wealth
Of dark & quivering chest
mellowed with sorrow

Loving, with promise
Of strength & steadfastness
Yet so tender & so true
That wavy shiny tone
ripples over her face

And her dark eyes
do fade & fancy
From shiney & Audacious
From June & wonder hour
My sweet September she.
Nina, my dear.

Eyes blue eyes
What clear cloud like skies
What shower with tears
And dawn with summer sunshine
cloud with hair
And blaze with with wild ~~Love~~ sweet passion
born of love.
Eyes grey eyes
With sunset darkenings of dawn
And noon tide shimmerings of night
Dear eyes, sweets eyes
looking out from soul to soul
from yours to mine
& ours
my eyes
my soul.

(Amanda Smith
webforce)

~~We Rolled the Seas away~~

When Israel out of bondage came
A Sea before them lay
The Lord reached down his mighty arm
& rolled the sea away

Chr
Then forward still
His Jehovah's will
Tho the billows dash & spray
With a Conquering tread
Will push ahead
He'll roll the seas away

Before me lay a sea of ~~sin~~
So dark I feared & ~~hung~~ sway
~~The~~ Upon the Lord reached down his ~~mighty~~ arm
& Rolled that sea ~~away~~

~~And before Israel escaped Pharaoh's~~
~~For crossed from the sea~~
~~& Moses lifted up his staff~~

Atlanta stands
And [redacted] always stood
Where the billows dash & spray
Beneath Jehovah's mighty arm
Will find or make a way

~~A. U. Hymn~~

Triumphant Mother lift ~~your~~ thine head
Form out the darkness & the dead
Thy glorious, ~~message~~ beckons true
Thy mighty morning dawns — A U.

—

Atlanta University
Thy children's ~~your~~ children worship thee
Thy struggling sons thy daughters too
Forever hymn thy praise — A U.

Negro of bondage & of blood
Baptized in fire, nursed in woe
& tried & tempted too
Whom standeat stunned & strong — A.U.!

Atlanta University
We toil and teach & heal for thee
We build a race & build it true
And build it of Thy Soul, A U.

Monday AM

Farrand:

Blood will tell but we are not sure what it tells & which blood it is which speaks.

Cyl Connell

Bean

Seligman:

Individual & general

- Mayo — Science distinguishes between two.

Christ & ~~[illegible]~~ & Science will triumph.

Dewey

Value-valuation

Social environment

Ability Relation & time — Specialists & new minds; talent ability

Ward: Presidency

Paper on first preconceptions & Social Charity.

Let us cheer the weary traveller
Within our gates today

Our sons are like the mountains
Our daughters as the trees
Their children's voices call you:
To Atlanta University

"The Way of God is round bound
His mercys thunder free
Yet here his love shall greet you
Atlanta University

Hail Comrade of God's mercies
Hail toilers dark and free
Thrice welcome to the portal
Of Atlanta University

Begot in Bondage & in Blood
Baptized in Fire nursed in Love
Tempted in vain
With ruth & rue
Thou standest clamour & obey

A U.

Atlanta University
Thy Children's Children worship there
O Shiny be thy zone — Thy daughter Crue
And God upheld the brand

A U.

Where is the Black Man's Father land
In Asia dwd or Africa sand
Or where America's wide realm
Except with this same God curse
No, no, no no —

Old A U above others
O'er all others in the world

College hymn
Victory
Defeat

Hurrah for the boys who beat us
Well get em again for times
You never can really defeat us
Invincible old A U.

Get together,
Kill em
Eat em
anything
We must defeat em
Zis boom, bah.
Away we go – hah.
A U.

Almagest

Triumphant Mother ~~rouse~~ lift thy head

~~Lift up thy~~

And ~~raise~~ thy mourning ~~eye~~ the dead

Thy ~~glorious~~ ~~majesty~~ mission beckons ~~thee~~

~~To those thy mourning gold the sky~~

Thy mighty mornings dawns – a V

" " " " "

Atlantis Unmending

Thy children children worship thee

Thy stalwart sons, thy daughters ~~be~~ fair

Forever & my thy fame a V.

~~We teach, we learn, we sing + read~~

~~We plant, we heal,~~

We dig we delve we buy we lend

We plead, we heal, we clean, we prune

~~We build a~~

We build a race + build it true

We build thy spirit too – a V.

It glows.

The feeble mortals
one approaches
all refuse

The god casts it into the
sea wherefore thereafter the
Sea ever moves
over sights
unseens

Then the god moved and
whom the Sea it was
not

Our eyes are deaf
+ cannot hear the joy song
of the dawning
+ the need cloud
of
a star yet found
expectancy of the rest
of man

our ears are blind
+ cannot see
the voice of cloud
+ the clamor of the coming
ones

+ the great shriek of
those that would be
free

*

Let me die
Let me die
Quicker than me
Than art the Author
of a world over

Lives after
he lives + [illegible]
emp yet fears not

Lives Alone
He lives + dies
yet walks

To Christ dead
Christ is dead
yet Christ walks

And this — this
Mercy

This is Answer
+ To Jesus Christ come
Christ over After

All hail

The year stands lab-lor & the shrine
~~The day She is hanging at the door~~
The dawn is smiling at the day
And joy & laughter throng the way
To welcome home so fair a thing

Alan Bow-Bells

Eyes, blue eyes,
That clear and cloud
Like skies –
That shower tears
Pain-bought,
And dance
In summum sunshine,
Cloud with sorrow,
Blaze with wild sweet passion
Born of love;
Eyes – grey eyes
Sunset with darkening
Of dawn,
And noontide shimmerings
Of night;
Dear eyes, sweet eyes
Peering out from soul to soul
From yours & mine
To ours.
My eyes
My soul.

Do you find me better?

You? better? Why Madame I am Billows
The beauty of things here gives one fever
in veins
Ah but the things do not know
Neither do we
Save we do not know each other
Rather we do not know ourselves —
am I a rascal? Who knows!

J. Childs C. as woman editor - YWCA

(Shelley + Keats - Hist

Problems organization

left at midnight

26. Kansas city - breakfast in depot restaurant + standing Santa Fé train

" Thou lovely + beloved, thou my love
" Whose kiss seems still the first,
" Whose ~~summoning~~ eyes
" Even now as for our love's new sunrise
" Shed very dawn; whose voice attuned above
" All modulations of the deep bowered
dove
" Is like a hand laid softly on the Soul
" Whose hand is life — a sweet voice to
Control
" Whose worn tired brows it hath
the keeping of. "

Rossetti

Elbrofea at Bufala
Sat on her ornament golden throne
Elbrofia called
Her voiced thundered like ominous sunsets
Sacrifice bring me Samfone, She said,
Lambs for the World Slaughter.
Then out of the shine west came the voices
of 13 millions saying
Here are we. give us golden garments, bright crowns
& fiery gems
Let a thousand & thousand drums
Play mad music as Crowds bravely by—
But Elbrofia closed her ears
Her heartshade shuddered like the quaking earth
beneath the Comedians.
Earth has
enough of Them & more she said—
Samfone, bring me scrapes
Then stood 13 Thousand black men forth
with heads bowed & stern

I have sought her on the moorlands
I have called her on the sea
I have ~~searched~~ within the cities
& she would not come to me.

And I turned me to the shadows
Of the soul that makes me
And I called myself for lover
Lo! my own soul – it was She.

So I turn me to the shadows
Where my personal soul is free
And I search me for the love light –
~~Lo my own soul~~ – it is She
Soul of my soul –

When I turned mine eyes within me
All my inmost soul to see
And I search within the shadows –
Soul of my soul – it is She.

Ordered
Remittance
Final remittance
Letter

O simple soul that loves me well
What subtle alchemy there lies
Within the yearning of your eyes
To draw thus heaven out of hell

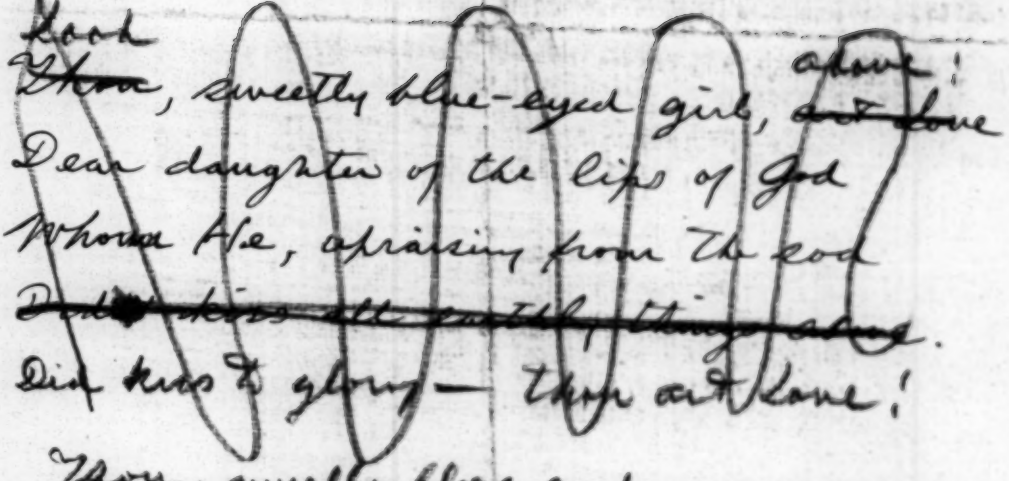
Lo! Ave Maria! sings my soul
And Ave Maria lilts my cradle
And all the starry words do flutter
Where starry angels wonder roll

For she is pure as lilies white
As fair-lipped lilies dipped in blood
Who nathless doff them from the flood
And doth scent perfume on the night

O little Mary Outre Mer
What wings are folded o'er thy head
From out the kingdoms of the dead
To guard my darling over there

I wonder if a mothers wings
Are loomed by gentle angels there
Lest any darkness on them rise
Mar daughter of a thousand kings

Almighty Things there be on earth
And things that no man dreameth of —
Beneath the deepest Things lies Love
And Love is more than all things worth.



Look
~~Thou~~, sweetly blue-eyed girl, above!
Dear daughter of the lips of God
Whom I've, upraising from the sod
~~Did kiss all earthly things above~~.
Did kiss & glory — Thou art Love!

Thou, sweetly blue eyed girl, above
A thousand glories of the sod
Thou daughter of the lips of God,
I've kissed & glory — Thou art Love

Lo! "Ave! Maria!" sings my soul
And "Ave! Maria!" lilts my lute
And all the flaming worlds da flute
And starry songs of morning roll.

X For she is pure as lillies white,
As pale-lipped lillies dipped in blood
Who natheless rear them from the flood
And shine as shine the stars of night

I sit me sadly in my Mew
And see the silent songs go by
And hearken to the sunset sky
And wonder if my Mary's true

And if her trueness be no dole
Of her pale body, painfully forced
But whiteness of a Heart divorced
And Vision of a one-voiced Soul.

Methinks thou wert a milk-white doe
That startled, fled the hunter's yell:
I leapt, black-antlered, from the dell
And hurled aloft thy haunty foe

Thy timid footsteps touched the shade
Till thou wert nestling 'neath my knee
With dumb and wide-eyed love for me,
While tender silence gloomed the glade.

On some imperial Persian sheet
Thy royal chariot once did reel—
I put my shoulder to the wheel
And when I rose, our eyes did meet.

Thou wast a princess — I, a slave;
We did not greet — we went our way
With hearts that thundered night and day
One burning message from the grave

Once I was king in some dark land
And led wild wars beneath the moon
And saw a thousand captives swoon
And once — I saw they chained white hand

I passed — then rising with the dawn
I rode with all my captains proud
And heard the huzzas long and loud
But when I sought thee — thou wert gone.

They should tell you
If ~~Thou should'st hear that~~ I am Dead—
Say straight way that it cannot be
There is no dying here where we
The deathless word of Love have said.

I may go journeying, 'tis true
To some great deed in some ~~great~~ far land
~~But~~ Yet ~~know~~ ~~there~~ ~~forward~~ there I stand
~~And~~ Beyond the World, awaiting you.

O little lips that kiss so true,
O little limbs so lithe and white,
That lay close intertwined with night,
And make me live in loving you!

O little soul that loves me well
What wondrous alchemy there lies
Within the yearning of those eyes
To draw this Heaven out of hell!

Thou art Triune, O Heavenly Dove!
A soft sweet Body, kissed to glow,
A keenly eager Mind to know
A Heart of God's Immortal Love!

Sometime I choose thy bosom's dole,
Sometime I burn to blot and blaze
And mend us for the world of Man—
But always, Love, I love thy Soul!

Methinks thou sometime wert a star
And hung aloft oer Egypt faia:
And I, a leopard in my lair
Didst hunger for thee from afar.

And thou didst come ten thousand years
And looked upon me full and fair—
I fawned upon thy silken hair
Thro' jewelled glimmerings of tears.

The great cool breezes of the sky
The soft blown tree-tops bent above
The ever soughing Sea of Love
Hymned holy symphonies on high

We talked of deed of high emprize,
We whispered things too deep for word
We thrilled in silence all unheard
And then we lay and watched the skies

See Under

Wrote 23, 24, 25, & 26

I met her by the dusky seas
Where bald palmettoes fringe the air
And languor-luridly winds do bear
The bloom of orange on the breeze

Her hair was moonlight unto me,
Her lips were Love, her voice was Dream!
Behind the veil of Fear, did stream
The far-off thunder of the Sea.

I kissed her where the world doth meet
In one great curving of blue sky
And woodland minstrels piping shy
Spread cwitch-wove carpets for her feet

I kissed her and the world went cold
I kissed her and the earth was flame
As though some Spirit without name
Had spread its pinions manifold

Soon shalt Thou bear on rose-wreathed rod
Our Love-child – whether flesh or flame
Or some mild great Word without a Name –
To us He shall be Son of God.

Maid Mary mother mild of Men
And myriad millions mourning low
There where ~~Dead Sea~~ sullen waters flow
We shall fare forth & purge the fen

When art Thou, O heavenly Dove
A soft sweet body kissed & glow
A keenly eager mind to know
A heart of God's Immortal Love

Sometime I choose thy bosom's dole
Sometime I burn & heat and plow
And mend us der the World of man
But always, Love, I love thy soul

I am a child of Mauritius night
And thou a daughter of the day
O tell me, sweetheart, whereaway
May we two Troth and true love plight?

17

For where thou reignest I am dead
And from my kingdom thou art gone
O have me, darling, brave & brown
To wed world-darkness with Light!

And shall that bright mere daylight be
Or shall our darkness all be black?
O may we for the wide world's back
Some splendid softened Twilight free

O that mere marriage fit for love
O that mere wedding worth to see
I live & burn that day to be
And sweet thou, my dove,
with me

18

Methinks thou sometime wert a star
And hung aloft oer Egypt fair
And I a Leopard in my lair
Didst hunger for Thee from a far

19
(9)

Then didst thou come ten thousand years
And looked upon me full and fair
I hid me in thy silken hair
Thro' jewelled glimmerings of tears

Methinks thou wert a milk-white doe
That startled fled the hunter's yell
I leapt black-antlered from the dell
And hunted aloft thy haunting foe

20
(10)

Thy timid footsteps touched the shade
Well then wert kneeling 'neath my knee
With dumb and wide-eyed love for me
While tender silence gloomed the glade

For there be things above this earth
that no man ever thinketh of
beneath there deeper things lies love
And love is more than all things worth

For mighty things there be on earth
And things that no man thinketh of
Beneath the deepest things lies love
And love is more than all things worth

21

Than a blue eyed girl art love
dear daughter of the lips of God
whom he ultimately pour the sod
and rest earthly things above
kissed thee

I love thy little walking feet
I love thy lips & love thine eyes
But over all & dearly more
The lisping accents of thy voice

22

I love thee all with little choice
thy walking feet thy lips, thine eyes
Yet over all & dearly more
The lisping accents of thy voice

a Sonnet 6.

"There on thy woman cheeks the chill
And thus thine heart is ever young
And oh until thy soul hath flown
A pure beauty undefiled

LIDEBUL

The great cool breezes of the sky
The soft blown tree tops bent above
The far off soughing sea of love
Hymn like symphonies on high

We talked of deeds that wibut the world
We talked of things too deep for word
We talked with silence all unheard
Vague flutterings of souls unfurled

O little lips that kiss so true
O little hands so like a white
Red day close intertwined with night
Dont ever doubt my loving you

O little soul that loves me well
What wondrous alchemy there lies
Within the yearning of those eyes
To drive this heaven out of hell.

I met her by the dusking seas
Where bald Helmethes fringed the air
And laurus-laden winds do bear
The bloom of orange on the breeze

Her hair was moonlight unto me
Her lips were love — her voice was Dream
The far-off veil of Fear did seem
To flee the thunder of the sea.

I kissed her where the world doth meet
In one great curving of blue sky
And wood land minstrels piping shy
Spread mistle-vine carpets for her feet

I kissed her & the world went cold
I kissed her & the earth flamed hot
In one great primal mighty plot
Was fused the iron & the gold

O'er Life's high-noon my ~~Marriage~~ Wedding-bed
Beneath the dim cathedral wall
I led my lily bride, pale-veiled,
The rite was Love – the ~~Minister~~ priest was God.

(3)

Whom God hath joined no man may part
Nor murmur ~~of~~ from man-made laws
One thing alone may love withdraw
– The breaking of a broken heart

April 11

I sit me sadly ~~by~~ my mews
And see the silent songs go by
And hearken to the ~~coming~~ sky
And wonder if my manjs true

(4)

April 12

And if her lineaments be pure dole
Of her pale body, faintly forced,
But whiteness of a ~~soul~~ heart divorced
And vision of a one-voiced soul.

(over)

Lo, "Ave Maria" sings my soul
and "Ave Maria" calls my lute
and all the flaming worlds do flute
where ~~in them Ave Maria~~
starry songs of morning roll

April 15

For she is pure as lilies ~~white and~~
~~as lute lilies~~ ~~as lilies~~ lilies dipped in blood
who nathless near left them from the flood
and ~~shine~~ ~~is shining~~ ~~would attract~~ ~~the stars angels~~
~~look~~ them perfume on the night

O little Mary Outde-mer
What wings are folded over thy head
From out the Kingdoms of the dead
To guard my darling over there?

April 16

I wonder if my mothers wings
are ~~drooping~~ looming dark of sunlit skies
lest any darkness over the rise
Upon daughter of a thousand kings

We are not wed for one short day
We are not wed for one small world
But down where endless Time is ~~wasted~~ wasted
There lies our wedding & our way

A thousand years shall find us bent
Untiringly some great cosmic coil
A million years x still in toil
Our tuniéd souls shall find content.

Thou art to me a ~~Almighty God~~ a chastising rod
Thou art to me a little child
Thou art that maiden mother mild
The mother of Almighty God

24
−14 gold
−10 copper

24
18
6 copper

20

If thou shouldst hear that I am dead
Say straight way that it cannot be
There is no dying there where we
The ~~dauntless~~ deathless word of love have said

I may ~~go~~ go journeying ~~on~~ 'tis true
To some great deed ~~where I be called~~ in His own hand His hand
But ~~yet~~ yet ~~God knows what lies there~~ ~~God knows what there~~ I stand
~~Beyond the world beyond the place~~
Beyond the world, awaiting you.

And when thou lyest ~~white~~ & still
~~Pale~~ wreathed & voiceless ~~amid~~ among
I shall stand smiling at the throng
And know no death ~~of Heart & will~~
& feel no ill

~~For thou shalt straight become be there~~
~~Whispered closely in my heart & soul~~
For there beside me whispering low
Thy voice shall ~~stand~~ call unlocking my soul —
All blithely let the organ roll,
For thou wilt call me — I will go.

O little heart that loved to melt
That pulsed overhumbly to high
To force this ransackers dis eby
& thrust this heaven into hell
pulsed black & me

O gentle maiden over fair
That droppest rose wreath on my head
the hate of thy comfort hair

Great daughter of this morning light
Great faithful fervours cruel heater
Thy fairest daughter

Strong daughter of this morning light
Whose mighty face so burnest in black
For what our mortal eyes do lack
I do so humanly despise

Sociology
Emancipated

The Plantation
Nation
Slave Trade
Cotton
The Task

Italy - 13th cent.
Germany - 16th cent.
France - 18th - French Rev.
England - 19 - Modern Ind.
America - 20th

Complaint
Complacency
The Vision
Brotherhood { Race / Child / Negro / Chinese

Prof Wolff — 10
Dr Fisk — 11

America - 20th

12 — 6.

Lecture — 7:30
Reception 9:00

Dined
@ noon.

O Little Mary Gabriel
Whose wings are folded over thy head
I would the kingdoms of the dead
To guard my darling over there

˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ —
˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ —
˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ —
˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ —

His eyes are fixed beyond the sea
His mighty hands are clenched hard
The dangers of his God to guard
His heart ~~was~~ is wandering only me.

The sun is blotted from the sky
The moon is dead the stars ~~are~~ blind
The weary world is one vast bier
~~And here, I am, but dead to die~~
For one who lives but dead to die

~~I in some dark land I [illegible]~~

~~I mad was by in some dark land~~

And led wild wars beneath the moon
I saw a thousand captives swoon
And then I saw they chained white hand

X

I passed — then weary with the dance
I rode with all my captains proud
And heard the hurras long & loud
But when I sought them — they were gone

~~Once in Imperial Rome we met~~

Once on a crowded Roman street
~~when Caesar conquered~~
Thy royal chariot did reel
I put my shoulder to the wheel
As Eros would, our eyes did meet

Thou wast a princess - I, a slave
~~I [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] held [illegible] Rhet we [illegible]~~
~~I [illegible] [illegible]~~
~~Thy [illegible] did thunder night & day~~
~~One burning message [illegible]~~

We never met, one event our way
With hearts that thundered night & day
One ~~Same~~ burning message from the grave

On some Imperial Roman street
Thy royal chariot one did reel
I put my shoulder to the wheel
And when I rose our eyes did meet

Thou wast a princess - I, a slave
We ~~could~~ met - one event our way
With hearts that thundered night & day
One burning message from the grave

Her hair was moonlight mixed with mist
Her lips were coral, her voice was dream
~~Her face - off veil of fleur de lis~~ Behind the Veil of fleur de lis
~~Of fleur de lis shoulder of the sea~~ Her face off shoulder of the Sea

I blessed her & the world went cold
I blessed her & the world blamed her
For one great brutal mighty hot
Was fired the moon & the gold

I blessed her & the world went cold
I blessed her & the earth was blame
As tho' some Spirit evildoer name
Had shook its funnies manifold

Reyna deadly dark eyed girl, about
Her diamond gloves of the dead
Whose dumpster of the lips of God

& seek & remedy the ills of the South without putting its workers & work is the dream of a madman but to seek & remedy those ills simply by putting men & work is the plan of a fool.

Ice & poultry water

---

easier & learn & labor than & want

---

mighty blessing of letter where freedom is VS colorless & not us colored

---

The ideals placed before us today

Chapter VI

Occupations and Wages.

Let me then die & stand
with God & kneel for ever
never dead
On whom there lies no
debt of darkness of the sun
Silence oblivion
Let hoping dark bowing
for other tasted days
Ever when
death is dead I will live forever
Those true not dead who
have not drowned in the
unknown night of
black girls eyes

The ballad Burden of Music
& Marked bands

I love Carlyle - old bear
As I love the rugged winter
Harsh + gruff
Yet hiding in its bosom
The kindliness of Spring
So he, Sartor Resartus, White Eyebrowed,
and his horny hand
shall reach down the century
and kiss the weary
longing hold on truth

I have not thought it 'neath the muse
to sing of street cars and of shops
And of that needly throng that Saturdays
do crowd and gape on Washington St.;
to buy a shirt for will a doll for Nell
a bills sweetling a bonnet a dress
or mayhap our master Dot
will have a new suit made in style
with a "tag on this" a bills bony "now this"
"ah perfect fit - $5.50 were asking first"
and then the street car -

We were rocking o'er the sea
When I heard the wondrous voice
That did sound as the voice
Of the voiced winds to me

Crying Halt! crying Halt!
All the ship knew well it meant
And it started and it groaned
And they questioned us as to the fault.

Two brave men upon the sea
And brave braced beneath the boy
Gods! they never heard the voice
Of the voiceless o'er the sea!

Crying Down! crying down!
How the proud great ship obeyed
Sinking straightway 'neath the wave
And I heard the command shrieking Shall we both go down!

~~We are sinking in the sea~~
Sinking neath the watery sod
Hear the requiem of the waves
Hark again I hear the voice!
We are sinking down to God

I sat on the shore at Seaside
And saw the great black head of Night
Rise vast above the waters.
Until its lips rested on the rim of the World

The Night is a Negress
Its skin is sprinkled star dust
Set now with a great moon stone
Now with a blood dotted ruby now with an emerald
Washed in the grey green sea

Her skin is velvet, soft
and unformed dark, void & void
an holy thing, unfathomable
Breathless intangible & unseen

Her lips – alas! the lips of Night
Full and soft they lie parted
On the rough rim of world
While her white Teeth gleam and flash

Why does the black Night
Gnash its teeth always always
Grinding & murmuring &
flashing Tells the night drinks
below the sea leaving only its murmur behind

[c. 418]

What is this dark soul
seeking to say. Is she
Smiley or cursory, Cryey or laughing
Disobeying or concealing truth – or simply
pensive—

Below her lips I feel
The mountainous range of
Of her full bleu bosom
but There are her soft hands
& there on stone her supply feet

—

If I listen this I almost know deep
the secrets of the wind stirred sea
But I cannot read the
language of the night
I cannot tell the meaning of her flashing eyes
& the movement of her perfumed breath
is meaningless to me

—

I interpret of my soul O girl
the murmur of the sea
the voice of silent night

Yes all this in Paul Verlaine's Hands
and Amy Lowell's Hands

Those last 3 friends

- Adrienne
- Mary

41-9-422

41-1-552

O Powers of the Winds
& Other Tales, Dream of
god's dreamy

41-1-606

Pain & [illegible]
Forgetfulness & storm
The home of all [illegible]
And the hope of heaven

Peace of deep rivers
& quiet deep shelter
down & wide we go
down & wide & free

Hell [illegible] the hunt
And whistling [illegible]
Pale [illegible] of death
And thunder of storm

The breath of dread
And storm of tears
And wide hunger of love
And hate of hate

I who am dead
Speak now in voice of exile
Ireland
I will that weather
Hunger making is time

41-1-606a

Hell is heaven
And its heart is heaven
~~Joy is sorrow~~
sorrow is joy
And sleep is waking
All good is sin
& sin is sweet
& dust is clean & salt
also
the breath & heart
wisdom

Alice
H Hagan

41-1-604

I am
When you are away
I put you as much as may be
out of my life
you are then but like the song
of stars
unheard in the silence between
death & sleep

41-1-605

When I come back & like ~~a~~ ere
& you look again
- like climbers of eternal love
- with my ears

41-1-597

Soon thou shalt hear on rose-wreathed sod.

Our
There shall be born on Love Own sod
~~Which Always Chill~~
Our Love chord – ~~a~~ tribber flesh or flame
Or some unend World ~~in~~ which a name
To us it shall be For y God.

~~Thou~~ shalt hear our

My love is nesty on the sea
Where memories cluster ~~the~~ ~~&~~ & fair
and ~~women~~ friendly wealth is nesty ~~fitter~~
And yet my ~~Fine~~ love thinks of me

I gave her precepts, lines of love
She will not heed them more than Crow
(Her friends they are as my foes)
And yet ~~I~~ soon she loves me well Thou

41-1-598

If sad ~~was~~ made by ~~the~~ you
~~& the~~ ~~the~~ Silent Song ~~of~~ day
~~& the~~ ~~& the~~ & the sweet day
One ~~wreath~~ of ~~day~~ ~~middle~~ time

~~With~~ Tents of ~~heaven~~ Love ~~you~~ Heed
~~and~~ ~~of~~ ~~heaven~~ ~~me~~ ~~the~~ sky

I set me sadly by the ~~you~~
And see the ~~silent~~ ~~song~~ go by
And hear Mere In the ~~summer~~ sky
Royal ~~wonder~~ ~~&~~ ~~summer~~ Time

And ~~if~~ then I be gone ~~be~~ ~~you~~ doth
Of ~~me~~ ~~make~~ ~~one~~ ~~last~~ ~~mostly~~ ~~family~~ ~~forced~~
but ~~sweet~~ ~~sweet~~ of ~~a~~ sweet ~~Ownership~~
and ~~Thou~~ ~~Thou~~ Thou

Methinks then sometime went a Star
And shone aloft o'er Egypt's fair
& if a ~~wood Beast~~ in my Cair
Dreds ~~for they hungry~~ hunger for ~~me~~ from ~~upon~~ like afar

And then did come ten thousand eyes
And ~~around me~~ surround thy golden hair
And looked upon me full & fair
And tamed the wildness of my fears

Methinks I stood ~~sometime~~ a doe
That fled before the hunters ~~traps~~ bell
And fleet ~~victimed death~~ & wide
~~Before~~ I came, ~~bloody~~ ~~arrowed~~, from Thrall
And sinaled away thy homely fear
~~Thy~~ ~~little~~ footsteps ~~shook~~ the shade
~~Shook~~ ~~their~~ ~~distant~~ ~~plaints~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~glade~~
~~Shade~~ ~~Flame~~ ~~Cool~~ ~~Golden~~ ~~glade~~
^ ~~wreathing~~ breath my kneel
In ~~drought~~ & ~~medeyed~~ love on me
~~While~~ ~~terrible~~ ~~silence~~ gloomed ~~the~~ ~~shade~~
Glade

A ~~body~~ beauty and thou my dove
A soft sweet thing ~~& kiss~~ embrace & kiss
A keen & eager mind
A great warm glow heart to love

O Omnia God - O Heavenly dove
Whose soft sweet kiss flesh & glow
Whose keen eager mind & know
And Soul - Almighty Son - alone

When and Triune O Heavenly dove
A soft sweet body to feed & glow
A keen & eager mind to know
A heart to be of Immortal soul
of God

~~Sometimes~~
~~I see~~ I dove They beauty spirit dole
~~Sometimes~~
~~I see~~ I burn & blot & flay
And ~~wind me~~ thou The world of man
But always love & love thy soul

I am a child of heavenly night
And thou a daughter of the day
And [illegible]
O let me steal thee away
Away we [illegible] and time flies

Where thou reignest I am dead
And [illegible] my kingdom there art gone
O hasten me, darkness, to where thou
Mid mixed world-darkness and light

Soon
God shall bring night and daylight be
One shall the darkness all be black
And day [illegible] the wonderful great God
Some never explored twilight spell
Blended
O that I may marriage tie [illegible]
That one wedding

Methinks I see a snake while doe
That fled before the hunter's yell —
I left black-antlered from the dell
And hurled aloft thy tramping foe

Thy [tiny] hoofs footsteps dimmed the shade
Where I crouched at needlings' wealth by knee
In dumb & wide-eyed love [to] me
And tender silence glorified the glade.

Methinks I then some time said a deer
And hurling aloft my Egypt hair
Bridled & I a leopard in my hand
Didst hunger for me from afar

And then didst come [in] Chemical years
And looked upon me fool & fair
With glimmerings of golden dawn
To tame the wildness of my fears.

[the] [faded] glimmerings of tears

41-1-599

Then shall be born a child?
Then
Maud Manning
But whether true be Mock
or Profane
Thought incident on
Maine.

Where shall
Maud Man

O Star-kissed drifting from above,
On misty moonbeams, sunshine shod,
Divn daughter of the lips of God,
To me & angels — Thou art Love!

O Earth dipped rainmy joy, and life
With all still wonders that abide
Ghost Mother to the Time and Tide
To me and faerie — Thou art Life

Sir Love & Life, in wrack & ruth
A whisper on the road to Hell
High heavens herald rung well
Dear Death's destruction — Thou art Truth

W. E. B. DuBois

37-1-13

37-1-14a

R.D.W.

O Star-kissed drifting from above,
On misty moonbeams, sunshine shod,
Dim daughter of the lips of God,
To me and angels - Thou art Love!

O Earth dipped raining joy, and rife
With all still wonders that abide,
Ghost Mother to the Time and Tide
To me and faerie - Thou art Life.

In love and Life, in wrack and ruth
A whisper on the road to Hell,
High heavens herald, ringing well
Dear Death's destruction - Thou art Truth.

W. E. B. DuBois

6-1-47

[c. 1924-25]

O Star-kissed drifting from above,
On misty moonbeams, sunshine shod,
Dim daughter of the lips of God,
To me and angels - Thou art Love!

O Earth dipped raining joy, and rife
With all still wonders that abide,
Ghost Mother to the Time and Tide
To me and faerie - Thou art Life.

In love and Life, in wreck and ruth
A whisper on the road to Hell,
High heavens herald, ringing well
Dear Death's destruction - Thou art Truth.

W. E. B. DuBois

On Life's high-noon our wedding trod:
Beneath the dim Cathedral wall
I led my lily-bride, pale-tall,—
The rite was Love, the priest was God.

41-9-280

Whom God hath joined let no man part
Nor mummers born of man-made law
One thing alone may Love withdraw—
The breaking of a broken heart.

If they should tell you I am dead,
Say straight way that it cannot be:
There is no dying here where we
The deathless word of love have said.

41-9-231

I may go journeying, it is true
To some great deed in some far land—
But yet know well that there I stand,
Beyond the World, awaiting you.

" Alone and horribly
" On some black cross, with nails "
Widely I woke and Suddenly.

I looked — so there was god
A little man & nervous
oddly clothed
With grizzled diamonds, scant straggled locks
a face ~~lined~~ wrinkled, ~~seamed~~ & scarred
& eyes — and eyes ~~like mountain lakes~~
eyes like midnight ~~I knew I had made friends~~
I said "Don't worry! god,"
~~and~~ like smiled
Taking my hand tenderly

And then I knew.
Out of the World of Dreams
I called the old ~~Earth~~ Earth mother
I hallooed; beneath the Sun
Above the moon, I cried
She heard not
But with rapt eyes and singing hair
walked on Death
Ah she was great — unearthly good to see
Dark as dark midnights

41-9-31 Iowa

With dusky hair that smoked
Above ~~wide~~ mild ~~grave~~ black and steady eyes
Her limbs were smoothly muscled
Broad ~~flat~~ were her hands and strongly set

"O Reverie of God," I screamed again,
"Be mine!
And God cried too,
"Be mine!"

41-6-17

This city wide and tall
With tower, sword and wall
With joyous mien and deft machine
Belongs to none and all.
Our land belongs to God
Our need, its measuring rod:
We let no rent of money lent
Monopolize our sod.
Here no man leaves his son
The wealth that he has won
He leaves a world with doors unfurled
And some small deed well-done.
We seek no hordes of wealth
Or secret gains by stealth:
We get by birth and render earth
The heritage of health.
Here all may work who will
Or silently sit still
Or wander wide where ghosts abide—
We seek no dreams to kill.
We make and grow such things
As are for men not kings
In hut and hall is food for all
In heaven, wind for wings.
Demand for clothes and meat
Begins with those who eat
No goods to sell send souls to hell.
No poverty may cheat
What should a comrade steal,
Who owns the common weal?

3/17/13

The Tao of the World is found
The great whole silence broken
That for an age of ages
Creeped in black & ~~white~~ blazing splendor
~~Two black suns~~
Three suns rolled ~~out~~ one yellow
White & ~~two~~ black
That on a sudden day
Stabbed with that great realm
& heard for God its silence
Then did the selfish
Hold its breath spell bound
As once before when Adam
Tasted love & Race
As one before when Death thought
Killed ~~the~~ Flame:
Then shook a sudden silence through the skies
For should that great whole silence go
The Worlds Ark cease
That endless spinning ~~go~~ wheel to work

North & all North
South of South there

To all adown across the world
would roll the Mighty wave of
Unsaid Yhrases
The Dim sensed Unthought Thought
the Shuls dream
the secret Wales & Loves of men
& the Lost Love of God
Then would the Sun from its old
Hand & frozen heart
yield up its unlearned dead
all this - & but the Word be said
the Three came
Mysterious Star bearers the World and Word
from the worlds end -
The black Ray from the Pupils
the white Ray from the World
the yellow Ray from the Body
that Ray came & about there

41-9-318

I saw the long Line Armed Flame
clash & death

What should it be
heaven so wonderful
that the sight saw pain & death
Ugliness so frightful as to be death & pain
I shadow up the blood bought many
& over as I rose brooded vaster
the shadow
& over as I rose rose the Rain
Then came again that blessing
blackness
that endless fearful & unfeeling
of unwoven wings
till now at last
The last wing furled
The last — Now
I stand

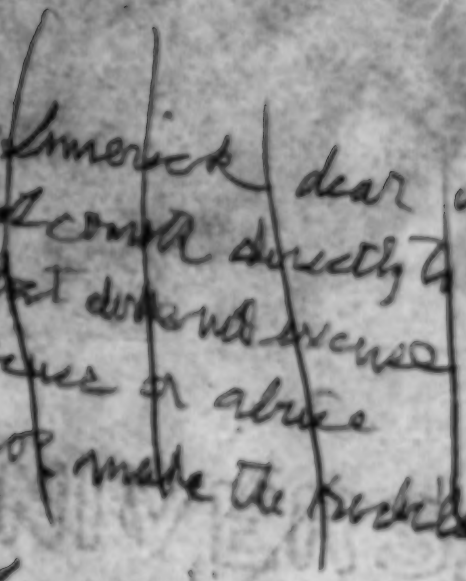
31-11-62

Maid Mary, Mother mild of men
And myriad millions moaning low
Down there where sullen waters flow
We shall fare forth to purge this fen.

41-6-319

Soon shalt thou bear our rose-wreathed rod
Our Love-Child — be He flesh or flame,
Or some wan Word, without a name —
To us, He shall be Son of God!

33-2-25



a limerick dear is a rhyme
That comes directly to time
That does not abuse
Nor allude to excuse
But to make the reductions sublime

5 { Sugar Sugar sugar sky
" = shoo
" = oop oo
" = "

4 { Polyclinic, Dairying Two
Harvard + Bill Dean
Hungry Henry hurries Thro'

4 you know what he means

6, 1, { Dare to be a Buccaneer
" " stand alone
" " Comet transport Sub
+ done + made it down

2 many mighty men are lost
daring not + stood
who, by God, had had the Cost
Of being Buccaneers aboard

4 and I'll be a Buccaneer
4 and I'll be a Buccaneer
4 and I'll be a Buccaneer
4 and I'll be a Buccaneer

22-11-5

I have seen the mighty shadow
of a dead & deserted world
& have spoken what the deserted
world
Unfinished
Hamlet

30-11-22

MISCELLANEOUS MATERIAL

ORAL HISTORY MANUSCRIPT

Interview with William Ingersoll of Columbia University Oral History Project, May 5, 1960 - June 9, 1960

Mr. W.E.B. Dubois - 5 May 1960 - by William Ingersoll.

I'm descended from two groups. One was a group of Negroes living in Western Massachusetts. The first ancestor whom we know was a Negro brought from west Africa, probably by the Dutch, to New York. He served as a serf or slave in the Hudson Valley, took part in the Revolution, the American Revolution, and presumably in that way, or perhaps because of the laws in Massachusetts, gained his freedom. He had sons, one I think named Tom. ~~The fellow we know of~~ was named Jack, and ~~his brothers and~~ he lived near South Egremont where they had farms. ~~He~~ Jack had something to do with Shay's Rebellion. It was a segregated group, and yet they were part of the community, so recognized. The members of the family were counted in the first census and they were recognized as belonging to the community, although they lived by themselves and kept to themselves.

41-14E-2

Q: Was their farm smaller than the neighborhing farms?

Mr. DuBois: No, except there were of course some large farms, but it was not in a farming community; it was a pioneer community, wild wilderness, as some of the travelers described it--

because they had moved from the Hudson Valley over into the Valley of the Housatonic, which took them from New York state into western Massachusetts.

They were, I should say, about the same economic level as most of their neighbors. Of course, I don't know about that, because most of my knowledge is of their group, but they lived well-- not of course with any extravagance at all, but they had their little homes. I owned my grandfather's home up until a few years ago, and then sold it-I knew I couldn't live up there -- it cost too much to live up there; with the music center,(it's near Lenox) and a lot of millionaires that drifted in. no person of ordinary income can live there.

My grandfather's home had four rooms, I think; a very large kitchen, with a large fireplace, which I always remember, and a living-room, and upstairs two bedrooms. Some of my uncles had even larger homes. But they lived cheaply on what they raised on their own land, and worked for each other cooperatively, and cooperated with the white farmers too.

Now gradually, about the time of my birth -- I was born in 1868 -- the income from the farming wasn't enough to satisfy the needs of the family, and they began to work in the community as laborers and as servents, and some of them migrated west, But a considerable group of them stayed there.

41-14E-3

Now, to this valley came a man who belonged to an entirely different group. The white DuBoises were driven out of France at the time of Louis XIV and migrated in the 17th century to Flanders and settled in New York state, around New Paltz and Poughkeepsie, where they are still a well-known name. I suspect at the time of the Revolution they were probably Loyalists. At any rate, one of my ~~my great-grandfather~~, Dr. James DuBois got a grant of land through Lord Dunmore of Virginia, and went to the West Indies, to the Bahamas, where there is still on one of the large islands a DuBois Pond. He probably made a good thing out of salt-mining and things of that sort. He was a doctor, lived in Poughkeepsie, and went down there and spent a considerable part of his life during the Revolution and after.

He had two sons. We went down there some years ago to trace who the ~~woman~~ mother was, but of course we couldn't. All of the records had been destroyed by repeated hurricanes, or perhaps deliberately. She was a Negro ~~woman~~ servant, probably a mulatto. She might have been a slave, she might have been a free Negro -- there were many there; who she was, we don't know, but at any rate, he had these sons. We can find records of him still in the Bahamas.

The mother died, and when the children were 6 and 8, something like that, he brought them to the United States. They were both light enough so that they could "pass" for white. I mean, you wouldn't have noticed. My grandfather, for instance,

41-14E-4

had a little curl in his hair -- I've got a picture of him which I'll show you later. These boys were put in Cheshire School, a very respectable and high class school in Connecticut, and the father, who had no other wife but this colored concubine, used to come up about once a month to visit them. On one of these trips, he dropped dead. Then the white DuBois family took hold of the property and apprenticed the boys, one of them my grandfather, to a shoemaker -- of course, to his great disgust and eternal hatred. He never had anything to do with the DuBois family, never mentioned them -- nor they, naturally, with him.

He became steward of a boat that ran between New York and New Haven. Then later he became a small merchant in New Haven. He had a son, Alfred, who was born while my grandfather was ~~considering migrating to~~ in Haiti, ~~so that~~ he went to Haiti and stayed there some time and then returned with this boy! that was my father, Alfred. I don't know much about my father's life. I don't think he and his father got along very well. My grandfather was very strict and terribly respectable, and I rather think my father was a little vagabondish, but as I say, I don't know enough about him.

41-14E-5

At any rate, He came to the Berkshire Valley, and married my mother. Now, the black Burghardts didn't like the white because he was too white, and he had a lot of ~~extra~~ manners

which they weren't used to, so it must have been a curious and unusual combination. At any rate, they practically drove him away. I was born in 1868, and we lived there a little while, and that's where I got acquainted with my grandfather's family. I have a pair of the tongs that used to be in the fireplace and so forth. I remember, of course, my grandfather's family, but I don't remember my father's family very well. When I was 15, I went and visited my maternal grandfather, who was then living in New Bedford, and got a big acquainted with him -- my Grandfather DuBois. Grandfather Burghardt I knew; he was Othello Burghardt, or Uncle Tillo, as they used to call him, and he was very well known in the community. Not a particularly energetic man. His brothers and sisters had more energy. He had one of the smaller farms, and he was crippled when I knew him.

41-1HE-6

Well, my father left when I was a year or two old and went to New Milford and established a barbershop. I think that was probably the only trade he knew. Then he sent for my mother, but her family wouldn't let her go. She'd never been out of Great Barrington, so she didn't go, and that broke the family, so that I never saw my father. He died, probably very soon after that, and I was brought up with my mother's family.

Q: Your father's leaving was brought about by the unfriendliness of the Burghardts; he didn't just run away.

DuBois: No. The Burghardts made it just as unpleasant as they could. There were a lot of big, boisterous boys. All of the Burghardt brothers had big families. I had one great-uncle who had 22 children. I know, from testimony from other parts of the family, that they made it just as uncomfortable for Alfred as they could.

Q: Purely because of his being so white?

DuBois: I don't suppose it was simply a matter of color. It was a matter of culture. He came from a different world. He came from the rather sophisticated world of the West Indies, where a great many cultivated Americans and Englishmen lived, and where the boy's father had had contact, and the boy himself must have had contact, with some rather well educated people ~~in Haiti,~~ as a young man. I don't know about his contacts in the United States ~~because~~ before he came to western Massachusetts. He probably went to some of the mission schools in New Haven. There were some very good schools there. The Abolitionists used to visit New Haven. He probably had pretty good contacts. At any rate, he didn't belong.

41-14E-7

Q: When you came along the Burghardts were still pretty much of a pioneer family?

DuBois: Well, you'd hardly call them pioneer. By that time, they were farmers and servants, the young people. I remember some nice young cousins. The only ~~thing~~ Work that they could get to do was service in the hotels that catered to people coming up from New York, or work as laborers in the town, or work as farmers. It was a problem in the family as to just how they would earn a living. But of course, it didn't cost very much to live. A good many vegetables were given away, and milk was very cheap. They raised buckwheat and some wheat. So the living wasn't high. They could get enough to get by. But nothing for anything like luxuries, ~~and~~ Most of them learned to read and write but didn't go further. I was the first of the Burghardt clan to go into high school. My mother rather insisted on it. The rest of the family didn't care, they had nothing against it, but why should you go to high school? What good would that do? But my mother just quietly insisted, so that I started on the schoolgrounds that were right opposite my home, when I was five, and stayed till I was sixteen. I went right on through the high school.

41-14E-8

Q: The school was open to Negroes?

DuBois: Oh yes. There was no thought of any discrimination.

It never occurred to me, as a little boy. Of course, as I got older I began to see differences, but as a little boy, it never occurred to me that I was in any respect different from the other boys. Except that I was a matter of curiosity. When visitors came, of course, they all picked out the little colored boy there, and for that reason I was always ready to recite, and having average brains of the people there, I sort of stood out. But nobody in town would have questioned my right to go to school. In fact, I was a part of the town.

Q: I suppose you recited in a typical Massachusetts accent.

DuBois: Of course. The first time I ever heard a Negro spiritual was when a troup came from Hampton, and sang them. I was simply enthralled. I hadn't heard them before because of course my family didn't know them.

41-14E-9

Q: Was your clan the only Negroes, or were there others?

DuBois: There were probably others, but they had intermarried so that they all became alike. -- There were some rather well-known characters. There was a Mom Set, a stalwart colored woman who married Jack, son of Tom, and she played quite a part. There's

some mention in history about her. And there were probably others, but they so intermarried that now, they're just -- a few of them still live there. They all belong to the Burghardts. They have the Burghardt name.

My mother was dark brown, with a very pleasing face. She could read and write. She'd probably gone through the grammar school, as we called it, and she made a living by helping in the families, first by working at home, and then she'd often go out to families. At that time they didn't exactly call her a servant, but she was. She was in service. As a boy, I remember some of the leading farmers would come in and want to know if Mary couldn't come out and help them, and I went out, after school, and we all ate together at the table, employers and so forth. She never had any particular skill or any way of making more than quite an ordinary living. She was not talkative, but there were some things that she was very insistent upon. I can't remember her ever ordering me to do things -- that wasn't her way -- but if I got the idea that anything that I did displeased her, then I just didn't do it, that's all.

Very early in life -- I presume about the time that there was trouble with her husband -- she had a paralytic stroke, so that most of the time, from the time I was six to sixteen, she

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was lame, and couldn't use her left hand, [redacted] I always used to accompany her. We'd walk together, and if there was any entertainment we went together. I was always a little surprised because people said how nice I was to my mother. I mean, I just grew up that way. We were companions.

There were a few things that she was very insistent upon, and one was alcohol. Really, the only amusement of that town for colored and white was to get drunk. They didn't get boisterously drunk or anything of that sort, but, there wasn't anything else to do. There was one saloon in the town, on Railroad St., and there the people gathered to drink, and there my mother insisted I mustn't go. I mustn't put my foot in that saloon. And up to this day, I can't drink with any degree of comfort in a saloon.

4-14E-11

Q: Was alcohol permitted at home?

DuBois: We never had it at home. That is, my grandmother, I remember, used to have a whiskey sling at times, but that was always medicine. It never was served at the table. Now, of course probably it was when I wasn't around, but when I went to my aunts and uncles I never saw any drinking.

But everybody, the most respectable people, now and then, got drunk. She didn't like that. Also, she didn't want me to smoke. I did smoke, a little, but not very much. ~~I didn't like it.~~ So I never ~~again~~ learned drinking or smoking until I went to Germany, after I'd become a graduate student. There I didn't smoke very much because the tobacco was awful, but I liked to drink beer and wine, and I still like them. But I never got used to the American whiskey.

Q: Had she had bitter experiences in the family with alcohol, or was it a religious feeling?

DuBois: I think ~~there had been~~ a good many of them had become drunkards, or had drunk too much and been quarreling (rows) -- but I didn't see it. I suppose that I was protected more than I knew, because my mother and I lived alone, together. We had four rooms that were rented, in back of a doctor's family, and the relatives used to call regularly. I had two or three aunts and endless cousins.

I had an uncle who got a little tipsy once in a while, but he was rather careful about that, too. He never made a row when he got tight. But still, drinking was general, and I don't doubt that there was a good deal of quarreling. But that I don't know and I didn't see.

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I wouldn't have said, looking back on it now, that liquor was any great problem in the family, but it was a problem in the community, and the family was quite integrated in the community. I knew practically everybody in town, I played with all the children, I took part. My grandparents were Episcopalians, but my mother grew up living near the Congregational Church, and she joined the Congregational Church and I came up in the Congregational Sunday School. All of the activities of the church and Sunday school, I took part in. I remember when the church was burned down it was a personal calamity to me. I can remember the text of the sermon when the preacher came to dedicate the new church. Up until a very few years ago, I was in touch with the family of the preacher.

41-14E-13

Q: I suppose there were not enough Negroes around to give rise to any Negro church?

DuBois: After the war -- and I was born just after the Civil War, you see -- there began to come in what we called the Contrabands, that is, Negroes from the South. And at first, on the part of the old Negro community, there was a little prejudice, because their manners and speech were queer. They

had, of course, a much more intense religion, and eventually when I was about 12, they started a little Methodist Church. I used to go there once in a while, but still, my church was the Congregational Church. Religion in the town was a very mild orthodoxy. I remember there was considerable row when the pastor of the Congregational Church wanted to have individual cups, instead of having one cup for communion, and the chief lawyer --who afterwards went on to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, Judge Dewey-- took his family and his wife and two children, girls who were in school with me, and marched from the Congregational Church down to the Episcopal Church. He wasn't going to have any such newfangled ideas as separate cups!

But we didn't have much hellfire. We took our religion very calmly.

Q: What was your reaction to the more radical religion of the Methodists?

DuBois: Well, when I went South, I was very much upset. You see, I got a scholarship and went down to Fisk University in Tennessee. ~~Well,~~ There all of the students in my class were much older than I, and of course they were of a much more intense religion. And a row came about dancing. Now, I'd been dancing all my life. ~~I loved it.~~ I loved it.

41-14E-14

It was exercise, and it had no sex provocation -- I ~~couldn't~~ didn't dream of it; I couldn't understand what they were so afraid of in dancing. But the old deacon in this church down at Fisk wanted to put the members of the church out if they danced, and it caused me a great deal of soul-searching. They brought the old Pauline doctrine out -- it may not be bad for you but it might be for your brother, etc. I had some hard times with myself.

41-14E-15

Q: When did you encounter racial problems within the town, or did you never encounter them?

DuBois: Yes, although I didn't always recognize just what they were. I found myself, after a time, in school, making it a sort of point of honor to excel white students every time I could in anything. It came chiefly from just working harder. I began to recognize that in some way, for some reason -- I wasn't clear at all about it -- I sort of had to justify myself.

Then, therewere little incidents, one that I speak of in one of my books. We sent away and got printed cards with our names on them and were going to exchange them. I of course got mine and exchanged them with others, but there was one girl, a newcomer from some town outside, who refused to take mine, to my great astonishment.

Then, as I got still older, ~~when I got~~ along towards graduation, I sensed, rather than actually knew, that there were some gatherings, some parties and meetings, to which I wasn't invited -- which was extraordinary, because always if anything was going on among the students at the school there, I was in it. To be left out was inexplicable. I don't remember any particular party or anything of that sort, but I knew -- I just felt instinctively -- that I was being more and more left out, as we grew older and as the boys and girls began to couple off. Although, fortunately for me, it was bad form in our high school for boys and girls to go together. If there was a strawberry festival, they might eat together, or something of that sort. There was very little dancing together. I don't think there was any dancing. There was some in my family, with my cousins, who used to dance, and I used to dance sometimes with older people. But the social life in that town was limited, and just for that reason, I didn't feel the great difference. I was more sensible of the differences ~~that had been there~~ after I went South to a school where there were boys and girls and where there were fewer inhibitions ~~at all~~. Suddenly I found companions of a sort that I hadn't had. But I was more conscious of that when I went to Fisk than I was while I was in Great Barrington.

41-145-16

Q: This must have been a problem for your family -- where could they turn, to marry, except to other members of the family?

DuBois: I don't think they thought of turning elsewhere, because you see, in their bringing up, they came up with the family--they were working with the family, living with the family, and so forth. Their contacts with the whites were in stores, or perhaps in employment. I came up with the whites because I was in school with them.

41-145-17

Q: Did you think any members of your family might have a feeling they didn't want to go to high school because they'd have to face this problem if they did?

DuBois: I think that the real reason for not going to high school was because they didn't see any need for it, and because also most of the white people didn't go to high school. There might have been some feeling that there'd be a matter of expense for clothes -- going to high school, you'd have to dress more -- but that didn't bother me. I can see, from picture of my high school class, that I probably was among the poorest dressed, but that we didn't put stress on. There was one boy

George Beebe, son of a doctor, who became a doctor -- a very handsome boy -- and oh, he had marvelous clothes. Now, George Beebe and I were the closest of friends. He was older than I, but we liked each other. George didn't have much brains; I helped him with his work and so forth. But I mean, the fact that he was well dressed and that I wasn't -- I wasn't in rags, but I didn't have new clothes often -- that fact didn't play any part at all. I don't think it did in the school as a whole.

Q: Perhaps it would have played more part if the boys and girls hadn't been separated.

DuBois: Yes, it would, and if they'd had fraternities and sororities. You see now, especially in the South in the high schools, it's the beginning of society. That's the reason they made such a row at Little Rock. You went there all dressed in your best clothes, and you paraded for the benefit of the other sex. But in Great Barrington there was nothing of that sort.

Q: Was this the general condition throughout the country of high schools at that time, or was it a Massachusetts High school, or the fact that the community had been on the frontier not many years before -- or why?

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DuBois: I think it was the last. I think it was the fact that it was a Massachusetts high school, which meant that it was really a matter of study and not of contact or status. Then, in addition to that, it was cut off from high schools in Boston or New York. You see, we had no contact with Boston. What little contact we had was with New York, and that was a matter of once in a lifetime. Once in her life, I think, my mother went to New York. We didn't know what other high schools did. I think that was the chief reason for the way we carried on. Yes, it was very fortunate for me.

41-14E-19

Q: You tried to excel in high school; did you get ahead faster than other students?

DuBois: Yes. On the whole, I was in the upper fourth of the grades, usually. Say, most of the students were children of farmers, they hadn't had contact with books or anything of that sort. You see, the submerged class of that town was the Irish. The Irish had been brought in to work in the mills, and they lived in some awful slums. I had the idea that "Irish" and "slums" belonged together and that the Irish lived in the slums because they preferred them. I just grew up with that idea. I didn't play with the Irish boys because they were dirty and rude and foul-mouthed and so forth, and my mother

would have fits. It was a curious kind of thing, as I look back on it now. Very interesting -- of course it was. If I had been in almost any other part of the country, my life would have been much different. I probably would have left school and gone to work to help my mother, because, as I look back on it now, I don't know how she made a living. Of course, she had the family -- the Burghardt family helped out. If I needed a pair of shoes or a coat or something, they helped with it; if there was anything I needed, they helped. Then there was a good deal of more or less veiled charity. I remember I used to have a lovely walk every morning to Mr. Taylor, who wrote the town history, one of the old white families. Mr. Taylor had a beautiful white house upon top of the hill, and a large herd of cows, and the Taylors told my mother, "Any time you want some milk, send Willie up, you can have all you want." So every morning, or every other morning, I went up and got about two quarts of skim milk, and it was good milk. Things like that helped out.

Both sides were rather careful not to have any charity evident. I don't remember ever, anybody giving me any money. And as for asking for it, I wouldn't have thought of a thing of that sort. Nevertheless, the family was helped. We couldn't have gotten on otherwise.

Q: Do you think the clannishness of the Burghardts was

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because they were Negroes, or because families in the 1860's were more clannish than they are today?

DuBois: I think the latter is true. Of course, the former was felt progressively, because Negroes began to come into Massachusetts after and during the Civil War, so that that sort of tied together color and service, in the minds of people. But before that, there was little thought of that. There were some white people who were pretty poor. I remember one family who at one period lived with us, in separate rooms, the Millers. I was very sorry for them. They were awful specimens of human beings, I must say. Not criminal or anything of that sort, but just poor as they could be. No, they were not Irish. No, the family wouldn't have thought of living with Irish!

41-14E-21

Q: Did the Millers live with you, or did you live with them?

DuBois: They lived with us, because we rented the house -- it was on the street near the tracks, which I liked very much, because I could see the engines.

Q: You say you went to high school, rather than going to work to help your mother. Had there been any pressure on you or had your mother deliberately avoided any such pressure?

DuBois: I did a good deal of work. I worked after school, I mowed lawns, and I helped fill what they called the base-burner stoves. I remember my first job -- I got 25¢ a week for going by every morning on the way to school and filling this stove in the millinery shop. I split kindling for a number of people. I ran errands. I did all that I could, outside of school, but my mother never let it interfere with school. I went to school every day of the week, except Saturday and Sunday, nine months a year.

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Q: Any pressure from the family, that you should go to work to take care of your mother, was shielded from you, by her?

DuBois: I don't think Q -- the family was rather proud of having me in high school. I think they probably sort of picked me out -- I was going to be different, because after all, what did the other boys amount to? They became waiters and porters and things of that sort. I don't remember any pressure. There might have been, I don't know; but if there was any pressure, it didn't have any effect on my mother at all, because my mother was a silent, stubborn woman. She was determined that I was to go to high school. I got through high school at 16, and she died the next year. I guess she'd fulfilled her job.

Q: Did her death have any connection with the stroke she'd had?

DuBois: Yes. She had another stroke. And she was comparatively young; she was only 54.

I know my aunts always used to say that Mary worried so much, and she must have worried a good deal, because it wasn't at all clear as to how we were going to get on, and how on earth I was going to get through.

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Q: Was it at all clear what you were going to do when you left high school?

DuBois: Not at first, but by the time I got to the end of my ~~high school~~ college course, it was. I remember when I met one of my fellow students at Harvard -- he was going to graduate in the same class -- and he told me (we were on an old Cambridge-Boston streetcar)"I don't know what I'm going to do when I graduate, there's nothing I'm interested in." I was simply flabbergasted. It never occurred to me that any young man about to graduate from college wouldn't know exactly what he was going to do. Well, I should have been surprised that anybody did. I am, now.

As I say, I very early got the idea that what I was going to do was to prove to the world that Negroes were just like other people. I don't know how I got to it, because

--well, in the first place I was very much annoyed because nothing was ever said about Negroes in the textbooks, while, on the other hand, I, as a Negro in this school, seemed to be looked upon as unusual by everybody. Now, if I was unusual in this school, and a sort of curiosity, then the Negroes must be so in the world. And if I could easily keep up with and beat these students in the high school, why didn't the Negroes do it in the world? And if they did do it and had done it, why wasn't anything said about it? I never saw a picture of anybody who was colored or black who had done anything in the world. Always well-dressed white men.

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Q: When you saw people who were colored, I presume you saw slaves, didn't you?

DuBois: If you saw any pictures, yes. You see, we were rather careful about that in Massachusetts. We didn't want to picture slaves -- we didn't like to picture slaves because we didn't like to think that there were slaves. Slaves belonged in the South, you see. So we just didn't have any pictures. I didn't see any pictures of Frederick Douglass or hear his name while I was in Great Barrington. When they had the pictures of the races of the world, there was a well-dressed white man with a

long beard, and there was a rather funny looking Chinaman, and a most extraordinary looking Negro -- of course, an African savage of some sort. So there again, it seemed to me there must be something wrong. Then finally I sort of gave up and came to the place where I said: Well, the Negroes haven't done anything in the world, but they're going to do it.

41-14E-25

Q: I wonder what it was that made it clear to you that Negroes were a different race? You didn't look to see if pictures were of Englishmen or Irishmen, did you?

DuBois: Well, I was pretty sensitive on the difference between the Irish and the English and Americans, yes. You see, there were some things that sort of stuck out. The Irish were all Catholics. Well now, it wasn't exactly respectable to be a Catholic in Great Barrington. We sort of laughed at the poor Irish maids who ran to mass early in the morning, and then there was the Irish brogue that everybody ~~will~~ imitated, and people told Irish jokes.

Q: Did you participate in this in a way that makes you ashamed of yourself?

DuBois: No, I didn't. I was conscious of it but I never participated in it at all.

Q: Did you have any feeling that you'd better not participate in it because it could come back and roost on you some time?

DuBois: No -- I wasn't certain about the Irish. Now, there were some of the Irish boys that I liked. For instance, there was Mike Gibbons, who was an extraordinary expert at playing marbles. Oh, he could shoot a marble -- ! I never saw anybody could do it --! There were others -- Ed Kelly, who afterwards became town clerk. There were individual Irish that I knew. They were all right. They just belonged to this clan, they belonged to that church, and just what their history was and how they came to be Irish, I didn't think of till long after. In fact, I didn't become really conscious of the Irish problem, and know just what it was, until I went to Harvard. Being at Harvard, and coming from the South, I saw then that the Irish were treated in the same way that the Southerners treated the Negroes. There was the Irish joke instead of the Negro joke. There were the Irish songs. There were distinguished leaders in Massachusetts who were liberal on every subject but the Irish. Very, very curious.

Then, of course, I began to know something of the history of Ireland, and the whole thing changed. But I didn't take sides in Massachusetts, in my town, against the Irish at all. I avoided them, chiefly because they were too rough. I was curious about them, I must say, but I didn't make any inquiry.

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I never went to the Catholic Church. I don't think I ever was in an Irish home.

Q: Even in the homes of the people you've mentioned to me.

DuBois: No, not even in those homes. I think that probably was chiefly because they wouldn't have wanted me to see their homes. They had pretty poor homes. On the other hand, of the other whites in the town, I was in nearly all the homes. I knew the Russells particularly, who were the mill owners. I was chosen as the companion of Louis Russell. He was -- oh, a little better than a moron, but he was a nice boy and he needed companionship, and his mother used to invite me up. I used to go up and have bread and milk there and ride on his bicycle and so forth. He was a companion of mine. And the other boys' homes, the Sabins and the Sheldons and so forth. I was in and out of their homes and we were very close friends. But I was never in an Irish home, chiefly, I think, because they wouldn't have wanted me to visit their homes.

41-14E-27

Q: How did you get off onto intellect, as the way in which you were going to prove the Negro? Was it at this time or later?

DuBois: It began at this time. In the first place, the school, particularly the high school, had to prove itself. The high

school was a little school, a little group of about 25, with a woman teacher, and there were plenty of people in the town who didn't think that the high school was a good investment. They didn't want a high school there anyway. The work that was being done in the town could be done by people who didn't have a high school education. Very few were in my class -- it was eight, I think, or ten graduates that year, and that was a large class. So I very early got to assume that if I could excel in the high school, that proved that I could do it in the world; and that that was a sort of criterion, that was the method.

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For instance, visitors would come to the high school, or the school committee would come. Well, the school committee would want to know how the children were doing, and the poor little scared teacher wanted to put the best foot forward, and she always knew that I could recite. Sometimes she might hold me back for a while, but pretty soon she'd call me -- and I would give a glib recital. The visitors would be very much astonished, of course, and the high school would be helped. So I was doing something that was for the good of the group, and at the same time, of course, my place in the group was way up there. There wasn't any question but that any project which they had, I was to have a big part because I could do it well and I would work at it. And while some of the boys from the country had to go home and plow, there was very little homework then,

but if anything was to be done, I could be depended upon to do it.

Q: Despite chores like splitting wood?

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DuBois: I could earn a little money -- I had a good Massachusettts instinct for that. I remember the first dollar bill I could store away in my pocketbook,--an extraordinary experience.

Q: How do you distinguish between your motive in helping the high school per se, as against your motivation to show that a Negro was as competent as a white person in intelligence?

DuBois: That latter I didn't come to until I went South, because it didn't occur to me, and I didn't make any experiment, that there was anything in the town that I wouldn't be allowed to do if I wanted to and could. For instance, I got the idea for a while that I'd like to be a lawyer, and of course lawyers stood up and made speeches and so forth. But that didn't continue to seem very attractive. Then I got a more definite idea that I might be a bookkeeper, because they had pencil and paper and sat at a high desk and so forth. Now, it didn't occur to me at all, so long as I was in Great Barrington, that if I wanted to I couldn't be a lawyer or a bookkeeper.

Q: Do you think in fact that you couldn't have been?

DuBois: I think I couldn't have been a lawyer, because that meant being taken in to a law office. There were only two law offices there, and they wouldhave known that it would have been a handicap to them if they took in a Negro. Then there was the matter of getting the training for it. I probably could have been a bookkeeper. That probably would have been possible.

But that matter of vocation -- that didn't bother me there. If I'd stayed longer, it would have. But the matter of intellectual aptitude, that was the thing that I kept before me. If there had been in the high school somebody that regularly could have been ahead of me, I would have been awfully upset. I remember there was one girl that could add -- the daughter of a judge, Mary Dewey -- gee, how she could add a column of figures! And that bothered me a good deal. I could add, and add accurately, but I couldn't do it as fast as she could.

41-14E-30

Q: Was there any activity in the high school other than intellectual that paid off, such as sports?

DuBois: No. We never had a football team, although we played football and we played baseball. The thing that came nearest, perhaps -- though it wasn't exactly an activity -- was this.

The principal wanted to have us wear uniform caps with GBHS, Great Barrington High School, but we resisted that, principally because we didn't have the money to pay for them. It wasn't simply resistance on my part. All the students just wouldn't buy the caps, so the thing fell through.

We had some school plays, and I took part. One time we did "The Lady of the Lake," I remember, with the principal playing the leading part, and then we did an Indian play, in which of course all I had to do was put on feathers and I could play the part. Various things of that sort. Some excursions. Not only did we have nothing in which I couldn't take part, but I was expected to take part.

41-14E-31

Q: How did you come to suspect there were parties to which you were not invited?

DuBois: I don't know. As I say, I don't think I was ever conscious of that until I went where I did have full freedom and was invited to everything. I was tremendously happy at Fisk, because I think more or less unconsciously I sensed things that I didn't exactly know, at the time. I knew that for a long time I was a leader of my group, and then as I got older, I wasn't a leader. The group had activities of which I wasn't a part. I began to realize this, although I

-- at the time, I couldn't put my hand on anything. I think I was rather a favorite. But of course, as I looked back later, I knew there must have been a good many things that I couldn't exactly put my finger on, and yet I must have begun to realize that I was different, that there were some differences that couldn't be put down to a matter of accomplishment or ability or anything of that sort.

41-14E-32

Q: Can you tell me why you selected Fisk?

DuBois: Well, that was rather curious. Of course, as I'd come up, I had the same ambitions as the other boys and girls. Most of them were not going to college. Of my class I don't think more than two or three went to college. Then, there was question as to what college they were going to, and I looked around and found that Harvard was the finest college in the United States: therefore, I was going to Harvard. The question of just who was going to pay for it didn't occur to me at all. I had chosen Harvard College.

Then came the death of my mother, and my graduation, and the fact that my going to college was put off; and I began to realize that it was a matter of money, to some extent.

Q: You didn't go directly to college from high school? You waited a while?

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DuBois: I graduated at sixteen, and immediately I was told that I was too young to go to college, that I would have to wait a year. There were really two reasons for that -- first, that Great Barrington High School was a year behind the standard of high schools, so that what I ought to have done would be to have studied a year. Then the other important reason was that there was no money to send me to college. My grandfather, Du Bois had a little when he died, and I think I got $400 from his estate after I got into college, after he was dead. But there was ~~nothing then and absolutely~~ practically nothing in the Burghardt family. Everything had been sold except one farm that belonged to a cousin of mine. It's still in the family, but it didn't yield anything, and my mother and father had nothing to leave me.

But my principal, Frank Hosmer, was a graduate of Amherst, and afterwards he became president of Oahu College in Hawaii. In my sophomore year, Frank Hosmer suggested that I take Greek. Well, if he had suggested that I take Hebrew I would have taken it, because he was a great favorite of mine, and I didn't realize what was in his mind; but of course he knew that unless I took Greek I couldn't get into college at that time. You had to have Latin and Greek. Therefore, I must take Greek at that time, otherwise I would have had no chance at college.

So I took Greek, and Mrs. Russell, the mother of the little boy that I used to play with, said she'd furnish the Greek books, because ~~there was a~~ we had to buy our own school book~~s we had to buy them~~. She furnished the books, and I took Greek, so that when I graduated, I had graduated in the classical course.

41-146-34

Q: How did Mrs. Russell get into the picture? Did the principal bring her in?

DuBois: I don't know. I think she brought herself in, because I was the favorite playmate of her little son. It was her proposal, and I was very surprised. I didn't know and I don't know yet just how it happened. It might have been that the principal spoke to her about it.

Then, you see, there was the question as to what I was to do that year, and my family and some others cooked up this plan. There was a family named Kellogg for whom a great uncle of mine had given practically his life -- he had been a servant for them all and as ~~the~~ my family said, he never got any wages. I don't know about that but he certainly didn't get very much. They buried him with a nice headstone which I've seen, down in the graveyard where my family was buried, --where all the people were, except the Irish, who were buried in the Catholic graveyard.

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well, ~~her husband died and~~ she married a Hopkins. He was part of the gang that built the Pacific Railroad. He died. So she came home widowed and a millionaire. And she determined to build on the meadow, just below the high school and opposite the hill where I used to get the skim milk, a new home, out of the blue granite there. She put up a mansion that must have cost a million dollars, a beautiful thing. They brought in the contractors from Worcester and other places, and they gave me a job as timekeeper. I kept the time of the men who were working there; at wages of a dollar a day, which was fabulous. Carpenters didn't get more than a dollar a day at that time in my town. So that gave me summer's work, and I boarded with an aunt who charged me almost nothing, and I could save something towards going to college.

Even that wouldn't have been enough, but there was the father of a schoolmate of mine, a white minister, C.C. Painter, who had been connected with the Indian Service and knew something about the South, and he said, "Now, what this boy can do is to get a good college education and go South and help in the Reconstruction and so forth." So he proceeded to get four churches, including my own Congregational Church, to contribute I think it was $25 a year for a scholarship, and when I'd finished this year's work, I was offered a scholarship to go South to Fisk University.

There again, my family was very upset because I was going into the South where slavery had been. The only immediate member of our family that had ever been South was one that went down as a soldier and got killed in the war. My father had enlisted -- I don't think he ever went to the front, however. I don't know about that.

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So I was offered now a scholarship to go to Fisk University and my people didn't want me to go, but I was rather intrigued, and I went down there at the age of seventeen, and oh, I was simply overjoyed. My goodness, here were a whole lot of young colored people -- some of the prettiest girls I'd ever seen, and young men who strutted around much more than New England boys ever thought of strutting. I had three perfectly glorious years down there, in spite of the fact that I was initiated into the land of the color line. I remember begging a white lady's pardon one time on the street because I'd bumped into her. She glared at me so that I made up my mind I never would say anything to a white woman again.

Q: This was before the time when people got lynched for bumping into white women, wasn't it?

DuBois: There was a good deal of lynching, but you see, that took place in the backwoods more. Afterwards, lynching came to the towns because more Negroes migrated to the towns.

The young men who were studying there for the most part had come from the small towns and had been teachers or were planning to teach. They were all older than I -- I suppose the average -- oh, one of my close companions must have been ten or fifteen years older. They were all grown men and women. They simply could not realize -- they thought I was lying when told them frankly I didn't know anything about women. They all had had long experience. Practically all the men carried arms, and I'd never had a pistol in my life. It was a curious change, in some respects.

The chief thing was that here were educated people who had the same kind of problems I'd been facing, who knew the Negro had been left out of history and all that sort of thing, and they had had treatment of course much worse than anything that I'd ever dreamed of. So, as I say, I had three very fine years. Moreover, the teachers there were white graduates of Oberlin and Yale, same one night who had come South in the migration after the war. They had a good set of teachers.

Q: How did Fisk come to the attention of the people at Great Barrington who were looking for a college for you to go to?

DuBois: I don't know that, except that anybody at that time interested in the South would have known about a few outstanding

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Negro colleges, and Fisk and Atlanta were two of the best known, so that if they had been thinking of sending anybody to a Southern college, they would have known about Fisk.

Q: You've described several possible sources of stimulation--the people were mature, they were college people -- the people in Great Barrington didn't have comparable intellectual equipment?

DuBois: Not at all.

Q: They were Negroes who knew the problem much more intimately and severely than you did.

DuBois: Oh, yes.

Q: What was the most stimulating factor, or are these all one picture?

DuBois: The intellectual meeting of minds there was, I think, among the greatest of the new motifs that came to me. I had to work harder at Fisk to beat my fellow students than I ever did in high school, because there were some keen students there.

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Then, on the other hand, there was loosed a part of me that was almost unborn in Great Barrington, and that was, the companionship. I wouldn't have thought of talking to Frank Freen, for instance, in Great Barrington, although he was a fine young fellow of Swiss descent in my class, but I wouldn't have thought of talking to him about the future of what I was going to do, or people like me, because, "It'll be just like other people," he would have said, and I would have assumed it. But at Fisk, I'd go to a boy and say, "Look here, what are you going to do in life? What chance have you got? What are you going to train yourself for?" and so forth. There was an intimacy and a oneness of object that I'd never had before.

Then, on the other hand, -- well, the first year there I met the great aunt of Lena Horne. Now, Lena Horne is a good looking woman, but Lena Calhoun was the most beautiful thing that I'd ever seen. Either she was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen or she seemed that way to me. I never saw such a beautiful girl.

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Q: Is Lena Calhoun a South Carolinian?

DuBois: No, she was a Georgian. The Calhoun family was a family of mulattoes with money, and she was beautifully dressed -- oh, a perfectly lovely girl. I met her and I couldn't

say a thing, because boys didn't talk to girls in Massachusetts!

But I mean, that kind of meeting was the sort of thing that was entirely new, that sort of social thing. We couldn't dance at Fisk, but we could march, and we could call on the girls. It was a new social life which was inhibited partly by color in Massachusetts, but mostly because it wasn't Massachusetts methods to have that kind of social life among students at all.

Q: What was the composition of the student boy you knew at the time --mostly Southern Negroes or mostly Yankees who had come South?

DuBois: No, they were mostly children of slaves -- the first generation. Children of slaves or of free Negroes, or of whites. There was Ransom C. Edmondson, for instance, who was the assistant librarian, who was one of the most handsome men I've ever seen. His father was a rich white man and his mother was a mulatto, and the father had sent him to school. He had plenty of money to pay his way. There were lots and lots of mulattoes of that sort, some of whom were financed by their fathers, and some of them were financed by the fact that as mulattoes they got better jobs. Their parents had been

house servants, and consequently they knew how to cook well and things of that sort, and they could get jobs, well-paying jobs, because in the South you did have that social life all the time. These boys and girls knew more of social life and how a table should be set and what things should be served than I'd ever dreamed of.

41-145-41

Q: If they wanted to get together a meal, they could really do a job?

DuBois: Oh, yes.

Q: Why were they so much older than you?

DuBois: Because of the poor public schools. When I first went down there, I got typhoid fever and nearly died. Consequently I was doubly conspicuous. Here I was in the first place a Negro from the North, which was unheard-of at Fisk University; secondly, I had entered college, which nobody had usually, when they came there -- they came there as students in elementary school and then worked up to college, so that those who were in college had been there five, ten, sometimes fifteen years. So I had this bout of typhoid fever and was out of school. Then, they had there, in order to boast of the bad public school education that all their students had had,

they had annually an English examination, where everybody in college had to take an examination in the elements of English and in elementary mathematics. I went in, getting up from a sickbed, and took second place. To my horror, a girl beat me,— ~~but~~ she was the daughter of one of the white Oberlin professors. I never forgave her for that.

The other people, of course, were astonished that I could do this ~~that~~, but I'd had the kind of elementary education that none of them had had, because the average colored boy or girl growing up in the country in the South at most only had a school year of three months perhaps, and had to go to the cottonfield and so forth. There'd come another three months perhaps, a year later, or possibly two years later. So that they came to Fisk nearly always very much lacking in ability to read and write and count, ~~things of that sort.~~ That handicapped them in all their work. I afterwards said to myself: it was no credit to me that I beat them in that examination, but it would have been a great discredit if I hadn't, with the kind of training I'd had.

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Q: The first year of college must have had many who'd known one another for years -- you were a newcomer -- was that any difficulty?

DuBois: No, I didn't have any difficulty of that sort. I had one advantage . I entered as a sophomore, instead of

entering as a freshman. But they were all very nice to me. They were curious. They listened and laughed at my accent, of course.

Q: What did you think of theirs?

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DuBois: I didn't laugh at it, at any rate. That wouldn't have been safe. I remember, only the other day, I went down to North Carolina to speak to a Negro college, and a woman, Dean of Women, came and said, "You were in school with my father." Her father was Hunter. He became a physician afterwards. And Hunter was a big, strong black man, and I had a habit of teasing, making fun now and then in a rather innocent sort of way, but I got on Hunter's nerves one time, and he took hold of my arm and said, "Don't you do that again!" I didn't. Once in a while, they brought me 'round, but in general they were very, very nice to me -- very nice indeed. I was young and small, you see, and they sort of took me under their wing and showed me the world.

Q: Did you find that there was a physical difference of any sort that gave any trouble or problem, inasmuch as these people had been cotton planters, accustomed to extremely heavy labor?

DuBois: No. Well, there was one, the difference in dressing. They dressed much better than I did. I hadn't been used to dressing well, and it wasn't good manners in Great Barrington to dress. You just wore what you had. But when my class at Fisk got to the senior year, we all wore high white hats, stove-pipe, and long tail coats. That had come down from the old slave aristocracy, you see. They had good manners. Edmondson, whom ~~that~~ I spoke of, was a gentleman in the first sense of the word. They were very careful about their clothes, and they were very sensitive about good English speech, because they had been there years learning a new English speech. So when I came down for instance and said "hadn't ought to" -- oh, Lord! They jumped all over me. Sort of an upside-down thing.

Q: How did you do with your studies?

DuBois: Oh, easily. I got along very well indeed, because it was a carrybng on in Latin and Greek that I had been doing. In Latin I was even ahead, of the class, the sophomore class. The Greek teacher was the best Greek teacher I ever had. He was a well known man, Spence. He came from the University of Michigan. He was a pupil of the great D'Ooge, who was one of the most celebrated early American Greek scholars.

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He was the first one that got it into my head that Greek wasn't made for translation. It was a language in which people were expressing their ideas. Oh, he was splendid.

Then we had a very good teacher of languages who taught me enough German ~~that~~ so that I was able to do pretty well when I got to Germany. And we had a man in physics who had no laboratory or equipment, but he was a good leader of youth, and he used to help us in all kinds of ways, so that when I went to Harvard, I didn't feel at all unequipped for it. I was as well equipped as my fellow students there. I had some good teaching at Fisk.

41-14E-45

Q: Was the faculty close to the students, or did the professors keep their distance?

DuBois: No, they were very close. You see, the student body was small, and we ate together, faculty and students, at the same tables. That was the reason that Fisk was very unpopular. At the table where I ate was Mrs. Green, who was the white teacher from Massachusetts, I think from Amherst, and she took me under her special care and gave me all kinds of advice, and oversaw what I was eating, because she'd been brought up on the same kind of food that I had. The Fisk family was a beautiful family. We sang together and had all our social meetings

together. Faculty and students were very close to each other. In fact, it led to some difficulties. ~~Of course, there was some difficulties.~~ There was Professor Spence -- he had a daughter, and the daughter fell in love with one of the students, and everybody was horrified because it would ruin the school if they'd thought of being married, so it was broken up, but the poor Spence girl, who's still living, has never been married to this day. It didn't bother the boy very much; he went off and got married.

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Q: He could at least have come back after he got his degree.

DuBois: Oh, but he was colored. He couldn't come back to her.

Q: What was the effect of a white faculty on colored students?

DuBois: Quite natural. You see, I don't think any of the schools ever had an entirely white faculty. At Fisk, for instance, there was a black man, I can't recall his name, a brilliant student who was on the faculty. Gradually, of course, the faculty changed entirely and became almost entirely colored ~~now~~. But it seemed to the student boy that this was a matter of fitness. Here were people who'd had a chance to get a good education at good schools in the North. They were teaching in the South. They liked the students and they were

giving them their best. And as the colored people trained themselves, they would get places on the faculty. Now, of course, this wasn't true in all places, but it came nearer being true at Fisk than it did at perhaps a dozen others that were springing up, where there were all kinds of things. There were a great many institutions in the South where there was a white faculty, and where it was a matter of cash really. For instance, that was the great thing that the Negroes had against Hampton. For a long time no colored man could get on the faculty at Hampton, or eat at the table with a white teacher. They kept that up at Hampton for a long long time. Of course, it's broken down now.

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Q: Did the white teachers come feeling they were there for a purpose and when that purpose had been served they would have to give place to a colored faculty?

DuBois: Not so much the latter. They came with the idea that here was a job to be done -- it was a sort of missionary job, and they were dedicating their lives to it, and that they were going to suffer in all kinds of ways -- and socially they suffered completely. I mean, if you taught at a Negro school, you had absolutely no social contact

outside. There couldn't be any thought of it.

On the other hand, a great many of them got to the place where they thought it would be best for all time to have white faculties in these colored schools, that it should be a permanent arrangement, that the white faculties would give the colored students something that a colored faculty couldn't. So that had to be fought against.

Then, you see, the matter of a mixed faculty made all sorts of problems, which --well, that's a long story. There was an attempt, in some cases, to see if you couldn't have a white faculty which would stay socially with the white community, and still teach here, but that ran into all kinds of trouble.

4: The white community wouldn't have it?

DuBois: Sometimes the white community would have it, if the white teachers were sure to draw the line. For instance, at Hampton, ~~the white community of Hampton,~~ when the School brought there a distinguished singer or speaker, wanted the white faculty not only to sit by itself, but to have seats for the white people of Hampton, separate from the seats for the colored faculty of Hampton: that they must bring the color line inside the institution.

Q: How did Fisk fit into Nashville? How did you fit into Nashville?

DuBois: Well, we didn't fit at all. We were separate communities. For instance, the president of Fisk, who was a most impressive looking man and a well-trained white man, every year used to be introduced to the president of Vanderbilt when they met. ~~Of course~~, Vanderbilt was a white institution, and every year they were introduced to each other. And of course, they ~~had~~ never met socially. Now, today it's much different, but then there was just as sharp a division between the white Nashville and the white teachers at Fisk as could be made. They lived separately. Of course, if there was an entertainment in town for the white people, the white teachers from Fisk could go, as long as they paid ~~there~~ their way and so long as they didn't take any colored friends. In a public place, they could go.

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Q: How about the Negroes at Fisk and the Negroes at Nashville?

DuBois: Oh, they got on very nicely together, because families would send their children -- the colored families down there -- and there was a very close relationship. Of course, that brought in the relationship between the educated Negro and the masses, and there you had all of the difficulties that you

have in a case of that sort -- an attempt of Fisk graduates to lead the masses in the city would have run into difficulties. I remember one time going to a Methodist Church, where there was a big loud-mouthed preacher who was very popular-- when he preached the place was just jammed. There were three or four Fisk students there, and he stopped in his sermon: "You students down there --!" I forget what he said, but he was laying us out. I don't think I was part of the group, but at any rate, when students went down to those places, no matter what might be going on, they'd better not be making fun of it.

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On the other hand, the Fisk community didn't have much influence with the men who were leading the masses. It's the same thing always when you get an educated group in contact with the masses.

Q: You'd been brought up in a sedate Congregationalist Church, I can see where you might want to snicker at this Methodist preacher, but these other students had been brought up with this all of their lives -- ?

DuBois: No. No. Those who had been at Fisk a long time had been in the Fisk Congregational Church. And moreover, those who had come newly had come from the cities, where the church congregation had divided into a congregation of the ignorant

people who yelled and cavorted, and a very sedate Presbyterian or Episcopal or Congregational colored church. So to some of them, it was a new experience. Although of course, they'd always heard it afar, and they knew better, but after all, they were out on an excursion.

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Q: What were your own personal experiences with the town? Did you stay within the university community or did you get out much?

DuBois: While I was in school, during the semester, I stayed on the grounds. I only went out to walk perhaps or to go to the shops, andof course the shops were very careful of Fisk students; so in the kind of shops where the Negroes trade, they had no difficulty at all. Once in a while you might go into a ~~Negro~~ shop and there'd be some white person ~~in the~~ who came in after you and they'd wait on him first. I made it a rule in that case simply to walk out. That very seldom happened.

But I did one thing down there which was really excellent, and I'm so glad I did. Most of the students had to work during the vacations, and I wanted to work. I wanted to teach. ~~[illegible]~~ Well, I was rather discouraged from that because they said, "You're not used to the country South and you might get in trouble," but no, I wasn't afraid of that. So just as soon

as school got out, I went to Lebanon, which was a small town in about the center of Tennessee, and went to a meeting of teachers who were preparing to take summer schools for vacation time. The object of this meeting was that most of these teachers were very poorly trained, and they had this meeting and had the superintendent there, who gave them the course of study and told them about the work, and then after this teaching course, they disbanded and went off to the country schools. So I went there and took my tuition along with the others, and then I started out. I walked about 20 miles a day for a week, hunting for a school in the country district[5] -- got almost discouraged, it looked as if I couldn't possibly find one. Then at last I met a girl who was shopping, I think, and she said that in her community they hadn't had but one school since the war, and wouldn't I come out there? So I traveled through the hills and went out there, and went to see the superintendent who hired teachers, and there I had my first real contact with social conditions in the South. I was riding a horse, and a young white man joined me who was looking for the white school. The superintendent invited us in -- very pleasant and so forth --and said, "Stay for lunch." So I stayed. The young white man and he had lunch and then after they were through they invited me in. That's the last time I accepted an invitation to ~~a white~~ lunch. Oh yes, they gave me

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a good lunch -- of course, after the white folks ate.

Q: Did they sit and watch you or did they leave?

DuBois: Oh no. They left, and the servants came and served me a good meal.

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Q: I've heard of cases where the servants wouldn't serve.

DuBois: That might happen, but that would come later than this time that I'm talking about. At this time the servants would have a great respect for me as a colored teacher. And yet they would have been astonished if I'd been asked to sit down with the white -- in fact, the man who invited me, I suspect, hadn't the slightest idea he'd offered any insult at all or that I expected anything else. It was just: "of course you eat after us."

Well, I got a school there, and oh, that was an experience. School was held in a little corn crib, where the logs had chinks between, and it had been used to store corn, and never been used for a school house. They had had only one session of school since the Civil War, and this was in the eighties. There were no benches, no blackboards, no books or anything of that sort. We had to furnish everything. I had to bring my chair from the place where I boarded.

We fixed up all kinds of things. I went all through the community and urged people to send their children. Some of them had some doubts about sending a child to school just for a little while like that, what difference was it going to make? But I got about 24 who came and sat on the little benches. I was the one teacher and did all the teaching. ~~I had a blackboard.~~ And I had a lovely time teaching them.

Q: Actually, what use was it, for such a little time?

DuBois: Well, some of them would go on to school. Some of them ~~learned~~ started getting an idea as to what they could learn and what the world was.

Q: You couldn't hope to teach them to read and write?

DuBois: Some of them, you could. Most of them couldn't. But I could make a start. There were some people, you see, who were buying their land or some that owned their land. Those that were buying or owned lands didn't want the children to go to school because it took them out of the fields, but I talked to them. Every week I used to go home with one of the pupils and spend the weekend. Sometimes it was a very lovely experience and sometimes it was a little frightening.

I remember going to one place where the home consisted of one big room with two or three great big beds in it. I thought to myself: my God, how am I going to get to bed? (or, How am I going to get to the bathroom?) But it was easily arranged, people just went outdoors before they went to bed. By the time I was going to get up in the morning they had already gone to work.

Some of the places had two or three rooms. These were rough, honest, hard-working people. It was splendid to talk with them, to see what their ambitions were, what they'd been through and so forth!

I should say most of the homes were reinforced log cabins, log cabins that boards had been put over -- usually not plastered. The usually were sealed, and with boards. There were a few that were new and fairly modern houses. All kinds of things indicating a transition stage, where they were going to get out of the serfdom of country life, get to ownership of their own farms, and send their children off to school.

Q: How did they react to you? were they excessively respectful to you as a teacher, or suspicious, or what?

DuBois: They were very respectful, and they wanted to learn. They wanted me to tell them about things, to explain why, all that kind of thing. Oh, they just kept me talking, and of

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course I kept them rem'niscing about what they had been through, what they expected, and so forth.

I went back to this community ten years later, to see what had happened. There were many changes. On the whole, they had progressed. I went a second term and taught in the same place. The first term, I got $24 a month, and the second term I got $30 a month.

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Q: When you went back ten years later, could you see any effect of what you had done yourself?

DuBois: Well, no, except that some of the people whom I had inspired, the children, had gone on to school, things of that sort, but nothing very much.

Q: Where did you find the best line of attack, the parents or the children?

DuBois: It differed. Sometimes there were children that wanted to get to school and the parents needed them and couldn't let them. I'd have to go out and have a long talk with the parents about what they owed their children and so forth. Then, in other cases, there were children who were not interested, not very bright, didn't like being confined in school and losing a chance to make a little money or be in town and so forth. All kinds

of human beings there were there, all sorts.

That was such a rare experience, and I did enjoy it so much. It did so much for my general educatinn, because then I could do my work knowing the South not simply from the point of view of Fisk University, but because I'd seen the backwoods. I heard my first Negro spiritual untainted by anything outside. In I was in a church sitting on a bench when suddenly the woman beside me just shot into the air. My God! It frightened me at first. I thought they were going crazy.

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Q: Why did you go to that church, curiosity?

DuBois: Yes. And then, of course, the singing, and the revival, all of the efforts, and so forth, the preaching, the minister -- it was a ceremonial that took in the whole community. The people brought picnic lunches and they sat around outside and gossiped and so forth, and then they went in and were converted. Oh, it was a tremendous experience.

Q: These people worked so hard; did religion provide a reason to knock off and relax a little?

DuBois: It enabled them to rationalize life. It didn't make any difference how hard life was, what they had been through.

Or how dark the prospects were. After all, they came here to have it re-examined. This is a rational world, and while we're suffering here, after all, this is only part of life. In the long run the thing is going to be made right. The people who've got an unjust advantage here are going to get punished, and we who've had an unfair situation are going to be happy. So there's no use giving up and getting discouraged. In the long run, this world's coming out straight.

Now, the more devout, of course, believed that implicitly, so they could sit there and laugh in the faces of the white people who were strutting around. The mass of the people didn't exactly believe this, but it might be true. There was an argument there, and they went along with the crowd. To the rest of them, this was the great social event of their week, going to church.

Q: What were your own religious experiences at this time?

DuBois: Well, I, of course, knew -- first from the rather mild religion of my boyhood and of western Massachusetts, which was simply a matter of morals ... You must tell the truth: I got an awful dose of that sort of thing, and I told the truth at times when it would have been better if I hadn't.

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It certainly would have been better for me...

Then I moved on to Fisk, where the faculty ~~were very intense. They~~ had a very thorough belief, most of them, in a pretty orthodox religion, where you got not only reward if you did well on earth but you had prospects of reward hereafter. But by the time I went to Harvard, I was not orthodox at all. I had questioned many of the things that our teachers down at Fisk believed. But I was by no means radical. I was rather on the side of the Germans who at that time were beginning to re-interpret and re translate the Bible. However, I used to jump on my fellow students who got blasphemous.

Then I went to Germany, and there of course I just forget religion, practically, and went into economics and sociology. I came back to Wilberforce, which was a Methodist school of the older type, where I wanted to build up a modern university, and there immediately I got in trouble. One of the first things that happened -- I had been out walking, and I was carrying my cane and gloves, from my Berlin student days. You would no more have thought of going out without your cane than you would without your pants. I strolled into a prayer meeting. All the students were there, because it was compulsory. Believe me, I shall never forget it. Mr. Masterson was up in front, and I went to the back and sat in back and began to look the thing over.

Then I heard Mr. Masterson say: "Dr. DuBois will lead us in prayer."

I said, "No, I won't."

I came very near losing my job right there. I simply had to explain to the bishops -- after all, in my home you didn't ask any man to get up and lead in prayer. There were a few deacons that did. But I'm just not interested and I'm not going to.

I had come there as a result of a row with another professor, and they had advertised my great learning so much that they didn't dare to fire me that year. They would have fired me, but I got out. I knew I couldn't stand it.

Q: How did you happen to put yourself in such a position? Did you not realize you might be called upon?

DuBois: Didn't dream of it! No, I didn't think anything like it. Moreover, I wasn't making fun of them or criticizing them. They had a perfect right to their religion. They could do just as they pleased, except they mustn't pull me in to do things I wasn't used to doing. Then, after that, they had regularly for three years a revival in which the whole work of the school stopped, and all the professors and all the students ~~went there~~ attended. A regular

number got converted.

On the other hand, they were good people. There were some who weren't, of course, but I mean most of them really believed what they were doing and they believed they had to have these revivals so's to get the students in to church. And the students, after all, most of them had never seen anything else. It wasn't a bad thing. It was a good thing. I think in the two years I was there I really did a great deal. We had one Shakespeare scholar there who would have been one of the great actors of the ~~xxxxxx~~ century if he'd had a chance, but of course he was black and he couldn't get into the schools or anything of that sort. We had others who went out and did very excellent work.

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Q: You mentioned you had difficulties at Fisk about dancing, etc?

DuBois: They didn't do anything; they simply warned us and asked us to give up dancing, and that was about the only thing they asked, and I tried for a while to obey and then I just ignored it. But there was no compulsion there. Here, you see, at ~~that~~ Wilberforce, we were hired by the institution, and any man who couldn't pray in public was going to be put out in time. As I say, in my case they didn't put me out immediately, but they would have.

No doubt about that. They just couldn't have it!

Q: What kind of dancing was it? It wasn't ballroom dancing?

DuBois: Yes, it was. ~~Like they danced in the cities~~. It was just ordinary dancing. It wasn't rock and roll or anything like that it was just ordinary dancing with the waltz and the two-step, things of that sort. That was the dancing of the colored people in the city because they, you see, got their pattern of social life from the best of the white society. Their fathers and mothers had been in contact with these families, had been household servants and so forth. But the people in the church, especially ~~this~~ one black deacon at first, evidently had had some awful experiences about dancing. I don't know what kind of dancing ~~they~~ he'd been used to. But there was absolutely nothing that was a bit wrong about the dancing that I'd been doing, and the other students. It wasn't a matter of public balls or anything of that sort. I'd never been to a public ball. This was simply part of the old orthodoxy -- that dancing was wrong -- and that was part of the Methodist Church doctrine.

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Q: Was there any compulsion to attend church at Fisk?

DuBois: Yes. You had to go to the sermon Sunday morning, and

you had to chapel in the mornings.

Q: Did you just have to go to the sermon or did you have to report on it afterwards?

DuBois: No, we didn't have to report. I taught Sunday School while I was afterwards teaching, for some time, until I ran across a difficulty there. I just gave up. They used to teach Gospel lessons, which always dragged something out of the Bible that I didn't believe in. So there was a new book written by Crapsey, an Episcopal clergyman of New York, on religion and politics, which was a very excellent book. I got a copy of that book, and I took my college class in Sunday School, and we read a chapter of that each Sunday and discussed it. Then, right in the midst of it, they got Crapsey up for heresy. I just stopped. I said, "I'm not going to teach Sunday School any more."

41-145-63

W.E.B. DuBois - 24 May 1960 - by William Ingersoll.

Q: Could you tell me how you made arrangements to go from Fisk to Harvard? Did you go directly to Harvard, or did you take off for a while, or just what did you do?

Mr. DuBois: I think I told you before how I got the scholarship, to go there -- how I got a scholarship to go to Harvard. Well, as a boy, of course, I had been looking over colleges, and had quite made up my mind that I was going to college, and naturally, Harvard attracted me because it was a Massachusetts institution and was one of the oldest and the best. The relatively few students from Great Barrington who went to college usually went to Williams or Amherst, but I wanted to go to Harvard. But I didn't have any money, and after I'd been graduated from the high school, a scholarship was furnished, at the instance of a man who had been head of the Indian Bureau and knew something of conditions in Washington and the South. He got four churches, of which he had formerly been pastor, to give $25 a year each. One was the Congregational Church in my home town, of which my mother was a member and where I had gone to Sunday school, and there were others in various parts of Connecticut.

So I went to Fisk -- rather to the disappointment of my family, who didn't want me to go away to the South, the Land of Slavery. But on the other hand, I was rather enthusiastic

about it, because I realized that I was going to be with my own group of young people, and as a matter of fact I was very happy at Fisk. I was a sophomore in Fisk college, because Fisk was of rather a lower grade than northern colleges. Immediately after getting there, I made plans that after I finished Fisk, I would go to Harvard if possible.

It was at about this time that the authorities at Harvard got the idea that Harvard was altogether too provincial: it ought to have a wider constituency and come nearer representing the nation, instead of representing merely New England and the leading families of New England. So they advertised and gave publicity to the fact that they were offering scholarships in various parts of the country. So, as a senior at Fisk, I applied for a scholarship, and of course had a certain advantage in that I had been born and educated in New England, but on the other hand I had lived in the South as a student for three years. I had taught out in the country. And I wanted to go to Harvard.

Of course, normally, transferring from one college to another, I would have lost a year, but in this case, to be on the safe side, I think Harvard thought I'd better lose two years, so that they offered me entrance to Harvard as a junior, although I would have had my AB from Fisk.

Q: What did they offer in this scholarship? Was it an annual

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scholarship, or did they promise in the beginning to pay you through the AB?

DuBois: No. No, they made no promises at all, except to give me $250 for one year, with the prospect, of course, that if I did well I could probably get the scholarship renewed, which happened.

I was very eager to go to Harvard, not for the usual objects which a boy has to go to College. I wanted to take a course there that would finish up and complete the work that I had done at Fisk. At Fisk we had good teaching, but it was limited. We had, for instance, no physical laboratory, no chemical laboratory. We had a small and good library, but not a broad library, nothing where you could do research or anything of that sort. I became very much interested in philosophy, which was taught by the president and on rather narrow lines, and I wanted to go in and make philosophy my chief work.

Then there came, of course, the question of the expense of getting there, because this scholarship was not to be paid until I got there. So the summer before I went, I became the business manager of the Fisk Glee Club. The Fisk Glee Club was a little organization of students, and one of our

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students at Fisk had been second waiter at a hotel at Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, and he made arrangements that the five boys -- the four members of the quartette and myself -- should go to Lake Minnetonka and work during the summer. None of us knew anything about hotel work, but we were to be busboys, that is, to carry out the dishes from the dining-room, and we might learn something else. We got our board and a small pittance, and then ~~of course~~ we were supposed to pick up tips.

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This was a revelation to me. It was quite different, ~~of~~ course, from New England, and also different from the South. It was a rather plush summer hotel where people of all sorts came, especially on weekends. I was very much interested in what I saw. In fact, I was so much interested in looking around at people that I didn't make any tips because I didn't see the people beckoning. ~~ØØ~~ At first I had a hard time getting enough to eat, because they didn't really pretend to feed the waiters -- the waiters really stole what they wanted by making orders and eating them themselves. After a while they brought me food, so that I got on fairly well for the summer.

At the end of the summer, I left the quartette there and went on ahead to St. Paul, to Madison, Wisconsin, to Chicago and some other places, and made arrangements for the quartette to fill engagements there.

Q: Did the quartette do any singing at Lake Minnetonka?

DuBois: A little, not very much. They did very well on the trip. The people that I got in contact with were very nice about it, and made good contacts, and these were nice young fellows.

Q: Were these the Jubilee Singers?

DuBois: Oh, no. The Jubilee Singers came long before that and were a professional group -- that is, they were students that had been trained, and they went all over the world. They sang before Queen Victoria and before ~~emperor~~ the German emperor, and had a great career. Then, after that -- most of them were dead by this time -- every year Fisk ~~they~~ organized, sometimes a choir and sometimes simply a quartette, and this was a quartette.

Of course, it was rather hard, my work, making these engagements. Some people were not interested at all; there were others who showed great interest. At last I made enough to go and get started at Harvard, and I entered Harvard in the fall of 1885.

This was a very interesting time to become a member of Harvard University. Very seldom has there been such a galaxy of teachers. My particular professor was William James, who

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was in the midst of developing his pragmatic philosophy. He, as you know, was the brother of Henry James, the novelist. There was George Santayana, who was just coming there as a young man. There was George Palmer. There was Edward Channing. A large number of unusually gifted men and men of broad outlook and good background. For the most part, they were interested in me, and ~~of course~~ I was fascinated by the extraordinary chance which I had here.

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On the other hand, in one respect I did not take advantage of the opportunities there. I had no desire, made no attempt to know any of my classmates. The class was nearly 300. I don't suppose that I knew ten of them, and certainly not more than three or four were actually intimate acquaintances. Now, I got that attitude because I had been three years in the South, where there was as near a complete separation between white and colored people as possible, and particularly between colored people who were educated or were students, and the kind of white people who ought to have known them. So I went to Harvard with no idea of acquaintanceship, with no idea of social contacts with my fellow students, and the result was that I think that most of the students whom I met, and most of my classmates, got the idea that I was an unsocial person, and naturally they made no attempts to get acquainted with me. So most of the acquaintanceships that I have made with my classmates have been

twenty-five or fifty years after graduation. A few I have since got acquainted with, and realized that I might have had some interesting contacts, if I had tried to earlier.

On the other hand, there were quite a number of colored students at various institutions -- not very many at Harvard -- one or two at a time during the four years that I was there. But at the Institute of Technology and Boston University and other places like that, there were other students, and then there was a pleasant set of colored people in town, and I had a very pleasant social life.

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Q: Did you live in Cambridge?

DuBois: I lived in Cambridge -- not on the campus, that was too costly -- but not far, only a few blocks from the campus; I got a room with a colored family from Nova Scotia, and stayed there during my college days. The woman who owned the house was a very pleasant woman who did all she could to make it pleasant for me. I boarded, after the first year, in some of the Harvard dining-rooms, in the Memorial Hall I boarded one year, and one or two years in the Foxcroft Club, which was a club especially for students who didn't have much in the line of funds. There I made some acquaintances.

Q: I wonder that your upbringing at Great Barrington didn't operate to make you feel that in Boston it would not be the same as it had been in Nashville?

DuBois: Yes -- I think so -- at the same time, for reasons that are not quite clear to me, I didn't take advantage of it at all. I withdrew from the white students. There were so many things that every student would have naturally known that I knew nothing about. I knew nothing, for instance, about fraternities and things of that sort. I was rather surprised and disappointed when I realized what the Phi Beta Kappa was. Coming there as a junior, you see, I didn't have a chance to compete for scholarship because I was there only two years as against four years. On the other hand, it was a custom that the class could elect some candidates for Phi Beta Kappa, ignoring their scholarship, at least not making it of the greatest importance, but that sort of popularity I would never have had, of course. I wouldn't have been thought of for that. Although, curiously enough, I did get Phi Beta Kappa eventually, but it was about seventy-five years later, when they got a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at Fisk where I graduated, and they made me an honorary member. That satisfied an old ambition.

Well, I went through the two undergraduate years. I took a course in chemistry under Hill, a very thorough course in chemistry. I took courses in mathematics and in geology, which

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pieced out my education that I'd had at Fisk. And I also took a good deal of philosophy under William James. I read Kant's Critique with Santayana -- he and I alone, in an upper room -- and pieced out my education very well.

At the same time, I began to realize -- and got advice from James -- that philosophy was not a career that I could afford to follow. Because James said, "If you've got to be a philosopher, of course you will. But if you can avoid it, turn to something else, because the only way to support yourself in philosophy would be to be president of some small institution where you'd have one course in philosophy to piece out the seniors' work."

So I turned from philosophy to economics and history. What I really was aiming towards was what afterwards became sociology, but of course sociology wasn't recognized at Harvard then, so that I actually began to centralize my work on history. And there I came under the tutorship of Albert Bushnell Hart. Hart was the great authority in the use of documents, and in the careful filing of authorities and so forth, and he did a great deal for me, because I was then rather in the state where I was thinking in general terms, and rather flamboyant, and he brought me down to earth by making me study documents and look up facts pretty carefully. He put me, for instance, on making a bibliography of one of the first slave revolts in Virginia, and I made a bibliography which I think has never needed to be added to: I got practically everything that was in print.

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Finally, we settled down to study of the African slave trade. By that time I had graduated, I'd got my degree with distinction, and I was one of the six commencement speakers. I talked on Jefferson Davis -- ~~that was~~ as a representative of civilization -- and tried to point out that the Southern idea of might and race superiority was not modern and not civilized. It got a good deal of attention, because a colored student at Harvard talking on Jefferson Davis was certainly unexpected.

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Q: What was the reason for your going into this, was it because you were a Negro?

DuBois: No, it was quite the natural thing for me, coming out of the South where I had come upon the race problem as a new and tremendous thing -- it was the biggest thing in the universe to me -- it was perfectly natural for me to want to study the Negro. On the other hand, Hart must have argued, as you've said, here is a Negro student and he ought to be interested in this. But it wasn't any matter of choice on my part. It seemed to me perfectly natural.

Q: There wasn't any particular moment when you decided ~~that~~ what you were going to do?

DuBois: No, I just went into it just as naturally as I did with some of these other attitudes.

There came the question then, however, about my graduate study -- if I could write this thesis and pursue work in economics and sociology. I applied for a fellowship, and I got a fellowship for a year in the graduate school and began my work there at Harvard. So you see, as a matter of fact, I was at Harvard four years, two years as an undergraduate and two years in the graduate school.

Now, toward the end of the first year in the graduate school, I had to look around for another fellowship. I couldn't be sure I'd be re-appointed to this one. But at a card party one night, somebody brought me a paper and asked me if I'd seen what Rutherford Hayes had been saying down at Johns Hopkins. Now, Rutherford Hayes was ex-President of the United States, and he had been recently made the president of the Slater Fund. Slater was a philanthropist in Connecticut who had left a million dollars or so for the education of Negroes, and Hayes had been made president and lectured on the subject.

Now, in the meantime, one thing I forgot to mention -- in my senior year, one of my classmates was a black man, one years older than I, who came from St. Louis, had originally been a barber, but encouraged by one of his colored teachers, he came to Boston, went through the Latin School, and entered

Harvard ~~and was in my class~~.

Now, Morgan was one of the best English speakers I have ever known. It was really extraordinary. And of course, the class knew it. Now, at commencement, the seniors elected certain class officers, and it had always been a closed social circle that got these offices. There was the marshal of the day, the class poet, the class orator, and two or three others, about six class officers. Well, this class, 1890, revolted from custom. I had nothing to do with it -- I knew nothing about it, really -- and they elected Morgan class orator, which was an unprecedented thing, ~~of course,~~ and there was a great deal of talk about it. Oh, some of the Southern papers ~~raved and~~ were outraged, that they would have a Negro in this purely social matter. But the class stood by it, and Morgan was class orator, on Class Day, before Commencement, and it was talked of throughout the country. There were one or two other colleges that elected colored class orators.

As I say, Rutherford Hayes went down to Johns Hopkins University and spoke to the students there, and I think, rather as a joke, he said that the Slater Board had been looking around for some colored students that they could help get a good education, if they had the ability to take it, but they hadn't been able to find anything but orators.

So I sat down and wrote Mr. Hayes and said that I could bring some testimony that I was able to do some work and if there

was a scholarship offered, I should like to be considered. He wrote back pleasantly and said that they had made offers in the past, but there was no such offer now. And then I sat down and wrote him a pretty warm letter, an impudent letter for an undergraduate to write to the ex-President of the United States, ~~but~~ I told him he ~~owed~~ owed some of us an apology, that he had no business to go down to a Southern University -- ~~that was~~ or one on the edge of the South -- and tell them that here was a chance for a Negro to have a scholarship and a good education but they couldn't find anybody. I said, ~~"Moreover,~~ I never heard of any such offer and I couldn't find any of my friends that ever heard of it, and that he ought to do something about it.

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Well, he was very much upset, and he wrote back and said that he couldn't do anything immediately but if I would try the next year, ~~that he'd consider it~~ and would bring it before the Board.

The next year I overwhelmed that board with recommendations from everybody at Harvard, from the president down, and there was literally no escape. They gave me a fellowship of $750, half of which was to be paid back with interest and the other half was a scholarship, and on that I was to go to Germany. So I did get the second fellowship at Harvard, ~~and stayed there on that,~~ and then on this German fellowship, I went abroad.

Q: The Slater Fund was specifically to aid Negro education, ~~not just Southern~~ education?

DuBois: ~~Well~~ Negro education, yes. Of course, ~~that~~ that was an advantage, I had meant ~~it~~ largely Southern, but you see then again, I had been educated in the South.

Q: The ~~Peabody~~ Fund was aimed at Southern education and Negroes only incidentally?

DuBois: Yes, incidentally with whites, but the Slater Fund was particularly for Negroes.

Well, in Germany I stayed two years, and ~~of course~~ it was an extraordinary experience. I went to England and to Holland, then took the ~~Rhine~~ Rheinreise up the Rhine River, and went to Eisenbach. Eisenbach was the old home of Martin Luther. There I stayed with an ex-professor's family. He was the Oberpfarrer of the ~~German Protestant~~ Lutheran Church, and there was his wife and two daughters and ~~some~~ other paying guests. I had a very, very interesting time. I began to realize that white people were human. I ~~got~~ learned the German language, in the first place, and I got acquainted with German customs.

Then, at the end of the summer, I went to Berlin. There I got into the ~~a~~ seminar of Adolph Wagner and the second semester of

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Gustav Schmoller. They both would be called great sociologists today. They were studying and teaching economics and history, and it was the custom for a seminar of that sort to select a small number of serious students who wanted to make a specialty of what they were teaching. Usually foreigners didn't get a chance, ~~generally~~, but I suppose on account of my unusual coloring and so forth, I got into the seminars, both semesters, which was a great advantage.

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I found however, of course, that my knowledge of German was not nearly enough to do serious work, so that I changed my plan, and instead of staying in Germany one year and then going to France for one year, which is what I had in mind, I decided I would spend all my time in Germany. I wasn't sure about my being re-appointed to the fellowship, but I was, and I finished three semesters. I did a great deal of traveling, because during the year they had frequent vacations at a German university. Most of the university students were not serious students. They had finished a very serious course in the gymnasium, as they call it, the high school, and then they went to the university to have a vacation and a good time. About all they did -- nine out of ten -- was to sign up upon entering the course, and sign up on leaving at the end, and during the rest of the time they might not go near a lecture. But they did have a good deal of drinking. They joined the corps and the fraternities, and went to the theatre and the

concerts, and had usually, two ~~or three~~ years of addition to their high school course.

Now, in the United States at that time the reputation of the German universities was very high, and anybody that expected to get on in academic life here tried to get a German degree. There was the new University of Chicago and Johns Hopkins, ~~and German degrees were very high in the States,~~ and I of course wanted to bring back from Germany a German degree. But in order to do that, I must spend the triennium, three years. I could have spent two years -- I did spend three semesters, which was a year and a half -- but the point was that they would not recognize my graduate work at Harvard as equal to graduate work in Germany. Harvard wasn't of high enough status! So I had to give up the idea of a degree, but I ~~did get the three semesters, and then~~ I went and stayed a little time in France, and then came home. And there is another story -- some 70 or 80 years later when I went back ~~there~~, in '59, the University of Berlin brought out all the records of my three semesters, and gave me my degree!

Q: What was the contrast between Harvard and the University of Berlin? Harvard, as you pointed out, was accumulating a magnificent faculty. Eliot was president and had just had a heavy bout with the Overseers. . .

DuBois: They said to him one time: "How is it, President Eliot,

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we have been doing such and such a thing so and so for so many years, and now it's got to be changed?"

Eliot , who was very prim, said, "Perhaps it's because you have a new president."

Well, Harvard was still a teaching university. The teachers had classes and they taught the classes, and the students listened and asked questions and consulted. Now, Germany was not a teachers' university. Nobody ever consulted . . . was the great Pan-Germanist, you know, "Germany above everything," but nobody ever thought of consulting him. You went into his class and listened to him. But he didn't know who was there; he didn't know a person in his class, one student in a thousand, I suppose.

The German university was a place where a properly trained student could, if he wanted to, study. He could get some guidance in studying, but not very much. That wasn't really the professor's business. The professor was writing books and consulting with scientists and so forth, he wasn't teaching students. So there was a great contrast, you see, between Harvard of that day and the University of Berlin.

Q: The professor simply stood before a group and lectured?

DuBois: That's all. You came into a class, getting there on time, usually, although Von Treitschke, for instance, was always

late -- then the professor came in, the students suddenly got quiet, and for a half hour or an hour and a half, usually about an hour, he talked. Sometimes he just brought in a chapter of his new book and read to them. There were never any questions, if anything of that sort. It was just a straight lecture, and even a man who was specializing didn't attend all the lectures. They were rather boring, on the whole. Still, you could see the men, you could hear their voices, their mannerisms and so forth, and get an idea what the head of a certain line of study in which you were interested, what he was doing and the way he talked and so forth. But there was no teaching.

41-ME-81

S: Such guidance as you got came from the seminar?

DuBois: Yes. Now, the seminar was different. The seminar was more like a Harvard class. There was a large table, perhaps it would go across this room. like the one across this room. The professor sat in the middle, here, the students were grouped around. Each student had an assigned subject which he was studying, and he got the right to talk at a particular seminar. I, for instance, was studying the Gross-und Kleinbetrieb, the large and small agriculture in the United States. Schmoller's idea was that the small farmer was going to be swallowed by big farming, and that you were going to have this Grossbetrieb eventually, in which he was

partly right. So every week, you went there, and you heard some young student talk on a subject which he was particularly studying. Then, of course, the professor made comments, and you got questions and so forth. It was much nearer a Harvard class.

Q: I wanted to ask you about some of the faculty members at Harvard. I gather that you had actually made arrangements to go into history before you got your AB there.

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DuBois: Yes, I had taken a course in history, and I did well. I had good habits of study, and no diversions -- you see, there weren't any outside interests. I always went to bed at 10 o'clock, and I spent the whole day studying, instead of looking about, which was the reason I didn't get acquainted with people, because I was studying during that time. The result was, in all my classes, with a few exceptions -- one exception being English, curiously enough -- in all my classes I made good marks, and of course that brought me to the attention of the teachers. When I went into Hart's course in United States history, he was immediately interested, as I was, and we talked together.

Now, in the matter of English, where I had always counted myself as rather proficient -- I was a good writer and a good speaker -- but at Harvard at that time, they were especially

stressing good grammatic English and goods taste, and the first assignment I had was to answer a Southern Senator who had made a terrific attack upon Negroes in general, and I wrote a terrific answer, which was very satisfactory to me -- but for the first time in my life, I got an E. E was not passing. I was simply flabbergasted, but I had the good sense to know that the man was perfectly right. The English teacher wasn't interested in the Negro problem, he was interested in English, and mine was a good pro-Negro defense, but it committed every error in English.

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After that I went to work to especially study English, to study it carefully and to write themes. I went into Barrett Wendell's English 12, which was the great writing course. Perhaps you've read ~~His recent book on~~ noticed recently there has been a book on Copeland of Harvard? Barrett Wendell had been the professor before Copy came in, you see, and I was in that course... (off tape)

W.E.B. DuBois - 24 May 1960 - by William Ingersoll.

I remember, on entering the class at Harvard in English 12, each one of us was asked to write a statement saying, among other things, why he had taken that course. I wrote out something like, I had an idea that I had something to say and I was taking English 12 in order to say it well. That struck ~~Barry~~ Barrett Wendell. He read that to the class, which of course greatly uplifted me and gave me some status in the class.

Q: With the name attached?

Mr. DuBois: Oh, yes. He was very English. He wore spats and had an Oxford accent. But he was a good teacher . I got a great deal out of that.

Q: A course like that did not break down your resistance to the other students?

Mr. DuBois: No, not particularly. You see, in a course like that, there wasn't much intercourse between students. It was between the students and the professor. And if it was a large course -- and English 12 was -- there the professor did a

great deal of teaching and not so much consulting.

Q: In other words, he didn't call for student criticism of the work, he did it himself.

DuBois: No -- he did it. Yes.

Q: How did the course help you? In problems of style, in problems of restraint?

DuBois: Well, particularly at Harvard, it was a matter of restraint at first. It was the English idea of rather understating than overstating your thesis. But more particularly, of being very careful with grammar. You see, a great deal of slang was starting, as always. It was used in college, it was used in books. And the matter of never sticking an adverb to split up the infinitive. Things like that which I should have said, before I came to Harvard, were very small and unimportant, but which, after all, if you were going to have a language which really meant something and carried your idea, you'd had to be careful of the grammar. So I became very, very sensitive to grammatical form, to figures of speech, to things of that sort. Good taste: that was always emphasized.

Then, after Wendell's course, I had a long course of daily

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themes, daily essays, about a page, which were very carefully corrected. They were sent in and distributed among the young instructors, and they came back every day with red marks on them of offenses against taste, against grammar.

Q: This was a course that you went every day and sat in?

DuBois: Yes, but -- I don't know whether we sat in a class -- I don't think we did, no. We just turned in themes every day, then they were turned back, and so forth. Because we didn't know who was doing the correcting.

Q: It was the same person every day, for you?

DuBois: No. No. It circulated.

Q: Some one person must have directed a project like that.

DuBois: Yes. I'm not just certain, though. I've forgotten. The man that was at the head of it afterward went to Yale, and started a course that was known nation-wide, but I've forgotten all the details of that now.

(Check: Could that be Baker of the Baker Workshop?)

98-54-11

I know it was such work. It was a very good course in English.

Q: I saw an article, written in the twenties, wherein you were criticized -- you were sort of patronized, because after all, you'd gone to Harvard and had a very classical education, and you couldn't be expected to do practical things. Well, I don't think you did particularly get a classical education at Harvard, did you?

L8-341-14

DuBois: No. No, my classical education was at Fisk, and at Harvard what I did was to top that off with modern science. Qualitative analysis, for instance. I'd had nothing of that at Fisk. Of course, and my Latin and Greek. . . For instance, I had an astonishing amount of Latin and Greek, you see. I had five years of Latin and four years of Greek. But all that was in my schooling at Fisk. I didn't have any Latin and Greek at Harvard.

Q: This was not an uncommon kind of education then for an educated man?

DuBois: No. In fact, when I was in high school, and my principal told me -- I was only thirteen, I think, that I ought to take Greek, I hadn't the

slightest idea why. But as a matter of fact, he knew that unless I took Greek, I couldn't get into college. You couldn't get into college without Greek then.

Q: Harvard had just relaxed the Greek requirement at that time?

DuBois: Yes. But that was after I'd been to Fisk and had finished all my Latin and Greek.

Q: What was your acquaintance with the problems that Harvard was running into at just this time? Had you come into that, or did your removal from the student body keep you out of such activities?

DuBois: I knew practically nothing about it. I not only knew nothing about the problems of Harvard, I didn't even know the white labor problems and things of that sort. I was concentrated on the Negro problem. So far as the Negro problem was a labor problem, I was led into the labor problem, but much later, after I got out of college. And as to the running?
general problems of the run of the college and of the relation of the college to the nation and things of that sort, I didn't give any attention to that at all.

88-EX1-14

Q: How about the members of the faculty? You were close to them? You did see some of them outside?

DuBois: With some of them, I was very close. William James -- I was in his house, I was entertained there many times, so that I felt at home there. I knew Josiah Royce, the great California philosopher. Edward Channing and Emerson. Nathaniel Shaler, who's a Kentuckian -- I didn't know him personally, so much, but he was a good friend of mine. There was one Southern student who objected to sitting beside me in class, and Shaler? Channing said to him, "Well, you'd better get out of this course anyhow, you haven't been doing very well."

Q: How did these men feel generally on the racial problem? Were you unaware of their being concerned about it at all? Were they deeply concerned about it?

DuBois: Some of them were deeply concerned. James wasn't looking at it as a race problem. He was interested in the human mind and in the ways in which young minds were attacking everyday problems, and in trying to have young fellows think straight. If you talk about something's being right or wrong, the question is, how will it work out if you follow this line of conduct? What will be the result, on yourself and on other people? It was a philosophical approach -- pragmatism.

41-JE-89

The history teachers were interested in history and in the proving of facts -- what did happen in the past? So Channing and Emerton rather spurred me towards being sure of my statements. And Hart, of course, was just lost in his filing system.

Q: You mean that Hart was not aware of race?

DuBois: I think that he was very much interested in me personally, but his mythum was the great thing. I think perhaps he was a little disappointed in me, that I didn't go into history, as a student of history; I went into history as a Negro who wanted to do something for the Negro race, and so my rating went in that direction, when, on the other hand, I could easily have been invited to write one or two volumes in his series, "Harvard Historical Series," I'm very sure. It was he that insisted and made my thesis the first volume of the "Harvard Historical Series."

Q: Did you have anything to do with that negotiation, or were you simply told that was what it was going to be?

DuBois: I'm quite sure that there must have been some argument, but I don't know anything about it. I never heard anything about it.

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~~about it.~~ I mean, in those days I had made up my mind that there's only one thing that you need to do, and that is to outstrip the people that are competing with you, or do so well in any assignment that they simply can't reject it. As to talking it up or seeing what they were thinking about, that never occurred to me. I never said a word to Hart about this being published. Nor to anyone else, as far as that's concerned.

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C: What was Hart like personally? Was he an affable man, or the kind of professor who was interested but didn't always remember your name, or just what?

DuBois: No, he was very accurate in memory, names and things of that sort, but he wasn't human. He was methodical. He was dry as dust, so far as that's concerned. Any subject -- here was a section of his library, here was a folder, in that folder was such and such things. Now, if you discovered in that folder something in which he was interested -- that there was a lack there that ought to be filled out, that he ought to have more data on -- he required a student to fill that out. But he was over-methodical, and not a very popular professor, so far hhm as his fellow professors were concerned. Very insistent -- I mean, if something was lacking, it simply must be filled in, no matter if the heavens fell.

Q: Was the doctoral program carried out by the seminar method at Harvard then? Did you take a seminar with Hart or what?

DuBois: No. It was personal consultation. But all the professors were brought in, from time to time. But we didn't have seminars. There were clubs -- there was the philosophical club and historical clubs and so forth, where you met evenings to eat and talk together, but no work was brought out. We worked a great deal in the library, and the library even then was pretty well developed, so that you could get almost anything that you wanted. But you worked alone, and then consulted with your professor perhaps once a week or something like that.

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Q: Was the Philosophical Club the sort of thing you went to, or didn't go to?

DuBois: No, I was a member of the Philosophical Club. It was a picked number that were invited to join. So I joined that and went very methodically.

There was only one thing that verged on the social that I tried to get admittance to, although I knew I wasn't going to, and that was the Glee Club. I had a rather good voice, and when the Glee Club advertised for people to join, I went, and went through the examination. But of course, as I knew, they wouldn't want to put a Negro on the Harvard Glee Club.

I hadn't the slightest chance. I had a better voice than most of the people there. I could have developed earlier a good singing voice, if I hadn't turned to speaking and used it in speaking.

Q: Why did this tempt you and interest you -- because you didn't wish to be humiliated, and I want to know why you exposed yourself in that?

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DuBois: Well, you see, there the artist in me -- which there was, some -- came out. For instance, I went to Fisk -- I was willing to go to Fisk -- because to Great Barrington, when I was about 12 perhaps, there came the Hampton Jubilee Singers, and for the first time in my life I heard Negro music, singing folk songs. I'd never heard it before, because of course it wasn't in my family at all. Nothing of that sort. So when I went down to Fisk, I was tremendously interest in music, and I was a member of the Mozart Society, which every year used to give an oratorio. I had that side. I think, too, if I'd had had encouragement, I might have learned to draw or paint, but that I threw aside. However, the singing, that had always been a part of my recreation, so to speak.

Q: How did you find the Negro society in the Cambridge Boston society, or didn't you turn to that either?

DuBois: Oh yes, I turned to that, and I liked it very much. There was a tremendous variety. For instance, there was Mrs. Josephine St. Peter Ruffin, a beautiful woman, just tinted with color, with piles of white hair: she was the widow of the first Northern judge that was appointed -- Judge Ruffin had been appointed a magistrate in Boston. He had died. He had one daughter. So Mrs. Ruffin -- her home was a kind of center where the students particularly collected. There had been very few Negro students at Harvard, and naturally, when one came, he was very welcome there, and there I met all kinds of people -- some of the Negroes who were in the professions, for instance, there was a middle aged lawyer, and there was a young reporter on the Boston Herald, Robert Temo. There were girls -- one girl, I think she must have been a stenographer or something of that sort -- and then there were students, students at the Institute of Technology, two or three students of Boston. In fact, we gave The Birds, of Aristophanes, at a colored church in Boston while I was a student there. I ran across a program of it, not long ago. Naturally we gave it in English. And I don't think I said anything about it to my white fellow-students at Harvard, or invited them. I can't remember. The whole audience was colored, all the people that took part -- all the actors, of course, were from various -- in fact, we called it The Guild of St. Bostecharvardus -- that was Boston University, Technology, and Harvard -- and there were three students

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from those who took part. It went very well. I mean, the audience liked it. It was something entirely new, of course, in their experience.

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Q: Where was the center of the Negro community there, Cambridge or Boston?

DuBois: In Boston. There were comparatively few Negroes living in Cambridge, and most of those were workers and artisans and so forth, and lived in Cambridgeport rather than in Cambridge, so that very seldom were there any social events that I went to in Cambridge, but in Boston there was a dancing class, and various -- There was one organization at Cambridge, I remember, that was carried on at the home of a colored woman who was principal of a grammar school in Cambridge where the students were all white. She was very cultivated, and what we did was to meet there Sunday nights, and read some current book and discuss it. But most of the time we met and talked and danced and played some games and so forth at some home over in Boston.

Q: Was this group of people a distinctly upper class group, or had that division between Negroes not quite matured at that time?

~~that time?~~

DuBois: Well, there were signs of it, although it wasn't clear, it wasn't anything that we talked about. There was the Hemmings family, for instance. The father was an artisan of some sort, semi-skilled labor, I'm quite sure, although I forget just what he was doing. Now, he had a daughter who was in high school while I was at college in Harvard. Then, afterwards, the daughter, who was quite light -- the father looked white, and the mother -- a Negro would have known that they had Negro blood, but the daughter, the eldest daughter, was quite white, and she went to Vassar and graduated there before they knew that she was colored. I remember years after going there, and some of the professors were arguing that she ought to have told them. I said, "Why?" "Why should you tell people who your great-grandfather was?"

Then, it brings such curious problems. One of the teachers closest to me in my work when I ~~was~~ afterward taught at ? Atlanta University was a woman who was quite, quite white, and a very excellent actress, and she came up to Boston to the School of Expression. A black student of mine who came there wasn't admitted, although he was a splendid Shakespearian scholar. But she used to say, when she came home to Atlanta, "I get into the most difficult situations. The Southern white students all

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hang around me -- the girls and so forth -- and talk about the Negro problem. Now, what shall I do?" "So I say, I am a Negro" --andshe creates a whole lot of new problems.. or say nothing. She was offered a leading part in "The Clansman" when it first came on, but she had a husband and a boy in Atlanta, and ~~she~~ her husband was well-to-do-- he died a millionaire, really -- and ~~so~~ of course she couldn't take it .

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Q: What kind of problems did you run into? Your problem with the students was difficult, and it does seem as if it was partly self-created...

DuBois: Yes, I think it was, although there would have been... It was. Now, for instance, there was Monroe Trotter. Monroe Trotter was a son of the recorder of deeds in washington at a time when the recorder of deeds was paid by fees, consequently when the elder Trotter retired, he was rich, and Trotter was well brought up and went through the regular fitting schools, the Boston Latin, and when he came to Harvard, I was in the graduate school. He was a freshman. Well, I was careful not to approach him at all, because after all, we had nothing in common. He went on with his classmates. He formed organizations. He formed the first Total Abstinence Society on the Harvard campus, and so forth, and was quite popular among them. They knew each other. They'd been to school together for years. That kind of thing

I didn't run into of course at all. Even Morgan, who was thoroughly black -- he knew any number more students than I did, and was rather well received.

But of course, I was tremendously sensitive at what I might meet. I was over-sensitive, undoubtedly.

Q: Did you actually meet anything, in the university or outside of the university?

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DuBois: Oh yes, lots of times. In fact, you know, that sort of thing is the kind of thing that you're always expecting -- very seldom run across -- and then, suddenly, you do run across it. We had some sort of social occasion -- I guess it was a class day -- each class was entertaining its guests and so forth -- and there was one woman there who wasn't my guest, she was a guest of one of my classmates, who was determined to mistake me for a waiter. She kept asking me to do things, so I had to go to her and explain, "I'm not a waiter."

There were little things... it began, as I remember, in Nashville, when I accidentally ran into a white woman. I jostled her, or something like that, and I turned and raised my hat and begged her pardon. The woman was furious. Of course, I couldn't understand. But you see, I didn't beg her pardon in the right way. I spoke to her as though I was an equal,

instead of showing the kind of humility that I should have.

But I remember saying then -- I wrote it in one of my books, it's been thrown up to me several times -- that after that I never proposed to raise my hat to a white woman as long as I lived.

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One of the little games I used to play, in Nashville and Atlanta -- walking along the street -- somebody would be approaching, a white man or a white woman -- I wouldn't look up at all, I'd just wait until I got straight to them, and suddenly I'd look at them and find that they'd been staring at me. Then they were so outdone. Little things like that, which I overplayed, much. If my father had lived, with experience and that sort of thing, or my mother -- she died when I graduated from high school -- I would have avoided a great many of these difficulties. But on the other hand, I saved myself a good many difficulties, because I didn't presume. I remember, so often -- one time I was in Vienna, and I was walking with white students, in the round between acts when you walk around the rotunda and so forth -- and the Americans, I could see, were always surprised and resentful, so that I kept away from Americans, always.

Q: Do you think that if your childhood had been <u>less</u> free, of racial problems, it would have been easier for you to cope with it when you came to it as an adult?

DuBois: That's quite possible, because it always seemed to me as unusually deliberate, because as a child I knew nothing of it, so that when it did come, it came to me that it was deliberate on the part of the whites. But probably, on the part of the whites, it was simply an old custom and they didn't realize what they were doing.

For instance, here comes a white professor from Mississippi to Atlanta, and as he said, "I came here especially to see you." I was in sociology and so forth. He comes at dusk upon the campus to find me and says, "I wouldn't dare to have this known." I wasn't too pleased at that.

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Q: What was the problem in the Boston community? This, after all, is certainly old New England, about as old as it gets -- I presume it was not as pleasant, actually as Great Barrington?

DuBois: No. Every one of these persons that I knew, and there were dozens of them, had there particular problems that they used to run across sometimes -- they'd get their experiences. For instance, Mrs. Ruffin was a very very lovely and aristocratic-looking lady. She was talking to a white woman, and the white woman said, "I've always been very much interested in you people." Mrs. Ruffin says, "Which people?"

Then, of course, there was the difficulty of getting positions,

getting places where you could work at a decent job and decent wages. Continually there would come the excuse: "Well, now, you could do this work and I'd like to have you, but the other people working here just wouldn't allow it. I just couldn't do it."

Q: If this was the period of the beginning of the Populist revolt, the South was taking the last steps in solidifying discrimination in the raw, constitutions were being rewritten -- did this have any impact in the North? Did you see any effects of this in a changed attitude in Boston?

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DuBois: It put the Northern people -- the people of Boston particularly -- in a peculiar kind of place, because while, on the one hand, theoretically and historically, they were standing up for equality and all that, always their economic interests were on the side of discrimination. Massachusetts was making ~~rum~~ rum -- they sent rum to Africa to trade for slaves, sent slaves to the West Indies to trade for sugar, brought the sugar back to New England and made rum -- so slaves didn't touch there, and yet they could talk against slavery, they could keep slavery out of Massachusetts, but as a matter of fact, they couldn't really be anti-slavery. That would knock their whole economic position in the head.

Q: What effect did this continue to have, by 1890?

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DuBois: Well, it was a little difficult to say. I didn't know enough about the situation to make a judgment. But there were always difficulties. For instance, take the initial thing which my family used to talk about. They'd say, "Here you graduate from a New England high school, and they can't find anything for you to do in Great Barrington. It doesn't occur to them that you can do anything in Great Barrington. They send you South."

Well, that didn't have any effect on me. I wanted to go South, because my interest was primarily my own people. On the other hand, it made me segregate myself, you see. There never was any encouragement for a New England born colored boy to prepare himself for any work in New England.

Q: Could you contrast the attitudes you ran into in Boston with those that you ran into in Germany?

DuBois: Oh, yes. For instance, the first thing that struck me and rather moved me out of my isolation -- I took a boat trip to Rotterdam, the celebrated Reinreise going up the Rhine -- it was a small boat carrying freight, and just a few passengers -- and it stopped every time and took on freight, so it was a long and very pleasant journey.

You could see the mountains and the castles on them, and the vineyards, and the story of the cities.

Well, I no sooner got on the boat than here came a woman with three daughters, a Dutch woman -- two grown and one little girl about twelve. I followed the tactics I would have followed in America. I mean, if they were over there, I found myself over here. And when they sauntered, as they did, over towards me, I would quickly get out of the way. I mean, I didn't make any overt fuss or anything of that sort -- I mean, I just kept out of their way, avoided them. In America, that would have been understood from the beginning, if there had been any -- we have a colored man here as a passenger, but he knows to keep out of the way, and so forth. But these people just wouldn't understand it, and by and by the little girl, about twelve, came over to me and asked if I spoke German, or if I spoke English, and so forth -- and then when I told them I spoke English and could speak German, immediately she goes and tells her mother, and they come and introduce themselves.

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Well, that's surprising, enough, but it's nice, because there isn't much-- not large decks, you know, just a little space. We come to a town, and they all go off the ship to look at the town. Well, I made an excuse immediately so that I didn't go with them. That happened once or twice, and then we came I think to Düsseldorf, and the mother and one daughter, the youngest daughter, go on off, and here I'm left with the younger daughter, who

who was a very pretty girl. And at first I didn't know what to do. At last I got some common sense, and I said, "Well, we must go off," and so we went off and saw the town.

By the time we got to the end of the journey at Cologne we were just a nice group of people who were getting along in just an ordinary way. But it never would have happened that way in America. It just wouldn't have happened. I felt like crying when we left -- I remember, in the great cathedral at Cologne, with the high domes and the great windows. I left these people, of course, for good, because I was going on to my studies in Germany.

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Then, in the home where we were, there were these two German daughters and one or two German girls and two French boys and some English boys. Well, there I got my German, because after all you had to speak German there. Everybody was chattering around the table there, and we went off on trips, the mother being the chaperone. There was the town danse, and in the danse of course the Damenwahl, the woman's choice -- and there again, I was about to segregate myself when somebody --my card was full, because I was a good dancer. So that things took place normally. They didn't hesitate at all, and I didn't get a chance to hesitate. So my whole attitude toward the world and toward the white people began to change, as you would have thought they would have changed in America, but no -- I was brought up without any separation at first, and

then suddenly it came -- this tremendous separation in the South. Then I adopted that, when I went back North. Then I went to a place where it didn't exist, and of course --

Q: When you went to Boston, it wouldn't be possible for you to let it go there?

DuBois: No, you couldn't forget it at all.

Q: This Germany you came into -- I guess at that time Germany was beginning to interest itself in Africa --

DuBois: A little before then; this was before they realized... They were beginning to, but at this time -- this was the time when the Socialist Party was the biggest party in Germany and cast the largest vote and got the smallest number of people in parliament -- it was gerrymandered, you see. And I took great interest, I used to go to the meetings of the National Socialists regularly and got very much interested in the Socialist movement and the labor movement.

Q: I don't know anything about Germany at this time, but it seems to me that for some reason, perhaps obvious reasons, there

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was a close connection, personally. The same people were socialists and budding sociologists. Is this true, or is this just casual -- ?

DuBois: Well, I think that's oversimplifying it. It was true that the leading scientists, the intelligent people, were interested in Socialism and knew that it was coming. The question was, who was going to dominate the Socialist state, and led by Bismarck and others they were building up a state Socialism which was of great importance -- with the pensions, with the domination of the ~~grade~~ rate of wages, the distribution of work, the taking care of the health of the workers. In many respects, Germany in 1892 was beginning to be a Socialist state. But on the other hand, there was a determination on the part of that state that the power in the state must be in the hands of the aristocracy and the intellectuals, and it must be held there. There must be no democratic interference -- that would lead to disaster.

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Q: In effect, they were willing to patronize the workers, not to give them power?

DuBois: Yes. The only way you could keep the state going as it ought to go is to see that the workers are in decent condition. They must have income. They must be attended to in

sickness. And they must have some political power, but they mustn't have <u>the</u> political power.

Q: You were a foreigner; what were you doing going to political gatherings?

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DuBois: Well, they were interested in blacks. They assumed, of course, that any foreigner would be interested in Germany, because Germany after all was the greatest state on earth, and it had a future in the domination of the world that was undisputed. Therefore, the foreigner was quite welcome, and they wanted to teach him and tell him how things would go. As to just what his relation to the German state was going to be in the future, they weren't at all certain. They were beginning to realize that German domination of Europe was not the end, that Germany just also advance in Britain, dominate the cheap workers and the owners of cheap raw materials abroad, so that the colonial push to imperialism was beginning, and the dismissal of Bismarck showed the beginning of it.

Q: Was this a combination of imperialism and socialism, or was socialism going out and imperialism coming in?

DuBois: No, they were trying to have both. They were trying to translate colonial imperialism into home socialism, and they

were both going to live together -- which meant, of course (and that they didn't realize), that the higher wage of the home workers was going to be based on the low wage of the colonial workers. They were going to be part of the imperial domination. Now, that they didn't realize, or as far as they did, after all, what could the colonial worker do if he didn't have the brains or the training of the German worker?

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Q: As a potential colonial worker, did this idea that you "didn't have the brains" affect you?

DuBois: Oh, yes. Yes. Of course. That I immediately got hold of, and came back to the United States with a very clear idea that we not only had the problem of raising the American Negro out of slavery and semi-slavery into real modern freedom, but that that was only the beginning of the problem -- that we'd got to do the same thing for Africa. And I had the idea that the American Negro was going to do it.

Q: Who were the principals into contact with whom you came on this problems of socialism and colonialism? Or was that connected with the university particularly?

DuBois: Not connected particularly, except as I got acquainted with some of the leaders of the Socialist Party. But with Schmoller --

Schmoller was interested in the future of big business, of monopoly capitalism, and America was to him an example of that, and that is what he concentrated on. He wanted to get as much information as he could out of me and through me as to just hm what big capitalism was doing in the United States.

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With Wagner, we never talked together very much. It was more theoretical, and he was always reading chapters of his new books. Schmoller was the interesting man; he was the forward-looking man.

Q: This put you in a difficult position -- you weren't in the United States to do research in the United States, here you were, stranded in Germany, to do research on the U.S.

DuBois: Yes, that was it -- but you see, what I thought was, when I get back to the United States, there I am going to do this research and make a place for doing it, and that's what I tried to do. But the first place that I landed to teach was a place where they had no sociology and they wouldn't let me teach it even if I taught it free. It was a Negro church school, you see, Wilberforce. But after I'd been there two years, I got this chance at the University of Pennsylvania -- The Philadelphia Negro -- and there I took the bull by the horns, you see, and laid out my own program.

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I didn't go to them and say, "Now, how shall I study this?" I went to them and told them how I was going to study it, and fortunately they had the kind of people there who said, "All right, go ahead."

Q: What did you get from Schmoller and Wagner? Are they of permanent value to you? I noticed in your preface to The African Slave Trade, you made an observation that you had garnered -- techniques? -- in Germany.

DuBois: Yes. Well, the chief thing was an idea of the broad completeness of any study that you make. That is, you are going to study the Negro in Philadelphia, for instance, but for just that reason, you couldn't confine yourself to that. After all the Negro in Philadelphia is not only part of Philadelphia, he's part of the United States, he's part of the working people of the world. Now, that must always be in your mind to guide the general study, otherwise it will be simply a local thing. I tried to make that a picture of what happens to a disadvantaged group of people when they're trying to push forward, and I could could make it because I had personally visited 5000 people and talked to them. But without that general orientation that I got in a German university, I wouldn't have been able to do it. I remember the old preacher type -- I had taken my

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unpublished manuscript with me when I went to Germany to study, and I was talking to him about how I wanted to get at this and get it into print and so forth. He said, "what's the hurry? You've got plenty of time. You're a young man. You have plenty of time." And then you would see, here is a man with his sammelte Werke --his complete works, covering ten, twenty thirty years, where he just devoted himself year after year to this one set of subjects, or one subject -- the story of the man who had concentrated on Latin declensions, and when he died said he was only sorry that he didn't confine himself to the genitive case.

Q: How was Berlin? Didn't the University of Berlin have some kind of gardens there? Anything as we know them, or were they scientific things?

DuBois: I don't know about that. And they didn't know that the... The University was particularly a place for the study of politics and economics and social progress. It had a great deal to do with medicine -- for instance, Wirtschau -- Rudolph Wirtschau was the rector of the University the first year I came. He signed my admission statement. They were strong in medicine. I don't know about their strength in botany and so forth. I wasn't interested in that, and consequently -- at any rate, at the

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center where I studied there in Berlin there was nothing of that sort.

Q: What was the surrounding place?

DuBois: Well, Berlin was, of course, a very interesting city. No slums. The slum was included in a way in the great residential buildings. You'd have a residential building about five storeys high. In the front and in the better places would live the aristocracy or the semi-aristocracy, and the middle class people would live in the lesser the places inside, and then there would be some poor people, so that you had all the classes together in one house.

Q: How did they arrange that?

DuBois: Well, by the rents which they charged, and the various ways which they had of running the buildings.

Q: Was it supervised by the state, so it happened throughout?

DuBois: Oh yes, by the state and the city and so forth. Berlin had no slums. It had some poor sections and some places which, if allowed, would have gone down to slums, but after all, it was the head of the -- the central city of a great empire, and there were always exhibitions, every month -- every once in a

while, you were walking down Unter der den Linden -- everybody would come to attention, and here would come Wilhelm der Zweite with his ~~phumbed~~ plumed hat and prancing horses, riding from the Brandenburg Gate up to the palace, which was not far from the university. There were always scenes of that sort. There were always marching soldiers. And the officers played a tremendous role. Any time an officer, even though he was a lieutenant, came by, hex had his gloves, of course, his helmet and his sword, and if he met a soldier, the soldier immediately went into the goose step. That was happening everywhere. Of course, if you went into a restaurant or anything of that sort, the officer was the man who was first.

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I remember going down with some of the girls and boys from our home to see the outside of a royal reception, from Eisenach -- I forget the name of the place, it was a well known town near there. It was raining, and some of the officers had to get out and wade through the mud to get to the place. My goodness, such dressing. The sheepskin britches, the patent leather boots that came up, and the silver in the medals -- it was a magnificent sight, and of course the people from all around crowded to see it, and that sort of thing. It was possible to see that every once in a while.

Q: I don't want to skip way out of chronology -- but did these things come back to you later, when you were working in

peace movements and so forth?

DuBois: Oh, yes. I saw the occasion when they reorganized, re-established the Triple Alliance -- when the King of Italy and the German Emperor and the Austrian Emperor came together on the Tempelhofer Felt, in Berlin. It was a magnificent spectacle. Of course, the whole world turned out to see it, and realized that here they were organizing for the defense of the German people and their ~~XXXX~~ ally, Italy. Militarism was threaded through the whole situation, and respect for authority. I remember I was in a pension then, on the and the mother of the family was presiding at the table, and there were some young people who were singing and playing. Somebody said something about the Emperor. The old lady straightened in her seat and said, "He is your Emperor!" and they got very still. It was merely a little light word, it wasn't... But the perfect respect for the Emperor. . .

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Q: It seems incredible in the West, I can think of it in Japan, but --

DuBois: Oh, it was at its height then in Germany. The German Emperor did some extraordinary things. The writing in a guest book, "The word of the Emperor is the word of God." The absolute right of the Emperor to even face the Reichstag.

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But there again, you see what they had been through. They had been through the days of Louis XIV when he just walked over the German people. He just had the Germans pushed down into the mud. And then, by a series of events, so spectacular that when I graduated from Fisk my commencement speech was on Bismarck . . .

Q: How did you react at the time to militarism? Do you think you were really terribly disturbed by it, or did it attract you for its color? After all, you were a young man of military age yourself.

DuBois: No, I was against it, because in the United States at that time was growing up, in the middle part of the 19th century, the idea that the time of war was through, that we were entering on an era of peace, that the last great war was over, that you couldn't have a world war, that the abolition of militarism, of the draft and things of that sort, was a normal part of progress, and that the German militarism was an anomaly. And that I believed, there.

Q: Did you say that, there?

DuBois: No. I don't think so. I would have had no opportunity to say that. I'm not sure... except in talk with the Germany people,

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because among the German people there was a great deal of opposition --think of the matter of time, what they took out of a man's life. The thing that they were especially celebrating then was the ein Jahre Freiwillige, the one year voluntary service, which had come in for the young people -- instead of going three years to the army, if you had a certain amount of education, and also a certain amount of money (that's what it amounted to), you could get by by doing one year's service. That, all of them were very enthusiastic about. Of course they hoped that that extreme militarism would pass. They had just come out of the Franco-Prussian War, you know, and that was a -- it was a terrible lesson, and it was a magnificent triumph, for the sake of Germany. They used to sneer at Germany, as being -- the Germans couldn't get together, there was no Germany, there were little bits of German provinces. But here at last you had them come together, and in the great palace of the 14th Louis they crowned the German Emperor -- and my goodness, they sang Dem "Deutschland Uber Alles, " it made you just get up in your seat -- I mean, I never heard any such patriotic singing. Sakes alive, it was marvelous.

Q: How about anti-semitism at the time? Treitschke? was engaged in this, it was coming up.

DuBois: Oh yes. And Treutschke ? was anti-Negro too --? stood right up in front of me, as I say, I don't suppose he saw me or knew I was there. And he said, "Mulattoes are inferior. They know they're inferior. They admit it themselves." Right out plain, in a lecture.

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I was one time with a German boy who looked Jewish, and he had very curly hair. We were somewhere, at a dance or something of that sort, and I saw something which I immediately translated as race prejudice. He said, "Oh no, you don't understand -- the trouble is, they think that I'm a Jew." As if I wasn't able to understand race prejudice.

There was some of it, but it was excused, it wasn't spoken about openly, and it was counteracted by the way in which they brought the Jews into their cultural life, and the Jews forced themselves into it by their ability -- and also into their military life, because it was laid down as a rule for an impecunious young officer to marry a rich Jewish girl, which made a great deal of difficulty in the Hitler era, because there was so much intermarriage with Jews.

Q: Do you mean the Germans were perfectly willing to be anti-Semitic verbally but were not quite morally convinced of this?

DuBois: Well, no, I didn't mean to put it that way. I meant to say that there was a great deal of prejudice against the

Jews and against darker races and against foreigners. At the same time, they had gotten methods of getting around that to their advantage, so that it didn't become an open problem. You didn't have any people on the streets talking against Jews, because there were too many Jews in high positions and too many people married to Jews who wouldn't have any of that kind of talk. So that there was no open, verbal anti-Semitism, and at the same time, there was a great deal of feeling against Jews. There again, you see, it culminated on the economic level, because it was the great Jewish capitalistic organizations that drove the small German shopkeeper out of business. Hitler was the leader of the small German shopkeeper. It wasn't the fault of the Jews that they were in big business. That was the only thing they were allowed, in the Middle Ages, to go into. They couldn't go into professions, they couldn't go into army. Most ordinary things were out of their... They couldn't go into churches. No. So they went into business, and they built up big business.

Q: I don't quite see how you could have come across this in Germany and maintained a feeling that white people were perhaps human?

DuBois: Yes, but don't you see-- they were European white people. Now, so far as white America was concerned,

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I envisaged the fact that I had there the hard fight. But I always thought that back of me I was going to have European publicm opinion. In the long run, when we began to win our theoretical fight here in the United States against the prejudiced white Americans, I found to my surprise that white Europe was going along with the Americans, and they were going along with it because they were entering then into a period of colonial imperialism, you see. Consequently, they were transferring -- the British, some of the leading British, were saying, "Well, after all, the Americans are trying to do something which is fundamentally impossible, they are trying to raise these people to be the equals of other Americans, and after all, they belong to the lower races." And that cult, you know, of "the lower races" -- my Lord, that went to great ends. Why, there were several young professors who just spent all of their energies and money in trying to get back the books that they had published about the mental inferiority of Negroes, based on the returns of the Second World War. Of course, after the Second World War we had a new set of psychological studies which proved it all nonsense. There was a professor at Princeton, there were one or two in the South there who had published books that they were so ashamed of later on!

Q: Well, at least they had the sense to be ashamed of them.

DuBois: They couldn't help it, because they were in a jam.

Q: What was you reaction to this in Germany at the time? You must have felt rather badly.

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DuBois: Well, you see, at the time I could see what the Germans were thinking and feeling, and I could have a certain vicarious sympathy. I know how Negroes would feel if, after a war, they had gained equality and indeed superiority in the world. See? Yes. I excused it. This thing can't go on all over the world, it can't go on forever, but after all, these people have been downtrodden. They have climbed up through all sorts of difficulty, and now they have reached a place where they are going to build a new world, and it's going to be a decent world after you get through this military phase.

Q: You could not sanction the more radical point of view but you could at least understand how they came to have it?

DuBois: Yes.

Q: I see. You said you went from your three semesters in Germany for a short time in France. How did you like that?

DuBois: Oh, always France had been my ideal. I had expected to spend at least half my time in France in graduate study there, and I had -- all colored people had had a great deal of faith and hope in France. I remember George Foster Peabody -- you've heard of him -- he was a Georgian, a very liberal white man. I got to know him some way as a young man. He said to me one time, quite frankly -- this was while I was in Atlanta -- he said, "Why don't you give up this fight here? You're never going to win. Why don't you go to France?"

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Of course, I was too stubborn, pig-headed, then; I was a young man and everything was possible, and I never considered a moment. But there were plenty of colored people who sought refuge in France.

Q: There are plenty who have gone.

DuBois: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. From Around New Orleans, of course, and down that way. And my wife, Shirley Graham, went there, abroad, with the idea that she would probably live in France. But you see, curiously enough, while I'm criticized as being very anti-American, as a matter of fact I never had the slightest doubt but what we were going to gain our equality here in America, and therefore I wasn't going to take refuge in France or Germany or anywhere else. I was coming right back here to do the fighting.

Q: Did you find ~~it~~ France, as you first saw it, what you expected it would be?

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DuBois: Yes, because I've been to France twelve, fifteen times, and I like France. Only the last time I was there, I got a little skittish, when I went to go into the garden of the Luxembourgh and found it guarded by police and machine guns. That was a little too much. I don't know about France now. But I had tremendous admiration for them -- I mean, their freedom of thought and so forth -- for instance, the finest book that's been written on China is that Simone de Beauvoir, on The Long March. If you haven't read it, you read that. Always, in their intellectual freedom, they're a step ahead of all the world.

Q: Maybe I just don't know, but I have never thought of French scholarship as being as thorough and effective as German scholarship, and from what you have said -- as a young man determined to outdo your competitors -- how does this fit in? Or am I simply mistaken?

DuBois: No, I think you're quite right there. German scholarship, the exact scientific scholarship, has gone ahead of France, and ahead of the world practically.

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Q: Did you feel that at the time?

DuBois: After I'd been to Germany, yes. But on the other hand, there was something else. When it comes to the freedom of the spirit and the creative art impulse, there again, France is way ahead, and has been for so long, I don't think she will ever be overcome.

Q: How do you reconcile this? Is this part of the dispute you had at heart, about whether you were an historian or -- ?

DuBois: Well, you see, in the first place I was a young man emotionally encompassed by problems of the Negro and the future of the Negro and the freedom of the Negro. Now, I go to Harvard and Germany, and I am trying to get the tools to accomplish this. The tools must be exact science, so that I followed that and I steeped myself in that. But after all, the great object is this emotional freedom that I want. I feel distinctly, while I am in Harvard, that I am having my impulse to soar into the blue cut down and made reasonable and understandable by scientific methods -- so that I go into Hart's distribution of authorities and so forth, when as a matter of fact I should like to be writing poetry and hearing music and making it, and that sort of thing.

No -- the two things fit together, I think, quite logically.

Q: You found, when you went there, that France was as free as you expected?

DuBois: Oh yes. I remember, when I was there later, one thing a colored girl said -- a very brilliant girl, Jessie Fauset, who was born in Philadelphia and has written some lovely things about Philadelphia Negroes which most people haven't read because they weren't interested. Well, Jessie said this: "It's so nice to start out in Paris and not have to think where you're going to get lunch."

If you started out in New York, of course it would be, "Not here, I won't be able to get anything to eat."

I know. I know. As I've been saying lately -- the significance of the sit-down strike of the students is the ~~[illegible]~~ -- they haven't put their finger on what is the great problem, of course, mob violence and lynching and injustice in the courts and disenfranchisement -- but they have put their finger on the one thing that most people don't think about: the dozens and hundreds of petty insults that you get every day, and that are unnecessary. They're carried on by people that are just careless and mean -- and that's when you go down ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ and buy your schoolbooks at Woolworth's, and you

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turn around to get a sandwich and you can't get a sandwich. You may have to walk ten miles to get a sandwich.

Q: Paris, in addition to being a free city, is a beautiful one.

DuBois: Oh, it's a beautiful city.

Q: What were your reactions to your first vision of Paris?

DuBois: Oh, my goodness, I was crazy about it. I have always been. I am still. I remember one time being on a train, coming from Havre to Paris, and there were some American sailors there, and they asked me about what you should see in Paris. So I sat down and told them what they ought to do. There was a Frenchman on that train, and after I got through -- he understood English -- he said, "You know your Paris."

Q: Paris of that time was the Post Impressionist Paris, the Moulin Rouge and all such places -- did you get up there?

DuBois: Oh, yes, I went to the Moulin Rouge. I remember one thing that happened in my Paris experience -- while I was there, I was with an old schoolmate of mine from Fisk, and we put on, at the Paris Exposition of 1900, an exhibit about Negroes.

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Which was just putting down the facts on placards, in a small room, about a quarter the size of this room. It was very popular. It got a grand prize, and I got a gold medal, for that. And so, while we were there -- we were having a good time -- one time, in his back yard, I posed for a picture. I had on a long Prince Albert coat and a tall hat, and a cane and gloves and looked particularly gay.

When I got back to the United States, one of the colored papers in Washington asked me for a picture. Well, I didn't like publicity and I wouldn't send it to them. And the next week that picture, taken in Paris, appeared! Since then, when the press asks for anything, they get it.

W.E.B. DuBois - 9 June 1960 - by William Ingersell.

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It was a vacation place for Southerners, and then they got in the habit of sending their colored children there. It was known as Tawawa Springs.

Q: You mean their illegitimate children, or for Southern Negroes?

Mr. DuBois: Yes, their illegitimate children. Finally, Bishop Payne, the dynamic leader of the African Methodists, made a contract to buy the Springs so as to make it into a Negro college. He had almost no funds, but by using agreat deal of energy, he finally was able to buy the land and put up some buildings, and it became a well-known institution among colored people because it was in the North, out of the caste restrictions of the South, and it was in the center of the United States, so that the Negroes from the East, South and West could get there. Its most celebrated teacher for a long time was William Searborough, who was professor of Greek, and who published a big drama. (or published in Greek drama?) Then there was some difference of opinion between him and the president, and that was about the time that I was returning from Europe, and the president wrote me and asked me if I would take the chair of Latin and Greek there.

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I thought I was going there as the assistant to Scarborough. I'd never met Scarborough, but had a great deal of respect for him. When I got there, I found that I was replacing Scarborough, and that I had the whole department on my hands. I'd studied Latin and Greek for years, of course, at high school and college, but I didn't really know anything about it. But it was an interesting place, and a lot of fine young people.

Q: Did you find yourself caught in any way in a conflict, as a result of being the man who was replacing the man who was being eased out?

DuBois: No, not in any conflict which involved him, but in considerable conflict because Wilberforce was a strong religious center, was very orthodox, while I had come from Harvard and Germany and was anything but orthodox. Then, there were old families that had had members teaching there for a long time. It was a sort of closed-in community, with some very fine people, but also prejudiced, in grown, afraid of the new thought of any outsiders.

I came at the same time that Colonel Charles Young came. He was one of the few graduates of West Point, and had been assigned here was head of the student military unit.

So that we two, and some of us, came as a sort of a new source of rebirth in the institution.

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I had the idea that Wilberforce could develop into a real American Negro university, and of course there was a difficulty there because of the religious prejudice and the lack of money and the lack of materials. The students that came from the South were poorly prepared, and the students that came from the North were of all sorts, so that you had the student body that was difficult to deal with and the teachers were difficult, too -- they'd been trained in all sorts of ways and all kinds of institutions. And there came the trouble about industrial education. That was being newly introduced by the Booker T. Washington and others. But the question was, what was going to be the status of the shoemaker who was teaching shoemaking, and who was a good artisan, but not exactly the kind of person who fitted into the company of teachers and of professors of the humanities and so forth? Some of my best friends and some of the most likable people were the industrial teachers, and at the same time they were very narrow and inexperienced, so that faculty meetings were rather hectic affairs.

But the great difficulty came on the subject of religion. I don't know whether at that time I actually belonged to a church or not, but I had belonged to the Congregational Church

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while I was at Fisk, and I had been pretty orthodox while I was at Harvard. I went to Church every Sunday. But of course, I wasn't fitted for this orthodox Methodist school, where they had revivals of religion every spring, and where everybody was supposed to lead in extemporaneous prayer and all that kind of thing. So from the first I got in trouble.

First I was asked, rather suddenly -- I came in to visit a students' prayer meeting, and the student who was presiding asked Professor DuBois to "lead us in prayer," and I said, "No." And I had to explain laboriously to the president and the faculty that it wasn't the custom in my home for anyone to be called upon publicly to pray, and that I couldn't, and wouldn't. I think I would have been dismissed summarily there, but the trustees and president were in a sort of pickle -- I was the only one that could replace Scarborough, and they had advertised me a good deal, so that I was kept that year and the next year, but I knew that eventually I should have to leave.

Moreover, the greatest difficulty was that I wasn't teaching my specialty. I couldn't teach any of the social sciences because they didn't have any. There was a little history taught but no sociology or economics, and I was giving my time to Latin and Greek and English, and I also had a class in German which I enjoyed very much.

Q: In a sense, then, you were yourself part of this conglomerate faculty that really wasn't cut out for what it was doing?

DuBois: Yes. Yes, that's quite true. They were goodhearted people, they wanted this, but they were suspicious of my religion and they didn't know what on earth I was driving at. They didn't know what a university was, as a matter of fact, of course. Even the best-educated had only been to small colleges in Ohio. I think there were one or two from Oberlin. So that it was for my purposes an impossible situation.

The real difficulty that made me finally leave was the effort of the bishop who was presiding over that district -- and he had great power -- he was a singularly powerful man -- Arnett: he took a very large part in Ohio politics, he republished a lot of works for other people -- a very important man, but a man with practically no education. Oh, he spoke good English, but he had no reading, no travel, anything of that sort. I had done planned-- one of my first plans was to try to develop the library. All they had for a library was a collection of books, largely sermons, in the attic, which one of the professors had, and when you got hold of him and asked him he let you in, but it was a very poorly-organized library, although it did have a lot of material that was ?

On the other hand, down on the first floor of this building

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where the library was -- it was the boys' dormitory -- were two large, spacious parlors which were used for faculty receptions and for any social occasions that they had there. I got the idea of turning those into a library -- bringing the books down there and making that a public library for the students and the faculty. But of course, the first question was money. The institution had got curiously mixed up with the state. They couldn't raise money enough to run the church in general and to run this institution of learning and several others which they had in other parts of the country, and therefore they induced the state to establish a normal and industrial department at Wilberforce University. That got around the state law which wouldn't let the state give money to a sectarian institution. But this industrial department really became the most important part.

Well, now here came this matter of the library, and there wasn't money for it, and there was a beautiful ravine right in the midst of the campus -- a brook that ran down through the campus, down through trees and vines and flowers into a meadow down below and finally into the river. I got the idea that we could put on Midsummer Night's Dream there. It was an ideal setting, and we had some very excellent students in dramatics and things of that sort, who used to have some oratorical exhibitions where students recited and so forth.

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We had one very excellent man who would have been a great actor if he hadn't been black, so that he couldn't get any chances.

Well, we made the plan of giving Midsummer Night's Dream there right after commencement, and we would have had a large audience, both colored and white. And just at that time, Bishop Arnett determined upon appointing his son Ben as one of the professors. Now, Ben was really impossible. He had not been able to keep any job, and the faculty simply had to stage a strike to keep Ben out. They kept him out, and then of course we couldn't put on our play. We got the books down to the basement rooms ? and opened the library there, but we had nothing to set it up. And of course, then I was at odds with Bishop Arnett, and I had to go.

Q: Had you been a ringleader of the protest against Ben?

DuBois: Oh, yes. Yes.

Then suddenly there came an offer from Philadelphia. Philadelphia was having one of its spasms of virtue, and it was generally agreed upon that the real difficulty with Philadelphia politics was Ward Seven. Ward Seven was inhabited by the colored people. They all were segregated in that ward: it ran from Bread Street down, way down to the end of the city, and in the upper part, toward Broad, some well-to-do colored people were living, and down in the lower part was a slum where the

police and criminals and prostitutes held sway.

As I say, everybody agreed that the politics, the buying and selling of votes down there, was a cause if not the chief cause of the bad government in Philadelphia and in Pennsylvania. But they wanted that proved, put on an academic basis, and so they determined to have a study made of Philadelphia, and they asked me to come and make it.

I'd been to Germany, I had my Harvard PhD, I'd published my thesis and so forth, so that I was the outstanding Negro for that work.

Q: This was kind of a preliminary to the muckraking era, wasn't it?

DuBois: Yes. Yes, it was part of it, in a way. It was, too, a sort of soul-saving escapism for the Quakers. You see, the Quakers had been opponents of slavery for a hundred years, two hundred years, but at the same time, when it came actually to taking any direct stand which would raise the status of labor and cut their profits in any way, they didn't do it. But here was a chance, and there were some very earnest Quakers connected with it -- here was a chance to make a social study, under the auspices of the University, and prove what venal politics was doing by using the Negroes.

Now, there I mm did something that was quite natural in my

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case. I mean, it wasn't till afterwards that I thought it was rather unusual. It would have been the natural thing if I had gone into the department of sociology at the Wharton School, as it was called, and had asked them what they had in mind and what kind of a study I should make and under whose auspices and so forth -- but it didn't occur to me. I went to them with a plan of what I was going to do, and laid the schedules and so forth before them, and told them exactly how I was going to start and carry it on myself without thinking of it at all.

Fortunately they had there Samuel McCune Lindsay, and Leo Rowe, and they saw my point, and they didn't interfere at all. They just said, "Go ahead."

There was a difficulty about my status. Ordinarily I would have gone as a Fellow, but I already had my doctorate and so forth, and they couldn't appoint me as a Fellow, so that if I'd been a white man they would have made me an instructor and I would have done some teaching and carried on a program, but they didn't dare appoint a colored instructor. So they made me an Assistant instructor and left my name off the catalogue, but they did print it that way in the book that I finally published. That would have been, in the regular course of academic work, the beginning of my academic career. I mean, I would have gone there and done a piece of work and if it were satisfactory I would have become an instructor, and then

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assistant professor or something of that sort. Again, that was impossible in my case, and I don't think they ever had any thought of it.

Q: Did you?

DuBois: No. I didn't. It didn't occur to me.

Q: You were satisfied with what they were doing?

DuBois: Yes.

Q: In other words, it was no soul-crushing disaster --

DuBois: I could see afterwards that there I was shut out of the natural path toward academic preferment, but at the time it was simply an opportunity to make a social study of the kind that I wanted to make, and to carry it on among colored people, so that I made absolutely no protest and made no plea. I didn't ask, I didn't mention the matter of my staying there at all.

I did, however, lay out a plan, saying, "Now, here I have made this study"-- and it was a thorough study, and it had the advantage that it was made from one point of view: I had personally interviewed 5000 people, so that there wasn't a

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difference of point of view, it was all unified in my own aspect of the situation, and then I knew the kind of people I was studying, and I wrote a history of slavery and colored caste in Philadelphia, the influences which it had upon the people who were its victims and the influence it had upon the exploiters and so forth. It was a thorough study, the first of its kind that had ever been made in the United States, (date: ?) and there hasn't much been done like that.

Well, as I say, then I had the great scene. At a convocation I laid it down before the people there: here we assume that everybody knows the Negro problem, and particularly Negroes, which is nonsense -- just because a man happens to be born in a particular family doesn't mean he knows eight or nine ? thousand people all through the country living under different circumstances and different backgrounds; that what the Negro problem really is, is a series of human problems which ought to have scientific study, and the University of Pennsylvania has started this. Other universities ought to join with it -- Columbia, Harvard, and so forth -- and make a general organization to make a complete sociological survey of the Negroes of the United States, of their history and condition, and what their needs are.

There was no response to that at all, but at Atlanta University -- Athanta University was one of the mission colleges

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~~which~~ which were established during Reconstruction by the Congregationalists, with teachers chiefly from Oberlin and Yale -- at Atlanta University, they tried to start something which would be similar to what they were doing at Tuskeegee, as Tuskeegee and Hampton then were very popular: they were getting all the membership money and a great deal of publicity. And they both held, every summer, an institute for farmers, to encourage ~~Negroes~~ Negroes to go into agriculture, and domestic work -- they taught cooking and sewing and things of that sort. Then, Washington and General -- the head of Hampton -- gave inspirational talks for industrial education.

Well, George Bradford, who was one of the Boston Bradfords and one of the trustees at Atlanta, got the idea that we could have a similar convocation every summer for city problems, for the problems of city Negroes, and that it would hitch on very well to what I'd been doing in Philadelphia. And so they asked me to come down there to head this series of studies and do part teaching. There, again, there was a little hitch when it came to prayers. The old president said that it was customary for the professors to lead in prayer meeting, and I told him that was a little out of my line. But finally we compromised and I told him I agreed to read from the prayer book, and I used to improve upon the prayers now and then, reading to the students.

Q: Was that an old practice already familiar to you? You were both Congregationalists, I presume?

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DuBois: Yes, he was Congregationalist. My mother was a member of the Congregationalist Church and I had been a member of the Fisk church when I was there. But at the same time, you see, in the Congregational Church, the ordinary layman doesn't lead in prayer. He sits and listens and that sort of thing, but I mean, he doesn't take active part in any religious exercises. As I say, I told him at prayer meetings I would read from the Episcopal Prayerbook or from any prayers that I should manufacture myself, so that we got over that, and I went down.

Now, it was a very finely organized institution, a very small college department -- I think less than 25 in all four ~~classes~~ classes -- but pretty good material, some excellent material. And the other professors -- four or five white professors -- were Yale and Oberlin men.

Q: You were the only Negro professor?

DuBois: Yes, I was the only Negro. The relations between them were very good. There was a complete academic democracy. Nothing was done, except in financial lines, that wasn't brought before the faculty and talked out -- the whole matter of curriculum, the matter of discipline, everything of that sort. We all had the same salary, $1200 a year. I was there for thirteen years, and I don't think I or anyone else ever asked for an increase, because they didn't have any money, they

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just had to pass the hat in the North. The president spent nearly all his time talking in the North. I used to come along and help him now and then, make speeches with him, telling about Southern problems.

Q: Was his practice to go to philanthropic organizations, or speak before church groups?

DuBois: Almost entirely before churches -- churches where he was known and invited. Most of the churches, all denominations, expected to have some time which was devoted to missionary work, and particularly home missions -- that was the South -- and they regularly raised money for that. Of course, gradually a crisis came because there were other missions and social objects which they had to give their money for, and the money that went into the Southern problem became less and less. And that made a problem, because instead of the burden being taken up by the state --you see, that was the whole Reconstruction difficulty, and it was very hard to get money, especially for colleges --

Well, at Atlanta University half my work was given to teaching, and that was also chiefly high school teaching. I taught three or four high school classes, and then one or two college classes. Then the other half was given to investigation, and I laid down a program of sociological investigation of the Negro problems. It was a ten year program. My idea was

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this first year, for instance, we started with health, and got together such statistics as we could -- statistics from the past, the death rate, the incidence of disease and so forth. Of course, it was a very sketchy sort of thing. Charleston, S.C., for instance, had published for many years their statistics about Negroes and their health and so forth. There were other cities and states where there were no data at all, and in cases like that I corresponded with physicians and with boards of health and so forth, and got together a thin little pamphlet which was brought out at Commencement time.

Then, with that, I held a conference, to which I invited social workers from the vicinity regularly, and as the thing grew I invited them from all over the country. We had President Eliot from Harvard and some of the great scientists who had been studying crime and other things of that sort, so that the annual conference gradually become a well-known institution, and people talked about it.

Then, too, as we changed subjects, we could get on subjects which had more data. So the first year was health, the second year we took -- I forget what it was -- but gradually, so that at the end of ten years you had a sort of complete survey -- thin, of course, but nevertheless a survey.

Then my idea was, the 11th year to go back to the first subject, and by that time you had more people to correspond with, you had more data that had been accumulated and so forth, and

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-- well, a hundred years of a program of that sort would have made a study of the Negro problem which would have been really of the greatest scientific value.

As a matter of fact, we finished the first ten years, and went four years into the second one, before we had to give up.

Q: Did you plan, in the first place, to have a subject to start that you couldn't get much data on, and build up to subjects on which you knew you would be able to get more data, so that it would have the effect of -- ?

DuBois: Not quite that. What we did was to take this one single subject, health, and study that for a year. The next year we went to an entirely different subject and studied that. Of course, there would be some connection between the two. Then, the third and fourth. Then, my idea was, as the series got on, that during the years we might continue the study. That is, while we were concentrating on the study, for instance, of the Negro in business or Negro crime, we would also be carrying on the study of the Negro health and so forth, but of course you couldn't do that until you had money. And you see, the largest appropriation that was ever given was $5000, to include my salary and the salaries of my one or two helpers and all the costs of correspondence and of publication. But we did succeed in setting out a series of studies, so that for the next 25 years,

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no one anywhere wrote on the Negro problem in America without referring to the Atlanta University studies, because they were the only things of the kind. And if they could have been kept up, it would have been a tremendous triumph for sociology. Sociology would have been much further on than it is today.

Q: What was the eventual reason for the running out of money, simply a drying up of funds?

DuBois: Yes. The flow of gifts from the North began to go almost exclusively to the industrial schools, and the leaders of the industrial schools, sometimes openly and always with determination, ran down the work of colleges, and said: "Now, the education of the race just out of slavery must be an education in work." That's why the great controversy arose, because I and Trotter and other men said: "Yes, yes, of course, they've got to work, but they've got to have leadership. They've got to have somebody who knows what work is for and what life is for, and therefore you must, while you are training industrial leaders and training laborers and servants, you have got to have college-trained people who are going to show them what life is and what can be accomplished."

It tore the race and its friends in two. It almost cut off the revenue from (for?) colleges. The states refused to divide even the Federal appropriations equally. For instance,

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Atlanta University got $4000 a year, the white higher institutions got perhaps $100,000.

Q: Atlanta was not a sectarian school?

DuBois: No. No. Anybody could go there. Oh, there were people of various religions there.

Q: It was Federal money or state money, it didn't have to be given to it under a subterfuge?

DuBois: No, no -- it was quite free -- and as far as that's concerned, there were no race distinctions, it was open to anybody who wanted to come, and the children of professors usually went there, but of course the people of the white South didn't go.

Q: You mentioned that at Fisk the white faculty was pretty much cut off from the people of Nashville.

DuBois: Yes.

Q: Did the same thing happen at Atlanta?

DuBois: Yes. Everywhere, that was it. Sometimes they could make some sort of connections. The young president, W. re --

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he was son of the first president -- married a Pittsburgh girl who inherited a good deal of money, and when they came down to live at Atlanta, they tried and succeeded in making some social contacts with the white people of Atlanta, but it wasn't successful. I mean, it was never free, and they had to give it up, practically. Any white teacher in a Southern school had to give up all thought of social relations with the white South. That is true even today. There are -- at Atlanta University now, there is a white Canadian and his wife who teach there, and they live out of the city. Out there they have some social contacts, but not very many, and moreover, of course, they must....

However, the Northern philanthropy organized itself, and the result was the General Organization Board, and that board, backed by money from Carnegie, the Rockefellers and so forth, tried to lay down a general plan of Southern education, which meant that they were going to emphasize, first, the eddcation of the whites and some higher education for Negroes, but they were going to put the emphasis -- that is, they said, "Here, if you're going to develop the South, you've got to have an educated white community, and it's very largely ignorant now, and you can't offend them by giving the Negroes more education or better education than the whites have." And as it was then, the mission colleges were the best colleges of the South, did a good deal better work.

So they began to dictate to the colored colleges, and in order

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to survive, the colored colleges had to do as they said. In the end, especially after I'd published some criticism of Booker T. Washington, in the speeches, which were radical, they practically told Atlanta University that if Atlanta University kept me, they simply couldn't get money from the General Education Board. It was never said in open terms, but I understood it, and Atlanta University did.

Q: Atlanta University didn't say anything specifically to you, did they? Did you have to draw your own conclusions?

DuBois: Yes. No -- Atlanta University never said, "You must go." On the contrary, they expressed a good deal of sorrow that I should go, and that the work that I was doing should be given up. But on the other hand, I saw perfectly well that for the sake of this particular study of the Negro race, it wouldn't be fair for me to interfere with the general college work of Atlanta University, because Atlanta University was one of the best of the mission their schools.

Q: If the mission schools were the best schools of the South, what did the General Education Board propose to do? Were they going to run these schools into the ground?

DuBois: They were going to let them die out, unless they took up a good deal of industrial education and things of that sort, and got the "right sort of teachers." Now, in the long run,

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they had to change their policy. Their policy from, say, 1900 up to perhaps 1920 or '25 was as I have described. After that, they began to see that they must have these Negro colleges. In the first place, what were they going to do for teachers? Even Tuskegee Tuskas had a large number of teachers from Atlanta University and from Fisk. You see, in the earlier days, women from New England came down, but it was very difficult for them to live in the South, and as new avenues opened for them in the North, fewer of them came. You had to have Negro teachers.

Q: I presume, also, the wearing off of the Civil War impetus for Negro education also dried up the sources?

DuBois: Yes -- the enthusiasm, the uplift, the singing and poetry and so forth... They began to turn to new things, of course. A new century was dawning.

Then there was another thing. I was very much disappointed at the results of my studies. They had become important, they were known all over the world; in Germany, in England, in France they had been noticed and referred to, and in the United States all college libraries had sets of them. But it didn't have much effect upon what the people were doing and thinking in the South. And I began to realize that I had overworked a theory -- that the cause of the problems was the ignorance of people; that the cure wasn't simply telling people the truth, it was inducing them

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to act on the truth. If you showed the people that here the accusation of rape as cause of lynching was untrue -- untrue in the first place if you took the actual accusations, and then untrue in the case of so many -- in so many cases where there wasn't even any accusation. It wasn't enough, in other words, simply to study the Negro problem and put the truth before people. You've got to begin propaganda and tell the people: when you know something is wrong, you've got to do something about it.

Q: Did the Atlanta studies reach Southern lynchers?

DuBois: Not Southern lynchers -- in many cases they couldn't read. But even when they reached influential Southern leaders, they didn't do anything about it. I had the -- the instance that made perhaps the most abrupt change in my thought was this: When I came South, I had a letter of introduction to Joel Chandler Harris, the author of the Uncle Remus tales, who was one of the editors of the Atlanta Constitution. Well, I didn't take the letter to him, because after all I had no particular reason, and it was always a little awkward to go into a white organization and ask for a man. It might put him under difficulties. So I kept the letter in my desk. And then there came a celebrated case, the Sam Hose case, which I followed

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very carefully, from people who knew about it and from the newspapers. What had happened was that a black plantation laborer wasn't paid at the -- it might have been at the end of the year, but at any rate, his plantation owner didn't settle with him, and Sam Hose made a fuss about it, and they got into a fight, and the plantation owner was killed. They started then to find Sam Hose and they couldn't find him. And then, suddenly, there was the accusation that Sam Hose had raped the wife. Now, everybody that read the facts of the case knew perfectly well what had happened. The man wouldn't pay him, so they got in a fight, and the man got killed -- and then, in order to arouse the neighborhood to find this man, they brought in the charge of rape. Even from the newspapers you could see there was no foundation to it. There were no witnesses of any sort. But it occurred to me that I might go down to the Atlanta Constitution and talk with Joel Chandler Harris, and try to put before the South what happened in cases of this sort, and try to see if I couldn't start some sort of? ~~Southern~~ movement.

On the way down, I had to pass a meat market, and in the meat market they were exhibiting the fingers of Sam Hose. He had been caught and lynched. I didn't deliver my letter. I turned back to the University and said: Now, there's no use simply telling these people how many Negroes have been arrested and what has been done to them, last year and this next year, and

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what should be done, and criminal treatment, and how many people have died... These people aren't going to pay any attention to that. What you've got to do is to get at the people who are leading public opinion in the North and tell them: you've got to do something. And that is simply propaganda work.

Now, at that time there had been a good many efforts to have Negro organizations to talk about the Negro problem, and I had started the Niagara movement because of the way in which a friend of mine had been treated. Monroe Trotter lived in Boston, was well-to-do with money he had inherited from his father, and entered Harvard while I was still there in the graduate school. He was furious because Booker Washington had the habit, when he came north to talk to the philanthropic people who were supporting schools in the South, of talking about the faults of the Negro, making fun of his ways of doing and so forth. And the net result was to make those people think that after all the Negro himself was to blame for most of what was happening to him, and at least that what you've got to do is to train these people to be good workers and servants and to earn a living, teach them to save their money and accumulate capital and come up the way that the white Northern person does. And especially, that they must give up the idea that they are going to get anywhere by voting; that politics was bad business and that Negroes ought not to take part in it.

It was by implication, rather than by actually saying it; and

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Trotter and Forbes, a friend of mine who was a graduate of Amherst -- Forbes graduated from Amherst, he was a classmate of Coolidge -- they got together and began the publication of a paper called the Guardian. And they went after Washington -- they attacked him as he hadn't ever been attacked. Then Washington was coming to Boston to speak in all the great churches, and Trotter arranged to heckle him, and make him answer point blank: was he advising the Negro not to vote, or not to try to vote?

When Trotter got up to heckle him, he was arrested and put in jail. They kept him in the Charlest Street Jail for some time. Well, I was in Atlanta then. I had nothing to do with the attempt to heckle Washington, although I thought that he ought to answer the question.

Q: He was a little slippery about his views, wasn't he?

DuBois: Oh, Washington was a politician. He was a man who believed that we should get what we could get. It wasn't a matter of ideals or anything of that sort. He had no faith in white people, not the slightest, and he was most popular among them, because if he was talking with a white man he sat there and found out what the white man wanted him to say, and then as soon as possible he said it.

I remember one time -- I never met him very much, but one time

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I was on the streetcar going up Madison Avenue. We were having a meeting, to try to reconcile the pro- and anti- Washington people, and I was put on a committee to ask Andrew Carnegie to come down and address us. As a matter of fact, the thing had all been arranged, but the committee wanted us to do this, and I went with Washington, and we were standing on the back of the car. He very seldom said anything, but he looked at me and he said, "Have you read Carnegie's book?" You know Carnegie had a ghost-written book about the rise of the worker and so forth. I said, "No."

He said, "You ought to read it. He likes it."

We went up to Carnegie's house, out on Riverside Drive, and I sat down in the lower hall, and Washington went into Carnegie's bedroom, and then came down and said, "Mr. Carnegie is coming to address us." (or, something permitted?) That was the end of the visit.

Well, that meant that gradually the General Education Board -- oh, after the First World War -- began to see that there must be Negro colleges, and they selected Fisk and Atlanta and Talladega, four or five of them, and gave them the beginnings of an endowment. From that they have been living since, and with some income from the Federal government, although they were always cheated on that and didn't get as much, as much as they ought to have gotten.

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Well, in them meantime, I had called together a number of my friends. I did it with great reluctance, because I always regarded myself as a student and I wanted to study, I didn't want to lead men because I didn't have any faculty for leading men. I couldn't slap people on the shoulder, and I forgot their names. But it seemed to me that I had to get these people together, and so we got I think about seventeen who promised to meet at Niagara Falls. We had difficulty in getting a hotel, so we went across the river into Canada, and had a meeting of what we called the Niagara Movement.

Q: Crossing the river into Canada made the difference between getting a hotel and not getting a hotel?

DuBois: Yes.

Q: Was there really that much difference between the populations?

DuBois: Oh, yes. I don't know if you'd say the populations, but the essence of the country. In Canada, if somebody came to hire a hotel, all right, if they had the money; they didn't look at their faces or anything of that sort. But in the United States -- no, you couldn't have gotten a hotel.

So we formed the Niagara Movement, and it had its first

meeting up there in 1905, and then we had a tremendous meeting at Harpers Ferry in 1906. We made a pilgrimage barefooted to John Brown's Fort, and republished we published? some articles that simply alarmed and made furious some people who counted themselves as friends of the Negro. They accused us of all sorts of motives -- that we were jealous of our leader because Mr. Washington had had such success, that we were ashamed of our race and so forth. But the manifesto to be sent out was a pretty straight piece of talk ; we were American citizens and we were supposed to have every right that American citizens had, and we were not going to pussy-foot or deny these things; we had the right to vote and we were going to exercise it, and so forth.

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All or most of the chief American papers attacked us.

C: They recognized your existence, however?

DuBois: Yes. Yes, they had to do that, because it was a pretty forthright thing and there was a good deal of publicity about it. One Brooklyn woman came down into this Niagara Movement meeting -- Mary Ovington. She was greatly impressed, and she was one that united with William English Walling and Oswald Garrison Villard to found a new organization to finish the emancipation of the Negroes, and that had been called into being because of a frightful lynching that took place out in Springfield, Ohio, where I lived. They invited me to join them.

Well, by that time -- that was 1909 -- I had realized that a

purely racial organization couldn't fight for Negro rights. You had to have not only Negroes united but whites united too.

Q: Why did you realize that? Had anything specific happened?

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DuBois: Well, it was difficult to do anything as a Negro organization. What influence could we have on white public opinion? What openings with papers and magazines? what knowledge of folks and so forth? How could we get a chance to lecture? We had to have some white people at least friendly to us, and it would be a great deal better if we had one organization. So the Niagara Movement finally melted into the NAACP, and most of its chief members became members of the NAACP. I became one of the first officials.

Q: Had you known Mary Ovington before the meeting at Niagara?

DuBois: Yes. She came down to Atlanta University and saw some of my work down there, and then we invited her to Harpers Ferry.

Q: Had you yourself been responsible for drawing up the list of the people you were going to ask to Niagara in the first place?

DuBois: Yes. Oh, I had consulted on it, but it was my list, people I knew.

Q: How had you met Monroe Trotter? You mentioned to me that you had been at Harvard with him but you didn't know him there?

DuBois: Not well -- because he was a New England boy, trained in the Boston schools, who came up and entered Harvard as a freshman, and consequently knew most of his fellow students, and acted just as any other student would. I was already, officially, a Negro. I had been in the South, I had gone with the Negro group, I had accepted, this is the way to work for its emancipation, as a Negro. I didn't know any of my class, or very few of them --my class of 300 -- I don't suppose I knew a dozen by name.

Q: Also I suppose you were somewhat older than he was.

DuBois: Not very much. Somewhat.

Q: College generations are sometimes important.

DuBois: Oh yes. They are. But I had been rather young -- you see, I graddated from high school at sixteen. I went to --I was out a year, and then went to Fisk, and was 20 when I graduated at Fisk, so I was 20 when I entered the junior class at Harvard. He might have been two years -- I don't think he was more than two years younger than I.

Q: How did you get to know him?

DuBois: Oh, naturally, in the Yard, although there wasn't very much -- I don't know how I -- I think I got to know him through members of the family, you see -- after all, my social life was with the colored people of Boston, and in that way I got to know him and his sisters and other people.

Q: Was there a time when you became more intimate with him, or did you simply consider this a man you knew, until --

DuBois: I became more intimate with him when he began to publish the Guardian, and then I went down to Amherst with him and some other colored students to see Forbes and Bill Lewis. Bill Lewis became a great Harvard center rush, for a long time -- he was a legend there. He came from Amherst, graduated there, went to the Harvard Law School, and then went in for football.

So we went down there and had a gay time at graduation and became, for that time, quite intimate.

Q: How had you begun to disagree with Washington? Washington had been going for fifteen years or so, and I gather when you first started at Atlanta you didn't publicly at least make great disagreement with him, and articles, in The Souls of Black Folk, 1903 -- was that previously published or was that the first publication?

~~Publication~~

DuBois: No, that was the first publication.

When Washington made his first speech at Atlanta, in which he said we could be as separate as the fingers, socially, and yet united as one hand, and so forth -- I rather agreed with him. I thought that was a good general statement. It was a compromise, of course, but if the South accepted it, I thought that was going to be a great step ahead, and lead away from any physical violence and lawlessness.

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After that, I was at Wilberforce and then at Philadelphia, and I had very little contact with him, although he began to say things that I didn't like.

Then there came a period when people around the General Education Board and other people of influence I think began to make up their minds that they were going to stop my work at Atlanta, and there came a series of offers to me from Tuskegee. It was attractive, because at Atlanta I was only getting $1200 a year, and at Tuskegee they offered me a higher salary and a house to live in and so forth. The only thing that bothered me was, I never could find out what I was to do there.

Now, I wasn't interested just to go to Tuskegee for the salary. If I could have carried on the Atlanta studies at Tuskegee, and had money and help to do it, I would have been glad to go there.

Then the insistence got a little too strong, and it made me

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suspicious. I was in Bar Harbor one time, and I was invited to dinner with the daughter of the former Chief Justice whose son had married a Vanderbilt, and I was sitting up looking through a great plate glass window with two butlers at my back -- oh, every courtesy and kindness possible was paid me -- but a great deal of insistence that I ought to go to Tuskegee. That was my place.

Well, I didn't dispute that Tuskegee had more money than Atlanta would ever get, and was very popular. I had no enmity, least of all jealousy, of Washington -- I was perfectly willing to work with him -- but, what was I to do?

I met Mr. Washington in New York at the old Grand Union Hotel, up where Grand Central is now, and we sat down to talk. When we got through, I realized that I did all the talking. Washington had said almost nothing. Then I made up my mind I wasn't going there, because I was pretty sure -- my wife, my first wife, said, "Oh, they want you at Tuskegee all for is to write Mr. Washington's speeches."

Then, again, I was invited to come up to New York to a conference of white and colored people, some very distinguished people, and I rushed up here, and the president of the Long Island Railroad -- he was slated to be president of Pennsylvania -- a very well known man -- had me come, after the meeting (which amounted to nothing) -- he whisked me out to his beautiful Long Island home, and he and his wife sat down and proved to me

that without question I ought to go to Tuskegee.

I went back to Atlanta University and published Souls of Black Folk, which ended the whole business!

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Q: It seems to me that your doing all the talking when with Washington might indicate that he was somewhat cynical about Negroes too, as well as white people?

DuBois: Yes. With everybody that Washington met, he evidently had the idea: "Now, what's your racket? What are you out for?" I think in my case he wanted to know: "Just what is it you're after?" You see, he couldn't quite think of me as a man with purely scholastic ambitions. There must be something else. He was a terribly suspicious man.

Q: He had reason to be.

DuBois: His attitude toward the white race was: they are running the country, they're running the world, there isn't any use in bucking up against them, we can't do anything. All we can do is see what concessions we can get from them.

Consequently, for instance, his celebrated story of the money he got from Carnegie -- Carnegie -- he asked Mr. Carnegie to make a contribution to Tuskegee, and I think it was $10,000 that Carnegie was to give him. And Mr. Washington said,

"Mr. Carnegie, I can't take $10,000 from you. What are other people going to do? Sorry but I can't accept that." Eventually Carnegie gave him $600,000.

Washington was a good listener; he'd sit down with people and just listen, and then say something, and say something that was important and so forth. But the ordinary person went away just enchanted -- Washington is so understanding and so forth, and unselfish. He developed a technique.

Q: How do you feel that you began to see through this, finding what he did with you, playing it as it came along?

DuBois: It never came to any outbreak. We never had any quarrel. We always either had pleasant words or no words at all. I seldom -- perhaps once or twice I expressed something, but I seldom said anything that could possibly be called violent, or that would put me down as an enemy of Washington's. Most of his work was very valuable work. He built up a splendid institution. I went there once or twice for lectures, or teaching in summer school, and my personal relations with him were always amiable and pleasant. He married -- his third wife was one of my schoolmates at Fisk, Maggie Murray.

Q: Can you tell me a little about John Hope? He was a close friend of yours while you were at ?

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DuBois: Yes, one of my closest friends. John Hope -- when I was a student at Fisk, he was a student at Roger Williams, I think, and then when I came to Atlanta, he was teaching at Morehouse, and we were always together, almost daily and certainly two or three times a week. We had plans at one time, along with several of our fellows, of going down to the coast of Georgia and making a settlement. I had an idea that we would settle down there and found a little town, and being right on the shores of the Atlantic, that we could begin trade with the West Indies and others, be a sort of nestegg for a Negro community. But we saw finally that we couldn't carry that out.

Then, when I left Atlanta and came to New York, we kept always an correspondence. Every year he would come up and we would go to the theatre, have dinner and so forth. Then at last the General Education Board endowed Atlanta and united several colleges so as to make Atlanta University, and then Hope came to me and said, "Now, I want you to come down and help me build a university. I mean a real university, not simply a Negro university, but an institution of learning which shall be an example to the whole South."

It attracted me, because I was meeting some difficulties in the NAACP. The NAACP was growing. I was interested in Africa, and most of the people in the NAACP said they had enough troubles without going over there. Then there were some

difficulties as to where the emphasis should be put. They were putting the emphasis on legal cases and I wanted to put the emphasis on labor, and the exploitation of labor. Differences of opinion which naturally arise after a quarter of a century of work together, and I was getting what I regarded to be "old" at that time, and I thought it was time to retire ~~fit~~ now to my ivory tower, and go down and devote myself to study and give up propaganda. I'd made enough enemies through my sharp talk so that if I could afford to get out of the way. . .

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So in 1933 I went down to Atlanta for a long lecture tour, and in '34 I resigned and went to Atlanta University to be head of the department of sociology. And in one year, poor Hope ? ? ? worked himself to death and died.

He was a very, very interesting man, a descendant of a series of liaisons between white Southern gentlemen and mulatto women. It's an extraordinary story, and his book by Ridgely Torrence is something you ought to read if you have a chance. It's a very, very interesting book, and it told of Hope's boyhood and young manhood-- things that I hadn't known at all. He went to the Groton School, you know, and to Brown University, and was always up against the problem of looking white -- and being white, as a matter of fact -- and yet being Negro, having from time to time to explain that elaborately.

Q: This group of friends that you had in Atlanta -- was this pretty much your social life?

DuBois: Yes, entirely, in the university. I went too with the colored graduates around Atlanta University and friends out there, but I and my wife and my one little girl lived in the institution. Whenever we went downtown, we went down in the college carriage, and we went to stores that traded with Atlanta University and were treated with great respect and so forth. We had absolutely no social contact with white Atlanta. Once in a while a white person would call on me -- I remember one professor of sociology from Mississippi, who slipped up on the campus at dusk and came to my office. He said, "You're the first person I've visited at Atlanta, and I wouldn't want people to know it." He didn't dare come up to call on me in broad daylight. We had almost no contact. There were one or two members of the Board of Trustees. There was Will Alexander, who became connected with the New Deal, whom I knew pretty well, but he's almost the only one.

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Q: How did you respond to a white man coming in and telling you to your face that he wouldn't dare meet you in broad daylight? Was your response understanding or just plain anger or what?

DuBois: I had no simple response. I mean, the way he said it, you

knew he was perfectly honest. Here was a situation which I understood just as well as he did: a professor from a white Mississippi college couldn't come and visit as a social equal with a Negro professor. He simply couldn't do it. I knew it as well as he did, of course. Of course, on the other hand he knew perfectly well that I wasn't going to call on him no matter where he was; that the next time we met, on the street or anything of that sort, I was going to fail to see him. I always had difficulties of that sort.

There was Inez Mulholland, the celebrated leader of women's suffrage here in New York. Her father was on the board and was a close friend of mine, and I used to go to their house and so forth. Her mother and her sister I knew. But when I met Inez Mulholland on Fifth Avenue in front of the library, I simply didn't see her. She came down to the office, furious. "You didn't speak to me!" I had to sit down and explain: in the first place, I didn't know whether she would dare speak to me; in the second place, if she was with her friends, what would her friends say? You couldn't tell. So if you were introduced to a white person, South or North, you just forgot them, that's all. If they wanted to renew the acquaintance, all right. It wasn't up to me.

C: I recall reading a bit about this problem of finding yourself in a city like Atlanta --(not written by you)-- and what are you going to do? Either you retain your dignity and

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refuse to be humiliated by some kind of incident, or perhaps by being segregated in the theatre or something -- or you swallow your pride and go to the theatre and sit up in the second balcony, rear -- for the sake at least of seeing the theatre. Now, how did you handle this problem of trying to be a cultured man when the white population closed culture off from you?

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DuBois: For me, you see, that was comparatively easy, because I always in the summer came North and lived in the North in the summer. I brought my family with me, and while it was a pretty good strain on my income, nevertheless, I didn't think of staying in the South all the time. On the other hand, I remember on time saying to a student of mine -- a very fine young woman who was a teacher in the Atlanta public schools -- one of Shakespeare's plays came there, and she went to the top balcony to see it. I said, "My dear, how could you do that?"

She said, "Look here -- I'm teaching English in the public schools. I'm not getting an income so I can go North to theatres. The only way I can possibly see Shakespeare is from the top balcony."

Well, I had nothing more to say. If I had been confined all the time to the South, and had had to live in the South, there are just some things that I would just have to swallow, or otherwise lose something that was of great importance to me in my work. And that's what most of the colored people living there do. It used to be invariable, and I used to laugh

about it -- whenever I went to any Southern city and was entertained by my colored friends, and usually they had nice houses and I was taken around in the car and so forth, if I would say to them, "How do you get on?" they would say, "Oh, we get on very well, we have no difficulty at all."

Of course they hadn't any, because they arranged their lives inside the town so they came to nothing. They didn't go to the theatre at all, or if they did they went to the top balcony. They didn't try to live in that sort of place, they just arranged their lives so that they touched just as few raw edges as possible, and they had a very pleasant time.

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Q: And this is what you did yourself.

DuBois: Yes. I was inside of Atlanta University. I didn't have any difficulty. A policeman never put his foot on the campus even. There was nothing insulting or anything of that that took place. I was with the students and faculty.

To illustrate, I had one little girl, and she used to come down to the campus all fixed up with her nurse and so forth, and everybody just swarmed around and made a lot of her, and she was very, very happy. One summer, we came up to Atlantic City, and we'd been there two or three days when Yolande said to her mother, "Mama, I don't think they know I'm here."

Nobody paid any attention to her. We were with people so that she wasn't insulted in any way, went in the ocean, all that kind of thing -- but they didn't make a fuss over her.

Q: What was the cause of their making a fuss over her at the university, that she was a little girl?

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DuBois: She was a faculty little girl, she was the daughter of the one colored professor, who had gone to Harvard and Berlin and so forth, so that not only the people that were naturally interested, but also students who had ambitions and so forth....

Q: How did you arrange to be in the North in the summer? Did you have a summer place?

DuBois: No. We always went to some particular place. For instance, one summer we spent in Boston -- found a colored family and boarded with the family, paid board during the summer. One summer we spent with Trotter at Trotter's home. One summer we spent at Ann Arbor, at the University of Michigan. We went to the St. Louis Exposition one summer. We went out and stayed with my wife's sister, who was married in Des Moines -- my first wife came from Iowa. Always we went to some particular place where there were people that we knew, who were interested and so forth, and we always had a pleasant summer.

Even at that, of course, I always took my family on a Pullman car; ~~sometimes~~ sometimes I had a hard time arranging for it, but they never went in the Jim Crow car at all. And I still lived within my salary. I didn't save anything, but I paid my debts.

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Q: There was a big furor during this period, wasn't there, about what they were going to do about Pullman cars?

DuBois: Oh yes, there was controversy, in a good many cases. What I used to do in Atlanta, always, was to -- when I made up my mind I was going, I would write down to the general passenger agent and say, "I am a professor at Atlanta University." Now, you see, that was important, because Atlanta University spent tens of thousands of dollars each year, and they knew it. I wrote, "I'm a professor at Atlanta University and I should like Pullman accommodations for such and such a time." Then I would telephone, and I'd go down there, and the ticket would be ready. Sometimes I'd have to put it off till another date. Sometimes I couldn't get the particular fast train that I wanted. And always I could expect if Pullman, Lower 1, although if I had the whole family, I took a drawing room. But I always went through that arrangement.

Q: Lower 1, what was this? They could not rent out the big berths or what?

DuBois: No -- but you see, I wouldn't be in the middle of the car, which is the pleasantest place to ride; I'd have fewer neighbors; I could only have a neighbor on one side, you see, like that. It was just a fashion that they followed to make as much separation as they could possibly.

41-145-170

Q: It was hardly necessary because there was no question of mixing classes, only the upper class could afford to travel by Pullman anyway.

DuBois: That, of course, made the possibility easier. And usually we had no trouble at all. If I was with my family, I took a drawing room and had our meals served there. That avoided dining-room trouble. And so forth.

Q: Can you tell me about meeting your first wife?

DuBois: I met her while I was teaching at Wilberforce University. She was a student there in the high school, from Iowa. Her father was head cook in the leading hotel at Cedar Rapids, and her mother was a German from Alsace-Lorraine. I married her there, when I was in my second year. I went out to Ohio and had the marriage ceremony there, then came back, and then went to Philadelphia the next year.

Q: You undertook to marry and go off to Philadelphia all at the same time -- your finances were difficult, weren't they?

DuBois: Yes, because -- what was it, $750? $800 I got at Wilberforce, and it wasn't always paid on time, either, and I think $750 at Philadelphia. But I did know that I was sure of employment, because of my education. I had no competitors. When any Southern college wanted a teacher in my line, I was sure to get the preference. So that I did get offers, eventually, from Tuskegee and from Lincoln University in Missouri. They were going to make a place for me at Fisk, but I went to Atlanta instead. I never was afraid that I would be unemployed. I could teach, even if I had to teach in the public schools, because well-trained colored teachers were scarce.

Q: And you thought that the religious problem you'd run into at Wilberforce was strictly a Wilberforce problem?

DuBois: Yes. I didn't anticipate any great difficulty elsewhere.

Then, of course, in another way, I had the New England idea that I ought to get married as a young man, and I was pushing thirty, you see -- I think I was twenty-eight when I married. I had made up my mind that I ought to start a family and get

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settled down, so that I didn't think as hard about it as I would today if I'd been in the same position. It takes money to get married these days.

Q: How did you work out your scheme in the Philadelphia study? Did you do any actual interviewing or visiting anybody before you presented your ~~xx~~ prospectus to these people?

No, I did it before that?

DuBois: No, I didn't before then. In the first place, I must have the history of the group, ~~[illegible]~~ so that I just combed the libraries of Philadelphia for everything concerning the Negro. Then there were several colored people who had collections of rather rare books and pamphlets. A lot of people who knew the history, the current history, the political life -- I talked with them. And then there were the people themselves who lived there, and I went to their homes and sat down and made out a regular schedule -- when were you born? when married? how many children? what's your work? what's your income? everything of that sort in detail.

Q: You figured out beforehand a questionnaire that you were going to fill out for every person.

DuBois: Yes.

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Q: How large a cross-section was 5000 people?

DuBois: It was the chief group among the Negroes. There were -- I don't know, there might have been 10 or 15 thousand other Negroes scattered through the city and vicinity; I'm not so sure about that. I think I have the statistic of that in the book. But the concentrated central Negro group was this Seventh Ward, where they had historically been living a long time, where their churches were, and they were tied to that part of the city in a way that they weren't to any other part. It was, in a sense, typical, as being a place where they'd lived a long time and settled down. On the other hand, of course, there were plenty of other smaller communities with a very different sort of history, so it wasn't typical in that sense. But everybody knew that if you knew the Seventh Ward of Philadelphia, carefully and with some completeness, that you knew the problems of the colored people not only of Philadelphia but of elsewhere.

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Q: How did you find the attitude of the people you interviewed? Cooperative? helpful?

DuBois: A good many of the better educated and well-to-do didn't like it at all. They didn't like to be investigated; they weren't wild animals or anything of that sort. And they didn't like to have a stranger come and investigate them.

I remember one case in particular. There was a young man who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in engineering, a young Colored man belonging to a well-to-do and well known colored family. I went to his sister, and the story was, that I had heard -- I think it was true -- that he couldn't get a job and he had to work as a waiter in a place where many of his fellow-graduates were dining. I asked her about these facts, and she looked me over rather coldly and said, "Why do you want to know?"

I said, "Well, I'd just like to get at the truth of the matter."

"What are you going to do about it after you know?"

"I'm not going to do anything about it."

"Well, in that case, I'm not interested," and she wouldn't give me any information. Well, I could see her point of view. If this was an effort on the part of the people who had not given him a chance to open some chances for him, that was one thing; but if they were just "coming to look us over like a herd of cattle" --

There were others, however, who saw what I was trying to do. There was one case, for instance, when I was asked to a minister's meeting, some place on Monday where colored ministers of all denominations were meeting to talk about various subjects,

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and I was to speak. I went down there, and went on the dias, and they looked at me rather uneasily -- there weren't any of them who knew anything about me, there wasn't anything they could say. So I got up and introduced myself, and told them what I was trying to do, and explained to them in detail. Most of them were very cooperative after that.

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Q: You'd been invited to this meeting?

DuBois: Oh, I'd been invited to come, but when I got there, the person who invited me wasn't there, or he was late, something of that sort, so that there really was nobody who could introduce me. I introduced myself.

Q: What kind of help were the ministers able to give you? Telling their congregations that you were OK?

DuBois: Yes: explaining why I was doing it, and that it wasn't a matter of idle curiosity and so forth, and that I was prepared for the work -- and asking them to cooperate and to talk with me, and to see that I got entrance into their homes, and things of that sort. Because they had a very snooty group there, you see. There was what I called the "guild of caterers" -- the development of the household servant in the old

aristocratic Philadelphia families, who went outside the family and set up an organization by which he could go into the family afterward and take them their silver and linen and everything of that sort, and serve the meal or do waiting or anything or that sort. He learned how to cook and how to prepare some delicious dishes. These Philadelphia caterers were well-to-do, some of them quite rich, and they had beautiful homes. And if they had been against me, or anything of that sort, I'd have had a hard time, but for the most part I got introductions to them, I went to their homes, and they helped me with other people.

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Q: How about the lower classes in this group, were they more amenable generally?

DuBois: Yes, in general, because I was well dressed and evidently a man of education and so forth. They made no objection. Once in a while there was... I can remember one time going way up, four or five storeys, to get to a home, and they were having a first class family quarrel. I left that house! And there was a great deal of drunkenness, and some killing on the street, and the rapport between the police and the prostitutes and so forth. My poor bride had a rather strenuous time at first. But on the other hand, there we had the support of the college settlement, where there were a lot of college graduates,

men and women, white for the most part, whom we could find refuge with.

Q: Did your wife help you with the interviews or did you do them all yourself?

DuBois: No, I did all the interviews.

Q: So how did these people affect your wife, by the stories you came home and told, or did she go with you?

DuBois: Well, she got on very well, but she was a very correct housewife who kept our one room spotlessly clean and so forth, and who didn't like living in slums, there was no question about that. She was glad to get out of that. But she cooperated very well.

Q: How was the university? Obviously they cooperated with you.

DuBois: We had no social contact whatsoever. I never went to a faculty meeting, I never went to a social assembly, I didn't have as much social contact as I had had with the students at Harvard. None at all.

Q: How about Samuel McCune Lindsay?

DuBois: I used to meet him now and then. I sometimes went

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to his office, and he came down to our place once or twice. And Leo Rowe did. But there was no social contact. As far as my general life was concerned, I might have had no connection whatsoever with the University. The only time -- they sent down some students and asked me to show them slums, which was as near teaching as I got. There were ten or a dozen, perhaps, and I took them around to various parts of the Seventh Ward.

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Q: This was part of the settlement?

DuBois: No, that was part of the University, it was a University class.

Q: I see. Did you have any kind of social life in Philadelphia?

DuBois: Yes, because you see there were some very well-bred and well-educated people, and beautiful homes, and we used to go around somewhat -- not very much, because I worked so much of my time, day and night. But we had most of our social life in the settlement because there they had meetings and social gatherings, and people came from out of town and so forth, and we had a chance to meet them.

Q: How did you get jobs? Were you known and asked to come to Atlanta, to Philadelphia, or were you found out through placement offices, or what?

DuBois: It was, first, personal correspondence: when I came back from Germany, I simply borrowed postage from my relatives and sat down and wrote to various places. I wrote to all the leading Negro colleges, and I wrote to some school boards and things of that sort. Then there was a good deal of publicity that made the Negro world know me --- publicity of how I graduated from Harvard -- all the leading dailies carried something about that, and all the colored papers knew when I went to Wilbefforce. So, after I had gone to Wilberforce and the University of Pennsylvania, the people who wanted me sought me. I never after that had to ask for a job. They found me.

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Q: Your slave trade book came out while you were at Philadelphia, didn't it?

DuBois: No, I was at Wilberforce -- it was the last year that I was at Wilberforce, and then the next book, the Philadelphia book, came just as I was leaving Philadelphia, a year and a half later. Then, after that, in a stream, every year, came the reports from Atlanta University on Negro problems, so by that time I was well known in the Negro world and somewhat known to the white.

Q: Your Atlanta University reports -- or your conferences, I should

say -- you ~~dreamed~~ dreamed up a different group, I presume, every year, as you were on a different subject?

DuBois: Yes, every year. We tried to get the best-known people. For instance, we had Booker Washington there, at a conference on education. We had President Eliot of Harvard. We had the most prominent list of speakers at Atlanta University during those years of anywhere else in Atlanta, and few places in the South, as a matter of fact -- so there we got a good deal of publicity, they had to notice it.

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Q: You say the conferences were originally dreamed up on the inspiration of the Hampton and Tuskegee -- ?

DuBois: That gave the inspiration. That was the kind of thing that was done. People visited them -- white people -- Ogden, for instance, who was affiliated with Wanamaker -- he used to take a group of people down to Hampton every year to the conference. And then, oh, everybody went to the Tuskegee conferences. They were widely publicized. And the Atlanta conferences ~~grew~~ came, after a while, to be quite well known.

Q: They were not in any sense summer schools , but discussions of --

DuBois: They took place for two or three days. We entertained the people. Sometimes they stayed at downtown hotels, sometimes they stayed up at the university, had a room there and ate in our dining-room; usually that was it. We had Jane Addams there one time. The list of people there is quite impressive. I can't recall all of them now.

41-145-181

C: When you were preparing to invite a group of people like this, for this kind of thing, how did they respond? Did you find, by and large, that educated people, social workers of one sort or another, were not troubled by racial prejudice and would come if the thing was of interest?

DuBois: Yes. We didn't have any difficulty about that, you see, because it didn't call for very much social intercourse. We could say, "Now, we can arrange for you to live in the hotel downtown or you can be here at the University." Most of them would say, "We'd like to be at the University." They didn't hesitate about that. Most of our trouble about getting people there was a matter of expenses, traveling expenses and so forth, which we of course met. But most of the people whom we invited came. Sometimes, of course, they had to disappoint us. I remember one year having a very complete conference if people would come, and half of them didn't come, and I had to fill out with reams of lectures, and we filled the walls with charts and

maps and things of that sort, so that it wasn't difficult to do it.

Q: What happened? Was it cancellations?

DuBois: Cancelled. They would have some other engagement or sickness or all sorts of things. Because the next year, I invited more than I wanted, and they all came, and my program! It was so full. You see, after all, it was quite a trip, and by train it took some time, and things would happen, or trains would be late, things of that sort.

Q: How did you feel about the sociological validity of the work you were doing? You had to rely, to a certain extent, on solicitation by mail, and you lacked the funds to carry out thorough studies.

DuBois: We made that perfectly clear. I mean, we didn't say, now, here is a social law we have discovered, or anything of that sort. We said, "We are collecting here data, for instance about Negro business enterprise," and then we told exactly how we did it -- that we had sent letters, and put down the schedule that we had sent, and these people had filled it out. So everyone knew just how much validity it had. But it did result in

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a larger picture than they could get anywhere at that particular time. Here was a businessman -- he wrote about his business -- a little paragraph, perhaps, just how he'd started, how much capital he had, how the people that traded with him came in an so forth, and difficulties. It was a primary study -- you couldn't dispute that at all. Now, what generalizations you could make about that was a different thing, and we left that to the reader.

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Q: So that when you felt that it wasn't working, that was largely because people weren't responding to it. You knew that it had certain weaknesses in coverage but that couldn't be avoided.

DuBois: And all weaknesses were perfectly clear. You saw just what we had done, how much we had done, and how much of general conclusion you had a right to draw. And then, you see, there was always -- we said, "Ten years from today, we're coming back to this. Now, by that time, we're going to have more money to work with, we're going to have more people to help us." You see, eventually you could have sent out ~~[illegible]~~ out people to make local investigations, you could have used studies that had been made and so forth. It was a frame of a possible complete study, but we didn't claim for it any more than ~~that.~~

as we actually had.

Q: In a sense it was a set of A.B. Hart categories that you had to fill in.

DuBois: Yes, something of that sort. Still today those reports can be read with interest.

Q: I want to ask you a question not directly relevent to this, concerning your teaching. How about Socialism and Marxism during this period. Were you teaching any of this? You said at one point you had taught a course in Marxism because all that you had ever run into were courses explaining what was wrong with it.

DuBois: In my first teaching in the South, from 1896 to 1910, I taught Socialism incidentally. I mean, I mentioned it as we went through the various plans for social reorganization. I gave practically no attention to Marx. I didn't know anything about Marx myself. At Harvard he was mentioned only incidentally. When I went back, in 1934, I instituted a class which I taught for two years on the Communist Manifesto. I put the Communist Manifesto in the hands of each student, and we had a library on Marxism and a criticism of Marxism.

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It was a complete and a very, very interesting course. There was criticism about it, and at the time I didn't have the slightest feeling of doing anything that was unusual or questionable. Here was a man that I had ~~gradually~~ gradually come to learn was one of the great economic philosophers of our day, and he ought to be studied.

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Q: I think it's kind of remarkable that it took you so long to learn that.

DuBois: Well, I don't know. You know, for instance, at Harvard, here was a lecturer who would -- like Taussig, who was the great lecturer on economics, follower of the British School, Ricardo -- he had a course on the wages fund. Now, in that the name of Karl Marx and the name of somebody else might come up. But it was not at the time a matter of public controversy at all, and in general the -- we regarded Marx as one of the dreamers who had thought up a new system but it had never been tried. There was no Marxist government. Of course, there had been the Paris Commune of 1871, but that -- we didn't dwell on it. I don't know how it was, but I came out of Harvard and the Harvard Graduate School with no consciousness of Karl Marx as being of any more importance than any other thinker, if as much.

Now, when I got to Germany, it was different. There was more emphasis on it. They made a great deal of the men who had answered him. There again, they weren't talking so much about him, because in the University community all of the scholars had studied Marx, but I, coming into it, I hadn't studied Marx, so we only studied the criticisms.

Now, by the time I got back to the United States and got to teaching, then more and more personally I came into contact with Marx's works, and I began to read them. Then I came to the conclusion: now, here's a man we must have a course on.

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Q: Had you realized that a course was needed before you left the South to go to the NAACP?

DuBois: No. No, I hadn't, because you see, there again, as I was teaching at Atlanta and doing this work, the question of Marxism didn't come up at all. As I found out afterwards, there was aCommunist Party in some parts of the South. I knew nothing about it, and I suppose one of the chief reasons that I didn't become a Communist as a young man was that nobody asked me to. There wasn't any Party to join.

Q: Also, as a young man you had strong feelings that leadership

was going to have to be exerted by an educated class. . .
Do you consider that a Marxist idea at all?

DuBois: No, except indirectly. I'd rather put it this way: in my case I had a specific problem. Here was a mass of people who needed to know what life was and what they could do. That could only be settled by leaders who were educated people and who themselves knew. Now, the problem that Marx was facing was a different kind of problem. Here were the educated people --they had been here for ~~mmmmmmm~~ generations, they knew the thing -- but here was the mass of people that were being left out. Now, appealing to the mass, you could get out of the mass leadership. The mass could be made aware, and while they were made aware by the educated people, nevertheless as a class the educated people were on the side of the wealthy. It was a different kind of approach, but it wasn't at bottom a different thing, really. But that I didn't figure out until -- oh, until I'd been a second time at Atlanta, way along after the World War was over, or between the World Wars.

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Q: It seems to me that this attitude, that you did not have an educated class, that you had to produce one to lead the people, and Booker Washington's idea that the thing to do was to get down to work and work hard right away and we don't worry about an educated class -- are both racist.

DuBois: Yes.

Q: You are not making use of the educated white class to help.

DuBois: No. Because I was certain the educated white class wouldn't lead us in the way we ought to go. They would use us for exploitation. Washington knew that was true, but at the same time he said, "That's the only way." He was suspicious of the Negro educated class. He'd had a bad experience with them at Whalen Seminary, they rather looked down on him and they'd taunt him and so forth. He didn't think that the educated Negro class was going to have the dedication to work for the mass of the people. I, on the other hand, didn't dream that the educated Negro class could themselves become exploiters. I thought of course the educated Negro was going to devote himself to the uplift of the Negro race, which of course was silly. They're human beings, and they're going to devote themselves -- or a large part of them are -- to the uplift of themselves, and that's that. But that didn't occur to me. Because we had that way of talking, at Fisk, that is the students and the teachers: we're going out to lead our race, we will become leaders of the race, and so forth. And of course, what I meant by that was, we were going to lead them in the way that would be for their best interests.

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Q: Do you think that there was any duplicity, or anyone there who spoke of leadership who was not thinking in these terms?

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DuBois: Not exactly duplicity, but failure to understand -- when you went out to lead your race, naturally you were going to benefit from it. If your leadership resulted ~~in~~ in putting you in the position where you were stepping on faces and climbing over the other people, that was -- well, you didn't think of that, that that was unusual. Or perhaps some of them said: But of course, that's the only way that people get up, is, a few people with certain advantages just walk up on the masses. I presume that was the reasoning of a good many. But it was a reasoning that didn't occur to me at all.

Q: It was perfectly human for them to --

DuBois: Yes. Yes. But it was, for a long time I argued that the Marxist doctrine doesn't apply to the Negro race in the United States because we have no classes.

Q: You mean, you were all lower class?

DuBois: We were a group that hadn't developed classes,

we had no bourgeois and so forth. Now, I knew perfectly well that wasn't exactly so, and yet I looked upon the rich Negro as the man who was the example and the leader to pull up the mass of the people, instead of as the man who would take advantage of the situation in the mass. That he would pay his employees, if he had employees, possible wages, instead of paying them the lowest wages possible, but of course that ~~used the advantage,~~ way he used his advantage? which is what I should have assumed.

41-145-190

Q: To what extent do you think you were partially right in the case at that time? Has there been any change as the race has become somewhat better off? Have people become less concerned with the race problem itself and for that reason, less idealistic? At the time, was the fact that they were all being downtrodden in a rather brutal way -- did it exert any influence in making people altruistic in their motives toward one another?

DuBois: Well, let me explain it this way: Along about 1900, I went to Charleston, S.C., and I was riding in an automobile with a very successful physician, colored physician. And he pointed to a row of houses, little one room shacks that had been hastily thrown together in the cheapest sort of

manner. He said, "I d~~o~~n't own a lot of those, and that's the way to make money."

I was sort of startled. Now, here was an educated, well-to-do man who was making money by exploiting the needs of the poorest class of colored people. And I said to myself: I don't want to do that.

Then I came back to Atlanta, and there was in Atlanta a barber and his wife who were very close friends of mine. She was a very talented woman and had charge of dramatics at Atlanta University. Now, that barber had a barber shop, which was simply for white people, of course, and then he established some other barber shops. And then he bought tenement houses of the same kind I'd seen in Charleston. And then he went into the insurance business. Now, the insurance business was a gamble by which you took small sums of money from poor people and if they didn't keep up their payments, you took all of it in. If they did, you paid them a small sum of money if they were sick, and after they got onto the racket they got sick at regular intervals so they could get... It was a racket. I could have gone into that insurance society and today I'd be a millionaire. It's a tremendously successful insurance society. But there I began to get a clear picture of exploitation within the Negro race, by Negroes.

41-145-191

Q: You think the University, in a sense, was really an ivory tower, in the sense that people mean that phrase?

DuBois: Yes. That matter of universities -- I haven't thought that out yet. I went -- I was invited to Yale, about twenty years ago, to meet the department of sociology, and I'd just been at Vassar, and we sat down and had a frank talk. There were some well-known scholars there. I said to them: "Will you tell me why it is . . . ?" (off tape)

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